

THE
WIT'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

LIBRARY OF MOMUS.

BEING A

COMPLEAT REPOSITORY

OF

MIRTH, HUMOUR, AND ENTERTAINMENT.

MIRTH! WITH THEE I MEAN TO LIVE.

MILTON.

VOL. I.



LONDON:

Printed for HARRISON and Co. N° 18, Paternoster-Row.

MDCC LXXXIV.



P R E F A C E.

THERE is not perhaps, in the whole circle of human literature, a more arduous enterprize, or a task more difficult to be fulfilled, than that of furnishing periodically a certain quantity of Wit and Humour, either so composed, or so selected, as to give *universal* satisfaction. The temperament, habits, education, taste, and genius of readers, are so various, that no man, or set of men, dare hope to please them all. Incidents and expressions at which some would be infinitely delighted, shall only give disgust to others; while the refined thoughts, elegant metaphors, and witty allusions, which convey such exquisite sensations to certain minds, are to the multitude like sunshine to the blind, enveloped in total obscurity. Wit, like ghosts of old, is only visible to a few individuals: it is a meteor that gleams over the heaven of the imagination with a thousand variegated and astonishing rays; and which, if not caught by the mind's eye, instantly disperses into darkness.

Impossible, however, as it may be to give *universal satisfaction*, we yet think it within the power of common abilities to supply a far more compleat and *satisfactory* Miscellany of this kind than has ever yet appeared. And we are the more forcibly impelled to make the attempt, because we are persuaded the Public will receive a performance of this kind, provided it really be a respectable one, with avidity.

We will give a short sketch of our plan, and leave the reader to determine on the probability of execution.

And first, as we hold it absolutely impracticable to furnish sufficient ORIGINAL MATTER, every month, worthy of a place in any publication of this nature, much less in one which pretends to superiority in it's kind, it is our intention to select such essays, stories, characters, and other entertaining articles, as now lie scattered in obsolete productions; and which have evidently a degree of merit that entitles them to be preserved, and to insert them in our Miscellany. There is scarcely any person that reads for amusement, who is not glad to look over old magazines, tracts, and even newspapers, because he finds occasionally something that amply rewards his search; yet these things are so dispersed and little known, that they are lost to the world in general.

In those collections which have hitherto been made of witty or humorous writings, we have always found such a mixture of insipidity or obscenity as must exclude them from the well-chosen libraries of persons who would, nevertheless, be happy to admit them, had they been what it is our hope and intention to make ours: yet few of these are so contemptible as not to contain some things
worthy

worthy of notice, and perhaps admiration. These, though a more known and common source, will still deserve attention, and supply us with materials. Wit and Humour are such scarce and inestimable articles, that wherever we find them, we shall think them lawful merchandize, and enter them as part of our stock in trade; and were we not so to do, we are convinced we must soon become bankrupt. Wit is not like iron, that may at any time be heated, and hammered into form: it is rather a chymical process; which, if successful, produces the true *aurum potabile*, but which with too little or too much fire, degenerates to dross, or flies off in *fumo*. Nay, indeed, so highly do we estimate genuine wit, that we should imagine most liberal and intelligent readers would think they had a very, very good bargain, if they should find only *one original EPIGRAM*, that really possessed that quality, in an entire Number. Wit and diamonds are equally rare; and sixpenny-worth of either is scarcely discernible.

From the title of the work, and from what has been said, the reader may have been led to imagine, that *none* but humorous or witty productions will be admitted: but this is not intended, and for two reasons; first, because these subjects would be too soon exhausted; and, secondly, because there would necessarily be a sameness and want of variety, which it is neither to our interest nor to the purchaser's pleasure to effect. We mean rather to avoid dulness than entirely to confine ourselves to pleasantry and laughter, though they will at all times find a preference. Although we will not insert the insipid stories of insipid people, yet a well-imagined, well-connected tale, striking by its incidents or passion, with the force of novelty to recommend it, if such we can meet with, to such we will gladly give place, though humour should not be its characteristic. And surely, too, it would come precisely within the meaning of our title; for Invention is certainly one of the elder branches of the family of Wit.

Things, likewise, that are curious or extraordinary in the history of man, of chance, or of nature, whether past or present, will in proportion as they excite surprise or pleasure, be sources from which we shall continually draw assistance. We shall spare no reading, no labour, to come at such; for which reason we shall at all times be greatly obliged to correspondents, who meeting, in modern or obsolete books, with precious materials of this kind, will be at the trouble to point them out to us: such favours will deserve, and shall receive, our grateful acknowledgments.

In fine, we mean most carefully to avoid the dulness and insipidity of which those who purchase periodical works so often and so loudly complain; to make our publication a repository of things at least above mediocrity; to procure as many original pieces as possible, but rather to insert an old thing which is acknowledged to be excellent, than a new one which we are certain is the contrary; and, by our choice and arrangement of materials,

terials, to give that variety which nature and men under all circumstances so ardently seek. That is, we intend our work shall be as good as possible: and for this we hope to have credit, till the public have proof to the contrary.

As to the department of the Enigmas, Paradoxes, &c. it is meant rather for the amusement of a part than for the entertainment of the whole of our readers. We hope it will be considered that we cater for the public at large, and that this public has a mouth of many tastes. A tailor's pattern-book must consist of various colours, and various cloths; for what one thinks fashionable, another deems ridiculous.

We shall at all times thankfully receive and acknowledge the literary assistance of correspondents; but as it is our determination to admit nothing but what we suppose possesses a considerable degree of merit, they must not be offended should our judgment differ from theirs, as we alone are responsible to the public. In order, however, to create a spirit of emulation, and, as far as our poor means extend, to reward genius, we propose to give Two SILVER MEDALS, on the following conditions. The one to the person who shall supply the best humorous or witty tale, essay, or poem, for the month; and the other to the best answer to that which shall be called the Prize ENIGMA. But as it is our desire that the public should be convinced we actually do give Prize-Medals, the person to whom a prize is decreed, must, as soon as the decree is published, send his name and address, that they may be printed in the next month's Magazine, for the satisfaction of whoever shall think it worth an enquiry. It is necessary, likewise, that these claims, as well as all other favours of correspondents, for the current month, should arrive by the 15th, directed for the Editor, at Messrs. HARRISON and Co's, N^o 18, Paternoster Row; they will otherwise be too late.

Poetry of every species, if excellent and original, will be particularly acceptable; and as we shall search wherever we think there is a probability of finding excellent poetry, in old books or in new, we hope our work will soon become a most valuable repository of scarce and fugitive pieces of this kind. Yet we would not have it understood that we shall fastidiously exclude the lower orders of poetry: a pun may sometime have merit, and when it has, a pun shall find favour; but as this, in our opinion, happens very seldom, the insertion of puns consequently will not be frequent. Humour we profess to be a constituent part of our plan; but as humour in it's very nature is more liable to strong and glaring strokes than any other description of writing, we hope the man of refined taste, and the classical reader, will remember what we have before urged, concerning the many we have to please, and not call that an assassination which is but a sacrifice.

APOLOGUE.

A P O L O G U E.

A Certain Swiss, who had heard how many of his countrymen had come to London poor, and returned into their own country rich, determined likewise to try his fortune; and as he understood success in that city frequently depended more upon a foreign name, or a quaint title, than merit, he had the precaution to pay attention to this circumstance; because, though in it's own nature insignificant, if not ridiculous, it was yet necessary. He had been *premier cuisinier*, or first cook to a French count, where he had got much honour, but little wages; he therefore determined to take a house in the city, keep an ordinary, and call it a *Table d' Hôte*. To London, then, he comes, and puts his design in practice. All the world is informed that *Monsieur de Tripôt* is become a *traiteur*, and keeps a *Table d' Hôte*; and all the world hearing such a string of fine words, were curious to learn something more of the man. Accordingly, the first day his cloth was laid, a numerous set of customers came in; and, as London is fuller of strangers than any other city of the world, he had guests of all nations. Our Swiss, who expected a good company, had provided plentifully: there were roast and boiled, fish and flesh, wild fowl and tame, puddings and pies; nay, there were *patés*, *ragouts*, and *olios*, for the nicer palates; besides turtle-soup, and marrow-puddings, for the citizens.

Monsieur de Tripôt, who had a laudable ambition to please, and was internally satisfied of the exertions he had made, came up when dinner was over, (for on this important day he forbore to sit at table himself) hoping to receive the thanks of his customers: and, indeed, it must be owned they had all fed heartily; and some few shook him by the hand, and thanked him for his good dinner. The greater part, however, said nothing; as it is really some trouble to bestow praise, and one gets nothing by it. But there were others who were absolutely dissatisfied. A Tartar complained his favourite dish was not there, not so much as a *rasier* of mare's flesh to be had; an Arab murmured that there were no grilled locusts in the desert; a Frenchman repeated *Sacristi!* *Diabie!* and *Sacre Dieu!* with the utmost vehemence, because he could get no *fricaseed* frogs; and there was a vile Hottentot, who gave himself to all the devils of *Teneriffe* if there was a single eatable morsel on the table, not a bit of raw-gut could he find; there was, 'tis true, tripe and chitterlings, but they were cooked in such a cleanly way, they had lost all relish. Our good Swiss was at first a little mortified to meet dissatisfaction, when he had laboured so hard for praise; but a little experience convinced him this was a grievance to which, as long as he catered for the public, he must ever be subject. However, it was some consolation to him, that their practice of coming to his house proved that they held his ordinary to be a good one.

THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.



JANUARY 1784.

With a Large Quarto Engraving of the TEMPLE of MIRTH, designed by STOTHARD,
and engraved by BLAKE, purposely for this Work.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
1. Preface - - - - -	3	POETRY.	
2. Apologue - - - - -	6	11. Mrs. Jones's Epistle to Lady Bowyer, disclaiming Poetry - - - - -	33
3. The Story Teller. No. I. - - - - -	9	12. The Sweepers; by W. Whitehead, Esq. Poet-Laureat - - - - -	34
4. The Father Outwitted, a Dramatick Inter- lude; translated from the Spanish of Lopez de Vega - - - - -	17	13. The Abode of the Graces; by Mr. Hol- croft - - - - -	35
5. Humorous Essay on the Folly of too great Parental Indulgence - - - - -	21	14. A Ballad, occasioned by Lord ———'s altering his Chapel at Grove to a Kit- chen - - - - -	ibid.
6. Characters, written by Mr. Samuel But- ler, the celebrated Author of Hudib- bras. The Play-Writer - - - - -	22	15. The Pig in a Poke; or, The Double Metamorphosis - - - - -	36
The Newsmonger - - - - -	23	16. The Cit's Country Box; by Mr. Robert Lloyd - - - - -	ibid.
The Taylor - - - - -	24	17. Verses to Miss Clayton, occasioned by her breaking an Appointment to visit the Author; by Mrs. Mary Jones - - - - -	37
7. Story of a Disabled Veteran, supposed to be related by himself; written by Dr. Goldsmith - - - - -	ibid.	18. A Copy of Verses on Mr. Day, Who from his Landlord ran away - - - - -	38
8. Humorous Essay on Errors of the Press - - - - -	26	19. Epigram I. - - - - -	ibid.
9. Corresponding Spaces, for communi- cating Sentiments to a Correspondent, without the Possibility of their being discovered by any Person into whose Hands a Letter may accidentally fall - - - - -	30	20. Epigram II. - - - - -	ibid.
10. Select Anecdotes, Repartees, and Bon Mots; Ancient and Modern. No. I. 31	31	21. Epigram III. - - - - -	ibid.
		22. Epitaph I. - - - - -	ibid.
		23. Epitaph II. - - - - -	ibid.
		THE SPHINX.	
		24. Prize Enigma, &c - - - - -	39
		25. Rebuses - - - - -	40

LONDON:

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster Row; by whom Letters to
the EDITOR are received.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE must begin by intreating all our Correspondents not only to read our Preface, but to examine our First Number; in which, we hope, they will find we have been careful not to admit any thing but what has a considerable claim to attention: and, therefore, we expect, in justice, they will not suppose us more severe than by the nature of our plan we are obliged to be. We wish them to believe that we are grateful to them for thinking of us; though we should not always be able to insert their favours. We must remind them, that real excellence can alone be acceptable, or gain a place in our work; for such we have offered a small tribute of respect, and to such we shall pay every attention. As we are determined that the *Answers* to Enigmas, &c. shall always appear in the very next Number to that in which they are proposed, if they are not transmitted by the 15th instant, at farthest, they will in general be of no service.

R. T.'s Poem is whimsical, but it is too long, too dull, and too incorrect. We cannot think of writing private letters, except on very extraordinary emergencies.

A *Damned Jolly-Dog* is, we have no doubt, a d——d clever fellow; but, from the specimen we have received, we are seriously afraid he is too much addicted to wicked and profane swearing.

The Old Story hashed up by *Inspector*, were there no other objection, is, on account of its great indelicacy, totally inadmissible. We wish our correspondents to remark, that we shall endeavour to be witty without being obscene. We have no intention to banish the Wit's Magazine from the parlour-window, or make a lady blush to acknowledge it of her acquaintance.

We are obliged to Mr. W. Marson, and shall be glad of his future favours; but must beg of him to send the Key to his Enigmas, Riddles, &c. in future. We are happy enough to have 'ploughed with the heifer' this month, but the beast may not always be so communicative. If his etymology of the word *Beauté*, be authentic, we think it curious; but of that we are in doubt, and our situation requires we should not insert any such things at a venture.

All our correspondents are requested to send solutions to Enigmas, &c. and authorities to curious Historical Queries and Assertions.

N. D.'s Enigma has some good points, and some *bad* ones. His Rebus is not what he means it to be—*Love*—but what he does not mean it to be—*Order*—that is, the letters do not follow in their proper order.

We are obliged to *Cyrus* for his Hint, and have thoughts of hereafter putting it in execution; but his other favours are much too incorrect for the Wit's Magazine.

Mr G——r's little M.S. Memorandum Book of Bon Mots, Anecdotes, &c. is a treasure to us, for which we return him our warmest thanks.

M. B. is too trite, and wants novelty.

Celia's Enigma shall certainly appear in our next.

THE
WIT's MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1784.

THE STORY-TELLER.

NUMBER I.

JOHN AUDLEY was a good simple soul, a parish-clerk and a cobbler, and lived at Eccleston in Lancashire; where he had many years exercised these respectable functions, entirely to his own satisfaction, and, generally speaking, to the content of the good folks of the village. His talents were held in much estimation by the lads and lasses in the neighbourhood; he had assisted at most of their christenings, mended their shoes, cut their Valentines, pronounced Amen, and sung Arthur O'Bradley at their weddings; and was famous for having himself, three several times in his life, seen the Shrieking Woman, and the Apparition of the Murdered Tinker. He also told more stories of ghosts and hobgoblins than any person in Eccleston, Dame Dicconson the midwife alone excepted.

John Audley's customers, like the houses of the parish where he lived, lay scattered. He had been, on a winter-evening, to carry home a pair of mended shoes to Farmer Down's; and was returning, by moon-light, half petrified with fear, and endeavouring to whistle away from remembrance the story of the Fall Woman in White, and her Headless Horse; when, suddenly, a four-footed creature rushed by him, and a voice thundered through his ears—'Hey, Firetail! Firetail!—Ah, firrah! Here, devil, here!'—'Lord have mercy upon me!' said John Audley, and again the thing passed him, swift as dust blown by a whirlwind. John's legs were exceedingly willing to run, but wanted the power, and therefore stopped. His eyes were fixed upon two animals that he saw approaching, which appeared of a frightful magnitude and figure: one of them walked

upright, and the other on all-fours; both had heads as rough as a Russian bear, and both grew bigger and bigger as they drew near.

'In the name of the Father, Son, and——' 'Bow-wow!' replied Firetail, cutting short John Audley's invocation.—'Ah, rascal! keep close, devil!' said the upright apparition, and Firetail growled and retreated. 'Lord have mercy upon me!' again said John Audley, who imagined the devil was only restrained for a moment, that he might return with greater fury. 'How now, friend!' said Firetail's master, 'What, are you at prayers in this place? What do you do down upon your marrow-bones?'—'I charge you, in the name of God,' answered John, 'tell me, be you a Christian, a ghost, or a devil?'—'Neither.'—'Wh-wh—what are you, then?'—'A merry fellow, a traveller, and, moreover, a Story-Teller.'—'And is not that an evil spirit by your side?'—'An evil spirit!—What, Firetail?—A bottle-conjuror!'—'Lord preserve me!'—'A calf's head and cabbage. Lie down, firrah! Be quiet, dog's face!—You would find him an evil spirit if I were to let him loose upon you, perhaps.'—'I pray you don't!—I pray you don't!—My name's John Audley—I'm a poor harmless man, and a parish-clerk, and mortally afraid of evil spirits.'

John Audley, by the arguments of the stranger, was half inclined, after a deal of persuasion, to believe him real flesh and blood; that Firetail was a rough Newfoundland dog; and that the hairy head of his master was a shaggy goat-skin cap, made in a whimsical form; so that the eyes, (that is,

eyes of glass) face, and horns, were preserved. Such an apparition, at such a time, and in such a place, might have startled a stouter man than John Audley: but though he began to suspect him to be not actually the devil, he remained firmly persuaded he must be a conjuror at least; and this opinion was confirmed both by his head-dress, which exactly tallied with John's ideas of a conjuror, and his sudden supernatural appearance; as supernatural indeed it was to him, whose fear had swallowed up his senses.

'And pray, Sir,' said John Audley, as they were jogging on together, 'What may your name be?'—'Andrew Errant.'—'And where be you going to-night?'—'As far as your house, friend; where, with your leave, I intend to sup and sleep.'—John Audley's pulse again began to quicken; he was afraid to say yes, but still more afraid to say no: he would have told a lye, and said he had neither meat nor bed, had he not thought the conjuror knew to the contrary, and would take some desperate revenge: at last he stammered out, 'You—you-your worship shall be very welcome.'

Mr. Errant was a very communicative person; and, as they walked along, informed his companion that he was of a merry, happy temper, loved rambling, hated employment, and was blessed with a quick imagination, and a good memory, by means of which he contrived to live; in short, that he was, by trade, a Story-Teller, a trade formerly in great request, but now grown obsolete, he being the only one who at present lived by it professionally; not one word of all which John Audley believed. Mr. Errant added, that whether it was for the want of rivals, or his own excellence, he could not absolutely determine; but that he had been very successful in his attempts, and that he never visited a family a second time who were not very glad to see him, and who did not make a little feast to entertain him whenever he called. John Audley understood by this, that the conjuror loved good eating and drinking; and, for once, he was not mistaken.

Mr. Errant continued giving further traits of his talents and character; such as, that he had a large assortment of stories, humorous, marvellous, terrible, and tender; that he always studied the temper and dispositions of his hearers before he began; and that the faculty he had of suiting his history to his host, was, as he believed, the principal cause of his success. 'You now, honest John Audley,' said he, 'I am sure, are very attentive to any tale of a ghost; and so, I warrant, is your good wife.' John Audley blessed himself. 'How well he knows my name!' (He had forgot that he himself had told it.) 'He knows I have a wife too, and knows—he knows every thing!' Such were John's silent cogitations when they arrived at his cottage.

John Audley's dwelling was snug, well thatched, and warm; the inside was decorated with shelves, on which the white and well-scoured wooden dishes and trenchers were placed in rows: beneath were pasted King Charles's Golden Rules, Death and the Lady, with various miraculous histories of angels that appeared in white robes to ministers of the gospel, and devils that carried away perjured lovers, sabbath-breakers, and blasphemers, in flashes of fire, to the astonishment and terror of all beholders.

John Audley opened his door, winked at his wife Dorothy with significant terror, and told her he had brought home a very honest gentleman, to give him a bed for the night, and a bit of such meat as she had in the house. Dorothy, who was not in the habit of paying implicit obedience to her husband's mandates, was going to put in a caveat; and John, who knew by her physiognomy she would not have been nice in her choice of words, sidled up to her, and whispered in her ear—'Hold thy foolish tongue; do not be curst—'tis a conjuror!' Dorothy had almost as great a respect for, or rather fear of, conjurors, as John Audley himself; her countenance changed, she dropt a curtsy, placed a stool, cast a look at the cap and the dog, trembled, and desired the gentleman would

would sit down, and drew her countenance into a very demure form.

'Thou hadst better kill the young cock, and boil him with a bit of bacon,' said John. 'I will,' replied Dorothy; and went about it, though it grieved her to the heart—she could have sold him for nine-pence at Prescot market.

She presently returned with the victim in her hand; telling John Audley, as she entered, with an expressive look and emphasis, that she had not had the least difficulty in catching him, but that, on the contrary, he had flown into her arms.

Although the talkative and frank disposition of Mr. Errant was some relief to the awakened fears of John and Dorothy, it could not make them totally subside: and, as fear is nearly related to cunning, it inspired John with a thought which he imagined would act like a charm in his favour, supposing the conjuror should be inclined to be mischievous, from the nature of such animals, which he believed to be exceedingly probable. This was no other than to reach down the Bible, and sit upon it; which John Audley effected with great swiftness and dexterity. We have before remarked that John was of the Gentle Craft; and it is here necessary to observe that there was a ball of shoemaker's wax, which by accident had been laid upon the Bible, over which, being near the fire, it had spread; and this, in his anxiety to cheat the devil, or (which is much the same) the conjuror, John Audley had never noticed, but placed it under him next his breech, which being thus in contact with the Bible, he hoped might secure his body against the power of magic.

Mr. Errant, whose profession in some measure implied a ready wit, and a certain knowledge of the heart, observed the working of that powerful forcerefs Fancy upon the spirits of John and Dorothy, and determined to convert it to his own amusement. 'I will tell you the Story of the Bleeding Finger, good folks,' said he; 'it is very strange, and very true: it will

'divert us while the pot is boiling, and I dare say you will like to hear it.'

THE STORY OF THE BLEEDING FINGER.

'THERE lived a magician in days of old, who had power over the winds and waves; whose word could command the dæmons of the deep, and the spirits of the air durst not disobey his will. This magician was held to be a sociable, merry, good sort of person when pleased, considering he was a magician; for, you must understand, conjurors, wizards, necromancers, and magicians, are very tetchy and revengeful, and never fail to send their imps and goblins to torment such as affront or use them disrespectfully.

'The name of this magician was Tomogorod, which signifies, Eat-him-up; and he had a daughter, called Holakaree, that is to say, Blood-sucker, who was an enchantress. Whenever either of them went abroad, they had at least one spirit to attend them, who was sometimes disguised in the form of a bear, at others of a monkey or cat, and at others in the likeness of a huge mastiff; sometimes, for expedition's sake, they travelled through the air, and then they were usually drawn by four flaming torches, followed by fiends in the shape of tadpoles, who were so numerous, that their swarms darkened the air.

'Tomogorod, as I have said, was not much inclined to mischief, unless provoked; but woe be to any one that affronted him! If he asked a clownish fellow where he was going, and the lout returned a saucy answer, he would fix him astride upon the next stile without the power of moving, or turn him into a pitchfork, and give him his own shape again when any body had stuck him up to the hilts in a dunghill. His name denoted him to be a lover of good living, and he always behaved civilly to such as gave him the best they had to eat.

'Holakaree, his daughter, who was of an ambitious temper, had the wickedness

wickedness to fall in love with the king's son, a youth of three and twenty, of a sweet disposition, and the most charming person in the world. His name was Dulimond, which means Dimple-face, and he was the sole heir to the crown. It happened one day, while he was hunting, that he saw the most beautiful blue hare run by him that eyes had ever beheld; and he was so charmed with the appearance of that strange animal, that he could not forbear leaving his other sport to follow this new game. He presently lost sight of his courtiers and attendants; who, as people often are, were more intent upon their diversion than their duty.

He followed the animal for more than half an hour; and being mounted upon a swift Arabian courser, seemed every instant to be within a hair's-breadth of catching her; when presently his eye was attracted by the descent of an eagle, that darted upon the hare, and rose with an incredible swiftness, till they were both lost in the clouds. While the prince stood gazing, and looking after the eagle and his prey, which still remained like a speck upon his sight, the sky began to lour, the heavens darkened, and the distant thunders rolled. The prince looked round, but saw neither place of refuge nor human being. The storm increased; the elements, with dreadful bursts, seemed to crack and split over his very head; and the fires of the firmament darted their forked and penetrating essence into the torn bosom of the earth. But, what astonished him most, was, that though the waters appeared to stream from the heavens on every side of him, not a hair of his head, nor a thread of his garments, were wet. The heart of Dulimond was as the heart of a lion; he was awed, but not dismayed.

While his eyes were endeavouring to trace the uncertain path of the life-snatching lightning, and his ears were filled with the terrific rumours of the sky, he beheld, not

far above him, a bright cloud, that seemed in the centre to be a lambent flame, and whence issued a voice loud and impulsive, but sweet as music in dreams, which pronounced distinctly the following words.

"Beware of her with a Golden Thumb.

"Follow the Bleeding Finger.

"Plunge, fearless, into the Lake of Bitterness,
"to recover the white wand of Orophalis.

"Dangers encompass you; be virtuous, bold,
"and obedient, or you perish."

The voice ceased, and the rain, and the thunder, and the lightning, were no more; the sun was resplendent, the forest was vanished, and the scene was changed. Valleys of a thousand different and reviving shades of green were on every side; aromatic shrubs, flowers, and various trees, were scattered round, and distant lakes, and more distant mountains, were in view.

The prince, filled with wonder at all these strange accidents, was sunk deep in reflection; inasmuch that his eyes were fixed, and his soul absorbed by the cogitations of his mind; when he was awakened from his trance by the voice of a lady, who sweetly and courteously demanded if he could direct her to the palace of the Seven Dragons. Dulimond started, looked up, and was again fixed in astonishment. Never before had he beheld such perfections, such grace, such features! Seated upon a milk-white courser, with hair that descended in waving ringlets upon her horse's back, and a face more beautiful than the face of Nature at the sun's uprising, this lady looked like a spirit of heaven, and not an inhabitant of the earth. She was obliged to repeat her question; and the prince, respectfully bowing, answered, he never before had heard of such a palace. The lady gracefully inclined her head, in token of thanks, and passed swiftly forward; while the prince, ravished with the angelic apparition, gave his steed the rein, kept within sight of her, and forgot the scenes that had so lately happened.

They rode this way for more than
an

an hour at a hard rate, when they came to a vast forest. The prince, who had a piercing eye, beheld an inscription as he was riding by the side of the forest; and stopping a moment in hopes of learning some intelligence, whereby he might oblige the lady, he read—

“This leads to the Palace of the Seven Dragons.”

The prince immediately set spurs to his horse; and, gently calling after the lady, beckoned her to return. She, who seemed to have slackened her pace when Dulimond stopped, presently heard, and obeyed. As she approached the prince, she thanked him with the most winning words and action; whilst he, ravished with her charms and condescension, prayed to be admitted to escort her to the palace. The lady again gave a courteous reply, and they entered the forest together. They had not proceeded far before they lost all sight of the surrounding country, and were buried in a gloom so thick that light could scarcely penetrate. As they rode on, strange noises saluted their ears; sometimes, as it were, the faint groanings of the dying; at others, the fierce howlings of wild beasts in torture; and then again like the sudden whizzings of sky-rockets, accompanied with loud, confused, and innumerable shrieks and screams, as though the spirits of air were battling till the very elements were tormented. Visions as strange as were the sounds they heard likewise molested their journey: at one instant, a head without a body would seem to dance backward before them, sometimes with ghastly looks, and sometimes with grimaces, mewing at them; at another, serpents, the bodies of which were black, their eyes flaming, and their tails triply divided with a sting at the end of each, seemed to threaten the travellers: but, what was more remarkable, an urchin, that lay in the path at the entrance of the forest, became a ball of fire, and rolled itself along before them, as if to direct them in the route they should pursue.

Dulimond was not more astonished at these things, than at the behaviour of the lady; who continued her way undismayed, and almost without noticing such strange events, notwithstanding that the dæmons (for the forest was enchanted) became more dreadfully terrible in their howls and shrieks, and unnatural shapes, the farther they proceeded. However, if a beautiful and gentle lady had the courage to go on, it was not for a prince like Dulimond to recede! It almost appeared unmanly to draw his sabre; but from doing this it was scarcely possible to refrain, so fearfully were they beset. Nor could the dangers to which they were exposed hinder the prince from thinking on his most beautiful companion with rapture. Her demeanour, her form, her wit, and her fortitude, made him consider her as a miracle; and he found his affections so totally enslaved, as to be absolutely irretrievable. How could he forbear to admire, when he heard her only utter some short exclamation at the moment that the fiends were most horrible and insolent, and when he saw her turn and smile with ineffable sweetness upon him, as it were to wish him not to fear or suffer on her account? This he esteemed a noble generosity of soul; and he could not but adore her who was capable of such heroic exertion.

They came at length to the other side of the forest; and the urchin of fire that accompanied them bounded from the earth, and gambolled in the air with a thousand antic motions. Instead, however, of an open country, they beheld a black rock, the front of which extended farther than sight, and its summit lay beyond the clouds. As they approached it, they read in huge and transparent characters—

“This is the entrance to the Palace of the Seven Dragons.”

“How,” cried Dulimond, “this the entrance! Here is no entrance; this is a vast and solid rock! a rock of marble; and all the powers of nature cannot enter here!”

‘The

‘ The lady smiled, alighted nimbly from her horse, approached the place of the inscription, and stretched forth her arm. She laid her thumb, her Golden Thumb, upon the marble, when instantaneous thunder rolled, and the massy front of the rock opened.

‘ Imagine what was the astonishment of Dulimond, and what his grief, when he beheld this miracle performed by the lady of the Golden Thumb! his heart sunk in his bosom, and his arm fell nerveless by his side. Yet this was no time for despondency; danger was before him, behind him, and on every side of him; and the crisis of his fate drew on.

‘ The chasm of the rock had remained open some minutes, the prince stood plunged in sorrowful suspense, and the lady seemed attending on his coming. A voice proclaimed—

“ Let not such as would enter the Palace of
“ the Seven Dragons linger, for the Rock
“ of Skulls is about to close.”

‘ At the same moment, Dulimond beheld a naked arm, with the forefinger slowly dropping blood, and pointing the way to the palace of the Seven Dragons. The vision, though horrible, gave him pleasure; his heart was with the lady; and he rejoiced that his duty furnished him with an excuse to follow his inclinations.

‘ The prince had but just time to make the passage of the rock before it shut; and had he been a moment later, it would have closed upon him: which accident having happened to many, it was called the Rock of Skulls. They proceeded onward till they came to a bridge, where lay the Seven Dragons, whence the palace derived its name. At their approach all these horrible monsters lashed their prodigious tails, opened their destructive jaws, (set all over with teeth like harrows) and projected their long and forked tongues; and with an insatiate fury, were flying upon Dulimond. Mortal resistance to such enemies seemed vain, and death in-

‘ evitable; when, at the very instant they were about to seize on the prince, the lady held forth the Golden Thumb, and they dropped senseless to the earth in a profound sleep.

‘ They passed the bridge, and drew near to the palace, which was the most superb that eyes ever beheld. Its magnitude and architecture filled the mind with grandeur, and the riches of its ornaments dazzled the sight to behold. They came at last to a place where the road divided; one way went directly forward, and the other deviated to the left, which led to the palace. On the confines of the latter stood troops of nymphs, whom none could equal in beauty, the lady of the Golden Thumb alone excepted, and such as imagination only has seen. Some of them played on instruments, the sounds of which ravished the ear; others danced with such delightful motion, as put mortal senses into a delirium of pleasure. They were come to meet the lady and the prince, and this way were they proceeding when Dulimond beheld the Bleeding Finger point the contrary road. He stopped, he looked, he considered, his bosom heaved a profound sigh, the war within him was strong, and his body was motionless. The lady did not persuade him by words, she took a more powerful method; her looks sorrowful and dejected; her eyes, with all the well-feigned grief of poverty, told him, that in him was all her happiness centered; with him she should be blessed; without him, miserable. Neither did she remind him of the dangers to which he had been exposed, and from which he had been preserved by her; and therefore Dulimond remembered them the more forcibly. His heart was enslaved by her beauty, he could no longer resist her charms, and again he began to follow her; when the air was filled with the most doleful wailings, and the finger of the naked arm began to stream with blood.

‘ The heart of Dulimond was strongly virtuous; he had been nurtured

tured in a sublime morality. The remembrance of the firm resolution he had so often made to persevere amidst all temptations in the paths of rectitude and honour, came with a gleam of heroic ardour upon his mind, elevated his soul, and made it equal to the glorious contest. He turned his eyes from the witcheries of passion and pleasure, and with a determined spirit followed the naked arm; the blood again more slowly dropped; but the vast concave of the sky became tortured with shrieks, cries, and howlings, so piercing, that distraction would have seized any one of less virtue and courage than Dulimond.

Undauntedly did he follow his bleeding guide, though the fiends now transformed themselves into ten thousand hideous shapes, and chattered at, insulted, and assailed him, with a hundred-fold more malignity and fury than they did in his passage through the enchanted forest. He came at length to the Lake of Bitterness; but who can describe the dreadful, horrible, and disgusting animals, by which its waters were guarded! On the surface, vipers, water-snakes, and dun-coloured serpents, hissed terror with their forked tongues. At the borders lay toads with staring eyes and vast bloated bodies; their mouths just above the water, diving sometimes beneath the slimy sedge, while the lake bubbled poison, and again ascending to the water's edge. The bottom was covered over with lizards, newts, and efts, darting upon their prey; reptiles with speckled bellies and a hundred legs, that shot swift as an arrow from a bow whither their voracity or malice willed; and spiders so huge and inflated, that the shagged hair of their bodies was like the bristles of the hunted boar; and their eyes, globular and projecting, were as the eyes of tygers watching whom they might devour.

All these, and innumerable others for which nature has no likeness, immediately on the approach of

Dulimond, ceased their obscene sports and rancorous wars on one another; and, with their million mouths, came in voracious swarms, as if in expectation of their prey. Humanity shuddered, and shrunk: it was a sight of horror.

The naked arm, in the mean time, rested over the centre of the lake, the finger ceased to bleed, and pointed downward. Thither the prince cast his eye, and beheld the white wand of Orophalis: he stayed not to consider on danger; he quitted his steed, and threw himself, fearless, into the Lake of Bitterness. His arm divided the waters; and though his body seemed to be penetrated and torn by a host of these devouring reptiles, he still had the power to proceed. He arrived at the spot; and, unterrified, plunged to the bottom. The earth shook; the heavens were on fire; and Nature seemed to groan, as though her end were come. He seized the wand; and, lo! the lake was no more! He stood upon dryland, his enemies were annihilated, and himself unhurt.

While he stood considering these things, he heard a sound of a multitude singing "Praises to the glorious Prince Dulimond, who hath broken the charms of hell, who hath delivered us from the spells of Holakaree." He turned, and saw coming towards him troops of knights and ladies; and, at their head, a venerable old man, leading, as he thought, the Lady of the Golden Thumb.

"Fear not, valorous prince," said the aged knight; "your trials are past, and your reward is come: this virgin is no enchantress."

The happiness of Dulimond was extreme, when he was informed that Holakaree had assumed the beauteous form of Bellimante; that the vile enchantress was now no more; that his valour and virtue had freed the most angelic princess of the universe, her father, and many other noble knights and ladies who had fallen in her snares; and, in his transport, he cast him-

self

• self at Bellimante's feet, and kissed
• her virgin hand, which he was in ex-
• tacy to find was not now stigma-
• tized by the Golden Thumb.

• As for the magician Tomogorod,
• he became disconsolate for the loss
• of his daughter; and, some say,
• he now wanders over the face of
• the earth without a settled habita-
• tion; and that he is always attend-
• ed by one faithful dæmon, that as-
• sists him in his wants, and revenges
• him upon his enemies.

• And thus ends the Story of the
• Bleeding Finger.'

It is easy to imagine what effect a story like this would have upon John Audley and his dame Dorothy. Had not Mr. Errant, who still was attentive to the supper, occasionally interrupted his narrative, to remind his hostess of the pot's boiling, the cock and bacon might have cooked themselves for Dorothy. Blue hares, bleeding fingers, enchanted forests, and the rest of the machinery, were things so amazing, so new, and so true to them, that gaping astonishment, terror, and agitation, possessed them wholly. And though our narrator could not so far degrade his subject as to lower his language to their exact scale of comprehension, yet his fine words, and figurative expressions, gave, even at the fire-side of John Audley, a certain dignity to his subject that made it more wonderful.

It may be observed, too, with what art Mr. Errant threw in touches which, though in themselves foreign, and of a heterogeneous nature to the subject, served his purpose. Thus, though the magician was a character inconsistent with and superfluous to the tale, he was not so to Mr. Errant. The insinuation that he was attended by the devil in the shape of a dog was not lost upon John Audley; and the concluding sentence that again revived this circumstance in his memory had it's due weight. In short, John's imagination had been led such a dance, and was so much disturbed, that he could not be said precisely to

know if he were sitting in a cottage, or an enchanted castle.

Mr. Errant had observed the incident of the Bible, as well as the wax that was attached to it; and waving his walking-stick in a circular and grave manner, touched it, and demanded of John what it was he had under him. John, who doubted whether the stick was a stick, or the wand of Orophalis, replied, with a trembling voice—'The-the-the b-bi-bible —bible, Sir.'—'The Bible!—are you sure it is the bible—or are you sure it is actually there?'—'I I believe so, Sir.'—'Be so good as to rise, and let me see.' John trembled, rose, and looked, but no bible was there—His hair would have lifted his hat off, had it been on—'The Lord of heaven blefs me!' said John.—'Christ have mercy upon me!'—'What is that fastened to thy——' said Dorothy. John clapped his hand behind, and ejaculated—'The Lord pardon me, miserable sinner; I am bewitched!' Mr. Errant could not forbear laughter at John's distress: it was truly ridiculous—John Audley was fully convinced he was now more firmly married to the Bible than ever he had been to Dorothy herself; nay, and strange as it may seem, he thought the last the worst match of the two. To carry such a wen for life was not to be supported. John fell on his knees—'I pray and beseech you, for the love of Heaven's mercy, almighty goodness, and grace, Mr. Conjuror, have pity on me—I am a poor, innocent man; I never meant to offend your worship's goodness; indeed, indeed, I never did!' John did not perform his part *solus*; Dorothy prayed as fast as he: and Mr. Errant, as soon as he could for laughing, desired John to rise, and he would disenchant him, which office he kindly and faithfully performed; and, after a few consolatory sentences, which Mr. Errant knew perfectly well how to adapt, he prevailed on his simple, but kind hosts, to prepare for supper; at which, for this present, we shall leave them.

[To be continued.]

THE FATHER OUTWITTED*.

A SPANISH INTERLUDE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GUADARRAMA.
ISABELLA, his Daughter.
LEANDER, her Lover.

LORENZO, Servant to Guadar-
rama.
A Neighbouring Merchant.

A Company of DANCERS and MUSICIANS.

SCENE, The Street before the House of Guadarrama.

Enter Guadarrama from his house, with his sword drawn, and dragging out Lorenzo.

Gua. COME along, rascal! Tell me the truth, infamous villain!

Lor. Famous! famous yourself, Sir. Take care what you say. Don't call me famous!

Gua. Tell me directly, scoundrel, whom you took that letter to from my daughter?

Lor. Took it to! why I took it to—now listen—I took it to—You have a confounded deal of curiosity.

Gua. Have you a mind to be strangled, dog? (*Collars him.*)

Lor. No, truly—Take care what you do—Hold a little—My young mistress gave me the letter—mind—she gave it to me—and I took it.

Gua. Who the devil doubts that! but where?

Lor. She said to me, says she, Lorenzo, says she, there—there's a rascal for thee; and do thou take that letter thou knowest where.

Gua. Oh, ho! what, she paid you before-hand then: and you, like a good for nothing knave, are plotting with my daughter to dishonour me.

Lor. Do you think so? Lord, Sir, we can't dishonour you.

Gua. How so?

Lor. Because, Sir, you have no honour.

Gua. You impudent dog! have you a mind to have my sword up your back-bone?

Lor. Who, me! Mercy forbid! Oh

Lord, Sir! I'll tell you all, if you will but hide that damnable spit!

Gua. Indeed but I will not.—Come, Sir; come to the point!

Lor. Well, well, Sir! well—Pray, Sir—do you know—your brother—

Gua. There's a pretty question!—To be sure I do, booby.

Lor. Oh, well—But the—the letter was not for him.—Pray, Sir—do you know—

Gua. Do I know the devil! I want to know nobody but my daughter's gallant.

Lor. Tch, tch—Lord, Sir—why didn't you say so at first? I should then have told you very frankly that I know—I know—that is to say—I know nothing of him.

Gua. You don't, hound! Stop, stop a little—I'll warrant me I have a secret will make you find the use of your tongue. (*Beats him.*)

Lor. Oh, Lord!—Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!—Murder!—fire!—help, help!—Oh, the wicked old villain! he has killed me—he has knock'd out my brains! Oh, oh!—

Enter the Merchant.

Mer. Hey-day!—what is the matter here, Signior Guadarrama? What's all this noise in the street about? This is behaviour that people would little expect from you, Sir!

Gua. Why, what would you have me do, neighbour?—I have a thief in my house, a scoundrel to whom I give my bread, and—

Lor. There, Sir; you hear—you hear his accusation—Wonderful! he gives me bread, and I eat it!

Gua. Yes, traitor! but I don't give

* This Entremé, or Interlude, is translated from the Spanish of Lopez de Vega; and though the strokes are sometimes coarse and farcical, every person, we presume, will allow it possesses true humour. We have not always been literal; and those who shall compare the translation with the original will see the reason.

it you to carry love-letters between my daughter and her gallant?

Lor. Oh, fye, Sir!—What are you going to tell the gentleman?

Gua. Why, firrah, is it not truth?

Lor. Sir, Sir! If there be a wicked man in the whole world, it is my master—there has he kept me tied up like a dog to a manger all last night, because I would not carry a billet-doux from him to a certain very honest virtuous woman, who is one of his best friends too: and now he has the impudence to say it was a love-letter from his daughter.—The old lying libertine!

Mer. Why, truly, if that be the fact, I think the lad is in the right. Is it proper for a person of your years to employ youth upon such errands?

Gua. So! so! so—Here's another!—And so you give more credit to the impertinences of that booby, than to me! Me, whom you have known so many years, and have seen discharging the duties of so many honourable employments?

Lor. Oh, yes! honourable employments!—To be sure you was four years hangman at Saragossa!

Gua. See, see!—Is it possible for human impudence to surpass this!—Let me get at him—let me get at him—I'll murder him!

Mer. Moderate your anger, Signior Guadarrama—I believe you; and would advise you to turn this whimsical fellow away: for, by what I can perceive of you both, it is not likely you should agree together.

Gua. With all my heart; the sooner the better! and I hope I shall never see his face again, for I have not had a moment's quiet since he has been with me.

Lor. Oh! I'll go as soon as he pleases: but, pray, desire him to pay me what I owe him first.

Gua. Why, booby! jack-ass! numscull! If you owe me, how can I have any thing to pay you? Get along about your business, hound! and never enter my house again.

Lor. Why, what should I do in your house, you old drunken hobgob-

lin? Would you have me starved, till I am as dry, as shrivelled, and as ugly as yourself?

Gua. This is too much!—I'll teach you, Sir— [Exit Lorenzo.

Mer. He is fled.—Never mind him; he is beneath your notice: all that he wants is to put you in a passion.

Gua. Heaven be praised for my deliverance!—I assure you, Sir, he is one of the wickedest dogs in the universe. There never was such another lazy, awkward, insolent, cheating, gormandizing, stupid beast; with every vice, and without one good quality!—But let us talk of something else. My daughter gives me a great deal of uneasiness: she has fallen in love with somebody; who he is I don't know; and I have discovered that she writes to him. Her extreme youth may occasion her to commit some folly that would be the death of me. You are a wise man; what would you advise me to do?

Mer. Humph!—If I was in your place I would always carry the key of my house in my pocket: then nobody could come to see my daughter, unless I was present; and when she went out, I would always go along with her.

Gua. Very true—very true!—Thank you, my good friend. I will take your advice: we shall see, then, who will over-reach me. Let me beg of you to do me another favour. Do you yourself read my daughter a lecture upon her imprudence: she does not want delicacy; and I don't doubt but she will blush at her fault when she finds that the whole neighbourhood knows it.

Mer. If you think that it will be of any use, I'll do it with all my heart. I must come, however, by-and-by; for at present I have some business to transact that I must not neglect. Permit me therefore to take my leave.

Gua. My very good friend, I wish you a good day. (Exit Merchant.)—Oh! what an intolerable burden is it for a man who is a widower to have an unmarried pretty girl upon his hands! Your house is haunted by every idle young

young fellow in the parish. But I shall be a match for them; they may stand and kick their heels in the street till they cough themselves into consumptions, if they please, before they shall find an opportunity of whispering the least word to Isabella! No, no; I defy them!

Enter Leander; with him Lorenzo dressed like a woman, and covered with a large veil; they speak together at the top of the stage.

Lea. Yonder is your master, Lorenzo! Hide your face well; and when you are in the house, remember to tell my dear Isabella every word I have repeated to you.

Lor. Yes; and so I suppose her father will either break my neck, or kill me by starving me.

Lea. Never fear; we shall soon come to your assistance: only take care to play your part well.—Signior Guadarrama, I hope I have the happiness to see you in good health.

Gua. Ah, Signior Leander! good-morrow; good-morrow! What has brought you to this part of the town so soon in the morning?

Lea. Something which I believe will claim your attention as much as mine. I know you to be a worthy good-natured man, and I dare say you will not refuse me the favour I am going to ask of you. This lady happened just now to be conversing in the street with one of her relations: her husband, who unfortunately did not know the gentleman was related to him, imagined him to be his wife's gallant, and on that supposition fell into a terrible passion; aye, and if it had not been for me, would certainly have killed her. Let me beg of you, then, Sir, to receive her into your house for a short time, till several well-disposed people, and the relation himself, can convince her husband of the unjustice of his suspicions.

Gua. Indeed, Signior Leander, I don't know what to say to this. I should be glad to oblige you by protecting the lady; but I should be sorry

to have it reported that my house is become the asylum of imprudent people.

Lea. Oh, Sir, you may assure yourself I would not interest myself in the behalf of such people; much less intreat you to receive them into a house so respectable as yours. This lady is a miracle of virtue and prudence. Her husband, in the first transport of passion, has used her ill; but, when he shall know the truth, he will acknowledge himself infinitely obliged to you; and you will obtain the character, through the whole city, of the Protector of the Unfortunate.

Gua. Well, Sir, if that be the case, pray leave the lady; and, I assure you, I shall be happy to do her every service in my power.

Lea. I don't doubt it, Sir. I expected nothing less from your known benevolence.

Lor. (*Aside to Leander.*) Sir! Sir! either make haste and finish your dialogue, or let me have a share in it; for I am devilishly tired of holding my tongue. Pray, Sir, have you a mind that I should discover my charms, and——

Lea. Stop your noise, you confounded booby!

Lor. Have a care; don't tell him my name: if you once mention Lorenzo, we are undone; and I know you lovers are so absent, and so imprudent——

Lea. The devil take your tongue! Don't tell him yourself, and I'll warrant I sha'n't—(*Aloud.*) I commit you, dear Madam, to the protection of this worthy gentleman; and so I hope I shall soon return with good success.

[*Exit Leander.*]

Gua. Permit me, Madam, the honour of your hand, to conduct you into my house; where I hope you will consider yourself the mistress, and dispose of it as you please.

Lor. (*Counterfeiting a woman's voice.*) Me, Sir! Oh, no, Sir! not for the world, Sir! Only give me plenty of victuals and drink; for, to be sure, I must confess I do find I have a most damnable gnawing at my stomach!

Gua. (Aside.) This is a strange beginning for a fine lady!—I hope, Madam, we shall find means to satisfy your hunger.

Lor. I am not unreasonable; only give me for breakfast a—a well-fed turkey and chine, a quartern-loaf, and four bottles of your best wine, and I shall be satisfied.

Gua. Four bottles of wine!

Lor. Four bottles—I would not touch a drop more: I am delicate in my drinking, and have a mortal aversion to drunkenness.

Gua. Well, well; walk in, if you please.—Four bottles of wine! *(Aside.)* [*Guadarrama bows to Lorenzo, and presents his hand, which Lorenzo returns with a kick.*]—What is the meaning of all this, Madam! Have I been guilty of any rudeness to you, that you should kick me?

Lor. Impertinent fellow! what did you mean by squeezing my hand! I would have you to know, Sir, I am a person of extreme delicacy; and, damn me, if you squeeze my hand again, but I'll—

Gua. Nay, pray, Madam, let me beg of you not to put yourself in a passion. (*Guadarrama knocks at the door.*)—Isabella! Isabella! Come here, child. I want to speak with you.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. What did you want, Sir?

Gua. Take great care of this lady. Keep her company; and see that she wants for nothing: she is a person of distinction.

Isa. I shall be sure to obey you, Sir.

[*Exeunt Isabella and Lorenzo.*]

Gua. Oh! love, love!—how mighty is thy power!—I did but touch the hand of that lady, and I feel myself transported! My imagination tells me she is as beautiful as an angel! Her brilliant eyes—her rosy cheeks—her—Hey-day! I am turning foolish.—Well, and after this, now, should I be surprized that my daughter, in the spring-time of life, should indulge the tender passions; when I, though the snow of winter lies upon my head, cannot resist their influence!

Enter Leander.

Lea. I am come, Signior Guadarrama, to return you thanks for your kindness, and to re-conduct the lady to her husband; who is now satisfied of her innocence, and no longer angry.

Gua. She is a charming creature! I am in love with her myself, even in this short space.—Isabella! (*He knocks at the door.*)

Isa. (Within.) Sir!

Gua. Desire the lady to walk down, and be happy. Her husband is reconciled.

Isa. She is coming in a moment, Sir.

Enter Isabella, disguised in the long mantle and veil of Lorenzo.

Gua. There, Sir, conduct the lady home: and I flatter myself she will have no cause to complain of the treatment she received at my house.

Isa. (Aside to Leander.) For Heaven's sake, make haste! I am terrified to death.

Lea. Farewel, Sir. And believe me I am exceedingly obliged to you.

[*Exeunt Isabella and Leander.*]

Gua. Now will I go in and give my daughter some good advice. I will convince her by this lady's example, how circumspect women ought to be in their most trifling actions.—Though, on consideration, the morning is fine, and there is nobody walking this way. I had better call her down; and so we may both enjoy the fresh air, and the beauty of the day.—Isabella!

Lor. (At the window, in his own dress.) My dear darling of a papa, what do you want?

Gua. Oh, Heaven! what do I see?

Lor. Oh, papa! your hard-heartedness, and eternal harangues, have made this great ugly beard grow, at which you seem so much astonished. And if you continue your maundering, I shall shortly have the whiskers of a Turkish janizary.

Gua. By what enchantment, wretch! did you get into my house?

Lor. Enchantment! there is no enchantment

chantment in the case. You put me here yourself.

Gua. Where is my daughter?

Lor. With her husband; who received her at your own hands.

Gua. Miserable old man!—Rascal! I'll have you hanged.

Enter Leander and Isabella, with Musicians and Dancers.

FIRST MUSICIAN.

Happy father, sleep in peace;
Love thy daughter's fate secures;
Hymen and Love thy cares decrease,
The cares suspicion still endures.
Happy father, sleep in peace,
Thy joys will have a large increase!

SECOND MUSICIAN.

Happy father, sleep in peace,
Love and Hymen now combine
To give your joys a large increase,
And cherish life's decline:
The little prattlers soon you'll see,
Sweet pictures of your former days,
Come clinging round your aged knee,
To chant their infant lays.
Happy father, sleep in peace,
Your joys will have a large increase!

Gua. What, gentlemen! do you come to deride me because my daughter has been stolen away from me?

Isa. Let me beg of you, gentlemen, to have done.—No, my dear father!

they do not mean to deride you. Behold me at your feet; excuse, forgive my fault. Never will I rise from the ground till I am restored to that tenderness of which you have hitherto given me so many proofs.

Lea. I knew, Sir, it was not your intention to marry your daughter; I therefore durst not demand her of you. We loved each other; we have been married these eight days: the thing now is past remedy. You are acquainted with my birth and fortune; let not your forgiveness be wanting to make our happiness complete. I will exert every duty and attention to efface from your memory the error that Love has caused me to commit.

Gua. Come to my arms, my dear children! I cannot be angry with you. I approve your union.—Come, let us be merry; let us think of nothing but joy!

A DANCE.

(*Lorenzo sings at the window.*)

In vain old men may snarl and watch,
And barricade the house;
For love as sure the girls will catch,
As cat will catch a mouse.

E.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I Am engaged in a visit at a friend's house in the country, where I promised myself much satisfaction. I have, however, been greatly disappointed in my expectations; for on my arrival here I found a house full of children, who are *humoured* beyond measure, and indeed absolutely spoiled, by the ridiculous indulgence of a fond mother. This unlucky circumstance has subjected me to many inconveniences: and as I am a man of a grave reserved disposition, has been a perpetual source of embarrassment and perplexity. The second day of my visit, in the midst of dinner, the eldest boy, who is eight years old, whipped off my periwig with great dexterity, and received the applause of the table for his humour and spirit. This

lad, when he has reached his fourteenth year, and is big enough to lie without the maid, is to be sent to a school in the neighbourhood, which has no other merit than that of being but seven miles off. Six of the children are permitted to sit at table, who entirely monopolize the wings of fowls, and the most delicate morsels of every dish, because the mother has discovered that her children have not *strong* stomachs. In the morning, before my friend is up, I generally take a turn upon the gravel-walk, where I could wish to enjoy my own thoughts without interruption; but I am here instantly attended by my little tormentors, who follow me backwards and forwards, and play at what they call *Running after the Gentleman*.

My

My whip, which was a present from an old friend, has been lashed to pieces by one of the boys who is fond of horses, and the handle is turned into a hobby-horse. The main-spring of my repeating-watch has been broke in the nursery; which, at the mother's request, I had lent to the youngest boy, who was just breeched, and who cried to wear it. The mother's attention to the children entirely destroys all conversation: and once, as an amusement for the evenings, we attempted to begin reading *Tom Jones*, but were interrupted, in the second page, by little *Sammy*, who is suffered to whip his top in the parlour. I am known to be troubled with violent head-aches; notwithstanding which, another of the boys, without notice given, or any regard paid to the company, is permitted to break out into the brayings of an ass, for which the strength of his lungs is commended; and a little miss, at breakfast, is allowed to drink up all the cream, and put her fingers into the sugar-dish, because she was once *sickly*. I am teased with familiarities, which I can only repay with a frown; and pestered with the petulance of ludicrous prattle, in which I am unqualified to join. It is whispered in the family, that I am a mighty good sort of a man, but that I cannot *talk to children*. Nor am I the only person who suffers from this folly: a neighbouring clergyman, of great merit and modesty, and much acquainted in the family, has received hints to forbear coming to the house, because little *Sukey* always cries when she sees him, and has told her mamma, she can't bear that *ugly parson*.

Mrs. Qualm, my friend's wife, the mother of this hopeful offspring, is per-

petually breeding; or rather her whole existence is spent in a series of great-bellies, lyings-in, visitings, churchings, and christenings. Every transaction of her life is dated from her several pregnancies. The grandmother, and the man-midwife, a serious sensible man, constantly reside in the house, to be always ready on these solemn occasions. She boasts, that no family has ever sent out more numerous advertisements for nurses *with a fine breast of milk*. As her longings have of late been in the vegetable way, the garden is cultivated for this purpose alone, and totally filled with forward peas, and melon-glasses, in hopes that she may luckily long for what is at hand. She preserves, to the utmost, the prerogative of frequent pregnancy; and, conscious of the dignity and importance of being often *big*, exerts an absolute authority over her husband. He was once a keen fox-hunter, but has long ago dropped his hounds; his wife having remonstrated, that his early rising disturbed the family unseasonably, and having dreamed that he broke his leg in leaping a ditch.

I revere Mrs. Qualm as the mother, and only wish I could recommend her as the manager of children. I hope this letter may fall into her hands, to convince her how absurd it is to suppose, that others can be as much interested in her own children as herself. I would teach her, that what I complain of as matter of inconvenience, may one day prove to her a severe trial: and that early licentiousness will, at last, mock that parental affection from whose mistaken indulgence it arose.

I am, Gentlemen, your, &c.

X. Y. Z.

CHARACTERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. SAMUEL BUTLER,

AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

I.

A PLAY-WRITER

OF our times is like a Fanatic, that has no wit in ordinary easy things, and yet attempts the hardest task of

brains in the whole world, only because, whether his play or work please or displease, he is certain to come off better than he deserves, and find some of his own latitude to applaud him, which he could never expect any other way; and
is

is as sure to lose no reputation, because he has none to venture.

Like gaming rooks, that never stick
To play for hundreds upon tick;
'Cause, if they chance to lose at play,
Th'ave not one halfpenny to pay;
And, if they win a hundred pound,
Gain, if for sixpence they compound.

Nothing encourages him more in his undertaking than his ignorance, for he has not wit enough to understand so much as the difficulty of what he attempts; therefore he runs on boldly like a fool-hardy wit; and Fortune, that favours fools and the bold, sometimes takes notice of him for his double capacity, and receives him into her good graces. He has one motive more, and that is the concurrent ignorant judgment of the present age, in which his sottish fopperies pass with applause, like Oliver Cromwell's oratory among Fanatics of his own canting inclination. He finds it easier to write in rhyme than prose; for the world being overcharged with romances, he finds his plots, passions, and repartees, ready-made to his hand; and if he can but turn them into rhyme, the thievery is disguised, and they pass for his own wit and invention without question; like a stolen cloak made into a coat, or dyed into another colour. Besides this he makes no conscience of stealing any thing that lights in his way, and borrows the advice of so many to correct, enlarge, and amend, what he has ill-favouredly patched together, that it becomes like a thing drawn by council, and none of his own performance, or the son of a whore that has no one certain father. He has very great reason to prefer verse before prose in his compositions; for rhyme is like lace, that serves excellently well to hide the piecing and coarseness of a bad stuff, contributes mightily to the bulk, and makes the less serve by the many impertinencies it commonly requires to make way for it; for very few are endowed with abilities to bring it in on its own account. This he finds to be good husbandry, and a kind of necessary thrift; for they that have but a little ought to make as much of it as they can. His Prologue, which is commonly

none of his own, is always better than his play; like a piece of cloth that's fine in the beginning, and coarse afterwards; though it has but one topic, and that's the same that is used by malefactors when they are to be tried, to except against as many of the jury as they can.

II.

A NEWSMONGER

IS a retailer of rumour, that takes up upon trust, and sells as cheap as he buys. He deals in a perishable commodity, that will not keep: for if it be not fresh it lies upon his hands, and will yield nothing. True or false is all one to him; for novelty being the grace of both, a truth grows stale as soon as a lye; and, as a slight suit will last as well as a better while the fashion holds, a lye serves as well as truth till new ones come up. He is little concerned whether it be good or bad, for that does not make it more or less news; and if there be any difference, he loves the bad best, because it is said to come soonest; for he would willingly bear his share in any public calamity to have the pleasure of hearing and telling it. He is deeply read in diurnals, and can give as good an account of Rowland Pepin, if need be, as another man. He tells news, as men do money, with his fingers; for he assures them it comes from very good hands. The whole business of his life is like that of a spaniel, to fetch and carry news; and when he does it well he is clapt on the back, and fed for it: for he does not take to it altogether like a gentleman, for his pleasure; but when he lights on a considerable parcel of news, he knows where to put it off for a dinner, and quarter himself upon it, until he has eaten it out; and by this means he drives a trade, by retrieving the first news to truck it for the first meat in season; and, like the old Roman luxury, ransacks all seas and lands to please his palate; for he imports his narratives from all parts within the geography of a diurnal, and eats as well upon the Rufs and Polanders, as the English and Dutch. By this means his belly is provided for, and

and nothing lies upon his hands but his back, which takes other courses to maintain itself by weft and stray silver-spoons, straggling hoods and scarfs, pimping, and sets at L'Ombre.

III.

A TAYLOR

CAME in with the curse; and is younger brother unto thorns, and thistles, and death; for if Adam had not fallen, he had never sat cross-legged. Sin and he are partners; for as sin first brought him into employment, so he, by cheating and contributing to pride and vanity, works to sin, and the old trade is still kept up between both. Our Saviour wore his coat without seam, rather than he would have any thing to do with him; and Elias, when he went to Heaven, left his mantle behind, because it had been polluted by his fingers. The Jews in all great calamities were wont to rend their garments, only to testify that they defied him and all his works. All men love and admire cloaths, but scorn and despise him that made them, as princes approve of treason, but hate traitors. He sits cross-legged to shew that he is originally a Turk, and calls himself Merchant-Taylor upon no other account, but only as he descended from Mahomet, who was a merchant's apprentice himself in his youth. And his constant custom of making the calves of his legs a stool to sit upon, has rendered him so stiff in the hams, that he walks as if he was newly circumcised, to distinguish himself from a Christian. He lives much more by his faith than good works; for he gains more by trusting and believing in one that pays him at long running, than fix that he works for, upon an even account for

ready-money. He never cuts his coat according to his cloth; but always the more he is allowed the less he puts in a garment: and he believes he has reason for it; for he is fain to take double pains in contriving how to dispose both what he steals, and what he uses, to the best advantage, which costs him twice as much labour as that which he gets nothing by. He never cuts a man's cloaths but he cuts his purse into the bargain; and when he makes a pocket, takes handsel of it, and picks it first himself. He calls stealing *damning*, by a figure in rhetoric called the effect for the efficient; and the place where he lodges all his thieveries *bell*, to put him in mind of his latter end: and what he steals by retail the broker takes off his hands by wholesale. He keeps his wife in taffety to save charges; for when her petticoats are worn out, they serve him to line vests with, as well as if they were new; and when he is unfurnished of these, old fatten and taffety-men supply him for ends of gold and silver. He gets more by the trimming and garniture of cloaths than all the rest; for he can swallow ribbands like a juggler, and put whole pieces more in his bill than ever he made use of, and stretch lace, as a shoe-maker does leather, with his teeth, when he sets it on. The mercers are in fee with him to revive old rotten stuffs by giving them new fantastic names; and he brings them into the mode by swearing they are new come up: in consideration of which he is allowed to buy cheap and sell dear; for he is loth to undervalue his conscience, and put it off at a mean rate, as long as he sees his neighbours can make more of theirs—He scorns that.

[To be continued.]

STORY OF A POOR DISABLED VETERAN.

RELATED BY HIMSELF*.

AS for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have

* We know not which to admire most, the humour, simplicity, or pathos, of the following story; it certainly possesses each in an eminent degree. It was written by Dr. Goldsmith, in the character of a poor disabled fellow, who is endeavouring still to get an honest livelihood, to a person who has the curiosity to ask an account of his life and misfortunes; and is perhaps a better cure for discontent than Epictetus or Seneca ever prescribed. E.

to complain. There is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost *both* his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet. I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old: so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart they kept sending me about so long that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved at least to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house; for fear, as they said, I should run away. But what of that! I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door; and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer; where I was up both early and late, but I eat and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune. In this manner I went from town to town; worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when, happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me, and I believe the devil put it into my head to fling my stick at it. Well! what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me. He called me a poacher, and a villain; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of

Vol. I.

my breed, feed, and generation; but though I gave a very good account, the justice would not believe a syllable I had to say: so I was indicted at the sessions; found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond. People may say this and that of being jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in, in all my life. I had my belly-full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than an hundred died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows! When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, (for I did not know my letters) I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time as in duty bound to do. When my time was expired, I worked my passage home; and glad I was to see Old England again—because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more; so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them. I was very happy in this manner for some time; till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang: I was carried before the justice; and as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and in this post of a gentleman I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound through the breast here: but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again. When the peace came on, I was discharged; and as I could not work, because my wound was

D

sometimes

sometimes troublesome, I lifted for a landman in the East India Company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion; for I soon fell sick; and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the late war; and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money: but the government wanted men; and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set a foot on shore. The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow. He swore that he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abram merely to be idle: but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea business; and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all. Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, (for I always love to lie well) I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark-lantern in his hand. 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French sentries' brains?'—'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand!'—'Then follow me,' says he; 'and I hope we shall do their business.' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the cloaths I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I

hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden-shoes. Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time: so we went down to the door where both sentries were posted; and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay; and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer; who were glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours; and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory. I was once more in the power of the French; and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest; but by good fortune we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that in that engagement I was wounded in two places; I lost four fingers of the left-hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg, and the use of my hand, on board a king's ship, and not on board a privateer, I should have been entitled to cloathing and maintainance during the rest of my life; but that was not my chance. One man is born with a silver-spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden-ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health; and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever!

HUMOROUS ESSAY ON ERRORS OF THE PRESS,

ORIGINALLY INSERTED IN THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

MR. WOODFALL,

WHILST you and your correspondents are so laudably employed in watching over the welfare

of the state, keeping a jealous eye on ministers, and pointing out the errors of government, I wish, (if you could

could but find time for it) that you would pay some little attention to your own *errors*.

Perhaps it will appear the highest degree of presumption, to offer advice to a person in *your* eminent station; *one* who every day (Sundays excepted) dictates to ministers, and counsels kings; *one* who is read and admired in every part of the British dominions.

It is for this very reason, Sir, that I think it incumbent on me to tell you of your *mistakes*; for you cannot say with *Job*, "*Albeit that I have erred, mine ERROR remaineth with MYSELF.*" No, Mr. Woodfall, *your* errors circulate far and wide; they misrepresent many, and mislead more; in short, the errors I mean, are *errors of the press*, or, as my *learned* friend Sir James Hodges expresses them, in *one* English-Latin-singular-plural word, *errata*.

Of all errata, the most *harmless* are those which make stark-staring *nonsense*. These are never imputed to the writer, but are corrected by the reader, in his own mind, as he goes along; but the *dangerous* ones are those which make a kind of half-sense, and pass current as the sense of the *author*, until the day following, when your list of errata transfers the blame from the writer to the printer. However, I must say that printers (with all their professions of candour) are as little apt to acknowledge *their* errors as the rest of mankind: for not one erratum in ten is ever acknowledged; and, indeed, I suppose they very seldom would, unless at the particular desire of the writer.

As I have said much about the *errors of the press*, it may naturally be expected that I should produce some proofs of what I have asserted. This I am enabled to do, having paid particular attention to them for some time past, and having looked more sharply after them, than the promotions civil or military, the prices of corn or of stocks, the list of ships or bankrupts, or of those paragraphs which inform who is dead, who is married, or who is hanged.

But now for the particulars of the charge.

I have known you throw an injurious reflection on all the crowned heads in Europe at one stroke; for instead of *potentates*, you have called them *potatoes*, as if they had been *mere vegetables*. As to the King of Prussia, you talk of *him* in a different style; for, instead of the *Hero* of Prussia, you have made him the *Nero*. Next day comes your apology, or your *erratum*, which sometimes, instead of mending matters, makes things worse, and like an arch-tinker, in stopping one hole makes two; as I remember my old friend Alderman Faulkner, of Dublin, corrected an error in *his* Journal, 'Erratum in our last; for *his* Grace the *Duchess* of Dorset, read *her* Grace the *Duke* of Dorset.' Indeed, a blunder seems to be something of the nature of a *bag*, the more you struggle the deeper you get into it. But, to proceed. You have on several occasions used the *Doge* of Genoa extremely ill, and never have made him the least apology for omitting the last letter in his title; though if you *had* desired your readers next day, instead of *Dog*, to read *Doge*, I do confess that it would have been no great reparation.

I remember the Irish parliament, some time ago, were offended at something in the Public Advertiser; and took up the matter so *warmly*, that they ordered the paper to be burnt. Now, Mr. Woodfall, whether you have taken umbrage also and like-wise, or whether it proceeds from negligence, I know not; but certain it is, that several unlucky mistakes have happened relative to that respectable body. At their first meeting you told us, (instead of a *bill*) that a motion would be made for leave to bring in a *ball*; and afterwards another motion, that the order of the *Day* be read, as if it was an assembly on the coast of *Barbary*. — You told us, one day, that *Lara* —, of the kingdom of Ireland, had been safely delivered of a daughter; and we were all very anxious, on my lord's ac-

count, till the day following, when you delivered his lordship of the burden, and brought the child into the world a more natural way.

In a late scuffle under the Piazza, Covent Garden, you informed us that an Irish officer had got a *confusion* in his head; and you made no apology afterwards, thinking, I suppose, there was no occasion for any, as you were right to *st.*

Not long ago you advertised a speedy cure for *raptures*; and I am afraid it gave some wicked batchelor occasion to scoff at the holy state of matrimony: for, as the devil would have it (and you are one of your devils) the very advertisement to it was from a gentleman who wanted a wife, and over it was printed matrimony in capitals: consequently it appeared that *matrimony* was the most speedy and effectual cure for *raptures*, though of ever so long standing, &c. &c.

I have known you advertise, instead of a *never-failing* remedy, an *ever-failing* remedy: now, Sir, though this might be strictly true, 'yet I hold it not proper that it should be so set down,' as I suppose the quack-doctor paid you his money for conveying a very different sense to the public. In a receipt lately published for the cure of the plague, instead of *rue*, you put *rice*; and so made a *pudding* of it: and in advertising a course of lectures, you turned a *syllabus* into a *syllabub*; and called the perpetual motion a perpetual *notion*.

I wish you would be a little more cautious in advertising *Salivation* not necessary; for it happened, that by omitting the *i* in salivation, you gave great offence to some very good christians in my neighbourhood; and also gave occasion to some wicked *punsters* to observe, that it was not the *first* time an eye had been lost in salivation; nay, that some people had been so unlucky as to lose a *couple*.

There is another advertisement which frequently occurs, beginning with, '*Whereas several evil-minded persons, &c.*'—One day you made it *evil-minded persons*, which was ex-

tremely unlucky; for in these times of *infidelity*, people are too apt to scoff at the clergy, and indeed at all serious subjects: as to myself, I must confess that I am particularly hurt at those *impertinent levities* with which some people indulge themselves, being a person of a serious turn of mind, and of a disposition rather saturnine and grave.

It too often happens, Mr. Woodfall, that 'what should be *grave* you turn to *farce*.' I remember in your paper, a sensible, pathetic letter, signed a *Citizen*; he laments the *infernal* state of this country, and you made it the *infernal* state; when he exclaimed *sad reverse!* you made him cry out *sad reverie*: he disapproved of all *national* reflections, you made him disapprove of all *rational* reflections; and, talking of the *fate* of empires, you made him say the *fat* of empires. Now as there are so many standing jokes about citizens being fond of *fat*, (whether turtle fat or venison fat) this unlucky mistake quite spoiled the letter, disoblige my friend the *Citizen*, and 'all the fat was in the fire.' And here I cannot help taking notice of a paragraph some time since, containing an account of the election of a worthy alderman for a certain ward, when instead of saying he was *duly* elected, you say he was *dully* elected, and thereby afforded a handle for breaking some common-place jest on that respectable body of men the Court of Aldermen. Another time, in the account of an entertainment given by a worthy alderman to the deputy and common-council of his ward, where they *dined* on the turtle, you said they *died* on the turtle; as if they had all ate till they choaked or burst; whereas, on the contrary, it was extremely remarkable, that none either over-ate themselves, or caught a surfeit that day.

From several articles, Mr. Woodfall, one would be apt to conclude, that you were no great *geographer*; for you tell us of corsairs fitted out from *Turin*, instead of *Tunis*; and that the *Chinese* had revolted against the Spaniards,

Spaniards, instead of the *Chilse*: now, though these two nations are on different sides of the globe, I suppose you thought they were near neighbours, being within an *ell* of each other. Last year, when the Russian fleet took the Isle of *Lemnos*, you told us that part of the Squadron remained at the Isle of *Candy*, and the rest were going to attack the Isle of *Lemons*: you suppose, no doubt, that *Candy* was a *sugar* island, and that they were gone to the Isle of *Lemons* for fruit, and so between them to supply the fleet (*pro bono publico*) with *punch*.

You have sometimes treated the *Russians* very injuriously, by calling them *Russians*; and one day you told us the combined army of the Turks and Tartars (instead of a *Kam*) was commanded by a *Ram*; as if they had been a parcel of sheep: and when it was expected the two armies were coming to *Adion*, you said they were coming to *Adion*; and as there was a considerable fall of Stocks about that time, I have reason to think it was owing to the above report, or to some other equally alarming.

I trembled for you during the whole time of the congress at *Fackzany*; it is a ticklish word in the hands of a careless compositor, and one does not know what terrible work he might make of it. Apropos, it is not long since you advertised a view of the canal of *Venice*, and you made it the canal of *Venus*: and in the account of a housebreaking, instead of the rogues broke in at the *window*, you said they broke in at the *widow*.

When you informed us that a certain lady was gone to pass the holidays at her country-seat near *Corydon*, every reader supposed that some *scandal* was meant, till the next day, when we learnt that there was no *Corydon* in the case, and that her ladyship was only gone to her country-seat near *Croydon*.

One day you told us, that some English lord (whose name I forgot) was arrived at Naples with his *tabor*; travelling with a *tabor* seemed to be

an odd kind of conceit; but his lordship (apparentment) was fond of music, though the tabor and pipe seemed more adapted to a *lugged bear* than a lord on his travels: thus *we* reasoned till the *erratum* of next day desired us, 'for *tabor* to read *tutor*.'

If your compositers are bad geographers, they are at least as bad *arithmeticians*: wherever sums occur, they are sure to make a bad *figure*. I remember, at different times last year, they made the *compulsatory* *India* loan 14,000, 140,000, and sometimes 14,000,000: in short, they have no adequate ideas of figures; and as to *cyphers*, they consider them as *mere nothings*, and that adding or taking away two or three of them from a sum makes no difference at all.

I have known you turn a matter of *hearsay*, into a matter of *her sy*; *Damon* into a *Dæmon*; a *delicious* girl, into a *delirious* girl; the comic *musé*, into a comic *mouse*; a Jewish *Rabbi*, into a Jewish *Rabbit*; and when a correspondent, lamenting the corruption of the times, exclaimed, *O Mores!* you made him cry, *O Moses!*

You should consider, Mr. Printer, that there is a material difference between acting with the utmost *lenity*, and utmost *levity*; between *factious* and *facetious*; *fellow* and *felon*; *imprudent* and *impudent*; *resolution* and *revolution*; *Runny-mead* and *running mad*; *loud professions* and *lowd professions*; *words* and *works*; *soaring* and *roaring*; *Thavies Inn* and *Thieves Inn*; *minutes* and *minucts*; *rubies* and *bubbies*; a *tube* and a *tub*: all of which words I have observed you, Sir, at times, use *indiscriminately*.

I know you will say that the people ought to consider the constant hurry which attends the publication of a daily paper; that the Public Advertiser is in so *great* request, and people are so eager to get it, 'with all its imperfections on its head,' that you really have not time to be more correct.—Ah, Master Woodfall! it would be well for mankind if reformation, like charity, were always to begin at *home*;

home; and that people would try to mend *themselves*, instead of bestowing so much fruitless and thankless pains in admonishing their neighbours. You, Sir, have bestowed much time and labour, and oil, floods of ink, and reams of paper, in advising ministers of state, and correcting the measures of government; and, after all, I dare say *you yourself* will allow that they are at this moment not

one bit better or wiser than when you first undertook to mend them.

Therefore take an old man's advice, friend Woodfall; set a pattern to thy brother printers; leave for a while the care of the state to those who are *paid* for it—look at home; begin a reformation *there*, and '*correct thyself for the example of others.*' I am,

Thy sincere well-wisher,

EMENDATOR.

CORRESPONDING SPACES,

FOR COMMUNICATING SENTIMENTS TO A CORRESPONDENT, WITHOUT THE POSSIBILITY OF THEIR BEING DISCOVERED BY ANY PERSON INTO WHOSE HANDS A LETTER MAY ACCIDENTALLY FALL.

THE parties who wish privately to communicate their sentiments to each other, must furnish themselves with two pieces of pasteboard exactly alike, in half or quarter sheets, suited to the size of the paper on which they mean to write: then, placing the pasteboards together quite even, they must cut out from both pieces several long squares of various discretionary dimensions. In these squares the secrets meant to be conveyed should be first written, the intermediate parts being afterwards filled up

with such words as convey all together a quite different sense: and as each party is provided with one of these pasteboards, on receiving a letter thus written, nothing more is necessary than just to place the pasteboard upon the paper, when the intended communication alone meets the eye.

The following letter, written on this plan, will sufficiently illustrate the manner in which the business is effected.

SIR,

[My father] has desired me to let you know that he [will] on no account permit a continuance of our correspondence. I should even [be] driven [from home] were I to give you the smallest encouragement. So far, therefore, from being permitted to visit me to-morrow, as requested, I must [immediately] inform you that [you may] never expect to [see me] at [any time] here [after.] otherwise than as

Your well-wisher,

TUESDAY AFTERNOON,

LETITIA LOVEWIT.

[HALF AN HOUR] PAST FOUR.

It may be proper to hint that brevity is necessary to be attended to in these

secret communications, as well to prevent difficulty as awkwardness in the file;

file; and, to facilitate the adoption of the superfluous words, the pasteboard may be cut and placed four different ways by putting the bottom at top, and

turning it from one side to the other. If pasteboard is not at hand, thick paper may answer the purpose.

J. W. H.

SELECT ANECDOTES, REPARTEES, AND BON-MOTS.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER I.

I.

THE Count de Soysons was seated at play one evening, when happening to cast an eye up at a looking-glass that was before him in the apartment, he saw a man at the back of his chair, whose physiognomy predicted nothing in it's owner's favour, and gave the count suspicion. He had reason for his mistrust; for he had not sat long before he felt the diamond loop of his hat cut away. He took no notice, but pretended a necessity to go down stairs, and desired the thief to play his cards in the mean time, which he could not refuse. The count immediately descended into the kitchen, and got a large and sharp carving-knife; then going softly behind the fellow, dexterously took him by the ear, and cut it off; and, holding it out to him, said, 'Return me my diamond loop, Sir, and I will return you your ear.'

II.

THEY were amusing themselves one night as the Dutchess du Maine's, with finding ingenious differences between any two given subjects. 'What is the difference between me and a watch?' said the dutchess to the Cardinal de Polignac, who was present—'A very material one, Madam,' said the cardinal; 'when we look on a watch we remember the flight of Time, but when we look on your grace we forget it.'

III.

THE Empress of Germany asked a French officer if the Princess Royal of France was, as the world reported her, the most beautiful princess in Europe. 'I thought her so yesterday,' answered the polite Frenchman.

IV.

A GASCON foldier's comrade asked him what made him tremble so as they were marching to the attack. 'My body,' replied he, 'trembles to think on the dangers to which it knows it will soon be exposed by the bravery of my soul.'

V.

THE great hospital for the sick in Paris is called *L'Hotel-Dieu*—literally, 'The house of God.'—A Gascon was carried there; and, as he was thought to be in great danger of death, one of his friends asked him if he had made his peace with God. 'I suppose so,' replied the sick Gascon, 'for you see he has given me a room and a bed in his house.'

VI.

THE Emperor Sigismund was reproached for rewarding instead of destroying his enemies, and by that means giving them the power again to injure him. 'What,' said the noble-minded monarch, 'do not I destroy my enemies when I make them my friends?'

VII.

A LACEDEMONIAN was fallen under his enemy in the field of battle, and saw the sword lifted to pierce him in the back.—'Strike me in the breast,' said he, turning briskly about, 'that my friends may not blush for me after my death.'

VIII.

A PERSON waiting for another, lay down under a tree near which a malefactor was hanging in gibbets, and fell into a slumber. As it happened, two of the malefactor's old comrades were passing that way, and one of them being in a frolicksome humour, called

the

the dead man by his name, and asked if he would not come down and take a walk with them this evening. The dosing person thinking it was his companion that called, replied, 'Yes, I am coming!' and immediately rose to join them; while the thieves, conscious of guilt, and struck with a panic, thought the dead man had really descended from the gibbet, and took to their heels with the speed of greyhounds, while he who followed in vain called after them to stop.

IX.

A FRIAR, who was going to sea, was told not to be afraid in a tempest as long as the sailors swore and blasphemed; but as soon as they began to embrace, ask pardon, and take a last farewell of each other, he might then with reason tremble. The Friar had not been long at sea before a storm came on; and, as he was very fearful, he kept sending a novice of his order, from time to time, upon deck, to listen to the discourse of the sailors. At first they only talked louder than ordinary; but at last they broke out into their usual oaths. 'Oh, Lord!' said the novice, 'we must all perish, father! these wretches are cursing and blaspheming; it would make you shudder to hear them.'—'God be praised,' said the Friar, 'God be praised,' we are safe enough; I hope they will continue to blaspheme!

X.

A GENTLEMAN happening to have high words with a butcher in St. James's Market, was at last so provoked that he raised his cane, and threatened to give him a good dressing—'No, master,' says his antagonist, 'it shall only be *lent*, and I will take care it shall be repaid with interest.'

XI.

ANOTHER gentleman threatening to give a poor fellow a good dressing, the man replied, 'I am much obliged to your honour; but as you are a gentleman, you ought to be the best

'dressed; and, if you please, I will undertake you shall be so.'

XII.

A YOUNG fellow was extolling a lady's beauty very highly, and one of his companions allowed she had beauty except that she had a bad set of teeth. 'Very true,' said the first, 'but she is a fine woman *in spite of her teeth*.'

XIII.

THE 'glorious uncertainty of the law' extends itself over every state where any regulated code exists. Ingenuity of council in the explanation of periods and interpretation of meanings, is exercised with as much success in the court of our Gallic neighbours, as in those of our own country. Some time before the abolition of the Jesuits, a gentleman of Paris died, and left all his estate from an only son then abroad, to that body of religious men, on condition that, on his return, the worthy fathers should give him '*la partie qui leur plairoit*;'—*whatever they should chuse*. When the son came home, he went to the convent, and received but a very small share indeed; the wise sons of Loyola *chusing* to keep the greatest part to themselves. The young gentleman consulted his friends, and all agreed that he was without remedy. At last a barrister, to whom he happened to mention his case, advised him to sue the convent, and promised to gain him his cause. The gentleman followed his advice, and the suit terminated in his favour, through the management of the advocate, who grounded his plea on this reasoning—'The testator,' says the ingenious barrister, 'has left his son *that* share of the estate which the fathers should *chuse*; "*la partie qui leur plairoit*," are the express words of the will. Now it is plain what part they have *chuse*, by what they keep to themselves. My client, then, stands on the words of the will: "Let me have," says he, "*the part they have chuse*, and I am satisfied." It was accordingly awarded to him without hesitation.

P O E T R Y.

EPISTLE TO LADY BOWYER.

BY MRS. MARY JONES.

HOW much of paper's spoil'd! what floods
of ink!

And yet how few, how very few can think!

The knack of writing is an easy trade;

But to think well requires—at least a head.

Once in an age, one genius may arise,

With wit well cultur'd, and with learning wise:

Like some tall oak, behold his branches shoot,

No tender scions springing at the root.

While lofty Pope erects his laurel'd head,

No lays like mine can live beneath his shade.

Nothing but weeds and moss and shrubs are found:

Cut, cut them down, why cumber they the ground?

And yet you'd have me write!—For what? for
whom?

To curl a fav'rite in a dressing-room?

To mend a candle when the snuff's too short?

Or save rappee for chamber-maids at court?

Glorious ambition! noble thirst of fame!—

No, but you'd have me write—to get a name.

Alas! I'd live unknown, unenvy'd too;

'Tis more than Pope with all his wit can do.

'Tis more than you, with wit and beauty join'd,

A pleasing form, and a discerning mind.

The world and I are no such cordial friends;

I have my purpose, they their various ends.

I say my prayers, and lead a sober life,

Nor laugh at Cornus, or at Cornus' wife.

What's fame to me, who pray, and pay my rent?

If my friends know me honest, I'm content.

Well, but the joy to see my works in print!

Myself too pictur'd in a mezzotint!

The Preface done, the Dedication fram'd,

With lyes enough to make a lord ashamed!

Thus I step forth; an Authoress in some sort.

My patron's name? 'O chuse some lord at court:

'One that has money which he does not use;

'One you may flatter much—that is, abuse.

'For if you're nice, and cannot change your note,

'Regardless of the trimm'd or untrimm'd coat,

'Believe me, friend, you'll ne'er be worth a
'groat.'

Well, then, to cut this mighty matter short,

I've neither friend nor interest at court.

Quite from St. James's, to thy stairs, Whitehall,

I hardly know a creature, great or small,

Except one maid of honour*, worth them all.

I have no business there. Let those attend

To the courtly levee, or the courtly friend,

Who more than fate allows them dare to spend.

Or those whose avarice with much craves more,

The pensioned beggar, or the titled poor.

These are the thriving breed, the tiny great!

Slaves! wretched slaves! the journeymen of state!

Philosophers, who calmly bear disgrace;

Patriots, who sell their country for a place!

Shall I for these disturb my brains with rhyme?

For these, like Bavius creep, or Glencus climb?

Shall I go late to rest, and early rise,

To be the very creature I despise?

With face unmov'd, my poem in my hand,

Cringe to the porter, with the footman stand?

Perhaps my lady's maid, if not too proud,

Will stoop, you'll say, to wink me from the crowd;

Will entertain me till his lordship's dress'd,

With what my lady eats, and how she rests;

How much she gave for such a birth-day gown,

And how she tramped to every shop in town.

Sick at the news, impatient for my lord,

I'm forc'd to hear—nay, smile at every word.

Tom raps at last—'His lordship begs to know

'Your name? your business?'—'Sir, I'm not a foe.

'I come to charm his lordship's listening ears

'With verses, soft as music of the spheres.'

'Verses!—Alas! his lordship seldom reads:

'Pedants, indeed, with learning stuff their heads;

'But my good lord, as all the world can tell,

'Reads not e'en tradesmen's bills, and scorns
'to spell.

'But trust your lays with me. Some things I've read,

'Was born a poet, tho' no poet bred:

'And if I find they'll bear my nicer view,

'I'll recommend your poetry—and you.'

Shock'd at his civil impudence, I start,

Pocket my poem, and in haste depart;

Resolv'd no more to offer up my wit

Where footmen in the seat of critics sit.

Is there a lord † whose great unspotted soul,

Not places, pensions, ribbands can controul;

Unlac'd, unpowder'd, almost unobserv'd,

Eats not on silver while his train are starv'd;

Who, tho' to nobles or to kings allied,

Dares walk on foot, while slaves in coaches ride;

With merit humble, and with greatness free,

Has bow'd to Freeman, and has din'd with me;

Who, bred in foreign courts, and early known,

Has yet to learn the cunning of his own;

To titles born, yet heir to no estate,

And harder still, too honest to be great;

If such an one there be, well-bred, polite,

To him I'll dedicate, for him I'll write.

Peace to the rest. I can be no man's slave;

I ask for nothing, tho' I nothing have.

By fortune humbled, yet not sunk so low

To shame a friend, or fear to meet a foe.

Meanness, in ribbands or in rags, I hate;

And have not learnt to flatter, e'en the great.

Few friends I ask, and those who love me well;

What more remains, these harmless lines shall tell.

Of honest parents, not of great, I came;

Not known to fortune, quite unknown to fame.

Frugal and plain, at no man's cost they eat,

Nor knew a baker's or a butcher's debt.

O be their precepts ever in my eye;

For one has learnt to live, and one to die!

* Honourable Miss Lovelace.

† Right Honourable Nevil Lord Lovelace, who died soon after, in the 28th year of his age.

the dead man by his name, and asked if he would not come down and take a walk with them this evening. The doting person thinking it was his companion that called, replied, 'Yes, I am coming!' and immediately rose to join them; while the thieves, conscious of guilt, and struck with a panic, thought the dead man had really descended from the gibbet, and took to their heels with the speed of greyhounds, while he who followed in vain called after them to stop.

IX.

A FRIAR, who was going to sea, was told not to be afraid in a tempest as long as the sailors swore and blasphemed; but as soon as they began to embrace, ask pardon, and take a last farewell of each other, he might then with reason tremble. The Friar had not been long at sea before a storm came on; and, as he was very fearful, he kept sending a novice of his order, from time to time, upon deck, to listen to the discourse of the sailors. At first they only talked louder than ordinary; but at last they broke out into their usual oaths. 'Oh, Lord!' said the novice, 'we must all perish, father! these wretches are cursing and blaspheming; it would make you shudder to hear them.'—'God be praised,' said the Friar, 'God be praised,' we are safe enough; I hope they will continue to blaspheme!

X.

A GENTLEMAN happening to have high words with a butcher in St. James's Market, was at last so provoked that he raised his cane, and threatened to give him a good dressing—'No, master,' say his antagonist, 'it shall only be *lent*, and I will take care it shall be repaid with interest.'

XI.

ANOTHER gentleman threatening to give a poor fellow a good dressing, the man replied, 'I am much obliged to your honour; but as you are a gentleman, you ought to be the best

dressed; and, if you please, I will undertake you shall be so.'

XII.

A young fellow was extolling a lady's beauty very highly, and one of his companions allowed she had beauty except that she had a bad set of teeth. 'Very true,' said the first, 'but she is a fine woman in spite of her teeth.'

XIII.

THE 'glorious uncertainty of the law' extends itself over every state where any regulated code exists. Ingenuity of council in the explanation of periods and interpretation of meanings, is exercised with as much success in the court of our Gallic neighbours, as in those of our own country. Some time before the abolition of the Jesuits, a gentleman of Paris died, and left all his estate from an only son then abroad, to that body of religious men, on condition that, on his return, the worthy fathers should give him '*la part qui leur plairait*;'—*whatever they should chuse*. When the son came home, he went to the convent, and received but a very small share indeed; the wise sons of Loyola *chusing* to keep the greatest part to themselves. The young gentleman consulted his friends, and all agreed that he was without remedy. At last a barrister, to whom he happened to mention his case, advised him to sue the convent, and promised to gain him his cause. The gentleman followed his advice, and the suit terminated in his favour, through the management of the advocate, who grounded his plea on this reasoning—'The testator,' says the ingenious barrister, 'has left his son *that share of the estate which the father should chuse*; "*la part qui lui plairait*," are the express words of the will. Now it is plain what part they have *chuse*, by what they keep to themselves. My client, then, stands on the words of the will; "Let me have," says he, "*the part they have chuse*," and I am satisfied." It was accordingly awarded to him without hesitation.

P O E T R Y.

EPISTLE TO LADY BOWYER.

BY MRS. MARY JONES.

HOW much of paper's spoil'd! what floods
of ink!

And yet how few, how very few can think!
The knack of writing is an easy trade;
But to think well requires—at least a head.
Once in an age, one genius may arise,
With wit well cultur'd, and with learning wise:
Like some tall oak, behold his branches shoot,
No tender scions springing at the root.
While lofty Pope erects his laurell'd head,
No lays like mine can live beneath his shade.
Nothing but weeds and moss and shrubs are found:
Cut, cut them down, why cumber they the ground?

And yet you'd have me write!—For what? for
whom?

To curl a fav'rite in a dressing-room?
To mend a candle when the snuff's too short?
Or save rappee for chamber-maids at court?
Glorious ambition! noble thirst of fame!—
No, but you'd have me write—to get a name.
Alas! I'd live unknown, unenvy'd too;
'Tis more than Pope with all his wit can do.
'Tis more than you, with wit and beauty join'd,
A pleasing form, and a discerning mind.
The world and I are no such cordial friends;
I have my purpose, they their various ends.
I say my prayers, and lead a sober life,
Nor laugh at Cornus, or at Cornus' wife.
What's fame to me, who pray, and pay my rent?
If my friends know me honest, I'm content.

Well, but the joy to see my works in print!
Myself too pictur'd in a mezzotint!
The Preface done, the Dedication fram'd,
With lyes enough to make a lord ashamed!
Thus I step forth; an Authoress in some sort.
My patron's name? 'O chuse some lord at court:
' One that has money which he does not use;
' One you may flatter much—that is, abuse.
' For if you're nice, and cannot change your note,
' Regardless of the trimm'd or untrimm'd coat,
' Believe me, friend, you'll ne'er be worth a }
' groat.'

Well, then, to cut this mighty matter short,
I've neither friend nor interest at court.
Quire from St. James's, to thy stairs, Whitehall, }
I hardly know a creature, great or small, }
Except one maid of honour*, worth them all. }
I have no business there. Let those attend }
To the courtly levee, or the courtly friend, }
Who more than fate allows them dare to spend. }
Or those whose avarice with much craves more, }
The pensioned beggar, or the titled poor. }
These are the thriving breed, the tiny great!
Slaves! wretched slaves! the journeymen of state!
Philosophers, who calmly bear disgrace;
Patriots, who sell their country for a place!

* Honourable Miss Lovelace.

† Right Honourable Nevil Lord Lovelace, who died soon after, in the 28th year of his age.

VOL. I.

E

LONG

Shall I for these disturb my brains with rhyme?
For these, like Davus creep, or Glencus climb?
Shall I go late to rest, and early rise,
To be the very creature I despise?

With face unmov'd, my poem in my hand,
Cringe to the porter, with the footman stand?
Perhaps my lady's maid, if not too proud,
Will stoop, you'll say, to wink me from the crowd;
Will entertain me till his lordship's dress'd,
With what my lady eats, and how she rests;
How much she gave for such a birth-day gown,
And how she tramped to every shop in town.

Sick at the news, impatient for my lord,
I'm forc'd to hear—nay, smile at every word.
Tom raps at last—' His lordship begs to know
' Your name? your business?'—'Sir, I'm not a foe.
' I come to charm his lordship's listening ears
' With verses, soft as music of the spheres.'
' Verses!—Alas! his lordship seldom reads;
' Pedants, indeed, with learning stuff their heads;
' But my good lord, as all the world can tell,
' Reads not e'en tradesmen's bills, and scorns
' to spell.

' But trust your lays with me. Some things I've read,
' Was born a poet, tho' no poet bred;
' And if I find they'll bear my nicer view,
' I'll recommend your poetry—and you.'

Shock'd at his civil impudence, I start,
Pocket my poem, and in haste depart;
Resolv'd no more to offer up my wit
Where footmen in the seat of critics sit.

Is there a lord † whose great unspotted soul,
Not places, pensions, ribbands can controul;
Unlac'd, unpowder'd, almost unobscur'd,
Eats not on silver while his train are starv'd;
Who, tho' to nobles or to kings allied,
Dares walk on foot, while slaves in coaches ride;
With merit humble, and with greatness free,
Has bow'd to Freeman, and has din'd with me;
Who, bred in foreign courts, and early known,
Has yet to learn the cunning of his own;
To titles born, yet heir to no estate,
And harder still, too honest to be great;
If such an one there be, well-bred, polite,
To him I'll dedicate, for him I'll write.

Peace to the rest. I can be no man's slave;
I ask for nothing, tho' I nothing have
By fortune humbled, yet not sunk so low
To shame a friend, or fear to meet a foe.
Meanness, in ribbands or in rags, I hate;
And have not learnt to flatter, e'en the great.
Few friends I ask, and those who love me well;
What more remains, these harmless lines shall tell.

Of honest parents, not of great, I come;
Not known to fortune, quite unknown to fame.
Frugal and plain, at no man's cost they eat,
Nor knew a baker's or a butcher's debt.
O be their precepts ever in my eye;
For one has learnt to live, and one to die!

Long may her widow'd age by Heaven be lent
 Among my blessings! and I'm well content.
 I ask no more, but in some calm retreat
 To sleep in quiet, and in quiet eat:
 No noisy slaves attending round my room;
 My viands wholesome, and my waiters dumb.
 No orphans cheated, and no widow's curse,
 No household lord—for better or for worse.
 No monstrous fumes to tempt my soul to sin,
 But just enough to keep me plain and clean.
 And if sometimes, to smoothe the rugged way,
 Charlotte should smile, or you approve my lay,
 Enough for me. I cannot put my trust
 In lords, smile lyes, eat toads, or lick the dust.
 Fortune her favours much too dear may hold:
 An honest heart is worth it's weight in gold!

THE SWEEPERS.

BY W. WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

POET LAUREAT.

I Sing of Sweepers; frequent in thy streets,
 AUGUSTA, as the flowers which grace the
 spring!

Or branches withering in autumnal shades
 To form the brooms they wield. Preserv'd by them
 From dirt, from coach-hire, and th' oppressive
 rheums

Which clog the springs of life, to them I sing,
 And ask no inspiration but their smiles.

Hail, unown'd youths, and virgins unendow'd!
 Whether on bulk begot, while rattled loud
 The passing coaches, or th' officious hand
 Of sportive link-boy wide around him dash'd
 The pitchy flame, obstructive of the joy.
 Or, more propitious, to the dark retreat
 Of round-house owe your birth, where Nature's
 reign

Revives; and, emulous of Spartan fame,
 The mingling sexes share promiscuous love,
 And scarce the pregnant female knows to whom
 She owes the precious burden, scarce the fire
 Can claim, confus'd, the many-featur'd child.

Nor blush that hence your origin we trace:
 'Twas thus immortal heroes sprung of old
 Strong from the stol'n embrace; by such as you,
 Unhous'd, uncloath'd, unletter'd, and untied,
 Were kingdoms modell'd, cities taught to rise,
 Firm laws enacted, freedom's rights maintain'd;
 The gods and patriots of an infant world.

Let others meanly chaunt, in tuneful song,
 The backhoe race, whose mercenary tribes,
 Allur'd by halfpence, take their morning stand
 Where streets divide, and to their proffer'd stools
 Solicit wand'ring feet; vain pensioners
 And placemen of the crowd! Not so you pour
 Your blessings on mankind; nor traffic vile
 Be your employment deem'd, ye last remains
 Of public spirit, whose laborious hands,
 Uncertain of reward, bid kennels know
 Their wonted bounds, remove the bord'ring filth,
 And give th' obstructed ordure where to glide.

What tho' the pitying passenger bestows
 His unextorted boon, must they refuse
 The well-earn'd bounty, scorn th' obtruded ore?
 Proud were the thought, and vain. And shall not we
 Repay their kindly labours, men like them,

With gratitude unfought? I too have oft
 Seen in our streets the wither'd hands of age
 Toil in th' industrious task; and can we there
 Be thrifty niggards? Haply they have known
 Far better days, and scatter'd liberal round
 The scanty pittance we afford them now.
 Soon from this office grant them their discharge,
 Ye kind churchwardens! take their meagre limbs
 Shivering with cold and age, and wrap them warm
 In those blest mansions Charity has rais'd.

But you of younger years, while vigour knits
 Your labouring sinews, urge the generous task:
 Nor lose in fruitless brawls the precious hours
 Assign'd to toil. Be your contentions who
 First in the dark'ning streets, when Autumn sheds
 Her earliest showers, shall clear th' obstructed pass;
 Or last shall quit the field, when Spring distills
 Her moist'ning dews, prolific there in vain.
 So may each lusty scavenger, ye fair,
 Fly ardent to your arms; and every maid,
 Ye gentle youths, be to your wishes kind.
 Whether Ostrea's fishy fumes allure,
 As Venus' tresses fragrant, or the sweets
 More mild and rural from her stall who toils
 To feast the sages of the Samian school.

Nor ever may your hearts, elate with pride,
 Desert this sphere of love; for should ye, youths,
 When blood boils high, and some more lucky
 chance

Has swell'd your stores, pursue the tawdry band
 That romp from lamp to lamp—for health expect
 Disease, for fleeting pleasure soul remorse,
 And daily, nightly, agonizing pains.
 In vain you call for *Æsculapius*' aid
 From White Cross Alley, or the azure posts
 Which beam thro' Haydon Yard: the god de-
 mands

More ample offerings, and rejects your prayer.

And you, ye fair, O let me warn your breasts
 To shun deluding men: for some there are,
 Great lords of counties, mighty men of war,
 And well-dress'd courtiers, who with leering eye
 Can in the face begim'd with dirt discern
 Strange charms, and pant for Cynthia in a cloud.

But let Lardella's fate avert your own.
 Lardella once was fair, the early boast
 Of proud St. Giles's, from it's ample Pound
 To where the Column points the seven-fold day.
 Happy, thrice happy, had she never known
 A street more spacious! but ambition led
 Her youthful footsteps, artless, unassur'd,
 To Whitehall's fatal pavement: there she ply'd,
 Like you, the active broom. At sight of her
 The coachman dropp'd his lash, the porter oft
 Forgot his burden, and with wild amaze
 The tall well-booted sentry, arm'd in vain,
 Lean'd from his horse to gaze upon her charms.
 But fate reserv'd her for more dreadful ills:
 A lord beheld her, and with powerful gold
 Seduc'd her to his arms. What cannot gold
 Effect, when aided by the matron's tongue,
 Long tri'd, and practis'd in the trade of vice,
 Against th' unwary innocent! Awhile
 Dazzled with splendor, giddy with the height
 Of unexperienc'd greatness, she looks down
 With thoughtless pride, nor sees the gulph beneath.
 But soon, too soon! the high-wrought transport
 sinks

In cold indifference, and a newer face
Alarms her restless lover's fickle heart.
Distress'd, abandoned, whither shall she fly?
How urge her former task, and brave the winds
And piercing rains with limbs whose daintier sense
Shrinks from the evening breeze? Nor has she now,
Sweet Innocence, thy calmer heart felt aid,
To solace or support the pangs she feels.

Why should the weeping Muse pursue her steps
Thro' the dull round of infamy, thro' haunts
Of public lust, and every painful stage
Of ill-feign'd transport and uneasy joy?
Too sure she tried them all, till her sunk eye
Lost it's last languish, and the bloom of health,
Which rell'd once on Beauty's virgin cheek,
Was pale disease, and meagre penury.
Then, loath'd, deserted, to her life's last pang
In bitterness of soul she curs'd in vain
Her proud betrayer, curs'd her fatal charms,
And perish'd in the streets from whence she sprung.

THE ABODE OF THE GRACES.

BY MR. HOLCROFT.

TO HER GRACE THE DUTCHESS OF
DEVONSHIRE.

ONE day when, in Paphos, the Graces and
Loves,
The Sports and the Pleasures, the Dimples and
Doves,
Round Venus were throng'd—her attendants and
guards—

To fly with her mandates, and carry her cards;
The smile-dimpled goddess, who often had heard
Of a nymph that in Albion was highly rever'd
For gentleness, sweetness, and beauty, and worth,
Resplendent in virtues, resplendent in birth,
Admir'd and respected, belov'd and caress'd,
Whom all hearts ador'd, and whom all people
blest'd,

Determin'd an embassy thither to send,
Professing herself her protectress and friend;
And that she'd contribute her influence divine
To make the men worship, and women combine
In praise of that merit which, Envy should own,
Was rightfully seated on Beauty's bright throne.
So she gave to the Graces credentials and warrant;
For none but the Graces were fit for this errand.

Then straightway descended the golden-hair'd
dames

To Devonshire House, or the Place of St. James:
(For whether 'twas since or before Hy-men's knot
Had consign'd her to Devon the muse has forgot)
They came, saw, and wonder'd! for what they'd
been told

Came very far short of what now they behold:
Her manners so simple! her beauty so rare!
Such mildness, complacence, and goodness were
there;

So winning her words were, and yet so discreet,
Her smiles so endearing, her aspect so sweet;
Her visitors were so delighted, that straight
They determin'd, thro' life, on her person to wait;
Nor ever return to the Paphian domain,
But dress her, adorn her, and be of her train;

Her ringlets to braid, and her robes to display,
Her steps to direct, and her smiles to array;
Each word and each look, and each action to guide,
And teach her o'er fashion and taste to preside.

Nor think that in fact on the muse would indulge,
Nor deem it a secret which she'd first divulge;
'Tis a fact so attested, that none disallows—
The address of the Graces is—Devonshire House.

A BALLAD,

OCCASIONED BY LORD ———'S ALTERING
HIS CHAPEL AT GROVE TO A KITCHEN.

BY Ovid, 'mongst many more wonders, we're
told,
What chanc'd to Philemon and Baucis of old;
How their cot to a temple was chang'd by fire Jove,
But a chapel is chang'd to a kitchen at Grove.

Derry down, down; down, derry down.

The lord of the mansion most rightly conceiting,
That his guests lov'd good praying much less than
good eating;

And, possess'd by the devil, as some folks will
tell ye,

What was meant for the soul he assign'd for the
belly.

The word was scarce given, when down dropt the
clock,

And straight was seen fix'd in the form of a jack;
Then, shameful to say, pulpit, benches, and pews,
Form'd cupboards and shelves for plates, sauce-
pans, and flows.

Prayer-books turn'd to platters; nor think it a
fable,

A dresser sprung out of the communion-table;
Which, instead of the usual repast, bread and wine,
Is stor'd with rich soup, and good English sirloin.

No fires but what zealous devotion could raise,
Till now had been known in this temple to blaze;
But, good Lord! how the neighbours around did
admire,

When a chimney rose up in the room of a spire!

For a Jew many people the master mistook,
Whose Levites were scullions, his high-priest a
cook;

And thought that he meant our religion to alter,
When they the burnt-offering saw smoke at the
altar.

The bell's solemn sound, that was heard far and
near,

And oft rous'd the chaplain, unwilling, to prayer;
No more to good sermons now summons the sinner,
But, blasphemous! rings in the country to dinner.

When my good lord the bishop had heard the
strange story,

How the place was prophan'd that was built for
God's glory;

With zeal he cried out, 'O how impious the deed,
'To cram Christians with pudding instead of the
'creed!'

Then away to the Grove hied the church's pro-
tector,

Resolving to read his lay-brother a lecture;

But he scarce had begun, when he saw plac'd before 'em

A haunch, piping hot, from the Sanctum Sanctorum.

'Troth,' quoth he, 'I find no great sin in the plan,
'What 'as usef'ul to God to make usef'ul to man;
'Besides, 'tis a true Christian duty, we read,
'The poor and the hungry with good things to feed.'

Then again on the place he bestow'd consecration,
But reserv'd the full rights of a free visitation:
'Thus still it remains of devotion the seat;
Now there's meat after grace, and not grace without meat.

THE PIG IN A POKE;

OR, THE DOUBLE METAMORPHOSIS.

A TALE.

A Farmer's lease contain'd a flaw;
To mend it, he appeal'd to law.
Dear bought experience told him plain,
That law without a fee was vain;
And that, to clear his counsel's tone, he
Must bribe him or with meat or money.

One morn he calls his clown in chief,
'Here, take this pig to Lawyer Brief.'
The clown (unlike his wife, they say)
Could both be silent, and obey:
The pig secur'd within a sack,
At ease hung dangling from his back;
Thus loaded, straight to town he went,
With many an awkward compliment.

A half-way house convenient stood,
Where host was kind, and ale was good:
In steps the clown, and calls to Cecil—
'A quart of stout, to wet my whistle!'
Eas'd of his load, he takes a chair,
And quaffs oblivion to all care.

Three artful wags accost the clown,
And ask his errand up to town.
With potent ale his heart grows warm,
Which, drunk or sober, meant no harm:
He tells them plainly whence he came;
His master, and the lawyer's name;
And, ere the circling mug was drain'd,
Shew'd what the prostrate sack contain'd.
Whilst two the witless clown amuse,
With merry tales, and mournful news,
A third removes the sack unseen,
And soon sets free the guest within:
But, lest our clown the trick should trace,
A well-fed cur supplies the place.
The point clear'd up of what's to pay,
Our clown in peace pursu'd his way.
Arriv'd, he makes his awkward bow,
With many a *Wherefore*, and *As how*.
'Heaven bless your honour many a year!
'Look what a pig I've brought you here.'
The sack untied without demur,
Forthwith out gently crept the cur.
Both stood aghast with eager eyes,
And both, no doubt, look'd wond'rous wise.
The clown, who saw the lawyer foam,
Swore 'twas a pig when brought from home;
And, wondering at the queer disaster,
In haste return'd to tell his master.

Well pleas'd to see him take the bait,
The wags his quick return await.

What peals of noisy mirth prevail,
To hear him tell the mystic tale!
The devil is in't, they all agree,
And seem to wonder more than he.
From them to Cecil he repairs,
To her the strange event declares:
Mean time the wags, to end the joke,
Replace the pig within its poke.
The rustic soon resumes his load,
And, whistling, plods along the road.

Th' impatient farmer hails the clown,
And asks 'What news from London town?'
'The pig was lik'd; they made you drink?'—
'Nay, master! master! What d'ye think?'
'The pig (or I'm a stupid log)
'Is chang'd into a puppy dog.'—
'A dog?'—'Nay, since my word you doubt;
'See here; I'll fairly turn him out.'
No sooner was the sack untied,
Than a loud gaunt his word belied:
'Death,' cries the farmer, 'tell me whence
'Proceeds this daring insolence?
'Make haste, take back this pig again you
'Presuming elf; or, z—nds! I'll do you!'
The clown of patient soul and blood,
Awhile in silent wonder stood;
Then briefly cried, with phiz demure—
'Yon lawyer is a *twit*, for sure!
'How hoarse his voice! his face how grim!
'What's pig with us is dog with him:
'Heaven shield my future days from evil!
'For, as I live, I've seen the devil.'

F.

THE CIT'S COUNTRY-BOX.

BY MR. ROBERT LLOYD.

Vos sapere et solos aio bene vivere, quorum,
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.

HOR.

THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
While, wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile—
'How all the country seems to smile!'
And as they slowly jog together,
The cit commends the road and weather;
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for every house she sees,
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration.

'What signifies the loads of wealth,
'Without the richest jewel, health?
'Excuse the fondness of a wife,
'Who doats upon your precious life!
'Such careless toil, such constant care,
'Is more than human strength can bear:

'One

' One may observe it in your face—
 ' Indeed, my dear, you break apace;
 ' And nothing can your health repair,
 ' But exercise, and country air.
 ' Sir Traffick has a house, you know,
 ' About a mile from Cheney Row:
 ' He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true,
 ' But not so warm, my dear, as you;
 ' And folks are always apt to sneer—
 ' One would not be out-done, my dear!"

Sir Traffick's name so well applied,
 Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
 And Thrifty, who had all his life
 Paid utmost deference to his wife,
 Confess'd her arguments had reason;
 And, by th' approaching summer season,
 Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
 And purchases his Country-Box.

Some three or four miles out of town,
 (An hour's ride will bring you down)
 He fixes on his choice abode,
 Not half a furlong from the road;
 And so convenient does it lay,
 The stages pass it every day:
 And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
 To have a house so near the city!
 Take but your places at the Boar,
 You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
 White washing, painting, scrubbing past;
 Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
 With all the fuss of moving over;
 Lo, a new heap of whims are bred,
 And wanton in my lady's head!

' Well—to be sure, it must be own'd,
 ' It is a charming spot of ground;
 ' So sweet a distance for a ride,
 ' And all about so country'd!
 ' 'Twould come to but a trifling price
 ' To make it quite a paradise!
 ' I cannot bear those nasty rails,
 ' Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales.
 ' Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
 ' We build a railing all Chinese;
 ' Altho' one hates to be expos'd,
 ' 'Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd:
 ' One hardly any object sees—
 ' I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
 ' Objects continual passing by,
 ' Were something to amuse the eye;
 ' But, to be pent within the walls,
 ' One might as well be at St. Paul's.
 ' Our house beholders would adore,
 ' Was there a level lawn before,
 ' Nothing it's views to incommode,
 ' But quite laid open to the road;
 ' While every traveller, in amaze,
 ' Should on our little mansion gaze,
 ' And pointing to the choice retreat,
 ' Cry, "That's Sir Thrifty's country seat!"

No doubt her arguments prevail,
 For Madam's TASTE can never fail.

Bless'd age! when all men may procure
 The title of a connoisseur;
 When noble and ignoble herd
 Are govern'd by a single word;

Tho', like the royal German Dames,
 It bears a hundred Christian names—
 As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,
 Whim, Caprice, Je ne sçai quoi, Virtù:
 Which appellations all describe

TASTE, and the modern tasteful tribe.

Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
 With Chinese artists and designers,
 Produce their schemes of alteration,
 To work this wondrous reformation.
 The useful dome, which secret stood,
 Embosom'd in the yew-trees wood,
 The traveller with amazement sees
 A temple Gothic or Chinese,
 With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
 And crested with a sprawling dragon;
 A wooden arch is bent astride
 A ditch of water four feet wide,
 With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
 From Halfpenny's exact designs:
 In front, a level lawn is seen,
 Without a shrub upon the green;
 Where Taste would want it's first great law,
 But for the skulking, fly ha! ha!
 By whose miraculous assistance,
 You gain a prospect—two fields distance.
 And now from Hyde-Park Corner come
 The gods of Athens and of Rome.
 Here squabby Cupids take their places,
 With Venus, and the clumsy Graces;
 Apollo there, with aim so clever,
 Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
 And there, without the power to fly,
 Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,
 All own, that Thrifty has a taste;
 And Madam's female friends and cousins,
 With common council men by dozens,
 Flock every Sunday to the seat,
 To stare about them—and to eat.

TO MISS CLAYTON,

OCCASIONED BY HER BREAKING AN AP-
POINTMENT TO VISIT THE AUTHOR.

BY MRS. MARY JONES.

NOW ponder well, Miss Clayton dear,
 And read your bible book;
 Lest you one day should rue the time
 That you your promise broke.

'Twas on that bed where you have lain
 Full many a restless night,
 That you did say, may swear it too—
 But you've forgot it quite.

Your tender mother eke also
 Did ratify the same;
 And strok'd me o'er the face, and vow'd—
 Much more than I will name.

But what are women's oaths and vows,
 With which we make such pother?
 Ah, trust us not, ye faithful swains!
 Who cannot trust each other.

The swain may vow eternal love,
And yet that vow revoke;
For lovers vows, alas! are made
On purpose to be broke.

The courtier breaks his word, 'tis true,
Or keeps it but in part;
But you, whene'er you break your word,
Perhaps may break a heart.

The chymist says he'll turn to gold
Each thing he lights upon;
And so he will, whene'er he finds
The philosophic stone.

The lawyer says he'll get your cause,
Then loses cause and cost;
But there's a maxim in the law
Says, 'Fees must not be lost.'

Allegiance firm to gracious king
Swear parsons one and all:
Pity! Christ's vicars, or of Bray,
Should ever swear at all.

Physicians too can promise fair,
In figures and in tropes—
Then let your faith and fees be great,
And while there's life there's hopes.

But when all confidence is lost,
Small comfort hopes afford;
For whom hereafter can I trust,
Now you have broke your word?

A COPY OF VERSES ON MR. DAY,
WHO FROM HIS LANDLORD RAN AWAY.

HERE DAY and NIGHT conspir'd a sudden
flight,
For DAY, they say, is run away by NIGHT.
DAY's past and gone. Why, landlord, where's
your rent?
Did you not see that DAY was almost *spent*?
DAY pawn'd and sold, and put off what he might:
Tho' it be ne'er so dark, DAY will be *light*.
You had one DAY a tenant; and would fain
Your eyes could see *that* DAY but once again.
No, landlord, no; now you may truly say,
(And to your cost too) you have *lost* the DAY.
DAY is departed in a mist, I fear;
For DAY is *broke*, and yet does *not appear*.
From time to time he promis'd still to pay;
You should have *rose* before the *break* of DAY.
But if you had, you'd have got nothing by't,
For DAY was cunning, and *broke over-NIGHT*.
DAY, like a candle, is gone out, but where
None knows, unless to t'other *Hemisphere*.
Then to the tavern let us haste away—
Come, cheer up—hang't—'tis but a *broken DAY*.
And he that trusted DAY for any sum
Will have his money, if that DAY *will come*.
But how now, landlord! what's the matter, pray?
What! you can't sleep, you long so much for DAY.

Have you a mind, Sir, to arrest a DAY?
There's no such bailiff now, as *Joshua*.
Chear up then, man! what tho' you've lost a sum,
Do you not know that pay-DAY yet will come?
I will engage, do you but leave your sorrow,
My life for yours, DAY comes again *to-morrow*.
And for your rent—never torment your soul,
You'll quickly see DAY *peeping thro' a hole*.

EPIGRAM I.

SO fair I thought your face and mind.
I wonder'd much that half mankind
Were not of wits bereav'd;
I've had you now three weeks to try,
And wonder how the devil I
Could be so much deceiv'd. E.

EPIGRAM II.

VARUS invited me to sup of late;
The food was scanty, but the wealth was
great:
Vast empty plates, vases of gold were serv'd;
My eyes were feasted, but my stomach starv'd.
'Varus, I came not here to gaze, but eat;
'Or take away your plates, or bring some meat.'

EPIGRAM III.

BELINDA has such wond'rous charms,
'Tis *heaven* to lie within her arms;
And she's so charitably given,
She wishes all mankind in Heaven.

EPITAPH I.

NEAR to this very spot,
There lieth to rot
The mortal remains of poor John Trott;
Who, you must know, was unlawfully begot
Of William Cotterel and Mary Scott.
He was poor, and liv'd in an humble cot,
Yet I'm sorry to say he was a sad sot.
But this we may safely say, he was not
In all his life concern'd in a plot.
It was, poor man, his unlucky lot
To have a wife most confounded hot,
Tho' he himself was no better a jot.
However, since he's gone to pot,
And soon must become we know not what,
'Twere proper his failings were all forgot:
So here's an end of poor John Trott.

EPITAPH II.

OUR life is like a winter's day,
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed:
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.



NUMBER I.
E N I G M A S.

ENIGMA I.

FOR THE PRIZE MEDAL.

BY DR. JAMES WILLIAMS.

LADIES and gentlemen, prepare
To find your humble servant's name:
Lights I shall give, but still beware
They prove not ignis fatuus flame.

To art alone my birth I owe,
With nature I've not much to do;
Yet sure both wit and sense may flow,
From what it's being owes to you.

No hands have I, no legs or thighs,
And yet, 'tis true, I've many feet:
No tongue; and yet, to your surprize,
The business of my life's deceit:

While as a stranger I appear,
But few disdain to treat me kind:
Neglect succeeds a smile or sneer,
Whene'er my real name they find.

Then wonder not that much I strive
To hide me from your searching eyes;
Yet let, for once, your love survive,
And gladly will I yield the Prize.

ENIGMA II.

BY H. THOMAS, ESQ.

IN Heaven, 'tis said, I took my birth;
Below'd by men and gods am I;
Ador'd and cherish'd so on earth,
The meanest slave I dignify.

More poisonous than the serpent's tongue,
More piercing than the Parthian spear;
Yet rich and poor, and old and young,
Me in their head or heart wou'd wear.

If I've a mother, I've no father;
If I've a father, I've no mother:
Yet either sex, or both may, rather,
Beget or breed me on each other.

ENIGMA III.

BY MR. WILLIAM MARSON, WORKSOP,
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

LADIES, since first into the world I came,
My shape has oft been alter'd, eke my name;
Altho' 'tis known in uses I abound,
In gross abuses I am oftener found.
I am of use to multiply, 'tis true;
Yet, strange to tell, am not of use to you:
Nor marvel is it when it once is told,
I follow fashions be they new or old;
In fields and cottages and groves am met,
But never in a town or city yet;
With kings and queens I always have been seen,
Yet I have never in a palace been.
Tho' church and all religion I neglect,
Yet I am foremost of each sacred sect.
To learning yet I never did attend,
Yet sciences I both begin and end.
But what more marvellous and strange appears,
I'm never seen but once in twenty years.

ENIGMA IV.

BY FISHER WELLS, ESQ.

I Never once said a good thing in my life,
And yet I can talk like a parrot, or wife:
What others hold sacred I hourly defame,
I hate a good heart, and I scorn a good name.
Alone in a thoroughfare-passage I dwell;
And, reader, beware
Of the poison I bear,
For my name would be lost should I bid thee fare-
wel.

ENIGMA V.

BY FISHER WELLS, ESQ.

I Am fat, I am slender, I'm pale as a sheet;
My nose is as warm as a toast:
No cloak I require, save to screen me from heat;
I may sweat, but I never can roast.

Like a hero in battle, though sure to expire,
I never once flinch from my station.
One gut, like a bear, and no more, I require,
And I die of the gut-inflammation.

ENIGMA

ENIGMA VI.

BY FISHER WELLS, ESQ.

I Never am bashful with courtiers, or kings,
But give every comer as good as he brings:
When consulted, my answers are usually clear;
Tho' I'm apt to be dull when my friends are too near.

If I flatter at times, 'tis in hope of no fee;
For, pleas'd or displeas'd, 'tis indifferent to me.
If they smile, so do I; if they frown, 'tis the same;
Now look with attention, and tell me my name.

ENIGMA VII.

BY A LADY.

BEFORE creating Nature will'd
That atoms into form should jar,
By me the boundless space was fill'd;
On me was built the first-made star.
For me the faint will break his word;
By the proud atheist I'm rever'd:
At me the coward draws his sword,
And by the hero I am fear'd.
Scorn'd by the meek and humble mind,
Yet often by the vain possess'd;
Heard by the deaf, seen by the blind,
And to the troubled conscience rest.
Than Wisdom's sacred self I'm wiser,
And yet by every blockhead known;
I'm freely given by the miser,
Kept by the prodigal alone.
As Vice deform'd, as Virtue fair,
The courtier's loss, the patriot's gains;
The poet's purse, the coxcomb's care.
Read—and you'll have me for your pains.

ENIGMA VIII.

FROM AN ANCIENT M.S. COMMUNICATED
BY MR. WILLIAM MARSON.

I'M an eye that never had sight,
When alive I am buried, when dead brought
to light.

I'm admir'd by the rich, not so much by the poor,
And belong to a man who's a very great whore.

ENIGMA IX.

BY MISS ELIZA DICKINSON.

I Am a mute, yet full of eloquence;
A decent cover to a want of sense:
The life of music, and the soul of spleen,
The spring of pain, and fount of joy unseen;
A living death, who am of nothing made,
In noon-day sun wrapt up in thickest shade;
Yet often call'd to sacred justice' aid. }
Wisdom provok'd, when vice and folly vent
Their nauseous sound, by me denies assent.
A cloak for guilt, and modesty's pretence,
The villain's bait for artless innocence.
By me 'mong females is spell'd out a maid;
By me the deepest compliments are paid:
Allur'd by me the cit suspends his gains,
To taste the bliss I spread o'er rural plains.
The sage and wit me court, and me revere,
As th' element and mint of knowledge clear;
In which it moves, from whence it springs, and
shines,
In num'rous ancient, and some modern lines:
E'en stubborn quakers, in assembl'd swarms,
Give me the praise of thousand thousand charms.

REBUSES.

REBUS I.

BY H. THOMAS, ESQ.

FOUR-sixths of herself, and two-thirds of
a hen,
Is the name of a lady who's fond of a pen.

REBUS II.

BY H. THOMAS, ESQ.

A Thing that in churches and taverns re-
sides,
And a fourth of what patriots unites and divides,
Prefix'd to two-thirds of what first saw the
light,
Give one in whom virtue and beauty unite.

REBUS III.

BY MERCUTIO.

CATO and Chloe, combin'd well together,
Will furnish a thing not amiss in cold
weather.

REBUS IV.

BY MERCUTIO.

TO a musical term, add three-fourths of the
name
Of a meeting where music has seldom due fame;
To these join a title conferr'd on a clown,
And you'll have what is talk'd of in country and
town.



THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.



FEBRUARY 1784.

With a Large Quarto Engraving, from the Original Poetical TALE of TYTHE IN KIND; or, The SOW'S REVENGE; designed by Mr. SAMUEL COLLINGS, and engraved by Mr. W. BLAKE, purposely for this Work.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
1. The Story Teller. No. II. - - -	43	POETRY.	
2. Enquiry after Goodness - - -	46	17. The Decline of Wit. By Mr. Hol-	
3. Character of the present Age - - -	49	croft - - - - -	71
4. Club of Odd Fellows - - -	50	18. Tythe in Kind; or, The Sow's Re-	
5. Essay on the Word MINE - - -	51	venge - - - - -	ibid.
6. Remarkable Letter written by the Mate		19. Cohang and Hanfi; a Chinese Tale -	72
of an East India ship to his Wife at		20. The Stammerers. A Tale - - -	74
Cartfidge, near Greenock - - -	52	21. Extempore, on reading a Poem writ-	
7. Account of the extraordinary Wager		ten by a Lady of Quality - - -	75
laid by Colly Cibber, that he would		22. The Fate of Sophia. By Master George	
bid the Audience kiss his Arse on		Louis Lenox, Eleven Years of Age	ibid.
the public Stage - - - - -	54	23. The Jew and Christian. A Tale -	76
8. The Strange Adventures of Monsieur		24. The Hiss. A Tale - - - - -	ibid.
De Jardin - - - - -	55	25. Extempore, on a lately proposed Union	
9. Butler's Characters continued.		upon Principle - - - - -	ibid.
A Seditious Man - - - - -	58	26. Epigram I. - - - - -	ibid.
A Leader of a Faction - - - - -	59	27. Epigram II. - - - - -	ibid.
A Rabble - - - - -	ibid.	28. Epigram III. - - - - -	ibid.
10. A Week's Journal of the Life of the		29. Epigram IV. - - - - -	ibid.
Honourable J. W——, Esq. - - -	60	30. Epitaph. By Mr. Holcroft - - -	ibid.
11. The Town-Talker, No. I. - - -	62	THE SPHINX.	
12. Dialogue on Air-Balloons - - -	65	31. Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	77
13. Character of a Choice Spirit - -	ibid.	32. Rebuses - - - - -	78
14. Professional Speeches at a Bruising		33. Solutions to Enigmas of last Month -	79
Match - - - - -	67	34. Ditto to Rebuses - - - - -	ibid.
15. Parson Hyberdine's Sermon, delivered		35. Select Answers to the Prize Enigma	ibid.
in the Presence of Thieves who had		36. Miscellaneous Answers from Correspon-	
robbed him. Extracted from the		dents to the several Enigmas and Re-	
Original M.S. in the Cottonian		buses - - - - -	80
Library - - - - -	68		
16. Select Anecdotes, Repartees, and Bon			
Mots; Ancient and Modern. No. II.	69		

LONDON:

Printed for HARRISON and Co. N^o 18, Paternoster-Row; by whom Letters to the EDITORS are received.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AS we hold ourselves greatly obliged to all our Correspondents, whether their favours are accepted or rejected, we mean not to wound the feelings of young candidates for literary fame, by any unpleasing remarks on their productions. With respect to *new Enigmas, Rebuses, &c.* the Correspondents are so exceedingly numerous, that it would be as impossible as it seems unnecessary, to notice them all: those which are approved we shall of course insert; and those which are considered as defective, will generally be suppressed, without our assigning any particular reason.

We are particularly obliged to *Mr. Gawler, Mr. Francis Browne, and Mr. Lemoine*, for distinguishing their own compositions from those which they have selected from scarce and valuable publications, to enrich our Miscellany; and we cannot help expressing our regret, that some other Correspondents have not been equally candid, but have transcribed the works of others, and endeavoured to impose them upon us as their own productions.—*Mr. Lemoine's Song* will appear in our next.

W. H's Tale is not ill-conceived, and has considerable merit, but the writer is unacquainted with the rules of composition.—*The Story by a Lady at Hadleigh*, (name not legible;) *Mr. Cross's Favour*; *Y. Z's Verses on a Taylor*; *E. D. J.'s Tale of the Captain's Disappointment*; and *J. J's Romance*; are all in the same predicament.

The Verses extracted from that excellent publication, the *New Musical Magazine*, now publishing in Weekly Numbers by Messrs. Harrison and Co. will probably be some time inserted; but not as written by *Louisa*. They are, in fact, the offspring of the celebrated author of the *Siege of Damascus*.

W. Q.'s Dialogue is to serve political purposes, and therefore inadmissible.

The Anecdote of the French Miser is told in a good stile, but the point on which it turns offends by its improbability.

F. W.'s Anecdote; *N.'s Verses*; *J. King's Acrostick*; are all destitute of true wit.

The Tale in imitation of *Diogenes Laertius* wants point: the Invocation to *Mrs. M.* is not suited to our plan.

J. M's Pastoral, and *D.'s Deserted Fair*, are not lively enough.

J. P's—S. H's—and Young Noggin's Productions, are too indelicate.

The Poem in part communicated by *J. D. Woolwich*, is a very good one; but it seems not sufficiently entertaining. The whole should have been sent at once.

Miss Spencer's Verses on the Death of Mr. Taylor are very beautiful, but the subject has too much solemnity for the *Wit's Magazine*.

M. Minutius Felix has wit, but wants taste and consistency.

Calami Princeps has wit, and we shall be glad to see the production he mentions.

The *Essay on Modesty* is very near being a most excellent performance, but there are some material defects in the examples meant to illustrate the subject. If the ingenious Author will correct these defects, we shall be happy to insert it.

G.'s Tale, and *G. E.'s Essay*, are both under consideration.

Many of those who have answered the PRIZE ENIGMA, and whose answers could not, for obvious reasons, be inserted at length, are so exceedingly ingenious, that we cannot help particularly soliciting their future correspondence.

FOUR PRIZE MEDALS.

The numerous Favours received from ingenious Correspondents, have stimulated the Proprietors of the *WIT'S MAGAZINE* to enlarge their Plan of Remuneration: they really feel a Wish to encourage as much as possible the Efforts of Genius, and they trust that the following Arrangement will be deemed a sufficient Proof of the Sincerity of their Assertions.

Instead of Two MEDALS only, one to the best Essay either in Prose or Verse, and the other to the best Answer to the PRIZE ENIGMA, FOUR SILVER MEDALS will in future be presented to our ingenious Correspondents: the first, for the best Original Humorous Tale or Essay in Prose; the second, for the best Tale in Verse; (and if no Essay of sufficient Merit is received in one of these Departments from some real Correspondent, then for the second best Article in the other, or the best New Enigma;) and the third and fourth Medals to be fairly disposed of by Lot, among the Authors of the Six best Answers to the Prize Enigma.

On this plan, (which it is hoped will not fail to receive that universal satisfaction from our numerous friends which it has been evidently calculated to obtain) the FOUR MEDALS are this month adjudged to the following ingenious persons.

The first, to the Author of the Poetical Tale of *COHANG and HANSI*, (whose real name and place of abode must be transmitted to the publishers, in the same hand-writing as the tale itself, by the 15th instant, to be printed in the next Number for the satisfaction of the subscribers in general;) and the second, (as there are no original Prose articles, except those written by the EDITORS) to *MARCUS*, Author of *THE STAMMERERS*, who must likewise send in his real Name and Place of Abode.

The third and fourth Medals, disposed of by lot for the best Answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA, fell to the *Rev. Mr. MAJOR*, Master of the Academy at *Woodstock*, in *Oxfordshire*; and *Mr. T. SMYTH*, No. 4, *Warwick Court*, *Holborn*.

THE
WIT's MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1784.

THE STORY-TELLER.

NUMBER II.

WE left John Audley, his wife and guest, at supper; and we may venture to affirm that, had it not been for that powerful and universal disturber Fear, it would have been difficult to have found, in a like number of persons, a more happy fire-side, or one round which there was more true content, and native simplicity of heart. Even this very fear had something of pleasure in it, and something enviable. It was a delirium of the soul to be at supper with an enchanter; to see a dæmon, in the form of a dog, fixing his eyes upon them; and to suppose that, if the mighty conjuror pleased, he could turn their cottage into a palace, or fly with them through the air, escorted by an army of spirits, to the remotest regions of the earth. There is a large portion of the sublime, even to philosophy, in such ideas, notwithstanding their extravagance: but, to the simple and believing soul, they form an incomprehensible world of wonders, which, though dreadful, it delights to contemplate.

The present occasion could not fail to recal to the imagination of John Audley his own adventures with ghosts, and the stories he had heard others relate. 'An't please you,' said John to Mr. Errant, 'did you ever see the Skreeking Woman?'—'No.'—'No! now I have seen her three times.'—'And pray what kind of a lady is she?'—'Why, I'll tell your honour. As I wur walking home one night from Thomas O'Wilkins, (I remember Dame Dicconson had that very night, been telling us a mort of

tales about ghosts;) and so, as I wur turning the corner of Roger Fairlay's barn, I saw, what I then thought to be, a huge black cat; and so it run towards the barn-door, and vanished. So, upon seeing it vanish I begun to bethink me; and, to tell you truth, I wur almost afraid to go by the door where the huge black cat vanished. So I stood still a bit, to consider; and, as sure as you are alive, I thought I smelt a smell o'brimstone. So, to tell you the truth, I began to be mortagiously frightened and afraid! and so, as I wur standing there, I heard the most woundy uproar, and squeaking and squalling, and scampering, in the barn, that ever I heard sin' the hour I wur born. So I bethought me that this barn were certainly a meeting place for witches and wizzards: and, what made it more likely, it wur Saturday night; and the wind had just then begun to blow as thof heaven and earth would come together; so that, what with the noise within and the noise without, you never in all your life, heard such a deadly din: I'm sure I never did, except, indeed, that night that old Miser Gripegut died. Well; so, as I tell you, there I stood, quite in a stound, and could neither stir a foot backward nor forward; and in a deadly taking, to be sure, I wur, as you may well think: for you must know, it came into my mind, that they might drag me into the barn, and make a wizzard o'me, whether I would or no; nay and, I do assure you,

' you, I saw an imp, in the very exact
 ' form of a rat, that came out of the
 ' barn, and ran tow'rd me, as fierce
 ' as thof it wur resolute to feize upon
 ' me: but, as Heaven would have it,
 ' I started, and cried "God blefs me!"
 ' and it vanished. Well; and so as I
 ' wur standing there with my eye fixed
 ' upon the barn-door, for I durst no'
 ' venture to turn my head the least in
 ' the world to the right or the left, all
 ' at once there wur a dead cold hand
 ' clapt to my cheek, and something at
 ' the same time gave me such a whang
 ' on the back, that down I fell, and I
 ' really thought there wur an end o'
 ' me. But however, for this once it
 ' seems I wur more frightened than
 ' hurt, as I found afterwards when
 ' Dick Walters, or Dick Dare-devil,
 ' as he is called in our parish, gave me
 ' his hand, and helped me up. You
 ' maybe sure I wur not a little pleased;
 ' so I told him the whole story of the
 ' Black Cat and the clattering, and
 ' the devil's imp running at me to
 ' make a wizzard o' me and all; and
 ' so he pretended to laugh at me, and
 ' not to believe me, and not to put
 ' no faith in no such things; but that,
 ' as you may suppose was all pretence,
 ' for I am certain every body knows
 ' there is such things; because why,
 ' does not the Bible tell us so? But
 ' Dick had a mind to seem fashous,
 ' and fear nothing; though to be sure
 ' Dick is as bold as a lion, and as
 ' strong as a horse, and there is not
 ' a man in Lancashire dare face him
 ' fairly; nay, he is said to be the
 ' best man in all England; but then
 ' to be sure, he is deadly wicked and
 ' prophane; and I have heard him
 ' challenge old Nick if he durst ap-
 ' pear. And so I was so pleased to
 ' find Dick, that I would take him
 ' down to Hal's at the bottom of the
 ' hill, and gi' him a mug of ale. So
 ' away we went; and when we came
 ' there, we found Will Tipler, the
 ' drunken shoemaker, along wi' Far-
 ' mer Upton's tall Tom, who is six-
 ' foot seven inches and a half with-
 ' out his shoes: and so Dick would
 ' be a pint to my pint; and Will he
 ' wur another; and Tom wur another;
 ' and so on till we made it very late;
 ' and so you must know my road home
 ' from Hal's lay over the stile and gate
 ' where the Skreeking Woman com-
 ' monly sits: but you must know by
 ' this time I had got a drop in my
 ' head, and then somehow or another,
 ' when one's in company wi' Dick,
 ' one never fears nothing; and he is
 ' such a good-natured fellow too,
 ' when nobody puts upon him, for he
 ' won't suffer no man to fash and af-
 ' front any man that he is in com-
 ' pany wi'; so, as I tell you, I had
 ' to go over the Skreeking Woman's
 ' stile; so I did no' half like it, but I
 ' wur got pot valiant, and would no'
 ' ask Dick to go wi' me, for I knew
 ' he'd game and laugh at me: so
 ' away I set; and so, as I told you, a
 ' deadly windy night it wur; so, as
 ' sure as can be, when I had got a bit
 ' from the house, I began to feel a
 ' forethought, and to be partly sure
 ' that I should see her; and the far-
 ' ther I went the more I wur certain;
 ' and so I began heartily to wish I had
 ' got Dick or some one to come wi'
 ' me: but that was all over; so away
 ' I went wi' my heart in my mouth,
 ' as I may say, and I wish I may be
 ' hanged if my hair did not stand an
 ' end every now and then wi' think-
 ' ing on't. Well; so, as I tell you,
 ' I kept going my gait a thisen till I
 ' came almost wi' my nose upon the
 ' stile; but I should have told you it
 ' wur most mortagious dark, for the
 ' moon wur gone down, and the night
 ' wur as black as pitch. I believe in
 ' my heart the heavens never sent out
 ' or saw a more murky welkin; the
 ' sky wur like a bag of soot. So, as
 ' I tell you, I had got wi' my very
 ' nose almost upon the stile, when all
 ' of a sudden I saw her rise from be-
 ' hind the hedge, as it were, and place
 ' herself upon the stile. Lord! how
 ' my knees knocked together! At
 ' first I had not the power to move
 ' hand or limb; and I do think I stood
 ' for some minutes with no more life
 ' in me than an oyser; and then
 ' when I came a little to myself, my
 ' teeth

' teeth chattered, and I dithered as
 ' thof I had been in an ague: fo what
 ' to do I did na know; for if I turned
 ' back ſhe would walk before me.
 ' So I bethought me it wur beſt to put
 ' my truſt in my Maker, and to ſay
 ' the Lord's prayer, and ſo go a bit
 ' lower down along the hedge where
 ' there wur a gate. Well; will you
 ' believe me? as ſure as I ſit on this
 ' ſtool, when I came to the gate, there
 ' wur ſhe again! "The Lord of Hea-
 ' ven's goodneſs deliver me," thought
 ' I, "what will become o' me!" And ſo,
 ' do you know all the ſins that ever I
 ' had committed, begun to come into
 ' my head; I bethought me o' the five
 ' apples I had ſtolen when I went to
 ' ſchool with old Dame Trott o' Pref-
 ' cot; and of the baſtard I had, by half-
 ' witted Mal o' the hill, before I wur
 ' four and twenty; and o' the robin-
 ' redbreſt I ſhot inſtead of a crow;
 ' and the ſilver-groat that I found, the
 ' firſt year I was made clerk o' this pa-
 ' riſh, which I wickedly ſpent at the fair
 ' inſtead of giving notice on't at the
 ' church-door, as I ought to have done;
 ' and moreover of having the very Sun-
 ' day before fallen aſleep in ſar-munt time,
 ' and what wur worſer, when his rever-
 ' ence the vicar wur in the pulpit, and
 ' not the curate; which his reverence
 ' afterwards told me, in the veſtry, wur
 ' breaking the commandements, and
 ' an abomination to the Lord. So, as
 ' I tell you, I began to pray to the
 ' gracious Providence of marcy, for
 ' deliverance and forgiveness of my
 ' ſins; for to be ſure, as I have told
 ' you, a wicked ſinner I had been; ſo
 ' while as I wur here in this moſt
 ' diſmal and terrible aſtoundification,
 ' ſome how or another I found ſhe
 ' wur vaniſhed and diſappeared, and
 ' wur gone; ſo I then fell upon my
 ' knees, and thanked the grace of
 ' heavenly goodneſs, and the Lord of
 ' hoſts, and the Almighty Maker of
 ' heaven and earth, and the God of
 ' Iſrael, for all his manifold marciſul
 ' loving kindneſſes to me a poor wick-
 ' ed and unworthy ſinner; and ſo I
 ' begun to put my truſt in him; and
 ' ſo ſeeing as I did not ſee her any
 ' longer, I ventured by little and lit-
 ' tle tow'rd the gate, and ſo at laſt
 ' I laid my hand upon't, and then
 ' one foot and then tother, and ſo at
 ' laſt I got o' the tother ſide o' the
 ' hedge, and ſo I wur fain to walk by
 ' the hedge ſide for fear o' loſing my-
 ' ſelf, it wur ſo mortagious dark, as
 ' I tell you; and ſo, as I wur walking
 ' along, I thought I heard a whiſper-
 ' ing o' tother ſide o' the hedge; and
 ' I am not a chriſtian ſoul in the land
 ' o' the living, if it wur not as like the
 ' whiſpering of men's voices as my
 ' right-hand is to my left; and ſo my
 ' hair began to bristle as bad almoſt
 ' as before, and I ſtopt; and ſo when
 ' I ſtopt, the whiſpering vaniſhed;
 ' but I heard a mortagious running
 ' and a ſcampering and a clattering
 ' o' feet o' tother ſide o' the hedge,
 ' which I could compare to nothing
 ' but a parcel of devils running a race
 ' towards the ſtile; and for all we
 ' know well enough that ſpirit's bodies
 ' are not bodies, I'm ſure they made
 ' as great a clattering as thof they
 ' had had legs and feet of fleſh and
 ' blood. Well; ſo I wur now, as I
 ' thought, o' the right ſide o' the
 ' hedge, ſo I kept my gait till I came
 ' to the ſtile; and ſeeing as I ſaw no-
 ' thing of her there, I begun to have
 ' ſome hopes that ſhe wur gone for
 ' good and all; ſo I ſet forward again
 ' tow'rd home, and begun to be-
 ' think me that I had got ſomething
 ' to talk about as long as I lived:
 ' but, will you believe me? I had no'
 ' gone not half the field's length, but
 ' I ſaw her again walking right before
 ' me! "The Lord of heavenly bleſſed-
 ' neſs defend me," thought I; "what
 ' will become o' me!" I ſtopt, and ſhe
 ' ſtopt—I took heart and made two
 ' or three ſteps—and ſo did ſhe. Ne-
 ' ver ſince I wur a ſinner, wur I in ſuch
 ' aquandary before! What could I do?
 ' If a man is ſo fearful as to turn back,
 ' I had always been told ſhe is ſo
 ' miſchievous ſhe will twine his neck
 ' round mayhap, or blight him i' the
 ' eyes, or ſomewhat; like as ſhe ſtruck
 ' Goody Hazel a box o' the ear, and
 ' ſhe has been deaf o' that ſide ever
 ' ſin.'

'fin.' So, as I said, what could I do?
 'Why I prayed to the Lord, and thought
 'I would keep on my gait as long as she
 'kept that distance before me. I should
 'have told you, tho', she wur all in
 'white, or else, as you may think, I
 'could not a' seen her; there wur not
 'a sheet in Lancashire whiter than she;
 'and at first she did na seem so high
 'as my breast, and she walked as
 'thof she wur partly lame or crouch-
 'ing on the hams; and so I had na
 'followed her far, before she began
 'to get higher and higher!—and
 'higher and higher!—and higher
 'and higher!—till at last, Lord Al-
 'mighty blefs me! she wur taller than
 'any tree in Ecclestone parish, or the
 'next to it, I am positive! Marcy's
 'goodness be upon me, what a con-
 'dition I wur in! Well; and so,
 'would you believe it? when she wur
 'at the tallest, she turned about, and
 'gave such a stride tow'rds me! and
 'a skreek! and I suppose, vanished,
 'for I dropped down as dead as this
 'trencher; and there, as Heaven's
 'marcy would have it, I wur found
 'by Dick Walters and Tall Tom;
 'and so they seeing me so frightened,
 '(for I did na stir out of my bed for

'a week) wanted to persuade me that
 'it wur nowt but a trick o' theirs to
 'scare me; but, however, I wur na
 'such a fool as to believe'em, as you
 'may well think, after what I had
 'seen and heard.'

John Audley ended; and his looks
 while relating, were sufficient to con-
 vince the hearer what his sensations
 must have been while his wicked com-
 panions were playing him the trick he
 had just recounted. Mr. Errant had
 been much among the simple inhabi-
 tants of villages, and knew how im-
 possible it is to cure those who have
 once contracted the disease of credulity:
 he knew too that there is in every district
 a Dick Dare-devil, who diverts him-
 self at the expence of those whose fa-
 culties or bodies are not so robust as
 his own. Instead, therefore, of wast-
 ing his time and breath to persuade
 his hosts out of opinions which per-
 haps they would have been sorry to
 part with, Mr. Errant, conforming
 to their humour, only thought of af-
 fording them some further amusement
 for the entertainment he received; to
 effect which he told them a story,
 which in our next number we will tell
 our readers.

E

ENQUIRY AFTER GOODNESS.

VIR BONUS EST QUIS?

HOR.

 TELL ME, IF YOU CAN,
 WHO IS A GOOD MAN?

THE Roman poet to whom I am
 indebted for the opportunity of
 displaying my learning, by the use of
 a not very inapposite Latin motto,
 has himself thus answered the interro-
 gation it contains—

"Qui consulta patrem, qui leges juraque servat."

In plain English—(I translate for
 country gentlemen, to use the stile of a
 certain witty assembly)—

The man who pays each levied tax,
 And dies without a rope or ax.

But though this standard of purity
 has been pretty generally received,

there are still some few persons in the
 world who are presumptuous enough
 to think, that a man's escaping the
 gallows, or the scaffold—in politer
 language, Tyburn or Tower Hill—is
 not always proof positive of his honesty,
 virtue, or goodness.

And here I shall make an opportu-
 nity of observing—what I may either
 forget, or somebody else may observe
 before me, if I wait for a better—and
 this is, the extreme caution which the
 great and the vulgar reciprocally use in
 disposing of the several unfortunate
 personages, in their respective classes,
 whom they think it expedient to sa-
 crifice

crifice at the altars of Justice: the former usually sending their few victims to suffer on Tower Hill, in the district of the latter; and the latter constantly slaughtering their hecatombs at Tyburn, under the very noses of the former. This practice may, perhaps, be intended for the mutual instruction of each other; most impartial men being of opinion, that were more of the first description brought fairly to the block, there would be less occasion to consign so many of the last to the gibbet.

But whatever diversity of opinions may prevail respecting *goodness in general*, few people disallow the marks of this valuable quality, as they are found to exist in particular bodies of men, or in certain individuals; and, perhaps, an enumeration of these traits may include every thing new that can be well said on the subject.

A *good King*, for example, is one who has the gift of pleasing both the Ins and the Outs; and who, not being permitted to do *any thing*, is able to do *every thing*.

A *good Minister*, is one who is capable of conducting the affairs of a great nation, without levying any taxes on the public.

A *good Patriot*, is one who possesses excellent lungs, and is not afraid of availing himself of the freedom of speech allowed in parliament, to abuse every person, and oppose every measure, till he makes the situation of an upright minister sufficiently uncomfortable to force him to a resignation; when he seizes on his place, and actually performs himself the very part which he had impudently and wrongfully accused his predecessor of acting;

A *good Magistrate*, is one who takes care to keep the price of bread as low as possible, without regarding any advance in that of flour, for the sake of establishing his character among the vulgar, whom he is wise enough to know are the bulk of mankind. This knowledge, and these motives, lead him also to make an example, once or twice in his life, of some honest butcher, baker, or publican, if any such beings

should chance to reside in his district, for accidentally selling short weight or measure: and he seldom or never commits any one to prison; except, to please his patron, some poor fellow who has killed a hare, a pheasant, or a partridge; or some unfortunate girl who has been got with child by his friend's or his own footman, after having rejected the offers of the master, in order to give the inhabitants a high idea of his aversion to their being burdened with bastards.

A *good Divine*, is one who preaches short sermons remarkably loud, and who not only permits his parishioners to pursue, at their pleasure, whoring, drinking, feasting, gambling, and swearing, without receiving the smallest intimation of the impropriety of their conduct; but who himself actually joins them, on every convenient occasion, in the practice of these innocent amusements.

A *good Lawyer*, is one who knows how to brow-beat timid witnesses, and to rouse the feelings, and enlarge on the vast consequence of silly jurymen, (who always look wisest when they are in reality the greatest fools) so as to procure a verdict for his client, though Honesty and Integrity are in consequence doomed to starve in prison.

A *good Physician*, is one who, having no real business to employ him, generously begins life with giving his advice to the poor gratis; at the same time taking care to direct all his prescriptions to some honest apothecary, who allows him thirty per cent. on the price of the medicines. If this fails to procure him better practice, he engages his friends to institute a public Dispensary, and appoint him the Physician; when, to ingratiate himself with the principal subscribers, by great apparent humanity, and of course to secure their own private custom, he engages to attend their servants gratis, till he has fully established himself in snug practice; after which, he soon leaves off all gratis prescriptions, and resigns in favour of some pupil who is capable of complimenting him with a few hundreds for
so

to excellent an opportunity of following his steps, and obtaining both the character and emoluments of a *good Physician*.

A *good Man*, generally speaking, is one who now and then gives his poor neighbours and dependants a very small portion of what he has previously obtained from their labour, for which he paid them so scantily that they might well become proper objects in the eye of real benevolence. A *very good Man* usually subscribes about twenty guineas a year to a dozen or more different hospitals, and charity-schools; to which he contrives to send necessitous relations, who might otherwise be more burdensome. With respect to the general conduct in life of a *good Man*, it is only necessary that he has never been publicly known to have committed any action remarkably *bad*.

A *good Man*, in the commercial world, is one who has money enough to answer all demands; and who, knowing he must pay bills when due, or be liable to personal inconveniences, and particularly to pay lawyers and bailiffs fees, takes care to discharge in time all pecuniary obligations. N. B. It is of no sort of importance by what means he acquires the ability to effect this solely necessary purpose; and though he be a grinder of the poor, a defrauder of the rich, a base guardian of orphans, a Jew usurer, or a Christian miser, still he is a *good Man* in the city, as long as he can pay every one twenty shillings in the pound of what they can *prove* to be their due.

A *good Citizen*, is one who jogs on quietly through life, pays scot and lot without ever enquiring for what, and never attends Common Halls, or Ward or Vestry meetings, but submits quietly to have his pocket picked by those who do; always thinking that the presence of *one more*, and him clearly of little weight or consequence, whatever natural rectitude he may possess, would make no material difference.

A *good Friend*, is one who procures a man some comfortable post under government, to assist him in making provision for the large family he has provided him, by debauching his wife, daughter, or sister.

A *good Fellow*, is one who borrows money of all those persons who are weak enough to trust him, without ever giving himself the smallest concern about repayment; which he spends freely, or gives away, during the little time it lasts; and who ruins more girls, drinks more liquor, sings more songs, gives more toasts, belongs to more drunken societies, and sits up more nights, than any other person whatever. N. B. When he happens to have in possession a good deal of property of his own, he is, while it lasts, usually and emphatically called, a *damned good Fellow*: but when his money and credit are both exhausted, so that he is obliged to sing, drink, and tell stories, for the entertainment of those who pay his shot, he degenerates into a *good Companion*.

A *good Husband*, is one who never opposes his wife's inclinations, or arraigns her conduct, however absurd or unreasonable.

A *good Wife*, is one who never opposes her husband's inclinations, or arraigns his conduct, however absurd or unreasonable.

There are, besides these, a variety of other *good folks*, the characteristics of whom will readily occur to most readers, though no extraordinary quantity of living models have perhaps lately appeared: such as *good Generals*, *good Admirals*, *good Authors*, *good Players*, *good Criticks*, and a variety of others. But the specimen already produced will, I hope, abundantly prove, that the world is not so destitute of *goodness* as some pretended moralists have dared to insinuate.

H—.

CHARACTER

CHARACTER OF THE PRESENT AGE.

IT has in all ages been common for interested writers to give such a colouring to their representations as they judged to be most agreeable to their patron's eye; while the uninfluenced part of mankind have generally concurred in condemning the present times, and extolling the past.

If, however, we turn over the annals of antiquity, we shall find that they who existed at the several distant periods daily recommended to our admiration, have been no less severe in censuring those times, than our modern patriots are in stigmatizing the present.

Human nature has undoubtedly been the same in all ages: a mixture of vices and virtues has always composed the characters of mankind, though, at different times, they have appeared under various modes; but the general character of particular nations has been constantly determined by the example of the great and ruling men of the state: if they have been wise and virtuous, the people have been good and honest; if they have been vigilant and brave, the people have been bold and enterprising.

That the character of the present age is neither glorious nor amiable, is a melancholy truth which seems to be universally admitted; yet, without doubt, there is as much spirit and virtue in individuals now, as in the days of heroism.

We are of opinion, that our distinguishing characteristic has not yet been justly determined. It has indeed been affirmed by a late writer, to be that of a luxurious effeminacy; and perhaps some appearances concur, which seemingly justify this peremptory conclusion.

But, nevertheless, if we extend our views, it may appear to be hasty and erroneous; and we ought to be careful how we judge of a national character from a few particular circum-

stances, too inconsiderable to warrant a general determination.

It is true, indeed, as he observes, that we sometimes see warriors, decorated with all the delicacy of dress, swinging in sedan-chairs; but it is likewise as true, that we frequently behold men of the first rank and fortune wading through the dirt of London, disguised in a garb scarce too mean for the apparel of a porter.

If we attend them in the country, we may often see them, in the heat of a perilous fox-chace, fly over five-barred gates with intrepidity, and run with furious speed down a dangerous steep, at the hazard of their necks: at other times we may view them, from the rising to the setting sun, flaying over hedge and ditch, in quest of feathered prey; sometimes we may behold them ride their own horses at Newmarket, and pant round the course with Olympic spirit, emulous to seize the noble prize of jockeyship. These robust exercises are not the criterions of effeminacy, nor does that appear to be the reigning quality to which we are to refer any seeming want of courage, or the absence of other virtues.

Effeminacy is refined in it's pleasures, gentle in it's manners, and passive in it's obedience. But whatever progress certain individuals may have made towards this soft refinement, as a nation, we are still indelicate in our enjoyments, uncourteous in our behaviour, and daring in disobedience.

Might we presume to determine the real character of the age, we should not hesitate to declare, that SELFISHNESS is the ruling principle. However men are differently attached to various vices and follies, the majority concur in this, that they are all equally actuated by this sordid and pernicious quality; which has taken such deep root in Britain, that it is become a part of *modern wisdom*, and included under that fashionable sum-

mary of all accomplishments, called *knowledge of the world*.

A man who is said to *know the world*, is one who makes his own *private* advantage the rule of all his actions; one who laughs at the zeal of patriotism, and care of posterity, as the ridiculous reveries of idle speculation, only calculated to amuse conscientious fools, while free-thinking knaves are sharing the plunder of the commonwealth.

This is that modern, that left-

handed wisdom, which has long steered the rudder of state, and debased the spirit of the nation; this has taught every man to act as if he lived for himself alone, without any consideration of the duty he owes to society; this has been the bane of honour, and has destroyed all those noble sentiments which teach us to sacrifice our own pleasure and convenience, nay even to hazard our lives, for the public good.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I cannot recollect that the Editors of any Miscellany have ever taken notice of Odd Fellows; a neglect which is unpardonable, if owing to any thing but hurry or ignorance. I who write this am an Odd Fellow, and I greatly mistake if you are not pretty much in the same way; from which supposition this letter has it's being.

There are a set of Odd Fellows of us, in number seven. We meet nightly in a very Odd house, in an Odd part of the town. Our faces, dress, conversation, and liquor, are all what the world would call Odd. Our president who reigns, and has reigned these three weeks and Odd, is himself one of the greatest Oddities in nature: he neither looks, nor speaks, nor thinks, nor dresses, like any creature existing; and I may, in the language of that great Odd poet, Mr. Theobald, say—

'Nought but himself can be his parallel.'

Ben Grubstreet, next to him, is the Oddest fellow in our society, and always in the absence of the president, is *nem. con.* preferred to the chair. The rest of our company are, an Odd poet, a chymist, a painter, a musician, a mathematician, and a politician. We have of late come to a resolution to enlarge our company, and one extraordinary promising strange

fellow has made application for admittance. Now, as by his admission our number would be Even, and that we would preserve ourselves as we have been these fifteen years and Odd, it is the will of the president that I signify to you, as secretary of the company, that you shall have a right to claim the ninth seat, he having observed you to have a very Odd turn; and Ben Grubstreet, who meets you frequently at the coffee-house, declares in your favour, that you have the Oddest phiz, and dress, and discourse, that ever he saw or heard. That you may not be surprized into our company, I give you a transcript of the rules of our club, very short, and in number five; by which you may be determined how to act.

Rules and Articles to be observed by the Club of Odd Fellows.

- I. Each person who shall claim a seat in this club, shall by face, speech, and action, demonstrate some Oddity.
- II. This club shall always meet at five in winter, and seven in summer, and shall sit three hours and Odd. The money they spend not to be limited any other way than by this certain regulation, that the shillings and pence must be Odd.
- III. Every member is obliged, on the penalty of 7d. to say at least three Odd things every night.

IV. If

IV. If gaming should be proposed, which ought not to be done, play at Even and Odd.

V. On a scrutiny in the election of a member, the candidates being equal in all other points, he whose christian and surname shall have each an Odd letter, shall be elected.

These are our fundamental rules: we have several others, which you may see when a member. I will have more talk with you when we meet; and am,

Your, &c.

TOM OUT-OF-THE-WAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

As you professedly keep a Magazine of Wit, you have, no doubt, great plenty; and as I find myself often greatly puzzled to resolve certain questions, which I myself am frequently putting to myself, and which, as they are very interesting and applicable to me, may be very interesting and applicable to others likewise; I shall be happy to receive public information from you, who either are, or ought to be, capable of giving information on such subjects.

Know, then, I have by nature, or habit, a propensity to pronounce one certain word; nay, to think and dream of that word before any other in the alphabet: and I dare upon my veracity affirm, which I never forfeit, unless biased by remembering the word at which I hint, that this single word has more influence over my thoughts, than any other word, or possible combination of words, ever had; or, I begin to think, ever can have. Nor is it any pompous high-sounding epithet which has thus fascinated my imagination; it is neither *magnificent*, *honoured*, *renowned*, *benevolent*, *valiant*; nor, in short, any one of that long string, the pronunciation of which produces such strange effects on the minds of certain men: no; it is a poor, short, insignificant monosyllable, of four letters, which grammarians call a pronoun possessive; it is the little trifling word *mine*, which has obtained the dominion over me I have been describing, which tyrannizes over my thoughts, and which I have scarce power for a moment to forget. I find, by some strange concatenation of ideas, that this short

word is to me as comprehensive as *erst* was Peter's brown loaf, for it contains the quintessence of all possible words and phrases in my soul. Thus, if you mention a man who enjoys an estate of thirty thousand a year, I instantly, and without an effort, wish it were *mine*: if you talk of a woman, whose beauty, virtue, and good sense, are the admiration of all who know her, 'Oh, that she were *mine*!' is the immediate impulse of my thought. Neither is this word merely predominant with me, when matters of great moment are in idea: if I see a man well mounted, I wish the horse were *mine*; if a lady displays a fine diamond ring, I wish it were *mine*; nay, I even cannot look at a child eating a cheese-cake, without wishing the sweet morsel were *mine*.

In fact, so great is my affection for this paltry word, that there is not, in the whole catalogue of things hateful and repugnant to humanity, one I so infinitely loath, detest, and abhor, as the word *his*, except it's counterpart *hers*; but this cannot be wondered at, when the love I bear to *mine* is considered, and when it is remembered that these two petty sounds, contemptible as they are in their own nature, are yet the everlasting and invincible enemies of *mine*.

I must inform you, that the affection to *mine*, above described, has had some very alarming effects upon me. I was going by a pawnbroker's shop in Princes Street the other day, where I saw a large quantity of brilliant rings, gold watches, and other most desirable objects in the window; and the wish that they should be *mine* was

so unconquerable, that I absolutely began to lay a plan for robbing the shop; which I should as certainly have attempted to put into execution, had not a dreadful vision of a halter suddenly given me a dizziness in the brain, which made me ill for that night; and the next morning I took the prudent resolution to lock myself up in my garret for three days, and toss the key out of the window to my landlady, who was apprized of my situation; in which time the remembrance of the pawnbroker's shop was become much fainter. However, as *mine* will obtrude itself upon me whether I will or no, I give all pawnbrokers, watchmakers, silvermiths, &c. &c. fair warning not to expose their wares in shew-glasses, as I cannot answer for the consequences: I shall assuredly wish to make them *mine*.

There is another inconvenience I find continually arising from the very great love I bear to *mine*: when I go by a chandler's shop, and see the tempting two-penny loaves, and the delicate Gloucester and Cheshire cheese, I never can forbear wishing they were *mine*; but when I take out my money, look at it, turn it over and over, and consider that it is *mine*, I am thrown into a situation from which I know not how to deliver myself; and I frequently cannot help cursing aloud, to think that I must absolutely part with something which is *mine*, that some other thing

may become *mine*. Why should they not *both* be *mine*? I have often stood arguing this matter over with myself for half an hour, without being able to enter the door, or stir from the door, till the people have roused me, by coming out and asking what I wanted.

I could give you a long list of follies, which all have been the effect of the violence of my passion for *mine*; but you will perceive by this sketch in what state I am; and as you have commenced a kind of quack-doctor to the mind, I hope you will immediately prescribe gratis, that your opinions on this subject may be *mine*.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,
MYSELF.

P. S. I forgot to mention, that I beg you to inform the town, that this epistle to you is *mine*; and if your readers chuse to bestow any mark of approbation upon it, the applause is *mine*: as to the faults they find, you may keep them yourself.

The Editor advises this Correspondent to learn by rote the following Epigram, which was suggested by the vision he himself mentions to have had.

He who to get too much aspires,
May get much more than he desires:
May get in prison; and, no doubt,
May get, when sheriffs take him out,
A cart, a parson, and a psalter,
An exhortation, and a halter.

E.

FOR THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.

THE FOLLOWING REMARKABLE LETTER IS TAKEN FROM AN OLD MAGAZINE, AND WAS WRITTEN BY THE MATE OF AN EAST INDIA SHIP, TO HIS WIFE AT CARTSDIKE, NEAR GREENOCK.

MY DEAR,

THIS is to acquaint you that I am yet living; and I do think there is not on earth a more remarkable instance of the great mercy and goodness of God, than has been shewn in my preservation. I arrived in India the 15th of August 1753, and agreed to go mate along with Captain Hugh Kennedy, an old comrade of mine in

Virginia. I will be particular in my first voyage; and I hope you will cause what follows to be put in the newspapers, that all concerned may have a true and impartial account of the fate of their friends and relations.

Our ship was about nine hundred tons burden, manned with one hundred Lascars, or black sailors, and navigated by a captain, four mates, and a gunner, Europeans. We took
on

on board five hundred merchants and other passengers, going to pay their yearly devotions at Manomet's tomb at Mecca, and sailed from Surat in India the 10th of April 1754, with a cargo on board, valued at two hundred thousand pounds sterling, for Mocha and Jodda, in the Red Sea, with a good wind; and on the 18th at noon we found ourselves in the latitude of 15 degrees north, and 90 degrees of longitude to the westward of Surat. At one, afternoon, (may God preserve me from the like sight for ever!) we observed a smoke coming up through the deck in the gally or forecassle. We immediately got the fore-hatches off to see where the fire was; but the flame having vent, burst out with such rage, that it burnt both the second mate's shirt and trowsers, and mine; and having got hold of the main-stay-sail, in five minutes communicated itself to the rigging and all the sails in the ship. Our boats were all on board but the long-boat, and our rigging being on fire, we could make no use of the tackles to hoist them out. The Lascars all ran aft from the flames, and assistance we had none. I went down to the powder-room, which was abaft, with the gunner, to heave the powder overboard; and whilst we were throwing it out, I observed the long-boat cut adrift by the sailors, which was the only prospect we had of life: on which account I went up to the deck, and told the captain, that, as the fire was so violent, we had now but two choices, to burn or drown. He, with his usual calmness, answered, he had seen me swim farther in Virginia than to the long-boat; and as it was death to stay on board, I might yet reach her, and save him and the rest of the Europeans. I took a cutlass in my mouth, and directly jumped overboard; (at that time the fire had got the length of the quarter-deck with such violence that nobody durst go nigh it.) I had so far to swim, I was obliged to quit the cutlass, and swim for my life.

At last I reached the long-boat; and going to use my authority, though

I was beloved by the sailors, they soon let me know it was at an end; and told me, did I not see three or four hundred people swimming towards the long-boat? That already she was full; that they left their own fathers and brothers to perish; and could I think they would return to take in five Infidels, on whose account Mahomet had burnt the ship? And though they should, would not every one strive to get in his own relations, by which they all would perish? I told them that we had neither water nor provisions of any kind on board, nor a compass, to steer by; that we were two hundred leagues from the nearest part of the coast of Malabar: but my remonstrance signified nothing; they were resolved to push for it with oars, being ninety-six souls on board, of which eight were black Roman Catholics. The ship blew up about eight at night, with a noise like thunder, and every soul on board perished. Hugh Kennedy, the captain, was brother to a gentleman close by Air. John Short, the second mate, was some time a commander at Minorca. John Richardson, the third mate, was a Yorkshireman. William Campbell, the fourth mate, was brother's son to Dr. Campbell in Air, and brother to Dr. Campbell, close by Air. The gunner was named Hamilton, a Scotch gentleman's son.

We rowed eight and forty hours towards the coast of Malabar, and then gave over. I desired them to take their turbans, being Moors, and stitch them with some rope-yarn, out of the long boat's cable, for sails, and lash the oars together for masts; which they did with all expedition, and being a side wind, and fair weather, we went always two or three knots; but from the want of sleep, (conducting the boat by the sun in the day, and the stars by night) I envied the death of my shipmates who were burnt or drowned. We were never hungry, but our thirst was extreme: the seventh day our throats and tongue swelled so that we spoke by signs: on that day fourteen died,

and

and almost the whole company became silly, and began to die laughing. I petitioned God earnestly to continue my senses to the end; which he was pleased to do, being the only person the eighth day that had them. On that day twenty more died; and, on the ninth, I espied land; which fight overcame my senses, and I fell into a swoon, with thankfulness and joy. When I recovered, I took the helm, and steered in for the land, and ran into a bay between two rocks about eleven o'clock in the morning, ten leagues to the southward of Goa, a Portuguese settlement on the coast of Malabar. The natives were Gentoos, or Pagans; who used us very civilly. They took all the black people out of the boat first, that were alive; and when I looked round, ten lay dead in the boat. Fifty got alive to shore, of which I was one; twenty died in two days more; and only thirty of us got to Bombay; having five hundred and fifty miles to travel, naked, in the heat of the sun. I was taken care of in Bombay by the English government, who allowed me fifty rupees (which is six pounds five shillings) per month for my sustenance; being just enough to live on there.

I recovered in about six months, and went mate in another ship to Africa and Ethiopia; and returned to Bombay without any accident. I went again in the same ship to the Straits of Molucca; where the Malays cut off the most part of our crew in the night: however, the cap-

tain and I were saved; and, with the remainder of the black sailors, we got the ship home to Bombay.

I went the next voyage with the same captain to Bengal, and arrived there just as the Moors came to besiege it. We fought the ship till we could fight no longer, the captain being killed, and myself and the rest of the mates wounded in many places. We had on board twenty-six European ladies, who fled to our ship for protection when the town was taken by the Moors. You have heard, I suppose, of the cruel massacre of those who remained in the town. I cut my cable, and run down the river, having three Moorish forts to pass. The ladies were in the hold in safety; but the most of my Lascars, or black sailors, were killed, and I received a shot, which took me in the head, and shattered my skull; but blood and bones I got tied up all together, having a Bengal doctor on board, one Gray, a Scotchman. Having passed all the forts to the mouth of the river, my wounds threw me into a fever, and then I made this will and power which I here inclose you. When I recovered, I returned to Bombay, and continued in the command of the ship, and have made several successful voyages since: but, finding my health declining, I propose to return home in the summer 1759; though I need never want a command in India, through the interest of the Bengal ladies whose lives I saved.

JOHN IVER.

ACCOUNT

OF THE EXTRAORDINARY WAGER LAID BY COLLEY CIBBER, THAT HE WOULD BID THE AUDIENCE KISS HIS ARSE ON THE PUBLIC STAGE.

CIBBER was engaged in a paper war with Pope; and being told one day that Pope intended to prosecute him for making too free with his character, Cibber happened to be in a peevish temper, and replied, 'He may kiss my arse!' Upon this one

of his friends, who was upon the banter, observed, that that was not language for a gentleman, and that he was sure that he (Cibber) would not say so to Pope's face.—'By God, Sir,' says Colly, 'I would tell him so, or any puppy that should take his

‘ his part!’—This assertion was what they were fishing for, as they now perceived that he was in a right cue to be worked up to any pitch. And so it proved; for, before they parted, they provoked him to a bett of one hundred guineas, that he would bid Pope kifs his arse in the public play-house; bid the company he sat with kifs his arse, let them be who they would; bid box, pit, and gallery, separately, kifs his arse likewise; and, in conclusion, bid the whole house kifs his arse all together. This mad wager soon got wind, and it was generally known that Pope was to be at the play the next night. When the time came, the house was crouded. Now, as it was the beginning of term, the solicitor and attorney-general were both in the stage-box, according to an ancient custom; and who should be perched plump between them, but Alexander the Little. Well, Colley had bought the collar, and he was resolved to go through with it: so just as the last music was playing, and the curtain ready to be drawn up, he rang the bell, and pushed boldly on the stage. Cibber bowed, the house clapped; he bowed again: all was attention; and thus he began. ‘ Ladies and gentlemen, I have a story to tell you; to which, if you do not honour me with an indulgent hearing, I shall lose one hundred guineas.’ Upon this an universal clap ensued, and a general cry of, ‘ The story! The story!’—He then proceeded thus: ‘ You must know, ladies and gentlemen, that there lived in this city an honest old trencher-maker, who had saved a very considerable fortune; and, having two sons, called Kill ’em All and Kifs my Arse, he left all his landed estate to his eldest son Kill ’em All, and all his business and stock in trade to his youngest son Kifs my Arse. Now

‘ it happened, ladies and gentlemen, that Kill ’em All in a few years prodigally spent his patrimony; and, what does he do, but set up his business of trencher-making, directly under the nose of his brother Kifs my Arse. It is an old saying, that two of a trade can never agree, and I am sure it is a true one; for no sooner was this opposition begun, than the two brothers began to hate the sight of each other; so that if they both chanced to be at the play on the same night, you would see Kill ’em All in the pit, and Kifs my Arse in the gallery; or else Kill ’em All in the gallery, and Kifs my Arse in the pit. Indeed, sometimes you might see Kill ’em All in the pit, or gallery, and Kifs my Arse in the boxes. By and by they got into a paper war; but as neither of them could write themselves, they employed scribes on each side to do it for them; so Kill ’em All chose your humble servant, and Kifs my Arse Mr. Pope,’ (bowing to him.) ‘ Soon after the commencement of the paper war, they went to law with each other about defamation. Kill ’em All chose for counsel the Solicitor-General, and Kifs my Arse Mr. Attorney-General: no, I mistake; Kill ’em All chose the Attorney-General, and Kifs my Arse Mr. Solicitor,’ (bowing occasionally to both.) ‘ At last, by the interposition of friends, they agreed to submit to an arbitration; and then it was finally settled, that, to obviate all subsequent disputes, Kill ’em All’s trenchers should for the future be made all square, and those of Kifs my Arse all round.’

This piece of humour was received with great applause, and Cibber fairly won his wager.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MONSIEUR DE JARDIN.

THE Count de Montalto sent Monsieur de Jardin, one of his gentlemen, to Naples, with five hundred pistoles, to buy horses; and, be-

ing arrived there, as he was standing the next evening in the gate of the inn, throwing his purse of gold from one hand to the other, he was observed

served by a young courtesan, who wanted neither wit nor beauty: the next morning she sent one of her spies privately to enquire who the object of her attention was, his business, and what other circumstances related to him, or could be of advantage to her design. Being informed of particulars whereon to found her plot, she dispatched one of her emissaries, a cunning gipsy, to acquaint him, that a lady of quality, and a relation of his, entreated the favour of a visit: the crafty decoy hovered at a distance, till De Jardin came out; who, as was his custom, standing at the gate alone, she with a modesty as counterfeited as her innocence, asked if Monsieur de Jardin was within. 'Yes, sweet girl,' says he; 'I am the person.'—'Signior,' says she, 'my lady commands me to let you know she has the honour to be related to you; and, if it is not too great a condescension, she begs you would spare half an hour from your more important affairs, and bestow it upon her.' De Jardin was not much surprized at so obliging an invitation: for though he knew of none of his relations, who either bore the title of lady, or even lived in Naples, yet, presuming upon the comeliness of his person and good mien, he imagined it was some lady of quality who was enamoured of him, and with this pretence courted an opportunity to discover her passion. 'Madam,' says he, 'I could wish myself worthy of so great a blessing as I now receive; and since a ready submission to your lady's commands is the best proof I can give of my zeal and affection to her service, I will this very minute pay my respects to her.' De Jardin, without going into his lodging, went directly along with his guide; who led him through several cross streets and bye-ways, till they came to the house, which in the front appeared fair and reputable: at the door a person attended, who conducted De Jardin into a room richly furnished both for pleasure and state.

As soon as the lady was acquainted that Monsieur de Jardin was below, she descended with a portly and majestic grace; which, lest it should strike too great an awe upon her kinsman, she sweetened with an affectionate familiarity and respect. The wily courtesan spread her net so well, that his dull eye could not discover the least deceit; she displayed his pedigree with so much artifice, that his obscure family was now derived from one of the most noble houses of all Italy, of which she had the honour to be no inconsiderable branch; all which his pride and folly easily credited. Variety of discourse, with mutual congratulations for so happy an interview, had now spent a good part of the evening; when the lady was whispered in the ear, that supper was ready. She ordered it to be brought in; and though it was splendid and elegant, she courteously pretended to excuse it as not good enough for so worthy a guest. Supper being over, De Jardin recollecting it grew late, and that he was a stranger to the streets, was ready with a long harangue of thanks to take leave of so honourable a kinswoman. A profusion of compliments were mutually exchanged; when, taking him by the hand, 'Nay, cousin,' says she, 'though I am sensible your reception has not been equal to your merit, yet I flatter myself that my house can afford you better accommodations than your inn; and if you rob me of your company to-night, you have not that esteem for me I am so ambitious of.' De Jardin, whose better genius was absent, accepted the invitation.

It soon grew bed-time; and De Jardin was attended to his apartment by the lady and two of her servants; who, after a solemn 'Good night!' withdrew. As he was stepping into bed, the wine he had drank began to rumble in his stomach; for it had been physically prepared for that purpose: he therefore asked one of the servants for a necessary convenience, and was directed into a little room adjoining:
his

his business required haste. Boldly stepping in, a board, which lay purposely loose, gave way, and down he fell to the bottom of the privy. As soon as he had recovered himself from the fright, (for hurt he received none, except from what was transacting above) he cried out for help; but nobody answered, though he heard his kinswoman's voice very merry and loud: they were too busy in ransacking his pockets, where they found the prize they wanted, with bulk unbroken. In this distress, he discovered a wall which communicated with the street; this he endeavoured to scale, but with repeated slips mired himself over head and ears. At last, however, he succeeded, and found himself in the middle of the street. By the light of the moon he guessed at the house, and rung so loud a peal at the door, that a grim fellow opened a window, and asked what drunken knave gave that unmannerly alarm? 'I am, Sir,' says he, 'the lady's cousin'—'Sirrah,' says he, 'you are an impudent liar! I know no such person. Be gone in time, or you will too late repent this saucy affront.' The approach of the watch at this instant forced De Jardin to break off the dialogue, and secure himself. As he was looking for a place of shelter, he spied an open bulk, where, in the day-time, a cobbler and an herbwoman kept their shop; into which he crept as far as he could, to conceal himself till the watch was gone by. Three fellows, who that night designed to rob the tomb of a cardinal who had lately been buried in the great church, having hid their tools in this bulk, now came for them. De Jardin, hearing men talk, lay close; but one of them groping for the implements, and often complaining of a horrible smell, at last caught De Jardin by the leg. The surprise was equal on both sides; however, the fellow had the courage to pull him out, and examine what sort of a creature lay concealed there. De Jardin's shirt was so offensive, that they forced him to strip; for, considering he might be of use to them in their

present design, and had possibly overheard some of their discourse, they compelled him to go along with them. Notwithstanding he was now as naked as he was born, yet the filth was thick crusted upon his skin, and the smell so noisome, they could not endure it. For this one of them thought of a proper remedy: hard by there was a deep well, with a long chain and a bucket at the end of it; hither they brought De Jardin, put him into the bucket, let him down into the well, and told him that, as soon as he had washed himself clean, he must shake the chain, and they would draw him up. Whilst they stayed for De Jardin, the watch came, it being very hot, to refresh themselves with water, the only beverage that could be had at that hour. His companions were now forced to run and hide; and the watch laid down their cloaks and halberts, and drew up the bucket. De Jardin with a sudden spring leaped ashore, which struck such a panick upon them, that they fled, leaving the pillage of the field, their cloaks and halberts, to De Jardin and his comrades. Having now joined company again, they went directly to the cardinal's tomb, and raised up the heavy marble: but a dispute arose who should go in. De Jardin would not. 'No,' says one of them; 'wont you? but you shall: what did we bring you here for else?' They soon forced De Jardin to descend; and he reached them out the mitre and crozier, and pulled off the cardinal's gold fringe gloves, which were richly embroidered. He had heard them mention a diamond-ring of great value; and this he slipped off, and put upon his own finger, to secure something in case of the worst. They still bid him look for the ring: he told them he could find none; and they must come in, if they either suspected his honour or honesty, and look for it themselves. 'I am sure,' said one, 'it was said he had a very rich ring; feel upon the other hand.' As they were thus arguing the case, they heard a sudden noise in the church; which they suspected might be some of the offi-

cers: this frightened them so, that away they ran, and let the stone fall down, leaving poor De Jardin entombed with the dead cardinal. This was a misfortune a thousand times worse than any that had yet befallen him: it was impossible for him to raise up the stone, and if he made a noise to discover himself, he would certainly be executed for sacrilege and robbing the dead; and to lie there and starve, or be poisoned with the stench of the corrupting body, was still more dreadful. It happened that the noise which frightened his companions proceeded from some persons then breaking into the church upon the same design: when they came to the tomb, they raised up the marble, strongly under-propped it, and began, like the others, to dispute who should descend. 'What,' says one of them, a bold fellow, 'are you afraid the dead cardinal should bite you? Let me come!'

As he was letting himself down, De Jardin caught fast hold of his legs; the fellow, frightened out of his wits, cried out, 'Help! help! the cardinal has caught me by the legs!' and, struggling, got out, and followed his companions; who, every step they made, expected the cardinal would seize them. This gave De Jardin an opportunity of escaping. He immediately quitted the church by the same way as he had entered it; and, cloathed with one of the watchmen's cloaks, walked about till morning. When it was light, he enquired out his inn; where he borrowed some cloaths, and gave a terrible detail of his misfortunes—but not a word of the ring. That evening he left Naples, and set forward for France, without purchasing a single horse; and, though he had lost his money and cloaths, he was in possession of a ring, the value of which at least balanced the account.

CHARACTERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. SAMUEL BUTLER,

AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

IV.

THE SEDITIOUS MAN

IS a civil mutineer; and, as all mutinies for the most part are for pay, if it were not for that he would never trouble himself with it. His business is to kindle and blow up discontents against the government, that, when they are inflamed, he may have the fairer opportunity to rob and plunder, while those that are concerned are employed in quenching it. He endeavours to raise tumults, and, if he can, civil war; a remedy which no man that means well to his country can endure to think on, though the disease were never so desperate. He is a state-mountebank, whose business is to persuade the people that they are not well in health, that he may get their money to make them worse. If he be a preacher, he has the advantage of all others of his tribe; for he has a way to vent sedition by wholesale; and as the foulest

purposes have most need of the fairest pretences, so when sedition is masked under the veil of piety, religion, conscience, and holy duty, it propagates wonderfully among the rabble, and he vents more in an hour from the pulpit, than others by news and politics can do in a week. Next to him, writers and libellers are most pernicious; for though the contagion they disperse spreads slower, and with less force than preaching, yet it lasts longer; and, in time, extends to more, and with less danger to the author, who is not easily discovered, if he use any care to conceal himself. And therefore, as we see stinging flies vex and provoke cattle most immediately before storms, so multitudes of those kinds of vermin do always appear to stir up the people, before the beginning of all troublesome times; and nobody knows who they are, or from whence they came, but only that they were printed the present year, that they may not lose the advantage of being known to be

be new. Some do it only out of humour and envy, or desire to see those that are above them pulled down, and others raised in their places; as if they held it a kind of freedom to change their governors, though they continue in the same condition themselves still, only they are a little better pleased with it, in observing the dangers greatness is exposed to. He delights in nothing so much as civil commotions; and, like a porpoise, always plays before a storm. Paper and tinder are both made of the same material rags; but he converts them both into the same again, and makes his paper tinder.

v.

A LEADER OF A FACTION

SETS the psalm, and all his party sing after him. He is like a figure in arithmetic, the more cyphers he stands before, the more his value amounts to. He is a great haranguer, talks himself into authority, and, like a parrot, climbs with his beak. He appears brave in the head of his party, but braver in his own; for vain-glory leads him, as he does them, and both many times out of the king's highway, over hedges and ditches, to find out bye-ways and shorter cuts, which generally prove the farthest about, but never the nearest home again. He is so passionate a lover of the Liberty of the People, that his fondness turns to jealousy—He interprets every trifle in the worst sense to the prejudice of her honesty; and is so full of caprices and scruples, that, if he had his will, he would have her shut up, and never suffered to go abroad again, if not made away, for her incontinence. All his politics are speculative, and for the most part impracticable; full of curious niceties, that tend only to prevent future imaginary inconveniences with greater real and present. He is very superstitious of having the formalities and punctilios of law held sacred, that, while they are performing, those that would destroy the very be-

ing of it, may have time to do their business, or escape. He bends all his forces against those that are above him; and, like a freeborn English mastiff, plays always at the head. He gathers his party as fanaticks do a church, and admits all his admirers, how weak and slight soever; for he believes it is argument of wisdom enough in them to admire, or, as he has it, to understand him. When he has led his faction into any inconvenience, they all run into his mouth, as young snakes do into the old ones, and he defends them with his oratory as well as he is able; for all his confidence depends upon his tongue more than his brain or heart, and if that fail, the others surrender immediately; for though David says it is a two-edged sword, a wooden dagger is a better weapon to fight with. His judgment is like a nice balance, that will turn with the twentieth part of a grain; but a little using renders it false, and it is not so good for use as one that will not stir without a greater weight.

vi.

A RABBLE

IS a congregation or assembly of the states-general, sent from their several and respective shops, stalls, and garrets. They are full of controversy, and every one of a several judgment concerning the business under present consideration, whether it be mountebank, show, hanging, or ballad-singer. They meet like Democritus's atoms in vacuo; and, by a fortuitous jostling together, produce the greatest and most savage beast in the whole world: for, though the members of it may have something of human nature while they are asunder, when they are put together they have none at all; as a multitude of several sounds make one great noise unlike all the rest, in which no one particular is distinguished. They are a great dunghill, where all sorts of dirty and nasty humours meet, stink, and ferment; for all the parts are in

a perpetual tumult. It is no wonder they make strange churches, for they take naturally to any imposture, and have a great antipathy to truth and order, as being contrary to their original confusion. They are a herd of swine possessed with a dry devil, that run after hanging instead of drowning. Once a month they go on pilgrimage to the gallows, to visit the sepulchres of their ancestors, as the Turks do once a week. When they come there, they sing psalms, quarrel, and return full of satisfaction and narrative. When they break loose, they are like a public ruin, in which the highest parts lie undermost, and make the noblest fabricks heaps of rubbish. They are like the sea, that

is stirred into a tumult with every blast of wind that blows upon it, till it become a watery Appenine, and heap mountain-billows upon one another, as once the giants did in the war with Heaven. A crowd is their proper element, in which they make their way with their shoulders, as pigs creep through hedges. Nothing in the world delights them so much as the ruin of great persons, or any calamity in which they have no share, though they get nothing by it. They love nothing but themselves in the likeness of one another; and, like sheep, run all that way the first goes, especially if it be against their governors, whom they have a natural disaffection to.

A WEEK'S JOURNAL

OF THE LIFE OF THE HONOURABLE J. W——, ESQ. BEGINNING MONDAY, JANUARY II.

MONDAY. Went to bed this morning at four o'clock, much chagrined with the head-ache, and the loss of eighty guineas at quadrille; Lady Anne is a sharper; play no more with her; irregular dreams; thought that I talked with my wig-block about the improvement of tupees; wakened at eleven; head-ache still; washed my mouth, and drank two dishes of chocolate in bed; slumbered till twelve; rose, and hurried on my cloaths by four; no company at White's; went to the Park; dined with my lord; Jack Dimple paints; my lord talked politics; his chaplain is a queer Put; resolved to go soon to bed; went to the play-house; pit and boxes very thin; Henderson plays Richard admirably; went to St. James's after the play; took a chair home; the chairman drunk; whistled a new air used at Ranelagh while Tom undressed me; my complexion not recovered from the summer tan; Mem. to send for a beautifying chymical wash-ball; tumbled in bed till one o'clock; I believe I am in love with Lady Anne; slept, and dreamed of Lady Anne, and my taylor.

Tuesday. Wakened at nine; meditated on Lady Anne; repeated, out of Rowe—

'Women, like summer skies, awhile are clouded,
Burst into thunder, and impetuous rains;
But soon the sun of beauty dawns abroad,
And all the bright horizon is serene!'

I will wait on her to the play on Tuesday; read two pages of Cleopatra in French; did not attend to a syllable of what I read; rose, breakfasted alone; Hyson tea the best for the morning; drank a small glass of Finoulet, with Sal Volatile, to raise my spirits; sent to Deard's for a new-fashioned nail-parer; talked to my taylor half an hour; gave him some hints for improving the sleeve and pocket; dressed and went to White's by one; dined at the Castle; Captain Smart has a good turn for dress; drank a bottle after dinner to myself; Mem. Dr. Close-stool tells me claret is bad for the complexion; toyed away the evening with pretty Betty Flirt; drank two dishes of Bohea; promised to send her an Elzivir gilt prayer-book, an ivory syringe, and some other things of the same

same nature; resolved to think no more of Lady Anne; fauntered to court, bowed to Lady Anne; she smiled, and shook her fan at me; more in love with her than ever; never go near that creature Flirt; handed her to her chair; she will admit me to attend her to the play; a most lovely woman; went home very well pleased; played half an hour on the German-flute; supped upon a tart; gave Tom half a crown for saying a smart thing; went to bed in a harmony of spirits about eleven; slept very well, do not remember my dreams.

Wednesday. Got up in my banyan and slippers as soon as I awoke; writ two letters to myself, signed Sylvia and Cleomira; dressed, shewed them at the coffee-house, but swore they were not to me; went to my lord's after dinner; walked with Lady Anne in the drawing-room; hummed her favourite minuet in Coriolanus; danced before the glass; sent for by my lord; drew out my handkerchief in a hurry, and dropped the letters which were folded in it; laughed the most of the evening at the parson; Lady Anne talked at supper of falshood and inconstancy; never looked more charming; went home; began a song on her eyes; Tom is grown very arch; went to bed and fell fast asleep.

Thursday. Stayed all day at home to consider what suit I should wear; about three came to a resolution, that black velvet, my white paduasoy waistcoat laced and fringed with gold, white stockings with gold clocks, and a bag-wig, became me best; Tom did not frost my wig thick enough; dressed again; pleased me, gave him a laced suit, and a crown; my complexion very vermill; waited on Lady Anne; sat in the box next the king's, bowed to fifty ladies whom I did not know; supped with Lady Anne; gave her six tickets for the opera; dropped some hints to my lord about her jointure; laughed heartily; strayed to the Rose at nine; sat till five; carried home,

sick and sleepy; the watch disturbed me.

Friday. Got up at four in the evening; read Waller's Myra, and finished the song upon Lady Anne's eyes with what I had collected from him; peevish and splenetic; kicked Tom out of the room; would be attended by nobody but my running-footman; sent for my laceman, looked over the newest fashions, pitched upon a parcel of Point d'Espagne for a suit of blue velvet; looked over all my toys of value, contrived out of them a set of jewels for Lady Anne; came into tolerable good humour; Tom again in favour; told me of an honest house-keeper in distress, felt some compassion, sent him three guineas by Tom; never found so much pleasure in giving money away as then; having got a little cold, drank sack-whey, went to bed, slept sound.

Saturday. All day in bed; Tom read Hamlet to me; I think I will some time or other read over the Bible; Jack Dimple sat with me three hours; he certainly paints, and his brilliant ring is false; wound up my repeater; eat half a chicken, drank one glass of warm Mountain, slept sound till—

Sunday morning at nine o'clock; sat up in bed, writ a billet to Lady Anne; resolved to reform my life; in the evening sent for Betty Flirt; dined, drank tea, toyed, supped, went to bed together; sent her away on Monday morning; resolved again to reform.

 We shall make little comment on what the above gentleman has written. The history of his whole life might, with far more ease than the Iliad, be comprized in a nut-shell; and yet, frivolous as his actions are, we fear there are many of his insipid sect who have not, like him, the merit of atoning for their waste of time by one good action in a week.

E.

THE

THE TOWN-TALKER.

NUMBER I.

I Have no doubt but most people who read my title, and thence deduce my qualities, will be surprised to see a person like me appearing in print; for it is so notorious, that great talkers are little doers, that it has become proverbial: but I shall reply to this proverb with a proverb—‘There is no rule without an exception.’

Nor will the reader wonder that I should happen to be an exception, when he shall have heard a few particulars concerning my parentage, the education I received, and the adventures into which chance has thrown me, since I first launched my light-timbered skiff into this tempestuous world. I was begot by an Italian author, who wrote and translated for the opera-house, upon the body of a lady's maid, who had been educated in a French convent; so that, though I inherited prattling, idleness, and impertinence, from my mother, the vanity of wishing to be a good author, and the necessity of being either a good or a bad one, was hereditary from my father: nor am I at all scrupulous about informing the world, that my parents bequeathed me a large quantity of that negative kind of portion, called Poverty.

As it is evident from the above sketch, that I make no ceremony of treating myself with great freedom, it will not be wondered at, if I make still more free with the defects of others, agreeable to the saying, which, though a vulgar, is a very true one—‘Of all my mother's children, I like myself the best.’ Perhaps there is nothing will better display my character than the quotations I have already made; for though, when I am reading the lucubrations of my brethren of Pieria, no person is more nice, or apt to find fault; and though I am conscious that such quotations will immediately lower my character

in the opinion of those who, when they read, are as nice as myself, but when they write are likewise as slovenly; yet I cannot resist the impetus that drives me on, whether speaking or writing, to deliver what comes uppermost. Hence a safe conclusion may be drawn; which is, that whoever reads what I write, is in more danger of being pestered with the pert than the profound: and this, I affirm, is a greater advantage than most people are aware of.

I shall not enlarge upon my own character in this place, but let it open upon the reader as occasion shall offer: this much only I will say of myself; which is, that I am well persuaded I am no fool; and I declare, before God and the world, I do most potently believe I shall die in that opinion.

Neither shall I lay down any precise plan for the progress of this present work, because that would subject me to method and regularity, to which no man is a greater enemy than myself; that is to say, in my own person; for I hate and despise, most cordially, a want of method in others. I only shall observe thus much concerning my future intentions, that I, like all other writers, mean to be very entertaining; and that, as my knowledge does not extend far beyond the Bills of Mortality, I shall of necessity be confined to talk chiefly of things which exist in, or appertain to, this great city; and so to become, what my title expresses, a Town-Talker.

I before hinted at the adventures in which I have been engaged, and these have been more diversified than might be expected from the resources which poverty can afford to curiosity or dissipation. Many of my readers who have been, what is called, upon the town, must have observed various faces which they have met in all sorts
of

of societies and places. Went they to the Opera? they were there. To the Pantheon? they were there. To the Puppet-show? they were there. To the Gallows? they were there. So that, without ever being of these people's acquaintance, or ever speaking to them, their physiognomies were become more familiar to their recollection than those of their most intimate friends; and they seemed to haunt them more assiduously than even their wives or creditors, or any other disagreeable persons whatsoever. These omnipresent people are likewise equally remarkable for the extent of their acquaintance: they speak to every-body, know every-body; and will, upon the slightest invitation, very obligingly give you the history of every-body; yet ask any-body who they themselves are, and nobody knows. There is a proverb (I am much addicted to proverbs) which says, 'More people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows:' but the persons above described totally reverse this ancient adage; for they may very justly say, 'Tom Fool knows more people than know Tom Fool.' I have no repugnance to inform my readers, that I am one of the honourable fraternity here spoken of, and am therefore well qualified for the office I have undertaken.

There is one thing, however, which I think proper to notice here, lest what I have said should induce a contrary supposition; which is, I never deal in private scandal, or personal satire; and really, to speak honestly, for I would not be too vain, I hardly know whether to attribute this to pride or fear: however, as I am at all times inclined to think as well of myself as possible, I am willing to hope the former.

It appears, then, gentle readers, that I *seriously* do intend *humorously* to describe places, persons, and things, in and about this town: but so have many before me intended, who yet have failed, notwithstanding that one might imagine the pavement of London, stony as it is, would afford a

plentiful harvest to a literary reaper. I have really a great natural propensity to be honest, and speak the truth. Well, then, I own I have observed myself very often to be the loudest laugh at my own jokes; nay, I have sometimes laughed very heartily when every other person has looked as grave as a barber's block in a judge's wig. I remember an anecdote of one of my progenitors by the father's side, an Italian poet, which I think applicable to the present occasion. This witty and ingenious person presented some verses he had written to the pope, who had not read far before he discovered a defective line that was too *short* by a syllable; on which my ancestor, with a submissive and insinuating air, observed, that if his holiness would but indulge him so far as to read on, he had no doubt but he would very soon come to a line that was a syllable too *long*; and he had hopes his holiness would that way balance the account. It is this kind of an account which, I hope, my reader will keep with me; and then if I should happen to be too deep, or too dull, at some moments, I also make not the least doubt of being too light and too pert at others.

Many authors, at the beginning of their works, pretend that it is for the reader's sake they take so much pains to be witty and learned; but I declare it was no such consideration which induced me to take up the pen. If I be laboriously facetious, as I have no doubt I shall be, it will be purely for my own sake: but I should not be so very frank as to make this declaration if I thought any person would believe me were I to affirm the contrary; and I do it now to give the reader an opinion of my candour. I have read, in poetry and novels, of ladies who were cloathed in smiles, and whose cheeks were decked with dimples: I hope to verify these metaphors; to cloath myself with the laughter of my readers, and to eat their dimples. But I may be mistaken in the instrument I am going to handle; I have taken up the fiddle, or rather

rather the kit, and, perhaps, I ought to have bought a hurdy-gurdy. I am determined, however, not to stand upon punctilios; I will play a ripiano if I am not allowed to lead; nay, if any person will pay me for clattering the salt-box, I will engage they shall not want music.

My simile has brought a short story to my mind, with which I shall close this my first appearance in print as a Town-Talker.

A certain Savoyard came to London to seek his fortune; where, on his arrival, finding he must either be a shoe-black or a grinder of music, honourably chose the latter. Accordingly, he first hired, and after bought, a barrel-organ, with which he diverted the ladies of the long cloak and short petticoat, and other persons who had a taste for music, many years. The time at length came in which he found himself unable to traverse the streets all day with his pack at his back, which distressed him very much. Being, however, a man of greater capacity than common, for a Savoyard, he bethought himself of a stratagem, whereby he might, with much less grinding, obtain an equally comfortable subsistence; which was this: instead of keeping a great variety of tunes, to the number of eight, as formerly, in his music-box, he spoiled the pipes of all but one, and this he took care should be the worst he had. And that this might thoroughly produce the effect he intended, he put every note, both bass and treble, out of tune. He then chose (for experience had made him well acquainted with the town) a sufficient number of stations, each under the window either of some studious person, some delicate-ear'd Amateur, or some old peevish Valetudinarian, where he sat himself down, with immoveable tranquillity, to play; which station he held till a present was sent him to take himself away. By this means, as he only visited each customer periodically, they soon became acquainted with their man; and the moment they heard his discordant pipes begin to torture the air, they, with all expedition, sent him their contribu-

tion, and he quietly walked about his business.

The application of this tale is to myself at present; it has been, and may be, applicable to many others: that is, I mean to insinuate to those whom it may concern, that if I find myself too weak, or too lazy, to play for the *diversion* of the town, I will put my instrument as much out of tune as possible, and grind a *political* dirge; and then I may be certain, if I place myself under proper windows, I shall be paid to be silent.

I intended to have written no more; but I have just heard a short story, which I cannot forbear adding.

A portly well-dressed man, lately walking along the Strand, suddenly dropped down in an apoplectic fit; and though no less a man than Sir J—— E—— was coming by at the time, and was willing to give every assistance the *Materia Medica* could afford, it was all in vain; the body was dead beyond the reach of any physician, except the last trumpet. A corpse in the Strand unowned, soon drew a crowd; among them came a well-dressed good looking young gentleman, who was curious to see the dead man. He had no sooner made his way through the mob, so as to get a full view of the corpse, than he was struck with amazement; he remained fixed, his countenance changed, and the tears began to flow down his cheeks. As soon as he could recover himself so far as to gain utterance, he exclaimed—‘Oh, God! my poor uncle! Is he gone! Is he!’—‘Well,’ said he, with a deep sigh, ‘so perish my hopes! I am happy, however, that I luckily passed at this awful moment, to rescue his poor remains, and see them decently interred.’ Accordingly, the sorrowful youth called a coach; and the charitable mob, who pitied the disconsolate nephew, assisted to put the corpse in the coach; where the pious young man soon stripped the body, and desiring to be set down at a famous surgeon’s, very conscientiously sold his pretended uncle for two guineas.

E.

A DIALOGUE ON THE NATURE OF AIR BALLOONS.

AS most of our readers must have heard a great deal, *ordinary* and *extraordinary*, about Air-Balloons, it may not be amiss to insert the following short dialogue, which will satisfy every one respecting the construction of them.

Q. What is an Air-Balloon?

A. A hollow globe, made of thin silk, well varnished, and filled with inflammable air; which air, being ten times lighter than common air, disposes it to rise in common air, as a cork does in water.

Q. What is inflammable air?

A. What some philosophers call *phlogiston*.

Q. How is this *phlogiston* prepared and introduced into the Balloon?

A. By putting some nails, or other iron, into a narrow-mouthed vessel, and pouring upon it a quantity of oil of vitriol and common water, which will excite an effervescence; and, as the inflammable air rises, like smoke, in a plentiful stream, it must be conveyed by a pipe into the Balloon, which is soon perceived to have a disposition to ascend.

Q. How high will it go?

A. Till it rises into an atmosphere as light as itself, and there (without some foreign aid) it will remain till it bursts or falls.

CHARACTER OF A CHOICE SPIRIT.

THAT a tradesman has no business with humour, unless, perhaps, in the way of his dealing, or with writing, unless in his shop-book, is a truth which I believe nobody will dispute with me. I am so unfortunate, however, as to have a nephew, who, not contented with being a grocer, is in danger of absolute ruin by his ambition of being a Wit; and having forsaken his counter for *Comus's Court*, and dignified himself with the appellation of a *Choice Spirit*, is upon the point of becoming a bankrupt. Instead of distributing his shop-bills as he ought, he wastes a dozen in a morning, by scribbling shreds of his nonsense upon the back of them; and, a few days since, affronted an alderman, his best customer, by sending him a pound of prunes wrapt up in a ballad he had just written, called, *The Citizen outwitted*, or a *Bob for the Mansion-house*.

He is, likewise, a regular frequenter of the play-houses; and, being acquainted with every underling of each theatre, is at an annual expence of ten pounds in tickets for their respective benefits. They generally adjourn together from the play to the tavern; and there is hardly a watchman, with-

in a mile of Covent Garden, but has had his head, or his lantern, broke by one or other of the ingenious fraternity.

I turned into his shop this morning, and had no sooner set my foot upon the threshold, than he leaped over the counter, threw himself into an attitude, as he calls it, and asked me, in the words of some play that I remember to have seen formerly, whether I was a *spirit of health*, or a *goblin damn'd*? I told him he was an undutiful young dog for daring to accost his uncle in that irreverent manner; and bade him speak like a Christian, and a reasonable person. Instead of being sensible of my rebuke, he took off his wig, and having very deliberately given it two or three twirls upon his fist, and pitched it upon his head again, said, I was a dry old fellow, and should certainly afford them much entertainment at the club, to which he had the impudence to invite me: at the same time he thrust a card into my hand, containing a bill of fare for the evening's entertainment; and, as a farther inducement, assured me that Mr. Twister himself would be in the chair; that he was a great creature, and so prodigiously droll, that

though he had heard him sing the same songs, and repeat the same stories, a thousand times, he could still attend to him with as much pleasure as at first. I cast my eye over the list, and can recollect the following items.

‘To all true lovers of fun and jocularity.

‘ Mr. Twister will this evening take
‘ off a cat worried by two bull-dogs;
‘ ditto, making love in a gutter; the
‘ knife-grinder and his wheel; High-
‘ Dutch squabble; and a hog in a
‘ slaughter-house.’

I assured him, that so far from having any relish for these detestable noises, the more they resembled the originals, the less I should like them; and, if I could ever be fool enough to go, should at least be wise enough to stop my ears till I came out again.

Having lamented my deplorable want of taste, by the elevation of his eyebrows, and a significant shrug of his shoulders, he thrust his fore-finger against the inside of his cheek, and plucking it out of his mouth with a jerk, made a noise that very much resembled the drawing of a cork. I found that by this signal he meant to ask me if I chose a whet? I gave my consent by a sulky kind of nod, and walked into the back-room, as much ashamed of my nephew as he ought to have been of himself. While he was gone to fetch a pint of Mountain from the other side of the street, I had an opportunity to minute down a few of the articles of which the litter of his apartment consisted; and have selected these, as the most material, from among them.

On one of the sconces by the chimney, a smart grizzle bob-wig, well oiled and powdered, feather topt, and bag-fronted.

On the opposite sconce, a scratch.

On the window-seat, a Nankin waist-coat, bound with silver-twist, without skirts or pockets, stained with red wine, and pretty much shrunk.

Item, A pair of buck-skin breeches, in one pocket a cat-call, in the other the mouth of a quart-bottle, chipt and ground into a smooth ring, very fit to be used as a spying-glass by those who never want one.

Item, A red plush frock lapelled with ditto, one pocket stuffed with orange-peel, and the other with square bits of white paper ready cut and dried for a shower.

In the corner, a walking-staff, not portable.

Item, A small switch.

On the head of the bureau, a letter-case, containing a play-bill, and a quack-bill; a copy of verses, being an encomium upon Mr. Twister; another of four lines, which he calls a distich; and a third, very much blotted and scratched, and yet not finished, entitled, *An Ex-tempore Epigram.*

Having taken this inventory of his goods and furniture, I sat down before the fire, to devise, if possible, some expedient to reclaim him; when, on a sudden, a sound like the braying of an ass, at my elbow, alarmed me to such a degree, that I started from my seat in an instant, and, to my further astonishment, beheld my nephew almost black in the face, covering his ear with the hollow of his hand, and exerting the whole force of his lungs in imitating that respectable animal: I was so exasperated at this fresh instance of his folly, that I told him hastily, he might drink his wine alone, and that I would never see his face again, till he should think proper to appear in a character more worthy of himself and his family. He followed me to the door without making any reply; and having advanced into the middle of the street, fell to clapping his sides, and crowing like a cock, with the utmost vehemence, and continued his triumphant ejaculations till I was fairly out of hearing.

Having reached my lodgings, I immediately resolved to send you an account of his absurdities, and shall take this opportunity to inform him, that as he is blest with such a variety of useful talents, and so compleatly accomplished as a *Choice Spirit*, I shall not do him the injury to consider him as a tradesman, or mortify him hereafter by endeavouring to give him any assistance in his business.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

AS I was a few days ago crossing Moorfields, I perceived a large crowd of people gathered together, making a noise to the full as confused, and generally speaking to the full as unintelligible, as could possibly be heard at the famous building of the Tower of Babel.

I am naturally averse to such assemblies; but, as I was at a loss to know with certainty from what cause it originated, curiosity prompted me to visit the scene of action, where I beheld one of the most stubborn battles, between a coalheaver and a carman, that perhaps ever was seen; at the trifling expence of a tolerable handkerchief, and an old memorandum-book of no use to any one but the right-owner.

What struck me most forcibly, however, during this conflict, and indeed what alone tempted me to trouble you with this letter, was the jargon which flew about on the occasion; and in which, as the company probably consisted of almost every different species of artificers and labourers, I thought I could discover striking traits of most of their respective professions.

If the reader possesses himself of the same idea, he may probably peruse the following minutes of such parts of the colloquy as I could distinguish, with a satisfaction nearly equal to that which I myself felt.

SAILOR.

D—n my eyes, Jack, why don't you get to windward; splice me, if I wouldn't soon knock out his starboard-eye. Run in under the guns; get into his wake; never mind lee-shores; batter his hull; shiver his bowsprit; give him a broadside.

SOLDIER.

Keep to your post, Dick; fire away, my lad; flank him to the right; work his buff; thrust home; wheel about; rally again.

BLACKSMITH.

Hammer away; nail him; ply briskly, my lad; make his anvil ring again; blow him up.

BRICKLAYER.

Trowel the dog; keep your line; give it him in his upper-stories; strike his scaffold.

SHOEMAKER.

Now, my lad of wax; peg away; tan the dog's hide; curry him well; that's my good foul; bristle up to him again, Jack; leather him well; now you have him fast in the stocks.

BARBER.

Lather away, Dick; shave him close; work him a good two penny-worth; oil the dog's wig for him; dress him; dust him well; pin him down tight; grind him to powder; that's the barber.

TAYLOR.

Stick to his skirt; trim his jacket; lace him; spoil his shapes; bring down his buckram; don't mind him a louse; sew him up neatly; aim at his fifth button; don't be such a goose as to give out; have t'other brush; let him see you are a man; send the dog to hell.

BAKER.

Peg his dough; hit him in the bread-basket; give it him in the crumb.

BUTCHER.

Have a good heart; come Ben Booze over his jaw-bone; give him a cross-buttock; knock him down; flea the dog alive; cut out his liver; brain him; break every bone in his skin.

GLAZIER.

Darken his day-lights; that's my diamond; make the sun shine through him; close his peepers, my hearty.

These are the chief speeches which occur to me, but they will probably bring many similar ones to the remembrance of most readers.

I 2

Wit

With respect to the event of the battle, it is only necessary to observe, that after the combatants had beaten each other till neither of them was able to see or stand, it was agreed that a final decision of their dispute should be deferred till another opportunity. In the

mean time, I found, that the contest was of a very important nature, being intended to decide no less a question, than whether a coalheaver or a carman was the most respectable profession.

I am, Gentlemen, your, &c.

H—.

A SERMON OF PARSON HYBERDINE,

WHICH HE MADE AT THE COMMAND OF CERTAIN THIEVES, AFTER THEY HAD ROBBED HIM, BESIDE HARTLEY-ROW IN HAMPSHIRE, IN THE FIELDS THERE, STANDING UPON A HILL WHEREON A WINDMILL HAD BEEN, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE THIEVES THAT ROBBED HIM.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE ORIGINAL M.S. IN THE COTTONIAN LIBRARY.)

I Greatly marvel that any man presume to dispraise thievery, and to think the doers thereof to be worthy of death, considering it is a thing that cometh near unto virtue, being used by many in all countries, and commended and allowed of by God himself; the which thing because I cannot compendiously shew unto you at so short a warning, and in so sharp weather, I shall desire you, gentle audience of thieves, to take in good part those things that at this time come into my mind, not misdoubting, but that you, of your good knowledge, are able to add much more unto it than this which I shall now utter unto you.

First, Fortitude and stoutness of courage, and also boldness of mind, is commended of some men to be a virtue; which being granted, who is it then will not judge thieves to be virtuous, for they be of all men most stout and hardy, and most without fear. For thievery is a thing most usual amongst all men; for not only you that be here present, but many others in divers places, both men, women and children, rich and poor, are daily of this faculty, as the hangman at Tyburn can testify, and that it is allowed of by God himself, as it is evident in many stories in Scripture, for if you look into the whole course of the Bible, you shall find that thieves have been beloved of God; for Jacob when he came out of Mesopotamia did

steal his uncle Laban's kids, the same Jacob also stole his brother Esau's blessing. And yet God said, '*I have chosen Jacob and refused Esau!*' The children of Israel, when they came out of Egypt, did steal the Egyptians jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, as God commanded them so to do. David, in the days of Abiathar the high-priest, came into the Temple, and stole the hallowed bread; and yet God said, '*David is a man after mine own heart.*' Christ himself, when he was here on earth, did take an ass and a colt that was none of his own, and you know that God said of him, '*This is my Beloved, in whom I delight.*' Thus you may see that God delighteth in thieves. But most of all I marvel that men can despise you thieves, whereas in all points almost you be like unto Christ himself; for Christ had no dwelling-place, no more have you; Christ went from town to town, and so do you; Christ was hated of all men, saving of his friends, and so are you; Christ was laid wait upon in many places, and so are you; Christ at length was caught, and so will you be; he was brought before the judges, and so shall you be; he was accused, and so shall you be; he was hanged, and so shall you be; he went down into hell, and so shall you do, marry! In this one thing you differ from him; for he arose again, and went into Heaven, and so shall you never do without God's great mercy; which

which God grant you! to whom with the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

This his sermon ended, they gave him his money again that they took from him, and two shillings to drink, for his sermon.

SELECT ANECDOTES, REPORTEES, AND BON-MOTS.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER II.

I.

A NORMAN priest, whose parishioners had many of them not made the most honourable exit out of this bad world, insisted, when he was baptizing one of their children, to be paid the nuptial and burial fees, as well as those of baptism; and when the parents asked the reason of this extraordinary demand, he replied, 'Because I know, as soon as he is grown up, he will cheat me of my dues, by going to Paris to be hanged.'

II.

A CAPTAIN, who knew the world, was playing at piquet with a sharper, and saw him shuffling and placing the cards very adroitly. The captain immediately did the same, but openly and very deliberately; which the sharper telling him of, he replied, it was very true he did so, because he thought it was the sharper's common mode of playing, to which he had no objection; but if he preferred the fair game, so be it, he was agreeable to either.

III.

HENRY Stephens relates an anecdote of a dwarfish man who had espoused such a gigantic woman, that he was obliged to climb upon a table if he wanted to kiss her. This woman, says our author, when her husband was vexed or out of humour, would look down as if from a two pair of stairs window, and ask who it was that kept grumbling there below.

IV.

A TATTLING fellow came and told a person of whom he had very little knowledge, a secret of the utmost consequence to himself, begging for God's sake that the other would not tell it again. 'Never fear,' said the person, 'I shall at least be as discreet as yourself.'

V.

LADY C—— was raillerying the Turkish ambassador concerning the Acoran's permitting each Mussulman to have

many wives; 'Tis true, Madam,' replied the Turk; 'and it permits it, that the husband may in several wives find the various accomplishments which many Englishwomen, like your ladyship, singly possess.'

VI.

A CELEBRATED physician was sent for to a lady who imagined herself very ill: when he came, she complained dismally, that she eat too much, slept too sound, and had a very alarming flow of spirits. 'Make yourself perfectly easy, Madam,' said the doctor; 'only follow my prescriptions, and you shall soon have no reason to complain of any such things.'

VII.

A DANCING-MASTER asked one of his friends if it were true that Harly was Lord High Treasurer. 'It is,' said his friend. 'That is very amazing,' said the dancing-master: 'what merit can the queen find in that man; I had him two years for a pupil, and I declare I never could make any thing of him.'

VIII.

A CERTAIN auctioneer's coach happening, a few evenings ago, to prevent some noblemen's carriages from drawing up after the play, Lord —— desired the coachman to drive off; at the same time calling to the owner, 'Mr. Auctioneer, your coach is a going! a going! a going! It's gone!' to the great mortification of the auctioneer, and the mirth of every one present.

IX.

AN Irish fishwoman having been one day blooded, the apothecary told her that her blood was very bad. 'By Jafus,' says she, 'but it is a great big lye! for I was always reckoned to have the best blood of any woman in the parish.'

X.

TAKE the externals (MY) from MAJESTY, and what is it? A LEST.

XI.

Two Irish labourers being at the execution of the malefactors on the new scaffold before Newgate, one says to the other — Arrah, Pat, now! but is there any difference between being hanged here and being hanged in chains! — ‘No, honey!’ replied he, ‘no great difference; only one hangs about an hour, and the other hangs *all the days of his life.*’

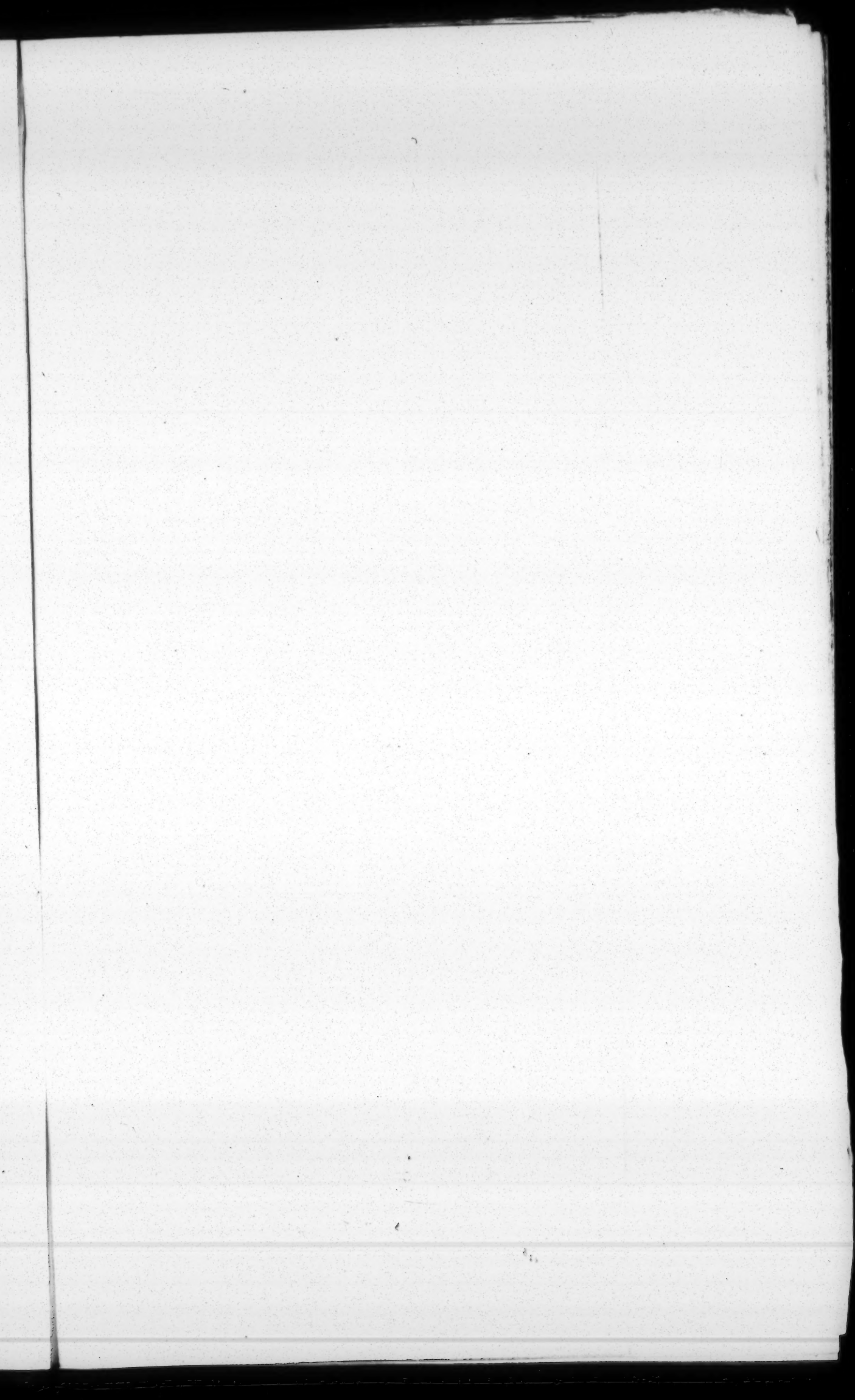
XII.

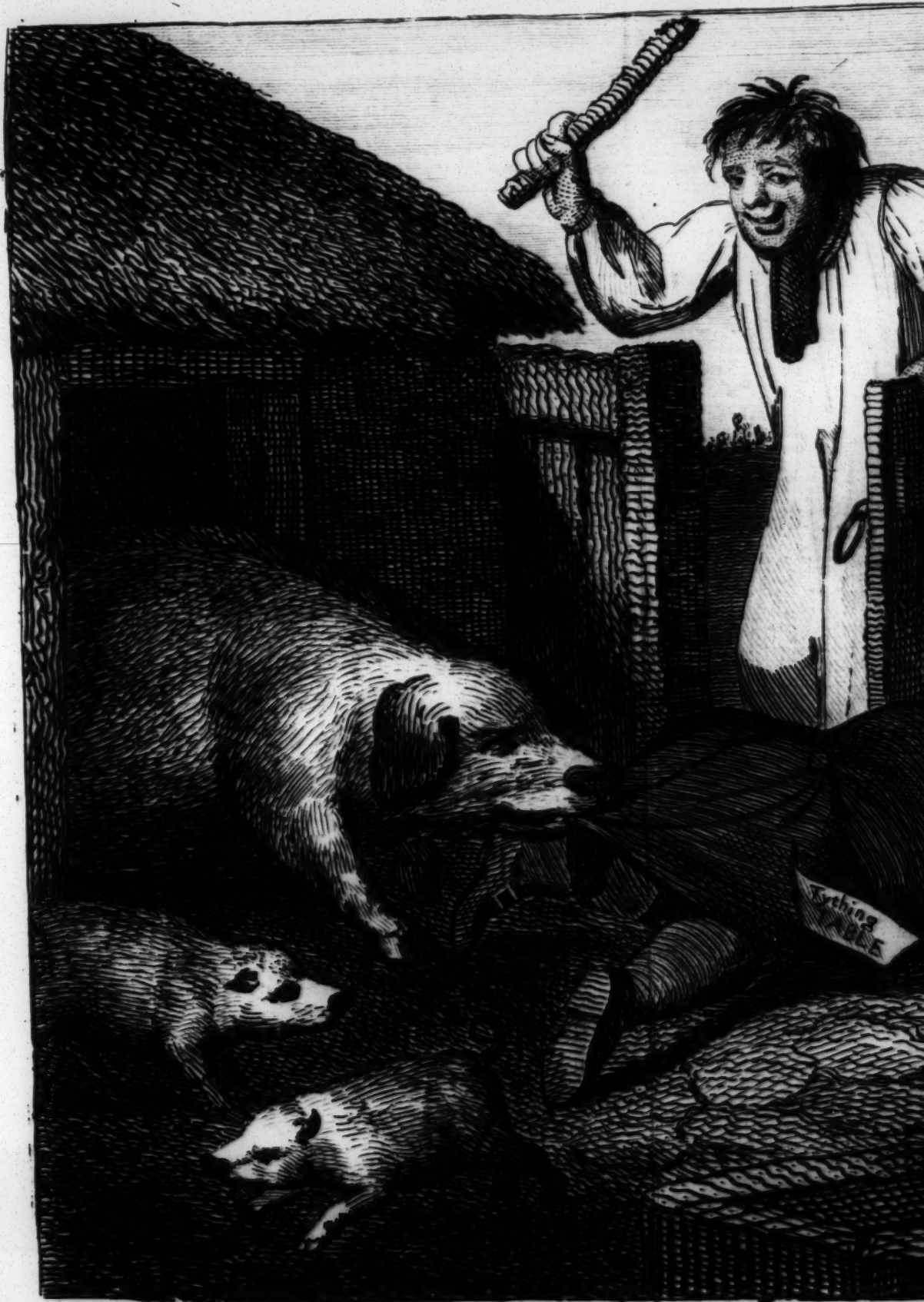
IN a small town of Prussian Silesia, there is a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and considerably enriched with valuable oblations made by pious Roman Catholics. A short time since the sexton observed, that some of the oblations had disappeared. The suspicion fell on a soldier of the garrison, who was constantly seen the first to come in, and the last to go out. One day he was stopped just as he was setting his foot out of the gate; and being searched, two silver hearts that had been appended before the Virgin were found in his pocket. The priests made a horrid noise on the enormity of his crime, calling him a sacrilegious man, an execrable villain, and a hellish monster! But he had the assurance to pretend that he had committed no robbery; affirming, that the Virgin, for whom he had ever professed a peculiar devotion, moved by his poverty, had made him a present of the offerings. This excuse, however, as may well be imagined, availed him nothing, and he was condemned to die as a church robber. The sentence being, as usual, carried to the king for his approbation, his Majesty convened the chiefs of the Catholic clergy of Berlin, and put this question to them: Whether, according to the dogmatical tenets of their religion, there was any possibility in the story of the soldier? Upon which they all unanimously answered, that the event was indeed uncommon, but not absolutely impossible: after which declaration, the king wrote under the sentence, which deserves perhaps a greater encomium than the famous judgment of Solomon, ‘The delinquent having constantly denied the theft, and the divines of his persuasion attesting that the prodigy wrought in his favour was not im-

possible, we think proper to save his life; but at the same time, for the future, we make it death for him to receive any present of the Virgin Mary, or of any saint whatever. **FREDERICK.**

XIII.

A DEAN of Canterbury, remarkable for holding a great number of church-preferments, travelling slowly in his chariot to that city, was overtaken by a poor parson, who had somehow procured the loan of a good horse. The parson, *en passant*, bowed most respectfully to the dean; who, desiring him to stop, begged he would call at the Mermaid at Rochester, and order him a dinner, to be ready at a certain hour. The parson accordingly called on the host, and told him that he would be honoured with a visit at such a time, and must provide a good dinner. ‘For how many, and please your honour?’ says Boniface. ‘Why,’ replies the parson, ‘I can’t well say how many persons the whole company will consist of, for I only saw the Dean of Canterbury, the Canon of Winchester, the Provost of Litchfield, the Rector of Orpington, the Vicar of Romney, and one of the King’s chaplains.’ The parson then proceeded to his own home, which was within a few miles; and the landlord began to make ample provision for the numerous guests he expected to entertain. Accordingly, when the dean arrived, a large table was set, and the cloth laid. ‘How’s this!’ cries his reverence; ‘you have shewn me the wrong room: this, surely, is intended for a large company.’ — ‘And please your honour,’ replied the landlord, ‘Parson Singlechurch called about an hour and a half ago, and told me I must provide for your honour, and the Canon of Winchester, and the Provost of Litchfield, and the Rector of Orpington, and one of the King’s chaplains too, and I don’t know how many more; and so I thought, and please your honour, I’d get enough.’ — ‘Oh, very well!’ coolly answered the dean, who now recollected himself, ‘I ought to have asked Mr. Singlechurch to have staid and dined with me.’

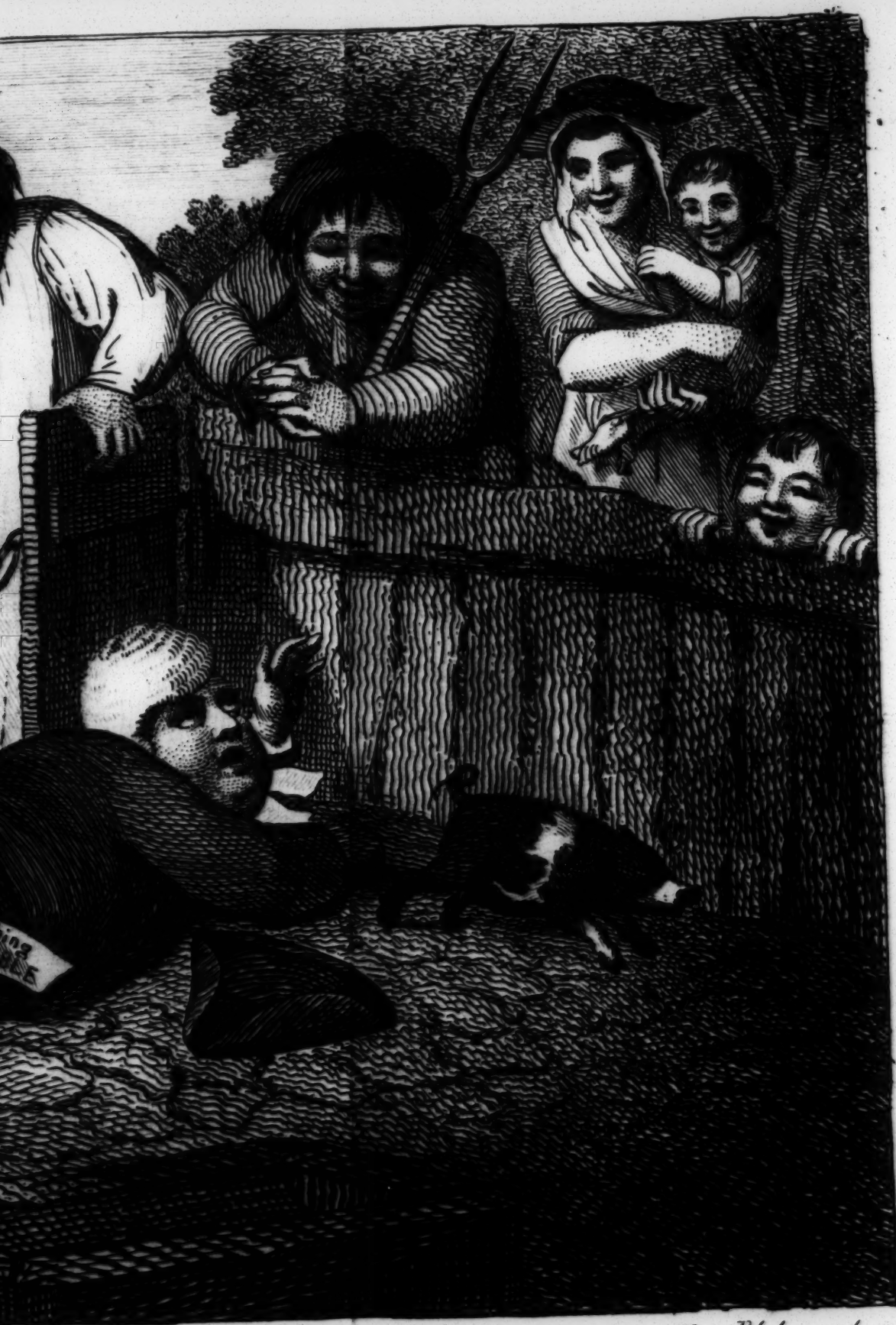




Collings del.

TYTHE IN KIND; OR

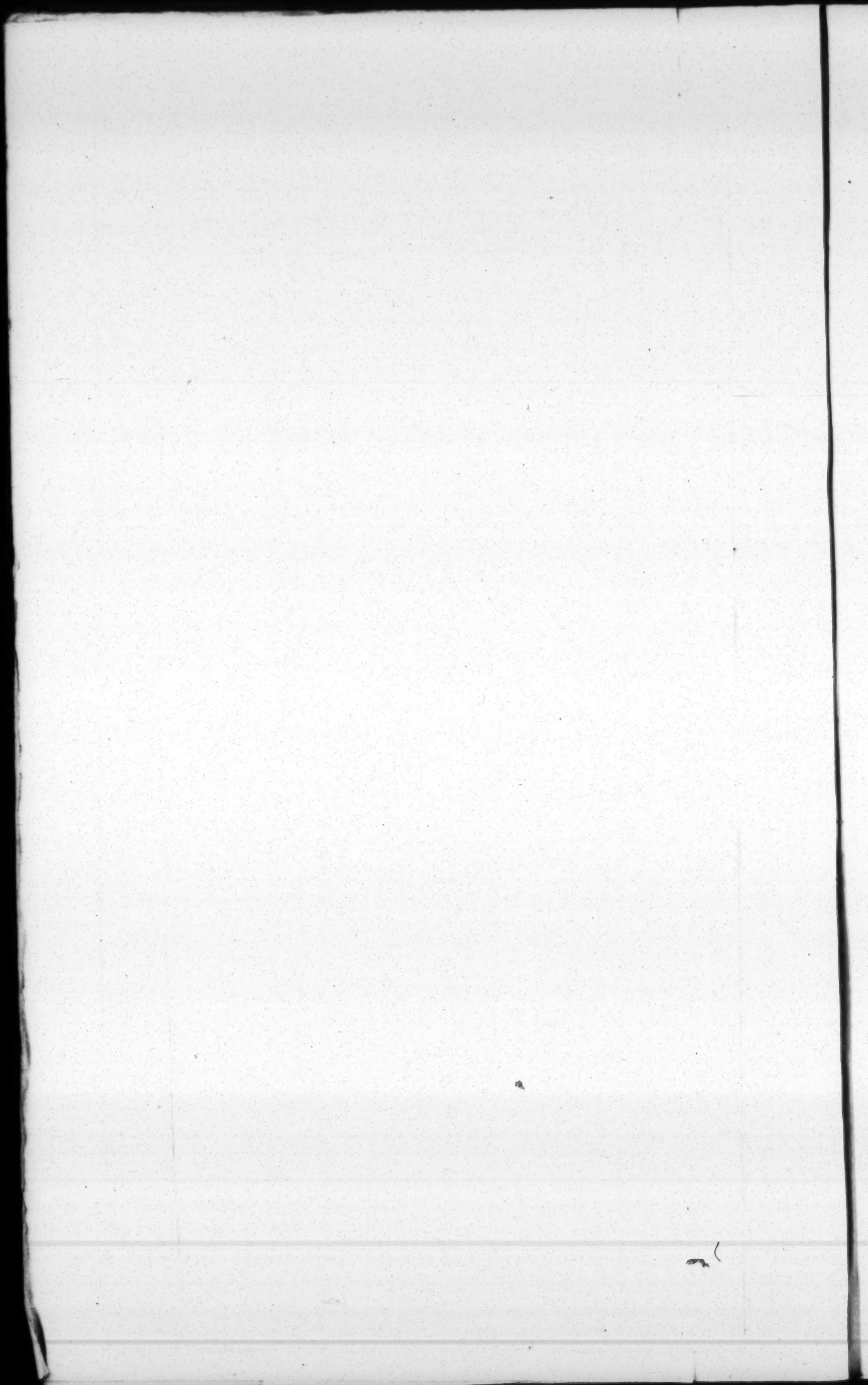
Published as the Act directs, by Har



— Blake sculp.

THE SOW'S REVENGE.

by Harrison & Co. March 1. 1784.



POETRY.

THE DECLINE OF WIT.

BY MR. HOLCROFT.

WIT once was known a blithsome boy,
A rosy youth right full of glee;
The cot or palace was his own,
Where none so welcome was as he.

Behind his back, a budget fraught
With many a trick and many a tale
He lightly bore, with jocund heart,
And sung adown the flowery dale.

The pleasaunce of his pearly cheeks,
His glances shot on every side;
His skips and bounds, and frolic leaps,
Bespoke a heart that care defied.

'Mong high-born dames, and ladies fair,
And lords, and earls, and barons bold,
More welcome he than April suns,
His geer more precious far than gold.

Sometimes he call'd himself a bard,
And then of strifeful combats sung;
Sometimes a minstrel, and his harp
With some old legend loudly rung.

And then, anon, a Troubadour,
To love he tun'd his voice so sweet,
Till souls have melted at his song,
And lords have died at ladies' feet.

If he in playful mood were seen,
Infants would in his bosom creep;
Or if some tragic tale he told,
The roughest warrior there would weep.

And never was in clamour drown'd
That voice so various in delight;
The lips were curs'd that gave him let,
For all hearts yearn'd to do him right.

Full oft the servitor has stopt,
Arrested in the midway hall:
Struck with the magic of his tongue,
The ringing vessel down would fall.

And every window still was throng'd
With village boor and tip-toe hind:
With anxious crowds of listening maids,
Each door and avenue were lin'd.

Then who so honour'd, so below'd!
Then who so happy! who so gay!
He rov'd away the summer morn,
He sung the wintry night away.

Each wish was his, each fruit and flower;
No gift too good for him might be:
No gem too bright for him to wear;
For then, alas! 'twas who but he?

He stood not, then, in tatter'd weeds,
An humble suppliant in the hall;
He waited not with front debas'd
Till Pride contemptuous pleas'd to call:

He chose not, then, the by-way path,
To hide himself from taunting eyes:
He then was held a god! while, now,
Part pity him, but most despise.

Ah, ancient days of deep regret!
Ah, golden times! where are ye fled?
Who, now, the welcome mansion keeps,
Where Wit may rest his weary head?

Who, now, with eager prayer shall court,
Or pay with ample praise the song;
Who shall his high deserts repeat,
Or the loud plaudit now prolong?

In some poor hut he's forc'd to dwell,
While Impudence usurps his name;
Writes rhyme, and paragraph, and pun,
Intrigues, and puffs himself to fame.

TYTHE IN KIND;

OR, THE SOW'S REVENGE.

A TALE.

NOT far from London liv'd a boor,
Who fed three dozen hogs, or more;
Alike remote from care and strife,
He crack'd his joke, and lov'd his wife.
Madge, like all women fond of sway,
Was pleas'd whene'er she had her way;
And (wives will think I deal in fiction)
But seldom met with contradiction:
Then, stubborn as the swine she fed,
She neither would be driven nor led;
And Goodman Hodge, who knew her whim,
Was kind, nor row'd against the stream.

Subdu'd by Nature's primal law,
Young sows are ever in the straw:
Each week (so genial Fate decreed)
Produc'd a new and numerous breed.
Whene'er they came, sedate and kind,
The vicar was not far behind;
Of pigs the worth and prime he knew,
And, parson like, would have his due.
He watch'd the hour with anxious ken;
His heart grew warm at number ten:
The younger pigs he vowed the sweeter,
And scarce allow'd them time to litter.

One morn, with smile and bow polite,
From Hodge he claim'd his custom'd right;
But first enquir'd, in accents mild,
How far'd the darling wife and child;
How apples, pears, and turnips grew,
And if the ale were old or new.
Hodge, who from custom took the hint,
Knew 'twas in vain a priest to flint;
And, whilst his rev'rence took his swig,
Hodge stepp'd aside, and brought the pig.

'Humph!' cried the parson, 'let us see
'This offering to the church and me:
'I fear, my friend, 'twill never do;
'Methinks 'tis lean, and sickly too.

' Time

' Time out of mind 't has been confess'd,
' Parsons should ever claim the best.'

This said, he eye'd it o'er and o'er;
Stamp'd, set his wig, and all but swore.

' Such pig for me! why, man alive,
' Ne'er from this moment hope to thrive:

' Think you for this I preach and pray?

' Hence! bring me better tythes, I say.'

Hodge heard; and, tho' by nature warm,
Replied, ' Kind Sir, I meant no harm:

' Since what I proffer you refuse,

' The sty is open; pick and chuse.'

Pleas'd with the offer, in he goes—

His heart with exultation glows;

He rolls his eye, his lips he licks,

And scarce can tell on which to fix:

At length he cries, ' Heaven save the king!

' This rogue in black is just the thing!

' Hence shall I gain a rich regale!

Nor more; but seiz'd it by the tail.

Loud squeak'd the pig; the sow was near—

The piercing sound assail'd her ear:

Eager to save her darling young,

Fierce on the bending priest she sprung;

Full in the mire his reverence cast,

Then seiz'd his breech, and held him fast.

The parson roar'd, surpriz'd to find

A foe so desperate close behind:

On Hodge, on Madge, he calls for aid;

But both were deaf to all he said.

The scene a numerous circle draws,

Who hail the sow with loud applause:

Pleas'd they beheld his rev'rence writhe,

And swore 'twas fairly tythe for tythe.

' Tythe!' cried the parson—' Tythe, dy'e say?

' See here—one half is rent away!'

The case, 'tis true, was most forlorn;

His gown, his wig, his breech was torn:

And, what the mildest priest might ruffle,

The pig was lost amidst the scuffle.

' Give, give me which you please!' he cried:

' Nay, pick and chuse,' still Hodge replied.

' Chuse! honest friend; alas! but how?

' Heaven shield me from your murdering sow.

' When tythes invite, in spite of toes,

' I dare take Satan by the nose!

' Like Theseus, o'er the Styx I'd venture;

' But who that dreadful sty would enter?

' Yet, whilst there's hope the prize to win,

' By Heaven! to leave it were a sin.'

This said, he arms his breast with rage,

And halt resolves the foe to engage.

Spite of the parson's angry mood,

The fearless sow collected stood;

And seem'd to wait the proffer'd war,

With ' Touch them, scoundrel, if you dare!'

His last resource the parson tries;

Hems, strokes his chin, and gravely cries—

' Ye swains, support your injur'd priest;

' Secure the pig, and share the feast.'

Staunch to his friend was every swain;

Strange tho' it seem, the bribe was vain:

And Hodge, who saw them each refuse,

Exclaim'd, in triumph, ' Pick and chuse!'

The parson's heart grew warm with ire;

Yet pride forbade him to retire.

What numbers can his spleen declare,

Denied, for once, his darling fare!

How shall he meet the dreadful frown

Of Madam in the program gown;

Who, eager for her promis'd treat,

Already turns the useless spit?

' Wretch!' he exclaims, with voice profound,

' Can no remorse thy conscience wound?

' May all the woes th' ungodly dread,

' Fall thick on thy devoted head!

' May'st thou in every wish be cross'd;

' May all thy hoarded wealth be lost!

' May'st thou on weeds and offals dine,

' Nor ale, nor pudding, e'er be thine!

Hodge, who with laughter held his sides,

The parson's wrath in sport derides:

' No time in idle preaching lose;

' The sty is open—pick and chuse!'

Loud plaudits rose from ev'ry tongue;

Heaven's concave with the clamours rung;

Impatient of the last huzza,

The tytheless parson sneak'd away.

F—.

COHANG AND HANSI.

A CHINESE TALE.

YOUNG Cohang, and his Hansi, were
The happiest, fondest, wedded pair,

Korea ever knew:

In dalliance soft their time employing,

You would have thought, with kissing, toying,

Their lips together grew.

The subject they of every tongue,

Their praises round the country rung

For conjugal affection;

Together (tow'rs one object bent)

Clasp'd arm in arm they ever went,

And took the same direction.

Their happiness, by all 'twas thought,

Was to it's *ne plus ultra* brought;

What could well interrupt it?

But woman's love, full oft we find,

Is to one object not confin'd—

Some devil will corrupt it.

This truth may sound a little queer

To many a prudish female ear,

Yet merits not less credit:

To say the tale is mine, were bold;

The story is by Goldsmith told*,

It is from him I had it.

Engag'd in philosophic lore,

And Nature's beauties to explore,

Quite heedless of his way;

Cohang absorb'd and pensive stray'd,

Till chance his wearied limbs convey'd

To where the breathless lay.

As nigh the silent tombs he drew,

A beauteous mourner struck his view,

A recent grave attending;

The moisten'd clod the charmer fann'd

Devoutly with her pious hand,

Herself with labour spending.

Cohang,

* See the Citizen of the World.

Cohang, with all his wit and knowledge,
Collected formerly from college,

Stood puzzled and astounded;
Saw o'er the clay the lady leaning,
Nor able to devise the meaning,
Confess'd himself confounded.

Politely towards the dame he stept,
As she in silent sorrow wept

In solemn lamentation:

'Madam, permit me to presume
'To ask why, near this marble tomb,
'You take your woeful station?'

'Alas!' said she, 'my story hear,
'And wherefore thus I drop a tear;
'I will not mince the matter:

'How can I possibly survive
'A husband, Sir, that, when alive,
'There could not be a better?

'Here, here he lies, consign'd to death!
'Who will'd it, with his latest breath,

'That soon as he was buried,
'Till with my fan his sod I dried,
'The power to me shou'd be denied

'Again of being married.

'Obedient to his dying will,
'Two days I've fann'd, and labour still;
'Less could not be expected:

'But shou'd the bus'ness take up more,
'I'd even patiently stay four,
'Altho' not so directed.'

Smit with the widow's charms, he strove,
By all the soothing ways of love,

To give her invitation:

And of his friendship, as a proof,
Entreated her, beneath his roof

To take some consolation.

'A wife I have, who will with glee

'Afford you all her company;

'So quit this place of sorrow:

'Dear Madam, be no longer sad,

'Your tears will not recal the dead;

'Comfort may come to-morrow.'

Arriv'd—and in the parlour seated—

'With your permission, Ma'am!' repeated

Cohang, the lady quitting;

Ran to his dear, (just ready dress'd)

To hurry down, receive her guest

With welcome most befitting.

But previously, from first to last,

Inform'd his Hanfi what had pass'd

In his last ambulation;

Hinted some fears that, like that dame,

If he were dead, she'd do the same;

A terrible sensation!

By such unkind expressions warm'd,

His Hanfi wept, exclaim'd, and storm'd;

At his suspicions thunder'd:

That such inconstant folks there were,

As Madam Bold-face, sitting there,

In troth, she no way wonder'd!

To shew her quick resentment more,

She positively vow'd and swore

At home she'd sleep no longer,

Vol. I.

Unless he turn'd the minx away;

Beneath his roof she should not stay,

How could he dare to wrong her!

Cold, bleak, and stormy was the wind,

Resembling Hanfi's ruff'd mind;

Who, furious in her passion,

Refus'd to give the least relief,

To soothe the pretty widow's grief,

Or shew the least compassion.

Cohang, unwilling to resist,

Even let her do what'er she list,

To shun a curtain lecture;

Beheld the widow quit his gate,

Nor thither durst he on her wait—

His wife! it might affect her.

No sooner was the dame withdrawn,

And pass'd far o'er the dreary lawn,

When loud a knocking follow'd:

The porter, 'tending at the door,

Th' arrival of a coach and four

To those within-side hailoo'd.

It was a young disciple came

(A man of eminence and fame)

To pay Cohang his duty;

A Mandarin of courtly air,

A gay gallant, and debonnaire;

A votary to beauty.

Pleas'd with their visitant, the rooms

Were scented all with rich perfume;

The curtains Sue unpapers:

The carpets, counterpanes, were spread

Along the floor, and on the bed;

And lighted were the tapers:

Vizards of various kinds and taste

Were on the costly tables plac'd,

Keen appetite bestowing:

With wines which Bacchus' self might drink,

High-sparkling to the very brink,

The goblets were o'erflowing.

The welcome guest of all partook;

But now and then he stole a look,

Enraptur'd, at fair Hanfi:

She, too, (to speak the honest truth)

Would sily peep upon the youth;

So much he took her fancy.

But all sublunar joy is vain,

Chequer'd with anxious care and pain!

Amidst their festive revel,

The lordly Cohang felt a smart,

A sharp pang seiz'd upon his heart,

Which quickly laid him level.

At such an unexpected sight,

Hanfi fell speechless with the fright,

And made a horrid moaning:

The servants, one and all, exclaim,

And call upon their master's name;

The house was fill'd with groaning.

Not long mourn'd Hanfi for the dead;

'Twas now high time the will were read,

To know how stood her jointure:

And, after so much fondness, sure

She could not but be quite secure

Spouse would not disappoint her.

K

T e

The young gallant, with fond embrace,
The pearly drops kiss'd from her face,
By way of consolation;
Well pleas'd, she threw her weeds aside,
A brisk, gay, buxom, willing bride;
Why baulk her inclination?

Hansi and he now chang'd the scene;
For nothing else but mirth, I ween,
Rung all the mansion over:
Their lord the servants soon forgot,
Found consolation o'er their pot;
And all was joy and clover.

The body in a chest was laid,
And to a distant room convey'd;
Should mirth be interrupted?
A widow young and spruce as she,
Might with a living spouse agree,
Tho' not with one corrupted.

He, in his richest dress array'd,
And she in jewels and brocade,
(A joyful preparation!)
Were waiting now till Hymen came,
To light up at their hearts his flame,
And quicken inclination.

But, ah! how mutable and frail
Of life is the precarious gale,
From every quarter flying!
The young disciple, late so gay,
Fainting, soon cold and speechless lay,
And to appearance dying.

Wild, up and down, his valet run,
For well he knew what should be done
In such a sad disaster;
A human heart of one just dead,
Clapp'd to his breast, if to be had,
Again restores his master.

Soon as this secret Hansi knew,
Quick as an arrow forth she flew,
To save her youthful lover;
Poor Cohang's coffin, with a stroke,
She with a heavy mattock broke,
And up sprang spouse and cover!

Awakened from his trance, he gaz'd
At all around him; and, amaz'd
To see himself enshrouded:
But, recollecting what was past,
Ten thousand whims, when living last,
Into his noddle crouded.

Accoutr'd thus, and as he was,
Away went he to learn the cause,
As well as he could stagger;
But, just as entering at her door,
He found poor Hansi on the floor,
And in her heart a dagger.

Full well assur'd she should be chid,
Hansi for this the murder did,
In agony and terror;
Oppress'd with shame, o'erwhelm'd with guilt,
Her own dear blood she conscious spilt,
To expiate her error.

A fight like this might melt a stone!
But Cohang utter'd not a groan;
To mourn was but a folly:

And wisely knowing life, at best,
Is but a pantomime and jest,
Would not be melancholy.

The coffin now again repair'd,
And every nuptial thing prepar'd,
He would no longer tarry;
But wish'd, with philosophic mind,
His widow with the fan to find,
And instantly to marry.

The lovely mourner soon he found;
And, putting Hansi under-ground,
To keep himself the warmer,
Into the widow's bed he popt,
And in his second venture dropt
Remembrance of the former.

Each other's foibles well they knew;
She was *inconstant*, he *untrue*;
This made them both contented;
And, satisfied with what was done,
Through life's short course with comfort run,
Nor once their choice repented.

THE STAMMERERS.

A TALE.

WHILE others fluent verse abuse,
And prostitute the Comic Muse,
In less indecent manner I
Her comic ladyship will try.
Oh! let my prayer, bright maid, avail!
Grant inspiration to my tale!
A tale both comical and new,
And with a swingeing moral too.

In a small quiet country town,
Liv'd Hob, a blunt, but honest clown;
Who, spite of all the school could teach,
From habit stammer'd in his speech;
And second nature soon, we're sure,
Confirm'd the case beyond a cure.
Ask him to say hot rolls and butter,
'A hag-a-gag,' and 'splitter-splutter,'
Stopt every word he strove to utter.

It happen'd once upon a time,
(I word it thus to suit my rhyme;
For all our country neighbours know
It can't be twenty years ago)
Our sturdy ploughman, apt to strike,
Was busy delving at his dyke;
Which, let me not forget to say,
Stood close behind a publick way;
And, as he lean'd upon his spade,
Reviewing o'er the work he'd made,
A youth, a stranger in the place,
Stood right before him, face to face:
'P-p-p-p-p-pray!' says he,
'How f-f-f-f-far may't be
'To—o'—(the words would not come out)
'T-o Borough-Bridge, or there about?'

Our clown took huff; thrice hemm'd upon't,
Then smelt a kind of an affront:
Thought he, 'This bluff fool-hardy fellow,
'A little crack'd perhaps, or mellow,
'Knowing my tongue an inch too short,
'Is come to flier, and make his sport:
'Wauns! if I thought he meant to quarrel,
'I'd hoop the roynish rascal's barrel!

' If me he means, or dares deride,
' By all that's good, I'll tan his hide!
' I'll dress his vile calf's-skin in buff,
' And thrash it tender where 'tis tough.'

Thus, full resolv'd, he stood aloof,
And waited mute for farther proof;
While t'other, in a kind of pain,
Apply'd him to his tongue again.

' Speak, friend; c-c-c-c-can you, pray,
' Sh-sh-sh-show me—on my—way?
' Nay, spe-e-eak!'—' I'll smoak thy bacon!'—
' You have a t-tongue, or I'm mistaken.'
' Yes—that, th-that I-I-I have;
' But not for y-y-you—you knave!'—
' What!' cry'd the stranger; ' wh-wh-what!
' D'ye mock me? T-t-take you that!'—
' Huh! you mock—me!' quoth Hob, amain;
' So t-t-take you—that again!'

Then to't they fell, in furious plight,
While each one thought himself i'th' right;
And, if you dare believe my song,
They likewise thought each other wrong.

The battle o'er, and somewhat cool,
Each half suspects himself a fool;
For when to choler folks incline 'em,
Your argumentum baculinum,
Administer'd in dose terrific,
Was ever held a grand specific.

Each word the combatants now utter'd,
Conviction brought that both Dolts flutter'd;
And each assum'd a look as stupid
As, after combat, looks Dan Cupid:
Each scratch'd his silly head, and thought
He'd argue ere again he fought.

Hence I this moral shall deduce;
Would Anger deign to sign a truce,
Till Reason could discover truly
Why this mad Madam were unruly,
So well she would explain their words,
Men little use would find for swords.

MARCUS.

EX TEMPORE,

ON READING A POEM WRITTEN BY A LADY
OF QUALITY.

A FRAID to be pleas'd, and with envy half fir'd,
Still wishing to blame, while by force I ad-
mir'd;

New beauties appearing as farther I read,
At last, in a pet, to Apollo I said—

' Oh! thou whom the lean tribe of authors adore,
' And, blest'd with thy gifts, are content to be poor;
' Say, why must a peeress thus put in her claim
' For the poet's poor airy inheritance, Fame?
' Need that brow, which a coronet circles, be
' bound

' With the wreaths that your glorious starv'd fa-
' vourites have crown'd;

' And she, who at ease in gilt chariots may ride,
' Our tir'd Pegasus mount, and so skilfully guide?

' With Gallia's rich vintage her thirst she may
' slake;

' Then why such large draughts from our Helicon
' take!

' And, blest'd here with corn-fields, and mea-
' dows, and pastures,

' Has she need of grants in the realm of Parnassus?'

Thus I: nor Apollo to answer disdain'd—

' My Stella from fortune those trifles obtain'd:

' In wit I decreed her supremely to shine;

' When were titles and honours, pray, thought
' gifts of mine?

' But your clamours to stop, and your anger to
' tame,

' She shall smile on your works, and her praise
' shall be Fame.'

L—.

THE FATE OF SOPHIA.

BY MASTER GEORGE LOUIS LENOX,
ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

AT the foot of a willow, Sophia reclin'd;
Her beautiful bosom was fann'd by the
wind;

Her eyes in all Venus's fires were dress'd,
Her breath sweeter far than the roses she press'd:
Her fair hands she clasp'd, and thus mournfully
cry'd—

' Must my suit, Queen of Love, be for ever denied?

' Ah! mindful the pangs for Adonis you bore,

' Some ease to this poor tortur'd bosom restore!

' What can I have done all this anguish to prove?

' Since my flame is presumptuous, ah! why should
' I love?

' 'Midst the youths of the court I securely have
' stray'd;

' For what were their charms to an innocent maid?

' But when I the noble Augustus beheld,

' In vain the soft tyrant your son I repell'd:

' Who, goddess! can gaze on those beautiful eyes,

' And amorous thoughts and soft wishes not rise?

' Ah! why was their poison imparted to me;

' From the hateful contagion why did I not flee?

' Ah, why, cruel goddess! but that you decreed

' With Love's hopeless pangs this heart ever
' should bleed.

' I ask you not his generous bosom to fire,

' And to make me the object of lawless desire;

' The heart I have lost is all I require.

' But, alas! can I hope my suit to obtain,

' When thy favourite Sappho has pleaded in
vain!'

Thus she: and the goddess, who heard from the
skies,

From a cloud breaking forth, stood reveal'd to
her eyes.

In her right-hand a glittering arrow she bore,

Round her bosom the powerful cestus she wore.

' Why,' said she, ' will Sophia dissemble with me;

' From the pangs I've inflicted you would not be
' free?

' But dry up those tears, those soft sighs restrain;

' No longer those sighs or those tears shall be vain.

' This arrow from Cupid's full quiver I bear

' To plunge deep in the bosom of ——'s gay heir.

' That done, with a passion like yours he shall
' burn,

' And every pleasure of love be your own.'—

Here paus'd the bright Goddess; nor waiting
reply,

In a moment she soar'd beyond reach of the eye.

The astonish'd Sophia beheld her depart,

All Cupid's soft transports possessing her heart:

K 2

But

But few were those transports, and short was
their date;

For Diana, to save from dishonour the maid,
From her quiver unwillingly drew forth a dart;
And, averting her eyes, wing'd it on to her heart;
Which, true to the hand, thro' each artery flies,
And the charming Sophia immaculate dies.

THE JEW AND CHRISTIAN.

A TALE.

AS a Jew who was blind, or (as others say)
drunk,
On his way to the coffee-house fumbled;
To the chin, by mishap, in the quagmire he sunk;
There stuck, and in Arabic grumbled.

A Christian, who saw the poor devil in limbo,
Would have drawn him from thence like a trout;
But Moses replied, with his arms set a kimbo,
'Tis the Sabbath, I must not come out.'

Next morn, as the Christian was passing again,
The Jew his assistance entreating,
Cry'd, 'Now if you'll help me, I'll answer Amen;
'For, by Moloch, I'm sadly beset—ten!'

'Thy Sabbath in filth thou hast kept, silly Jew!'
(The Christian made answer, in mirth)
'There celebrate mine.' Thus he bade him adieu,
And wish'd him much joy of his birth.

F—.

THE HISS.

A TALE.

GAFFER Grub, full of care, a good trade
for his son

To provide, sent him up to a farrier in town;
But the boy was so awkward at handling his tools,
That he spoilt all the iron, and wasted the coals.

One morning his father call'd on him, and said,
'Well, Johnny, and how go you on in your trade?
'Can you make a horse-shoe yet?'—'Aye, sure;
'if you doubt it,

'You shall see in a moment!' So John went
about it.

He heated the iron, and hammer'd it o'er,
And turn'd it, and cut it, and sweated, and swore:
Tried this way, and that way; but all would not do;
The devil a likeness was there of a shoe.

'Plague on it!' says Jack; 'this would make a
'man mad:

'The coals are mere rubbish, worse cannot be
'had;

'The bellows want mending; the anvil's too high;
'And the head of the hammer is set all awry.

'The iron's quite spoilt for a horse-shoe; but, yet,
'A hobnail out of it I'm sure I can get.'

So to it he goes, beats and hammers again,
To bring forth a hobnail; but all was in vain.

'With such cursed tongs,' quoth our Johnny,
'tis pait

'The skill of a farrier to hold a nail fast!

'Howe'er, I'm resolv'd to make something of
'this;

'If it won't make a hobnail, it shall make a hiss.'

'A hiss! pray what's that?'—'You shall
'quickly see what!'

The untractable iron he once more makes hot;
And, flinging it into the water, it made
A hiss, as it sunk.—Gaffer Grub shook his head:
'Ah, ah, Johnny!' said he; 'I perceive, before
'George,

'That noddle of thine will ne'er do for a forge.'

EX TEMPORE.

AN union on principle,' cries Fox, 'I require!
'An union on principle,' says Pitt, 'I ad-
'mire!'

Still this union's delay'd, and on very good ground;
For where, pray, is principle now to be found?
Our principal statesmen are unprincipled jugglers,
Our principal merchants unprincipled smugglers:
Our principal rich are unprincipled knaves;
And our principal poor their unprincipled slaves.
Thro' court, city, and country, we vainly pursue
A phantom much talk'd of—but never in view.

J. A. T. C.

EPIGRAM I.

UNHAPPY me! said Nepo's wife:
Riches and virtue how to gain
Has been my study all my life,
Yet neither could I e'er obtain.

EPIGRAM II.

SAID buxom Joan, to husband Dick;
'If man and wife one creature be,
'To cuckold you's a loving trick,
'Since you the pleasure share with me!'
'You're right,' said Dick; and twig of tree
About her sides with vigour flew:
'Since you the pleasure share with me,
'I'll kindly share the pain with you.'

E.

EPIGRAM III.

WHEN Trott in coach his foot first set,
He blush'd, and back a step reclin'd;
For Trott himself could not forget
How many years he rode behind.

E.

EPIGRAM IV.

ON A LADY WHO SQUINTED.

IF ancient poets Argus prize,
Who boasted of a hundred eyes;
Sure greater praise to her is due
Who looks a hundred ways with two.

A. B.

EPITAPH.

BY MR. HOLCROFT.

HERE rests a man who, proud and poor,
Knew very little rest before:
Of misery he bore such a pack,
He'll scarce petition to come back;
Tho', should he meet so great a curse,
The world can hardly use him worse.



NUMBER II.

E N I G M A S.

ENIGMA I.

FOR THE PRIZE MEDAL.

(IN AN ANSWER TO ALL THE ENIGMAS.)

BY MR. S. COLLINGS.

MY title. Patrons of ENIGMA say,
 Whose *Wit* still wanders in the mazy way:
 And first, I spell my name without an S;
 Yet sometimes deal in *Scandal*, I confess!
 For half a century have I been known
 The happy favourite of this liberal town.
 En militaire, to British colours true,
 My dress has usually been red or blue.
 A wit by trade, that wastes a world of paper,
 And many a morning hour and midnight *Taper*;
 A constant *Mirror* of the changing times,
 True to their virtues, constant to their crimes.
 Our family are numerous abroad;
 A Politician this, and that a Bawd.
 One teaches Prayer, one Fiddling, one to Sing;
 And one's a Lady's inoffensive thing:
 Whilst some boast *Nothing* but our empty name,
 Yet urge their right to favour and to fame.
 What tho' we cater for another's dish,
 We taste no viands, either fowl or fish;
 Not e'en the chian relish of my lord's,
 Nor the *Choice Cut* a wether's *Leg* affords.
 Who reads my lay—or *Silence* seal his tongue,
 Or say to whom these various powers belong?

ENIGMA II.

BY CELIA.

A Faithful friend, a steady guard,
 A constant watch without reward;
 I check the bold, the rash, the rude,
 Nor suffer villains to intrude.
 My guardian care the rich commend;
 The wretched claim me for a friend.
 My power prevails when force retires,
 My aid the lover's heart inspires.
 To me his rest the miser owes;
 From me the public safety flows;

Even justice owns my greater might,
 To save untouch'd the private right;
 And law, and truth, and wealth were vain,
 Without my all-protecting reign.

ENIGMA III.

BY DR. JAMES WILLIAMS.

MY aid, a race who seldom pray,
 With zeal sincere full oft implore;
 Full oft, when I their calls obey,
 With zeal more ardent than before,
 They cry my absence to obtain;
 While prayers, and tears, and threats, are vain.
 To man a generous friend I'm found,
 Both wealth and power he owes to me;
 And yet, look all creation round,
 No fiercer enemy you'll see,
 When I exert my utmost force
 To check some bold adventurer's course.
 No head, no legs, no wings have I,
 No hands, no feet, no arms;
 But still I either run or fly,
 When I display my charms:
 And charms I sometimes have, you'll own,
 When once my hidden name is known.

ENIGMA IV.

BY MR. JOSEPH JONES.

IM both an enemy and friend,
 I bless and curse without an end;
 For, every hour of every day,
 Life's sav'd by me and took away.
 I'm long and short, I'm round and square;
 I'm found on earth, yet ride in air:
 I've fabled residence in hell,
 And strength and weakness in me dwell,
 Who want me bitterly complain;
 Who have me, treat me with disdain;
 For me full many a league men stray,
 Yet take me with them all the way:

I can

I can the fondest pair divide,
Or bring the lover to his bride.
I'm both an antidote, and bane,
Of dearth and plenty on the plain.
Men, beasts, and fowl, feel my effect,
And earth and air my course direct:
And who to live without me try,
Repent their folly oft, and die.

ENIGMA V.

BY MR. J. B——, CAMBRIDGE.

NATURE and art both own my pow'r,
Since they without me could not be;
For I existence have in all,
In heaven and earth, in air and sea.
To male and female I am common;
Alike the friend of man and beast:
And tho' I'm always known to fast,
Yet still I ne'er forsake a feast.
Altho' in chastity renown'd,
Yet ever am engaged in rapes;
Tho' I must fruit for ever loath,
Yet I delight in pears and grapes.
My nature such, I fly the wet;
Yet am in water always found:
And tho' averse I am to vexing,
In aggravation I abound.

ENIGMA VI.

BY MR. W——.

I Liv'd before the Flood, yet still am young;
I speak to all, and yet I have no tongue.
In deserts bred, sometimes I live in schools,
Although I understand no grammar rules;
Yet Latin, Hebrew, Arabic, or Greek,
Nay, every tongue and dialect can speak.
I sympathize with all in joy or pain;
Laugh with the merry, with the sad complain.
I'm now in France, in Spain, and England too;
Next moment heard in China, or Peru:
Yet legs to walk on Nature did deny;
Nor have I fins to swim, or wings to fly.

Tho' old as earth, I ne'er shall die with age,
Till the last conflagration clears the stage.

ENIGMA VII.

BY MR. N. D——.

ADMIT me, Sir, as I have been
The parent of your Magazine:
A fire much older cannot be,
Since Nature owes her birth to me;
Yet I'm myself born every day,
And full as often die away.
In prison I was ne'er confin'd,
For I with ease outstrip the wind;
And often in a minute roll
From east to west, from pole to pole;
And yet, so exquisite's my sight,
I view each kingdom in my flight.
My other properties to tell
Would many thousand volumes swell:
Take this one hint—the very same
Letter begins and ends my name.

ENIGMA VIII.

BY ALGENORO, CHESTER.

OUR fire is avarice, idleness our dam;
Tho' rais'd from rags, a train of kings we
claim.
Queens, to our will submissive, stand prepar'd;
The great Mogul e'en deigns to be our guard.
Gay splendid robes, of various dyes, we wear;
No wealth we boast, yet deck'd with gems appear:
Continual war we wage with small expence,
And use a gardener's tool in our defence.
Swift fly the hours while we the hours employ;
At once the source of madness, grief, and joy!
Sometimes we lie neglected and retir'd;
At others courted; by each sex admir'd.
For us the gay, the grave, can time afford;
Alike care's'd by porters and their lord.
The sick we ease, yet oft produce much evil;
The clergy's darlings, darlings of the devil!
In liquid sulphur drench'd, our death we find;
And, dying, are most useful to mankind.

REBUSES.

REBUS I.

BY MERCUTIO.

THE initials exchange of a pest, and an ill
Which poor mortals full often attends;
And two names you will have—folks may think
what they will,
But the owners can never be friends.

REBUS II.

BY MERCUTIO.

TO three-fourths of what ladies in winter oft
wear,
Add a very small part of a fish;
And the name of an article straight will appear
That is us'd with a favourite dish.

REBUS III.

BY MR. L. N——. ISLE OF WIGHT.

THREE-FIFTHS of what conquers far
more than the sword,
Join'd to half of a god by the Saxons ador'd,
Gives the name of a nymph both majestic and fair,
Of a rosy complexion and jetty black hair;
To whom the soft powers of pleasing belong,
And whose voice is more sweet than the nightin-
gale's song;
Who for virtue, good-nature, a look, and a smile,
Scarce meets with her equal in Vecta's gay isle.

REBUS IV.

BY MR. G. S——, OF FINEDON.

AN herbaceous plant if with care you transpose,
The emblem of innocence it will disclose.

SOLUTIONS.

SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMAS.

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. An Enigma. | 6. A Looking Glass. |
| 2. Wit. | 7. Nothing. |
| 3. Letter S. | 8. The Pope's Eye in a Leg of Mutton. |
| 4. A Slandrous Tongue. | 9. Silence. |
| 5. A Lighted Candle. | |

REBUSES.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 1. Lady Craven. | 3. Chocolate. |
| 2. Belinda. | 4. An Air Balloon. |

SELECT ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

1. A NEW SONG.

BY THE REV. MR. MAJOR,
MASTER OF THE ACADEMY, WOODSTOCK.

LOOK round this great stage of knaves and
of fools,
Of deep plotting villains, and weak yielding tools;
You'll find an ENIGMA in all you can see,
For deceit veils the face of each rank and degree.

When the Patriot, kick'd out, for Freedom ex-
claims,
You would think all the Goddess his bosom in-
flames;
He deals in ENIGMA, in farce, and grimace,
But the key is found out when he gets into place.

When parch'd with a fever, or seiz'd with catarrh,
Against your complaint Galen seems to make war;
But 'tis all an ENIGMA—he spreads the disease,
Nor ever speaks plain till you'll give no more fees.

The Lawyer for justice and honour contends,
Yet perverts both in practice, to answer his ends;
He's all an ENIGMA, demurs and delays,
But his client the mystery finds out when he pays.

The rising Divine, to a dreadful damnation
Consigns wicked rulers who plunder the nation;
He too speaks ENIGMA, till rais'd to the Peers,
When he votes like the rest, and forgets all his fears.

So take the wide world, and it's conduct survey,
From the high to the low, from the grave to the gay,
There's nought but ENIGMA—then yield me the
bays;
And accept, for your Medal, this sketch of my lays.

2. BY MR. T. SMITH, WARWICK COURT,
HOLBORN.

(INCLUDING ENIGMAS 3, 5, 6, 9.)

THAT *Nothing's* impossible, fates declare,
Far as human invention can go:
And that art may with nature in some things
compare,

Is a truth which we all of us know.

Thus, in forming ENIGMAS, how small is the aid
Which nature to man can impart!

Like a *Candle* that shines where in nature's a
shade,

So are these the effect of our art.

Yet still I in *Silence* great Nature will praise,
Nor her works e'er pretend to disdain;
Tho' crook'd as an *S* seem her wonderful ways,
As a *Mirror* to Wisdom they're plain.

3. RULES FOR COMPOSING AN ENIGMA.

BY MR. FRANCIS BROWNE.

WHEN you write an ENIGMA, take care
it is penn'd
In as easy a stile as you write to a friend:
Make choice of a subject that's gen'rally known,
Nor pilfer from others, and call it your own.
Let modesty never be put to the blush,
But double entendres with decency touch:
Let your thoughts be consistent, your metaphors
new,

And let your ideas be secret and true;
Tho' not so obscure as entirely to teaze,
At once to enliven, embarrass, and please.
Ascribe to no subject a property wrong;
Say not dolphins have wings, fins to eagles belong;
But when the solution is properly known,
Let each reader exclaim, 'It is just, I must own!'
These rules if a writer will carefully follow,
He'll merit the Medal bestow'd by Apollo.

4. BY MISS S. E. SPENCER, BLOOMSBURY.

YOUR Enigma, good Doctor, long puz-
zled my brain;
I read it, consider'd, and read it again:
I perus'd it so oft, that my patience grew tir'd;
The meaning was hid, but the stile I admir'd,
'What the deuce,' I exclaim'd, 'can this rid-
'dle explain?'

ENIGMA, perhaps, may the secret contain.
If rightly I've guess'd, the prize may be mine;
If not, I my claim must to others resign.

5. BY MR. R. TATTAM, JUN.

THIS modern Sphinx, like that which poets
write,
Propounds a dark ENIGMA, to invite
Each youthful genius to insert his name
In her dark page—a candidate for fame.
To him whose happy Muse possesses truth,
She gives a just reward, and crowns the youth.
Hail, Emulation! sovereign of each breast;
Parent of Fame, proud enemy to rest!

Pregnant

Pregnant with thee, great Cæsar left his bed,
To breathe with honours his undaunted head;
Inspir'd by thee, should fortune prove my friend,
I dare in public for the Prize contend.
Thrice happy he, whose emulative lays
Shall bear inspection, and obtain the bays:
But, ah! in vain my unsupported muse
Attempts to gain what Judgment may refuse.

Hush! each expectant thought, nor vainly rise!
Be calm—for Candour shall award the Prize.

6. BY MR. J. D. N. HACKNEY.

A New ENIGMA every one caresses,
As children toys, and fops outlandish dresses;
But once the glittering toy or dress acquir'd,
The child grows weary, and the coxcomb tir'd.

Very ingenious Answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA were also received from Mr. J. C. Norwich; Mr. L. N. Isle of Wight; Miss Charlotte J—n; Mr. H. R. E. Chancery Lane; Mr. W. F. Mr. B. Mr. S. Mr. T. R. Leicester; the Rev. Mr. E. Johnson, Bristol; Mr. F. J. G. Stratford in Essex; Mr. J. C. Miss Sally Brock, Honiton; Mr. J. Stafford, Birmingham; Albert, Norwich; Mr. J. B. Cambridge; Mr. S. W. Exeter; Mr. W. Callow, Tardebig, near Bromsgrove; H. Edwards, Esq. York; Mr. P. Isle of Wight; Mr. Quite Content; Juvenis, Manchester; Mr. J. Ward, Hinckley; Mr. John Blunt; Eugenio, Jun. A Would be Witling; the Rev. Mr. S. Oxford; Mr. J. A. T. C. Mr. N. D. Lynx; Mr. S. H—m—r; Jobson the Cobler; Mr. B. G. T. Mr. John Aury, Greenwich; Mr. J. A. Manchester; Mr. S. C. Cambridge; Mr. J. Stafford, Bingham; Horatio; and Mrs. D. M.

MISCELLANEOUS ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

TO THE SEVERAL ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

(N.B. All the ENIGMAS are answered in Mr. COLLINGS'S NEW PRIZE ENIGMA.)

ANSWER TO ENIGMA VI.

BY MISS S. E. SPENCER.

WHEN prais'd by a flatterer, who term'd
me divine,
Sure beauty uncommon, I thought, must be mine!
Elated with pride, to the *Mirror* I ran;
But the *Mirror*, alas! was sincerer than man.
No charms, no divinity, there cou'd I find;
I'll strive then to please, by improving my mind.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA VII.

BY THE SAME.

MAY *Nothing*, dear Madam, e'er trouble your
rest,
May *Nothing* e'er plant a thorn deep in your breast!
Long may you exist, free from sorrow or pain!
But *Nothing* will, sure, your Enigma explain.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IX.

BY CLIO, BATH.

A N angel spoke, and stillness sat profound;
Eliza sings; and *Silence* reigns around.

ANSWER TO REBUSES I. II.

BY MERCUTIO.

LADY *Craven* delights in the use of a pen;
And *Belinda*, 'tis said, is as fond of the men.

ANSWER TO REBUSES III. IV.

BY TICKLE PITCHER, CLAPTON.

AFTER teasing my fancy with many an il-
lusion,
And putting poor Cato and Chloe in confusion;
My palate consulting, instead of my pate,
I found, Sir, your Rebus must be *Chocolate*:
And if the rage holds, there's a chance we may soon
Drink it quite at our ease in a large *Air Balloon*.

Other ingenious Answers have been received from Mr. J. W. Southwark, to Enigmas 5, 6; Tickle Pitcher, of Clapton, to Enigmas 3, 5, 6, 9; Horatio, to Enigma 4; Orlando, to Enigma 5; Mr. J. P. to Enigma 7; Mr. Frederick Walter, to Rebus 1; Lynx, to Enigmas 3, 5, 6, 7, 9, and Rebus 3; Philodemos, to Enigmas 5, 7; Mr. L. A. to Enigmas 3, 5, and Rebus 3; Mr. S. H—m—r, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and Rebuses 3, 4; Mr. M. D. Rotherhithe, to Enigmas 3, 5, and Rebus 3; Mr. M. P. Budge Row, to Enigmas 3, 5, 6, 7, and Rebus 3; Eugenio, Jun. to Enigma 8; Jobson the Cobler, to Enigmas 3, 7; Mr. J. H. Rice, to Enigma 6, and Rebus 3; Mr. B. G. T. to Enigmas 6, 7, 9; Mr. T. Noden, Greenwich, to Enigma 5, and Rebus 3; Mr. John Almond, to Enigmas 3, 4, 6, 7, 9, and Rebuses 2, 3, 4; Mr. G. H. to Enigma 7; Mr. J. Thornton, to Enigma 6; Mr. P. H. to Enigmas 3, 5, 7, and Rebus 3; Mr. A. D. R. Isleworth, to Enigmas 3, 5, and Rebuses 3, 4; Algenoro, to Enigma 9; J. A. Manchester, to Enigmas 4, 9, and Rebus 3; Mr. S. C. Cambridge, to Enigmas 3, 5, 6, 7; Lady at Hadleigh, (Signature illegible) to Enigmas 3, 5, 6; Mr. J. Thornton, to Enigma 6; Mr. Robert Thomas, Chesterfield, to Enigma 3; Mr. P. H. to Enigmas 3, 5, 7, and Rebus 3; Mr. G. M. W. to Enigmas 5, 6, 7, 9, and Rebus 4; Juvenis, Chesterfield, to Enigmas 3, 4, 6, 8, and Rebus 4; Mr. Richard Tattam, Jun. to Enigmas 3, 5, 6, 7, 9, and Rebuses 2, 4; Clío, Bath, to Enigmas 5, 6, and Rebus 3; Mr. W. Stone, Bruton Street, to Enigmas 3, 7, and Rebus 3; Lotharionis, to Enigmas 6, 8; Mr. M. E. to Enigmas 3, 5, 6, 7, 9; A Would be Witling, to Enigmas 3, 5, 6, 7; Mr. H. R. E. to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9; Mr. J. B. Cambridge, to Enigmas 3, 5, 6, 7; Quite Content, to Enigmas 3, 6, 9; Mr. N. D. to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and Rebuses 2, 3, 4; Juvenis, Manchester, to Enigmas 6, 7; Mr. F. J. G. Stratford, Essex, to Enigmas 3, 9; Orlando, to Enigma 5; Mr. G. H. to Enigma 7; and Lynx, to Rebus 3.



THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.



MARCH 1784.

With a Large Quarto Engraving, representing the DISCOMFITED DUELLISTS, from an Original Essay, entitled, A PRESERVATIVE AGAINST DUELLING; designed by Mr. S. COLLINGS, and engraved by Mr. W. BLAKE, purposely for this Work.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
1. The Story Teller. No. III. The Story of Phebe the Good; or, The Glorious Hand - - - - -	83	17. The Disappointed Visitors; or, The Three Professions in Tribulation. Occasioned by a Gentleman's in- viting some Friends to Dinner, and inadvertently forgetting the Appointment - - - - -	114
2. Preservative against Duelling - - - - -	89	18. Definition of Wit. By Allan Ramsay. - - - - -	115
3. The Parricide Punished - - - - -	92	19. Anacreontic - - - - -	ibid.
4. The Town-Talker. No. II. Epistle from a Fiddle-stick - - - - -	95	20. To Mr. Holcroft, on reading the Decline of Wit. By Mrs. S. E. Spencer - - - - -	116
Whimsical Letter on the Seat of the Heart and Brains - - - - -	96	21. Anagram - - - - -	ibid.
5. Essay on Flattery - - - - -	97	22. Epigram I. - - - - -	ibid.
6. Butler's Characters continued. A Degenerate Noble; or, One that is proud of his Birth - - - - -	101	23. Epigram II. - - - - -	ibid.
A Huffing Courtier - - - - -	102	24. Epigram III. - - - - -	ibid.
A Court Beggar - - - - -	103	25. Epigram IV. - - - - -	ibid.
7. Distress of a Country Physician - - - - -	104	26. Epigram V. - - - - -	ibid.
8. Definition of Wit - - - - -	106	27. Epigram VI. - - - - -	ibid.
9. Remarkable Will of John Hedges - - - - -	ibid.	28. Epitaph I. By Mr. Holcroft - - - - -	ibid.
10. The Cards Spiritualized - - - - -	107	29. Epitaph II. By the same - - - - -	ibid.
11. Curious Electioneering Letter - - - - -	108	30. Epitaph III. - - - - -	ibid.
12. Select Anecdotes, Repartees, and Bon Mots; Ancient and Modern. No. III. - - - - -	110	31. Epitaph IV. - - - - -	ibid.
POETRY.		THE SPHINX.	
13. The Times - - - - -	111	32. Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	117
14. Politeness; or, The Cat o' Nine Tails. A Tale - - - - -	ibid.	33. Rebuses and Paradoxes - - - - -	118
15. Carmina ex Poema Polypragmatica Excerpta - - - - -	112	34. Solutions to Enigmas of last Month - - - - -	ibid.
16. Bacchus; or, The Drunken Meta- morphosis. From the Posthumous Works of Dean Parnell - - - - -	115	35. Ditto to Rebuses - - - - -	ibid.
		36. Select Answers to the Prize Enigma - - - - -	ibid.
		37. Miscellaneous Answers from Correspon- dents to the several Enigmas and Re- buses - - - - -	120

LONDON:

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No 18, Paternoster-Row; by whom Letters to the EDITORS are received,

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE must beg our Correspondents in general to subscribe their Names, or at least Initials, to all *Original Compositions*, as we greatly dislike the use of quaint Signatures. Those who favour us with *Selected Articles* will add to the obligation, if they mention the works from which they have transcribed, that we may with more facility compare with the originals, where necessary. N. B. Every person who attempts to impose on the Editors any article *as original* which has been before printed, will be for ever excluded from receiving a MEDAL.

Mr. Lemoine's Song was accidentally mislaid till too late for insertion in the present number. It will certainly be given in our next.

Leander's Poetical Address to Single and Married Ladies, has very considerable merit, but is not lively enough for our Miscellany.

The Favours of *Mr. T. O.* and *Altamont*, were very acceptable; we shall be obliged to them for future selections.

Mr. J. A. Ourry's French Answer to the Prize Enigma, was very ingenious, but we cannot admit solutions in a foreign language.

The Essay from *Simplicitas*, is suspected not to be original: the Editors wish to be informed from what publication it was transcribed, as there are a few palpable mistakes, which must be rectified previous to its insertion.

The Letter from *Fal de ral Tit*, has a considerable degree of sterling wit, but it could not be meant for insertion. We shall be glad to hear from the ingenious author under his proper signature.

The Editors will be happy to see *Mr. H. R. E.'s* valuable Collection, which shall be carefully returned whenever he pleases.

Mr. G. M. W.'s Poem has great merit, but is of too serious a nature.

The correspondence of *Oxonienfis* will be very acceptable; but our readers in general would probably not much relish the wit and humour of antiquity, given in the original languages.

The Translation from *Voiture* would be excellent, were the idea less indelicate.

Mr. S. Brooks is requested to communicate his address to the Editors.

The Gentleman who complains that his answers to the Enigmas in our last were not acknowledged, has probably forgot that he did not transmit them till the 25th instant.

Verfes, Rebuses, Acrosticks, &c. on private individuals, cannot be admitted. Correspondents are requested to make their Answers to Enigmas as short as possible.

Many articles, not above noticed, are under consideration; and still more are, from a variety of causes, wholly inadmissible.

PRIZE MEDALS.

There being no humorous original Tale or Essay from *any Correspondent* in the present Number, a SILVER MEDAL is adjudged to *Mrs. S. E. SPENCER*, *bloomsbury*, the ingenious author of the verses on the *TIMES*—the *second*, for the best Poetical Tale, to *RUSTICUS*, author of the Tale of *POLITENESS*, or the *CAT O'NINE TAILS*—and the *third* and *fourth*, for the best answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA, to *Mr. M. B—R—T*, *Paddington*; and *Mr. J. C. Stourbridge*—all of whom are requested to transmit their names and places of abode to the Publishers, in the same hand-writing as their respective productions, by the 15th instant, that they may be printed in our next number, for the satisfaction of subscribers in general.

☞ The FOUR MEDALS given last month, have been delivered to—

1. *Mr. R. SMART*, author of *COHANG* and *HANSI*, *Reading, Berks.*
2. *Mr. M. LONSDALE*, author of the *STAMMERERS*, No. 2, *Staple's Inn Buildings, Holborn.*
3. *The Rev. Mr. MAJOR*, Master of the Academy, *Woodstock, Oxon.*
4. *Mr. T. SMYTH*, Surgeon, No. 6, *Warwick Court, Holborn.*

THE
WIT'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1784.

THE STORY-TELLER.

NUMBER III.

THE STORY OF PHEBE THE GOOD;
OR, THE GLORIOUS HAND.

THERE was a certain man who was left a widower with one child, a sweet girl, whose name was Phebe. After he had lived two or three years single, he became tired of this sort of life, and determined to marry again; and he was the more easily induced so to do, because he had met with a woman about his own age, and very much of his own disposition, to whom he had made himself agreeable. This woman was a widow, and, like him, had a daughter called Martha, who was two years older than Phebe, and likewise a very pretty girl: they mutually promised to be exceedingly good and tender to each other's offspring; and at first they kept their promises tolerably well, though it must be allowed that, as Phebe was far the most beautiful of the two, the mother was not without some little jealousies: however, she was a sensible woman, though somewhat passionate, and did not, for a while, suffer such propensities to increase to violence; besides, that Phebe was as mild and good-humoured as she was charming in her wit and features; and though you might easily make her cry, you could never make her cross or obstinate.

After a time, it happened that the father died, when Phebe was about twelve years old; and as she had been well instructed by her father's care, who loved her dearly, she was, on account of the readiness of her wit, more accomplished and advanced in knowledge than many of twice her

age, and much more so than her sister Martha, though there had been equal care taken of them both. The death of her father was a great misfortune to Phebe; she soon began to find an alteration in the behaviour of her mother and sister. The latter, having now no restraint upon her, (for her mother had always been far too indulgent) took every opportunity of thwarting Phebe, of whom she became exceedingly jealous, owing to the preference Phebe always obtained in society. The mother, too, instead of consulting her reason, and doing justice, was weak enough to participate in her daughter Martha's feelings and prejudices, and gave way to her passions by little and little, till at last she could no longer resist them. Thus, though she felt at some moments the injustice of her conduct, and determined to alter her behaviour, and become more kind to Phebe; yet, as soon as the trial came, she found herself inevitably hurried away by habitual passion, and continually guilty of the same partiality and oppression.

It may easily be imagined that poor Phebe soon became deprived of all the little pleasures in which she used to share: instead of mixing with the visitors, and going abroad with her sister, as formerly, she was confined to her needle, and ordered to assist the servant at the lowest drudgery. This would have broken the spirit of many girls, or have spoiled their temper; for certainly few things are so cutting to the heart as manifest injustice. But it did not seem to have any such effect on Phebe; for though she grieved

a little, she yet was so complying, and even chearful, let her be set about what she would, that she was called PHEBE THE GOOD! all over the country.

It is strange to think of the excess to which people will proceed who have once begun to indulge bad habits. The praises that Phebe had obtained, and the admiration with which every body was struck who happened to get a sight of her, (for she increased in beauty as in amiableness and age) served only farther to enflame the enmity of those to whom alone she could look for protection; insomuch, that she at last was not only the drudge of the family, (for her mother had turned away the servant, and forced her, though not fifteen, to do all the work herself) but was stinted in her very food, obliged to eat the offals, and beat, upon the most frivolous pretences, till she was sometimes hardly able to move. If she had not naturally possessed a deal of courage, as well as mildness, she must have sunk under the usage she received: but though there was a sweet forbearance in her temper, there was a fortitude, likewise, which is only found in a few, especially among the gentle and softer sex.

One day, when the mother and favourite daughter were gone out, and had, as usual, locked up every thing from her, leaving her but a scanty pittance, scarce half enough to satisfy nature, a poor old woman, tottering under age, came to the door, begging, for her Saviour's sake, she would give her a morsel to keep her from starving. Phebe, though very hungry herself, had too good a heart to see such a poor old creature ready to sink with age and hunger, and not give her every assistance in her power. She immediately went to the door, gave the poor woman her hand, desired her to come in and rest herself, and set about warming what little morsel she had, (which she herself was going to have eat cold) to make it as comfortable as she could. She then laid a clean napkin and plate, and waited upon and cherished her as though she

had been her own mother. 'The God of Heaven bless thee!' said the old woman, as Phebe stood ministering by her side; 'thou art a merciful and a gracious angel, and shalt lose nothing by thy charity. Thou hast given me food, wilt thou give me a kiss?' Phebe would always rather hurt her own feelings than the feelings of another; and though the old woman was very disagreeable with rags and age, she instantly kissed her with the best grace imaginable, lest she should give her pain, or lest she should be thought to despise age and poverty. The old woman fixed her eyes stedfastly upon her—'Sweet and heavenly creature,' said she, 'have I at last found such a one! Yes; if thy courage equals thy other virtues, thou art the treasure I so long and ineffectually have sought.'—Phebe wondered to hear a miserable old woman speak in this manner, and in such language too. 'Thou art very young; art thou of a timid disposition?'—'No, indeed,' said Phebe, 'I never injure any creature that has life or sensibility. I would do good to every body if I had the power, and I hope I commit no wickedness, then wherefore should I be afraid?'

'I do not think I should have been so much afraid myself,' interrupted John Audley, 'if I had na been such a wicked wretch. Phebe wur too good to sleep in farmunt time.'—'Yea, or to have a parish-bastard to maintain!' rejoined Dorothy. 'But hold thy tongue, I long hugely to hear who this old woman wur.'

Phebe had scarcely finished her last sentence, before she saw a fierce mastiff and a bull-dog burst into the kitchen, foaming, fighting, and worrying each other with the utmost fury; but she, instead of acting like most silly young women, who squall if they see a mouse run across the room, very coolly removed out of their way, took hold of the old woman to help her out of the kitchen, and shut the door upon them. As she stood in the passage, she found her gown was all in a flame:

it would be wrong to pretend that she was not exceedingly alarmed; but instead of shrieking, falling in a fit, or running terrified she knew not whither or for what, except to agitate the air, and increase the danger, she unpinned herself in a moment, and stripped off her gown. 'Yes!' exclaimed the old woman, 'thy presence of mind proves thy fortitude.' As she said this, the fire was extinguished, and the enraged dogs were heard and seen no more; neither was there a singed spot upon the gown. Phebe turned her eyes with amazement towards her guest, and instead of a poor, decrepid, and beggarly old woman, she beheld a beauteous Being in robes of white and scarlet, and wings more variously spotted than the shining plumage of the Chinese pheasant!

'Purest and best of earthly virgins,' said the bright vision, 'be not alarmed.'—'No,' replied Phebe, 'I am only surprized. If you are a heavenly being, you will not injure me: if a wicked one, you cannot, till I, by guilt, shall give you power over me.'—'Listen to me,' said the spirit: 'I am a sylph; the friend of man, and the enemy of his enemies. Long have I been seeking to deliver Oron, the knight of a neighbouring castle, from the authority of the dæmons; but in vain: they have seduced and enchanted him, and he is held a willing slave to five of the most powerful that the dark entrails of the sulphureous regions can emit. Their names are Bibo, Libido, Irafco, Nepo, and Superbo; that is to say, Drunkenness, Lust, Wrath, Prodigality, and Pride. He hath suffered them to light up the Dead Hand within his walls, which hath stupified and lulled to sleep the guardian spirits Fate had appointed to protect him from their machinations; and till that is extinguished, never shall he be freed from their wicked dominion. The sylphs and other ætherial essences have in vain made war upon these dæmons and their adherents; a young virgin alone can vanquish

them, and extinguish the enchanted flame of the Dead or Glorious Hand; for a good and beauteous virgin is of more power than a host of spirits. I and my companions have long mourned over the misfortunes of Oron; for till these infernal and malicious fiends had fascinated him, the earth had few young men so promising. To thee, then, fair and excellent creature, is this charitable and noble task assigned.'

'I hope I have the will, if I have the ability, to do good,' replied Phebe; 'nor am I afraid of encountering such danger as a weak creature, like me, may support; but I am dependent on the will of another: I must not leave my mother's house without her knowledge; for that would be wickedness, and not virtue.'

Phebe had scarcely pronounced the last word, when she heard her mother and sister at the door; and, instead of a sylph, saw the same old woman again at her side whom her charity had so lately relieved. She knew not what to think; she was ready to imagine she had been in a dream: she ran, however, to open the door for her mother. —'Hey-day! indeed!' said the sister; 'what old beldam have you got here to keep you company? I suppose you have been having your fortune told; but I am afraid it is not very good.'—'Better than thine will ever be, Calot,' answered the old woman, and glided out of the house. There needed not half this to set them upon the patient-suffering Phebe: they both fell upon her; and, as they thought, beat her most unmercifully; but, to the astonishment of Phebe, their blows gave her no pain. They were not satisfied with this: her sister insisted upon it that she should be instantly turned out of doors, and the foolish and cruel mother put her wicked wishes in execution.

Phebe could not forbear weeping, at finding herself, thus friendless and unknown, driven from her mother's house; she was even exceedingly affected with the thought of parting from

from persons who had treated her so basely. She comforted herself, however, as well as she could. 'I am very 'able and willing to work,' thought she; 'and surely some charitable good 'person will give me a little food 'for my labour.'

She wandered along the path she first took, without knowing whither it led, till evening began to come on, and she was faint with hunger; when, being come to an eminence, she sat herself down, and turned round to take a last look at the inhospitable, yet respected mansion, from which she was expelled. As she looked down the lawn, she saw, with surprise, her favourite cat, to which she had always been very kind, coming trotting after her. Though Phebe seemed almost callous to oppression and misfortune, there was not a soul on earth more susceptible of gratitude and tenderness: she burst into tears when she beheld the faithful animal come purring by her side, and looking up, as if in pity of her fate. The cat seemed to be guided by a superior instinct: there were three paths led from where her mistress sat, and she took one of them, and looked back as if inviting Phebe to follow; which action she repeated several times. Phebe, to whom no path had a peculiar preference, inclined to that from the action of the animal. The cat had not gone far, before she turned a little from the way to a bush, and stopped, then went back to meet her mistress, and returned to the same spot: this incited Phebe's curiosity, and she followed to the bush. Here she found a clean white napkin, and in it a part of a very fine capon, with some good wheaten bread. Phebe's feelings may easily be imagined; she sat herself upon the bank, and divided her treasure with her friend.

She presently rose from her repast, and her cat still ran before, as if to conduct her. They came presently to a place where the stile had been hedged up, to prevent passengers from coming any more that road: the cat turned down the side of the hedge,

and found a clear gap. When they came into the next field, a fierce bull ran bellowing, as soon as he saw Phebe, to attack her; but the cat placed herself between them, and seemed to spit fire in his eyes; at which he was so terrified and pained, that he ran roaring away.

Darkness now grew on apace, and there was neither town, hamlet, nor house, in view; yet poor Phebe kept implicitly following her wary guide: she travelled on for some time, till she saw a light twinkle at a distance, through the dusk of night, and she was pleased to find the path she was in seemed to point the same way. She continued her route, and presently came to a high-road that led towards the light, which now became more distinct, though yet far off. She quit- ted the fields, and a wild and barren moor, without hedge or tree, lay before her. On each hand were deep pits, bogs, and precipices, into which the smallest deviation would for ever plunge her; but her faithful cat kept just before; and Phebe, trusting in the protection which a righteous Providence ever affords the innocent, steadily pursued her way. Clouds over- spread the horizon, the stars were hid, the vault of heaven was obscured, thick night and darkness covered the earth, the glimmering light which till then had been constant in her view disappeared, and meteors and Will o' the Wisps danced and glided around. A solitary far-off shout she sometimes heard, and sometimes piercing cries, as of people fallen in- to the pits, or terrified with the dan- gers of the night and place. To add to the terrors that surrounded her, the generous animal that went before her, scarcely at more than a yard's distance, and that every moment kept turning it's luminous eyes, as if to light and guide it's mistress, sudden- ly tumbled down a precipice, and, by it's cries, gave Phebe, whose feet were upon the very brink, warning of her danger, and it's own apparent de- struction.

'The Lord of heavenly mercy bless
'me,'

'me,' cried John Audley, 'and save the soul of that poor cat! who, I warrant, was a better Christian than some of us.'—Mr. Errant proceeded.

Phebe was now at a total stand; she durst not move a step backwards or forwards, but remained fixed; and from her fair eyes let fall two pearly tears, one for the severity of her own destiny, and the other as a tribute of gratitude and regret to the faithful creature that had suffered for her preservation. While she stood thus motionless, and looking (if she could be said to look on darkness) down the abyss into which her guide had fallen, she beheld an apparition rise slowly from the bottom, holding a lighted torch in it's right hand, for it had but one; and when at the surface of the pit, rested upon nothing, or upon thin air, holding the torch between itself and Phebe, and looking stedfastly for the space of a minute in her face. It's visage was of a death-like pale and piteous; it held up the remains of it's left-arm, as if to implore redress, and brandishing it's torch to make it shed a brighter light, it glided by, and stood at some little distance. Phebe beheld the spectre with terror, yet with that resolution which virtue alone can give. She saw she had deviated a little from the high road, and boldly taking advantage of the occasion, regained her path, and followed the apparition which stalked before her.

Her dreadful guide conducted her safely over the moor, till they came to an antique castle surrounded by a moat. The draw-bridge was up, and the spectre made a sudden stop, as a signal for Phebe to proceed no farther yet; it then skimmed across the canal, and strait the massy hinges of the portcullis began to creak, and the bridge descended with a weighty and loud crash that echoed through the stillness of the night, and made the old vaulted castle reverberate horror. Phebe hesitated to proceed: 'Yet wherefore,' said she to herself, 'should I fear? I am told that I

am to be the deliverer of a noble knight from the power of dæmons; they cannot injure me: or, say they could, say they even could deprive me of life, what have I in this world to regret, except a mother and a sister? And they have unkindly driven me from them; they think me unworthy to be known for their relation. Well then, be it life or death, I will go on.'

The apparition and the torch were again before her; she followed toward the castle, and they entered the iron-wicket, which flew open at their approach. The courts and avenues were vast, and the spectre led her a mazy, tedious, and dismal route, through dark porticos and winding passages, till they came to a flight of stone stairs, so narrow, that only one person could pass. The spectre stopped, turned towards Phebe, and with it's dead eyes gave a look that seemed to say, 'Be firm!' then pointed to the stairs, and vanished.

Phebe was now in total darkness, and courage and virtue began to shudder at the remembrance of her situation. However, she summoned up her strength, and with heroic fortitude ascended the narrow stair-case. She went up so many steps, and kept so continually winding, that at last, with giddiness and want of breath, she was obliged to rest. She had scarcely stopt a moment, before she heard the clanking of chains, and the footsteps of one descending, who sent forth at intervals the most painful and dismal groans. Her hair now stood an end, her blood ran cold, and her heart sunk within her: it was impossible for any one to pass, and the least opposing body would precipitate her to the bottom. The groans and the clanking increased; they seemed not three steps distant; and her faculties were frozen with horror, when the place was instantaneously illumined, and she beheld the beauteous Sylph sustaining a dreadful combat with a monstrous dæmon, by which it seemed to be almost overpowered. A voice at the same time cried aloud—'Go forward!'

'forward! You only are in danger when you do not proceed.' Phebe again called up her resolution, began to ascend, and again was left in silence and total darkness.

She came at length to a little door, which opened with a gentle push: through this she went, and found herself upon the great staircase, opposite to a suit of magnificent apartments, illuminated with large wax tapers; these she boldly entered, passed through several, and found each succeeding one superior to the last, till she arrived in the grand saloon. Here, in the centre, she beheld, upon a superb couch, Oron, the enchanted knight, lying entranced: over him hung suspended in the air the Glorious Hand; that is to say, a dead man's hand prepared by necromancy, dipt in magical oil, and each finger lighted up. But what amazed her most, was to see another being that was in the exact likeness of the enchanted knight, except that its features bore the marks of vice, which Oron's did not. This false knight was seated in a chair of state; around him were placed his favourite dæmons, Bibo, Libido, Irafco, Nepo, and Superbo; and facing him sat Moro, or Death, fantastically dressed up in the cast robes of the dæmons, each of which had habits expressive of his proper character. All the servants, friends, and relations of Oron, as well as himself, were cast in a profound trance by the benumbing power of the Glorious Hand, except that, at a certain hour, when all the rest of the world slept, they were awakened by the dæmons, who delighted to torment them, and especially the enchanted knight, at whom Death grinned and shook his dart, and whom the dæmons threatened with future punishments, while they tantalized him for his imbecillity in that he had not sufficient strength to resist the fascination of the Glorious Hand. The forms likewise of all the inhabitants of the castle were assumed by inferior fiends, according to the vice to which each was addicted; for had not all of them in some degree fallen from vir-

tue, no enchantment could thus have held them in subjection.

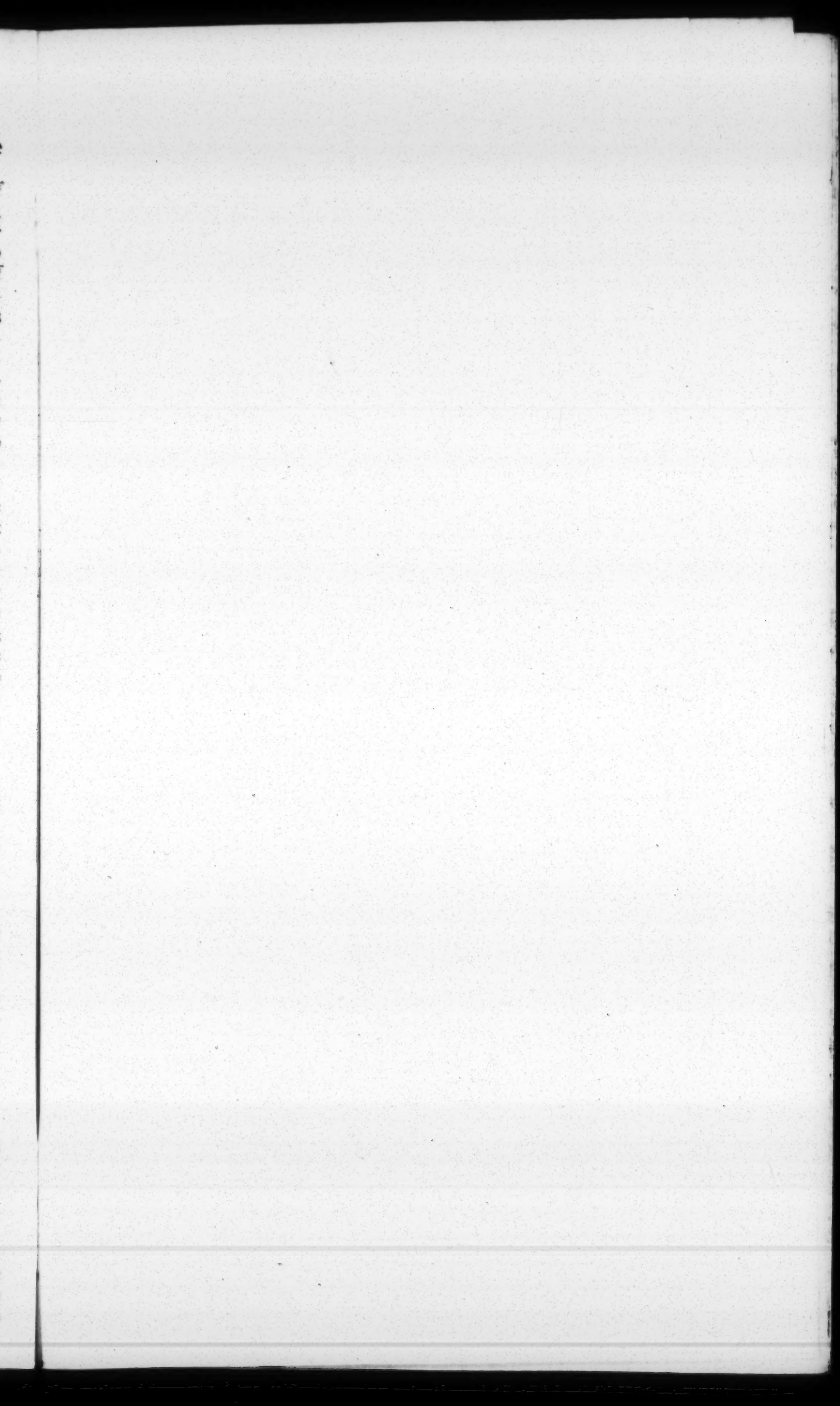
At Phebe's approach, the riots of the dæmons instantly in part subsided, and terror seized them as she farther advanced. Yet they failed not to offer the temptations by the power of which they had seduced and enchanted the rest. Bibo presented his cup; Libido invited her to unchaste pleasures; Irafco would have put a two-edged sword in her hand; Nepo offered to pour gold and diamonds in her lap; and Superbo took off the gilt coronet he wore, and desired to place it upon her head: but she, superior to such delusions, moved steadily towards the couch where the knight lay. The Glorious Hand burnt dim as she drew near; the colour revived in the cheeks of Oron, while the phantom that resembled him grew ghastly: her virgin breath purified the air. The Hand gradually descended; its faint light burnt blue, and scarce cast a gleam; and, when opposite to her coral lips, Phebe breathed upon it, the flame became totally extinct, and the knight rose from his enchanted couch.

Phebe's virtues now met a full reward, if any earthly blessing could be a reward for such patience, meekness, and magnanimity. She became the lady of the castle, the adored wife of Oron, the wonder of the country, and the ornament and pride of her sex. Her mother and sister would have humbled themselves at her feet; but she taught them to be virtuous, and took them to her bosom: and thus she convinced the world, that a perseverance in goodness must at last conduct to happiness.

And thus ends the story of PHEBE THE GOOD.

It was almost a pity that we could not interrupt our narrative, without destroying its effect, to describe the situation of John Audley and Dorothy, at certain moments. Their terror was indeed so great at some passages, (such as when the spectre rose slowly from the abyss, when Phebe

was

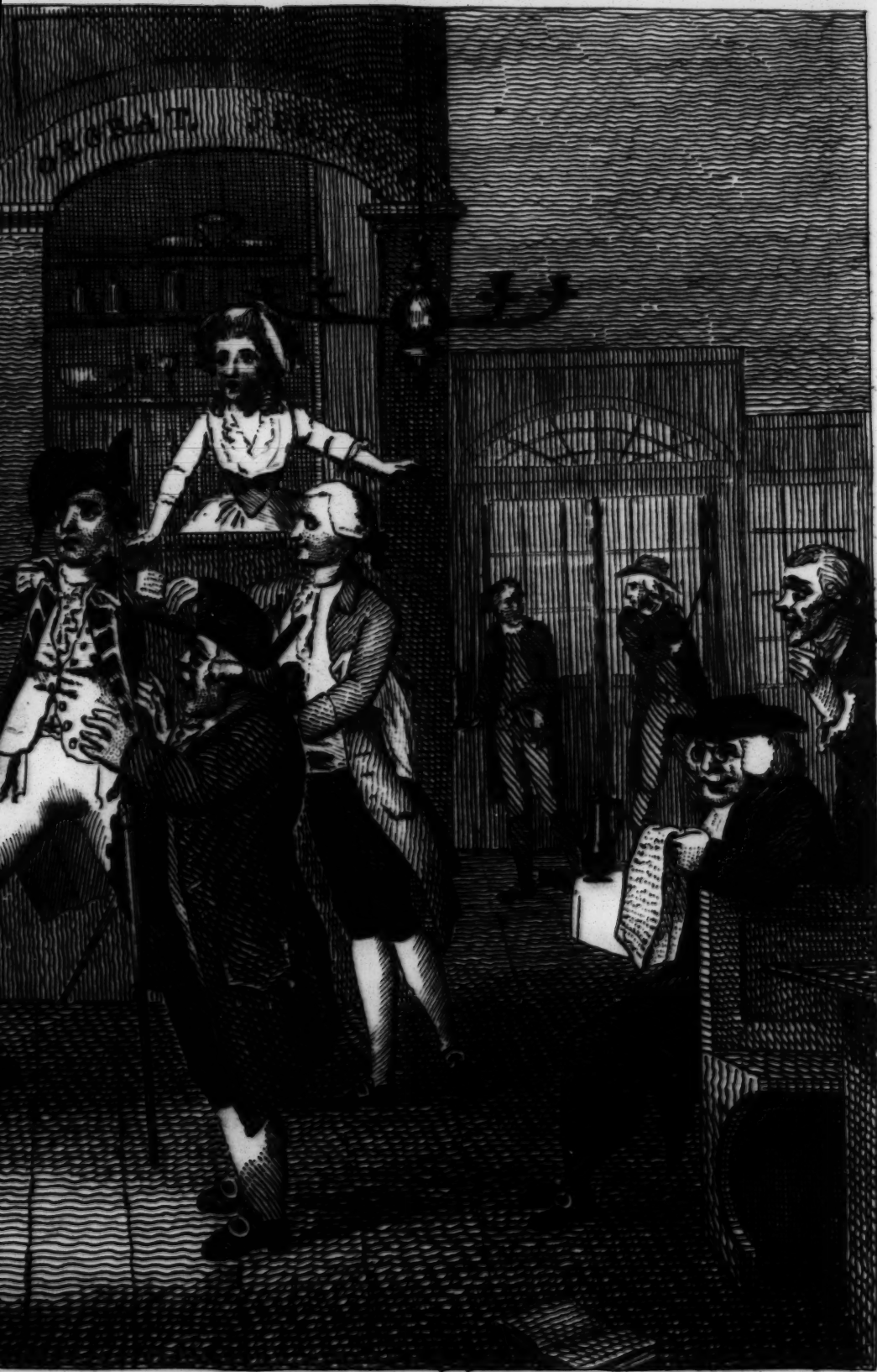




Callings del.

THE DISCOMFITED

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison



Blake sculp.

D VELLIST S.

Harrison & Co April 1, 1784.

was ascending the narrow staircase, and especially when she stooped and heard the clanking of chains and groans of the descending ghost) that it was with difficulty the cold blood crept tingling with horror through their veins. As to the concealed allegory of Mr. Errant's tale, that they knew nothing of. It never entered the credulous and honest heart of John Audley, that even Phebe was an imaginary person, much less that her cat was only the emblem of Vigilance; that when it tumbled down the precipice, it but signified that the moment Vigilance was off her guard, Virtue was in danger, and that Terror and Distraction were likely to succeed; or that the various difficulties and perils Phebe had to encounter, were types

of the struggles between the passions of a virtuous person combating and endeavouring to reform one of a contrary disposition. These, and many other traits of a similar nature, were lost on Mr. Errant's audience; as, indeed, they stood a great chance of being in places of far more pretensions to refinement and wit. The great and most useful moral could not, however, escape even John and Dorothy; they were taught, and understood, that people who are resolute in continuing good, and doing their duty, are sure to be admired, beloved, and happy: and they went to bed with as many blessings on the head of the angelic Phebe, as tremors and fears of her potent and ghostly enemies.

E.

PRESERVATIVE AGAINST DUELLING.

THE practice of duelling has of late become so frequent, that most persons who have any brains to lose, think it not at all unlikely, if they mix much in what is called polite life, that they may some day or other be deprived of them by a pistol-bullet.

For my own part, I am one of those old-fashioned mortals who, convinced they have none to spare, are desirous of preserving what they have as long as possible: and this disposition, as my inclinations lead me a good deal into company, has sometimes subjected me to considerable difficulties. However, as I have hitherto continued to 'sleep in a whole skin,' and am now nearly arrived at my first grand climacteric, (an age when it may be supposed I need not be under any great apprehensions of being called out) a sketch of the manner in which I have so long preserved myself alike unwounded in person and reputation, (I mean, reputation for courage, all other kinds of reputation being foreign to the present subject) may not be unserviceable to those who, from motives similar to my own, are led to mingle with society, but who may occasionally feel themselves under some degree of constraint.

VOL. I.

A few years ago, when duelling was much less fashionable than at present, I happened to be at a coffee-house where two young fellows, both ensigns in the army, sat discoursing of their preceding night's pretended amours, in a style of such grossness, and in tones of such vociferation, that the company in general was greatly scandalized; and a very decent young woman, in particular, who officiated in the bar, and for whose ear it was evident their loose conversation was peculiarly intended, blushed so immoderately, and was so greatly confused, that her situation pained me more than I can easily describe. I waited a short time, in expectation that some man of spirit would interfere, for I am myself naturally averse to quarrelling; but, to my surprize, though I could perceive the eyes of the whole room were occasionally upon the two striplings, and most of them with looks of disgust, when either of the obnoxious parties looked round for applause, which they very often seemed to do, many of the company were mean enough to assume a sort of grin of approbation, and the rest, to a man, hastily turned away their heads. This

M

universal

universal cowardice—it was rank cowardice—aroused me. I felt myself bold, and a glow of conscious superiority animated my cheek. I rose from my seat, and took my station at the fire, facing about to the youths who sat opposite, and eyeing them with contempt. The increased sternness of my visage soon attracted their attention; it had probably not pleased them before: and one of them, after whispering the other, had the audacity to address me with—‘Sir, I shall look as sulky as you do, if you continue to stand before the fire.’—‘Sir,’ replied I, ‘you are an impertinent scoundrel! and, having grossly insulted the whole room with impunity, you are, I suppose, beginning to offend every one individually.’

In an instant the heroes were both on their legs; and a scene of confusion and altercation ensued, easy to conceive, but impossible to be expressed.

It was insisted by the companion of him who had affronted me, that I should submit to ask pardon of the gentleman whom I had denominated a scoundrel, or meet him the next day behind Montague House. He appealed, with great vehemence, to the company, if the word scoundrel was proper to be used by a gentleman, or if any man of honour could tamely put up with the application of it to himself. The extorted answer was almost universally—‘Certainly not!’ And it seemed the general opinion that the difference could only be accommodated in one of the ways proposed.

Elated with his success, he turned to me with great ferocity, and demanded to know whether I chose to make the necessary concessions, or to meet his friend in the field.

‘I alike despise,’ hastily returned I, ‘your friend, and yourself: and so far am I from acceding to your proposals, or being convinced that I have bestowed an improper appellation on your infamous companion, that I repeat, he is a base scoundrel,

and that you are as shabby a rascal as himself!’

His sword was now out in a moment: and, though I was unarmed, the dastardly villain actually made a lunge at me; swearing bitterly that he would run me through the body, if I did not immediately intreat his forgiveness. But I snatched instantaneously the poker from the fire, and with a single stroke shivered his sword; at the same moment driving him to the wall, by thrusting the red-hot weapon close to his face, which appeared evidently pale with fear, notwithstanding the rubicund reflection of the poker. In the mean time, his companion was not idle: but, having likewise drawn, he was advancing to salute me *à posteriori*; when the company, perceiving I was more likely to quiet the young sparks than they had at first dared to hope, very manfully interposed, and prevented the attack in my rear.

Having obliged the young gentleman to ask my pardon, instead of my asking his, under pain of a more intimate acquaintance with the still red poker, I turned to the other, who had by this time been compelled to deliver up his weapon, and exacted from him a similar apology. He, however, continued obstinately to refuse, though every body was now clamorous against him, till a slight application of the poker to his chin convinced him I was not to be trifled with, and he also acknowledged the impropriety of his behaviour.

As I was disgusted with the profusion of compliments which were now bestowed on my spirited conduct by the company, I soon quitted the room: and was next day informed by a friend, who happened to step in a short time after my departure, that the discomfited champions, and all the company, joined very cordially together in censuring the grossness of my behaviour, particularly my total disregard to good-manners in the choice of my expressions.

Thus ended a business, which seemed to threaten something more serious;
for

for though the young gentlemen protested vehemently that they would have their revenge whenever they should meet with me, they took great care to avoid visiting every place where it was likely I might be found. Yet these youths were said to have actually seen service, and to have each killed his man; certain it is, they had for a long time over-awed the company which usually frequented the coffee-house where I accidentally encountered them, and had totally driven away no inconsiderable number of customers.

It would fill a volume of no contemptible size, to recount minutely the various skirmishes in which I have at different times been engaged; and yet, if I know myself, I am as much disposed to treat every one with civility, and as studious in avoiding all occasions of offence, as any person living.

Indeed, I am not unwilling to believe that I am constitutionally what the world calls a coward: for I really have never been able to discover in myself the pleasing sensation which some men of spirit seem to feel in taking a waiter by the nose or ears, or kicking a footman's posteriors, for accidentally treading on my toes, running against me on entering or quitting a room, when I have chanced to stand in their way, or any similar offence. I may, on such occasions, have been prompted to use very severe language; but I have usually been afterwards weak enough to think, that my resentment was even then more than adequate to the crime.

But it will be said, what has this to do with duelling? there is no danger, at least for the present, of being challenged by a waiter or footman! I am afraid, however, that the same irascible spirit which leads a gentleman to delight in tweaking the nose of the former, or kicking the breech of the latter, will sometimes make him so far forget himself as to take a 'wrong pig by the ear.'

The inference is plain—A man of spirit, (that is, one who has long en-

joyed the supreme felicity of seeing every one approach him with fear and trembling) suddenly finding a strong opposition to his high behests, ventures to try the force of personal threats: he challenges his antagonist; and, borne up by that enthusiasm which is always denominated courage, though it should sometimes have a very different appellation, he goes to the field, where he probably leaves an existence which has too long been offensive to society.

So far duelling may be said to be rather serviceable than prejudicial to mankind; and, if it always happened that the aggressor was not the survivor, the practice would be much less liable to objection. But for this material property, I believe, it's warmest advocates have not attempted to contend.

I shall, however, avoid entering into the rationality of the custom; of that, every one who has common understanding is perhaps full as able to judge as myself, and any arguments would be thrown away on persons of inferior capacity.

I have already given some reasons for the suspicion I have ever entertained, that I am myself naturally a coward: I really never enjoyed personal contests; for though, when a lad, I had now and then manual struggles for superiority, and was always fortunate enough to prove the victor, I never engaged but with reluctance.

This antipathy, however, to decisions by combat, has never prevented me from giving my sentiments freely on any subject, in whatever company I have fallen; and though I am not wholly unacquainted with the art of verbal retreat, it is perhaps the only species of defence I have ever been afraid of adopting.

That I have, from the various disputations in which I have been engaged, received at least twenty challenges, and more than twice as many menaces, will not be greatly wondered at by those who know life, when I inform them that I have now and then sat for a whole hour together with young subaltern officers, both

of the army and navy; gamesters of all the different species; fortune-hunters; men of gallantry; great wits; led captains; and politicians. Indeed, I doubt not, that many young men of the town, who associate constantly with such companions, have at half my age had at least double the number.

In extricating myself from these difficulties, I have never once had occasion to apply for redress to the laws of my country; though, as they certainly are as well calculated to preserve the weak, the infirm, the aged, and the meek, from the personal insults of the stouter, the younger, and more turbulent, as human sagacity can possibly contrive, I should by no means have felt myself degraded by appealing to those institutions which were planned by our progenitors when national bravery was not at its lowest ebb, with much less folly and absurdity than seems to be generally imagined by their abundantly wise successors, had no quicker and equally efficacious remedies presented themselves.

I have constantly found, that the most boisterous heroes have been soon tranquilized, when they were once thoroughly convinced that a man would not *fight fair*: for though, after positively refusing a challenge, I have been often violently threatened with personal chastisement, on my giving the parties to understand that I was not very delicate in my choice of weapons, their menaces, which I always treated with the most resolute defiance, were seldom attempted to be put in execution. Once, indeed, a young Hibernian raised his cane, which was intended to salute my head or shoulders; but, on my seizing a candlestick which stood before me, he thought proper to defer the discharge of his anger, till he met with one who was less disposed to make him a suitable return.

If this method be invariably pursued, with becoming resolution, it will, I apprehend, prove to others, as it has long done to me, an infallible preservative against duelling.

H—.

FOR THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.

THE following very singular Adventure is related as a fact in *La Nouvelle Bibliothèque de Société*; and is said to have happened in one of the provinces of France. It is related in a letter to a friend.

THE PARRICIDE PUNISHED.

THE adventure which I am going to relate to you, my dear friend, is of so strange and dreadful a nature, that you are the only person to whom I must ever disclose the secret.

The nuptials of Mademoiselle de Vildac were celebrated yesterday; at which, as a neighbour, custom and good-manners required my attendance. You are acquainted with M. de Vildac: he has a countenance which never pleased me; his eyes have often a wild and suspicious glare, a something which has always given me disagreeable sensations for which I could not account. I could not help

observing yesterday, that, in the midst of joy and revelry, he partook not of pleasure: far from being penetrated with the happiness of his new son and daughter, the delight of others seemed to him a secret torment.

The feast was held at his ancient castle; and, when the hour of rest arrived, I was conducted to a chamber immediately under the Old Tower at the north end. I had just fallen into my first sleep, when I was awakened and alarmed by a heavy kind of noise over-head. I listened, and heard very distinctly the footsteps of some one slowly descending, and dragging chains that clanked upon the stairs.

The

The noise approached, and presently my chamber-door was opened, the clanking of the chains redoubled, and he who bore them went towards the chimney. There were a few embers half extinguished; these he scraped together, and said, in a sepulchral voice—'Alas! how long it is since I have seen a fire!' I own, my friend, I was terrified: I seized my sword, looked between my curtains, and saw by the glimmer of the embers a withered old man half naked, with a bald head and a white beard. He put his trembling hands to the wood, which began to blaze, and soon afterwards turned towards the door by which he entered, fixed his eyes with horror upon the floor, as if he beheld something most dreadful, and exclaimed with agony, 'God! God!'

My emotion caused my curtains to make a noise, and he turned affrighted. 'Who is there?' said he. 'Is there any one in that bed?'—'Yes,' I replied: 'and who are you?' Contending passions would not for a while suffer him to speak; at last he answered, 'I am the most miserable of men. This, perhaps, is more than I ought to say; but it is so long, so many years, since I have seen or spoken to a human being, that I cannot resist. Fear nothing; come towards the fire; listen to my sorrows, and for a moment soften my sufferings!'

My fear gave place to pity; I sat down by him. My condescension and my feelings moved him; he took my hand, bathed it with his tears, and said—'Generous man! let me desire you first to satisfy my curiosity. Tell me why you lodge in this chamber, where no man has lodged before for so many years; and what mean the rejoicings I have heard? what extraordinary thing has happened to-day in the castle?'

When I had informed him of the marriage of Vildac's daughter, he lifted up his hands to Heaven—'Has Vildac a daughter! and is she married! Almighty God grant she may be happy! grant she may never

know guilt!' He paused for a moment—'Learn who I am,' said he. 'You see, you speak to—the father of Vildac—the cruel Vildac! Yet what right have I to complain! Should I—should I call man or tyger cruel!'—'What!' exclaimed I with astonishment, 'is Vildac your son? Vildac! the monster! shut you from the sight of man! load you with chains! And lives there such a wretch?'

'Behold,' said he, 'the power, the detestable power of riches. The hard and pitiless heart of my unhappy son is impenetrable to every tender sentiment: insensible to love and friendship, he is also deaf to the cries of nature; and, to enjoy my lands, has hung these eating irons on me.'

'He went one day to visit a neighbouring young nobleman, who had lately lost his father; him he saw encircled by his vassals, and occupied in receiving their homage and their rents: the sight made a shocking impression upon the imagination of Vildac, which had long been haunted with a strong desire to enjoy his future patrimony. I observed at his return a degree of thoughtfulness and gloom about him that was unusual. Five days afterwards I was seized during the night, carried off naked by three men masked, and lodged in this tower. I know not by what means Vildac spread the report of my death; but I guessed, by the tolling of the bells and funeral dirges, more solemn than for inferior persons, they were performed for my interment. The idea was horrid; and I entreated most earnestly to be permitted to speak, but for a moment, to my son, but in vain: those who brought me my food, no doubt, supposed me a criminal, condemned to perish in prison. It is now twenty years since I was first confined here. I perceived this morning that my door was not secured, and I waited till night to profit by the accident: yet I do not wish to escape;

'cape; but the little liberty of a few yards more is much to a prisoner.'
'No,' cried I, 'you shall quit that dishonourable habitation. Heaven has destined me to be your deliverer, defender, support, and guide. Every body sleeps; now is the time; let us be gone!'

'It must not be!' said he, after a moment's silence. 'Solitude has changed my ideas, and my principles. Happiness is but opinion. Now that I am enured to suffer, why should I fly from my fate? What is there for me to wish in this world? The die is thrown, and this tower must be my tomb!'

'Surely you dream,' answered I. 'Let us not lose time; the night is advanced: we shall presently have but a moment. Come!'

'I am affected,' replied he; 'but cannot profit by your kindness. Liberty has no charms for my small remains of life. Shall I dishonour my son; or which way has his daughter given me offence, to whom I was never known, by whom I was never seen? The sweet innocent sleeps happily in the arms of her husband, and shall I overwhelm her with infamy? Yet might I but behold her! might I but lock her in these feeble arms, and bedew her bosom with my tears! 'Tis in vain! It cannot be! I never must look upon her!'

'Adieu! Day begins to break, and we shall be surprized. I will return to my prison.'

'No,' said I, stopping him; 'I will not suffer that. Slavery has enfeebled your soul; I must inspire you with courage. Let us be gone; we will afterwards examine whether it be proper to make the matter public. My house, my friends, my fortune, are at your service. No one shall know who you are; and, since it is necessary, Vildac's crime shall be concealed. What do you fear?'

'Nothing! I am all gratitude. But, oh, no! it cannot be! Here I must remain!'

'Well, act as you please; but if you refuse to fly with me, I will go immediately to the governor of the province, tell him who you are, and return armed with his authority and his power, to wrest you from the barbarity of an inhuman child.'

'Beware what you do! abuse not my confidence. Leave me to perish. You know me not. I am a monster! Day and the blessed sun would sicken at my sight. Infamous I am, and covered with guilt—guilt most horrible! Turn your eyes upon that wall; behold these boards; sprinkled with blood, a father's blood!—murdered by his son; by me!—Ha! look! behold! do you not see him! He stretches forth his bleeding arms! he begs for pity! the vital stream flows out! he falls! he groans! Oh, horror! madness! despair!'

The miserable wretch fell convulsed with terror to the floor; and when fear and passion in part subsided, he durst not turn his guilty eyes towards me, where I stood transfixed with horror. As soon as he had the power, he approached the door:—'Farewel,' said he; 'be innocent, if you would be happy! The wretch who so lately moved your pity, is now become detestable to you as well as to himself: he goes unlamented to the dungeon; whence alive he never shall return!'

I had neither the power to speak or move. The castle was become a place most abominable; and I departed in the morning. I must leave the neighbourhood; I cannot bear the sight of Vildac, nor the remembrance of this night. How, my friend, is it possible that humanity can produce wickedness so intolerable and unnatural!

E.

THE TOWN-TALKER.

NUMBER II.

IN my first paper I informed my readers I had a father; I now find it necessary to tell them I had an uncle: and though it is possible they might, from their own natural sagacity, have guessed the truth, or near the truth, in the former instance, yet their divination might have erred in the latter.

This uncle of mine was a fiddler; and, I believe, it was partly owing to family pride, on my father's side, that I was not a fiddler also; for it had long been a favourite project of my uncle's. He has often observed, from the length of my fingers, and the pliability of my wrist, that nature had endowed me with the requisites to become greatly eminent, either as a fiddler or a filcher; and has gone so far as to prophesy, since my father would not let me be the one, I should infallibly be the other. Whether or no his prediction may have been fulfilled by my turning author, is not for me to determine.

And here I must stop for a moment, to correct an error into which I am convinced many of my readers have fallen. They have conceived, from the above paragraph, that I have an utter contempt for fiddlers—No such thing—'Well! but for fiddling, then?'—Still less, upon my honour! A good fiddler must have a soul, and I reverence every man who has a soul. It is the abuse of these things only for which I have a contempt; that is to say, there is much fiddling, and there are many fiddlers, whom I do most potently condemn. There are others whom I could catch, (as Lord Kelly once did Pacchierotti, when he came off the stage from singing *Dove sei*) and clasp them to my heart. This point settled, I proceed.

The reason of my mentioning my late uncle, is an extraordinary kind of letter I have received, since the publication of my first number, from his *Fiddlestick*, which I shall here insert for the amusement of my readers.

TO SIGNIOR PASTICCIO SCOMPI-
AGGNI INGARBUGLIATA, NOW
CALLING HIMSELF THE TOWN-
TALKER.

SIR,

My present affliction is such, my stile must needs be *doloroso*; and, though in slow *adagio* I am constrained *piano pianissimo* to whisper my thoughts, yet I hope my *diminuendo* may reach your ears, and speak *forte fortissimo* to your soul.

Confined as I am to a dungeon, what heart but must become *affettuoso*, at this my *penseroso recitativo*? May such a *dirge* be drawled with a firm *sostenuto*? Impossible! Yet wherefore, in strains *lentissimo*, complain to you; who, *senza arco*, with your fingers *pizzicato* the quill, disdainful of the *violino*?

You know your uncle's will: doomed to *silence* and to darkness, till you take pity on my *case*, I never more must tremble on the *strings*, never must taste of *rosin* more, nor ever feed on *catgut*. Never shall my heart *vibrate*, when the grand *orchestra*, to assembled *amateurs*, together *tutti* strike in *concertanti maestoso*! Never more, to me, shall the *basso grosso* grumble, the *fagotti* roar, the *flauto piccolo* warble, or the *corni soli*, at pleasing *intervals*, send forth sonorous breath! Never shall the nimble *allegro* be succeeded by the even-paced *andante*, the solemn *largo*, or the sleepy *lento*, strong contrast to the lightning-like *presto prestissimo*! Never to me, in the smoke-clouded theatre, 'mid belles and beaux by candle-light, shall the gentle *siciliano pastorale* imitate the sweet and simple song of the shepherd. No; these, alas! are delights that have no *Da Capo*: they are passed away with a painfully pleasing remembrance, like a beautiful *air* without an *encore*, never to be repeated, unless you change your *mood*, and *modulate* into keys very distant from that in which, with that vile *instrument* a goose-quill, you *play* at present. 'This, I know, will be a difficult *reflexion*;

lution; and you, it may be, will not think it *natural*, which yet will give me *triple* trouble: although in *time* it may become *common*, and not so *sharp*, custom being a pleasant kind of *ap-pogiatura*, on which we lean, like a good *finger* on a *shake*, till the *song* ends, and death makes a *close*.

Yet, surely, did you consider that a musician is a greater adept than the profoundest philosopher, or most learned chymist; that he can transmute not only the brass of a *trumpet*, or the copper of a *kettle-drum*, but even the very *wind*, into gold; that he, with more truth than the camelion, may be said to live upon *air*, or at least upon *airs*; that he can hash up *rosin*, *horse-hair*, and *catgut*, value three farthings, into a feast fit for an emperor, as many musical cooks can testify; that he can *scrape*, assisted by diligence and œconomy, an old board, till it becomes a hundred acres of arable land; that he can *puff* the guineas out of other men's pockets into his own, and *blow* bank-bills from England, to Italy, Germany, or where he pleases; surely your own interest would make you consider the goodwill your late worthy uncle bore you, and follow his counsel. Think, therefore, Signior, and let not the vanity of being a wit put your reason out of *tune*; making the *bridge* of your nose narrow, your *belly flat*, and your *back* bare: banish these *crotchets* from your fancy; set your *organs* to new *airs*, and run not your *divisions* in a bad *falsetto* voice, when you have good *natural tones*. *Breves* are better than *briefs*, and *minims* will banish the megrims. Remember, that fiddler's logic can harmonize *semiquavers* into rump-steaks, and with a *trill* froth-up a pot of porter. Be advised, have mercy on yourself and me.

I am, &c.

ARCO ARCHETTO.

I thought to have made some animadversions on the above letter, and drawn a few conclusions from my text, concerning the present state of the musical world, with observations on

operas, opera-dances, dancers, and other sublime and fashionable topics; but am prevented, at least for the present, by the receipt of the following letter, which I think altogether as extraordinary as the former.

TO THE TOWN-TALKER.

SIR,

I HAVE no doubt but you will be happy to receive the following notice concerning the republication of a book long out of print, and now become very scarce, it being undoubtedly an invaluable work.

‘In the press, and shortly will be published—

A NEW TREATISE OF ANATOMY; In which the errors of former writers will be demonstrated, particularly with respect to the local situation of the Heart and Brains; for whereas ancient writers on anatomy have asserted that the brains are deposited in the head, and the heart in the breast, it will be proved that they are neither of them-invariably fixed in one certain and determinate part of the human body, but are subject to various removes and mutations, according to the temper and temporary dispositions of the several owners.

‘Thus it will be shewn that the heart of a coward exhibits a most extraordinary phenomenon, in that it is at the same instant up at his mouth and down in his heels; that the heart of a statesman is in his head; of an alderman in his belly; of a lawyer, and of a physician, in the palm of their right-hand; of an old woman and a wit on the tip of the tongue; of a politician in the fist, whence it frequently bounds from the table into a pot of porter, and is again swallowed by the owner with the froth in which it was concealed.

‘Neither do all persons carry their hearts about them: a miser's is usually locked carefully in an iron-chest; a gambler's is sometimes in a dice-box, and at others pent up in the last hole of a cribbage-board; a spendthrift's is usually mislaid till he is ruined, and then found preserved, or rather perforated, by the corrosive and poisonous

sonous spirits in which it had been kept; a fiddler's heart is often seen dancing, like an ignis fatuus, at the end of his elbow; a prostitute's is generally kept sleeping in strong waters; and a player's is every night shot out of his mouth like a bullet from a cannon into the upper-gallery, whence it is wafted back again on air, agitated by the clapping of hands.

'The brains likewise, as well as the heart, as will be proved, are not only in various parts of, but sometimes distinct and distant from, the body: thus, the brains of a jockey are in his leather breeches; of a taylor, in his pattern-book; of a tavern-waiter, in a cork-screw; of a hackney-coachman, in the handle of his whip; of a milliner, in crimped gauze; of a pastry-cook, in puff-paste; of an alchymist, in the philosopher's stone, for which reason they have never yet been found: physicians and pick-pockets carry theirs at their fingers ends; an Irishman wears his in his face; a militia-officer, in his cockade; and a veteran, at the point of his sword. The brains of aldermen, heiresses, prime-ministers, and many others, are kept in their purses; a printer's are hid in errata; a book-seller's are commonly bound up in rough calf, and a book-buyer's in calf gilt. The brains of connoisseurs are preserved in varnish, and of antiquarians in copper-rust. A glutton's brains fly to his nose before dinner, drop into the palate of his mouth at dinner-time, and afterwards descend into his belly, where they sleep for several hours, till the fumes of the kitchen again call them up to their first station. Poets have seldom any brains; and those who have, generally have them in such abundance, as to become troublesome to themselves, and offensive to others. An orator, it is observed, never has any brains after he has acquired a place or a

pension; and a king of England never was known, at least since the days of Alfred, to have any after the first year of his reign till the year after his decease, when they usually increase to an incredible quantity till the death of his successor, and then the skull, with few exceptions, again becomes vacant.

'There will likewise be many facts proved experimentally: as, take a counsellor, present him a bad cause, and a good fee, and he will plead *with all his heart*; but present the same counsellor a good cause, without a fee, and *he will have no heart to set about it*. Hence it will be deduced that the same man is sometimes almost all heart, and at other times without a heart.

'Again: take a general or an admiral, and send him out in the service of a good-natured, easy, foolish people, who he knows will pay him all the same, whether he is or is not victorious, and you will find him to be an inattentive, inactive, stupid fellow, *absolutely without brains*; but send the same individual general or admiral out in the service of a despot, who will cut off his head at his return if he does not return a conqueror, and you will find him a man of great capacity, with a *wonderful deal of brains*.

'Q. E. D.'

The book, Sir, contains a number of other curious particulars, which, though at first sight paradoxical, are very satisfactorily proved. At the end, by way of appendix, are added two dissertations on Vulgar Errors concerning the *Blood* and the *Soul*; of which, if the book be not soon published, I may be tempted to give you some account.

I am, Sir, your, &c.

EQUIVOCUS.

E.

ESSAY ON FLATTERY.

I Have the vanity to think myself a proficient in the art of *tickling*: by tickling I mean, in plain English,

VOL. I.

flattery. I here send you a sketch of my history; which, if you are inclined to be lazy, or—— in short, if you think

N

think proper, you are at liberty to publish: if you do not like it, you are at liberty to make it a present, either to the husband of Venus, or to the venerable goddess Cloacina.

The first impressions, I have been told, are the deepest. I find it true by experience; the impressions I received at three years old are not effaced at forty. How the distant scene rises to my retrospective view! Not to be tedious, my nurse first taught me to flatter. The poor old woman never attempted to wash my face, or to comb my hair, without the soothing expression of, 'There's a dear; let me wash it's *pretty* face! There's a sweet creature!' and numberless other endearing phrases to the like purpose. When I grew a little older, I still perceived that I never was ordered to do any thing without a little bit of flattery tacked to the command. My school-mistress bade me say, 'A by itself A;' and always added, 'There's a good boy!' My father, my mother, my relations, all addressed me in the same style. My aged grandfather, too, (how well I remember the hoary sage!) whilst I was innocently asking him why he shook his head always, would often put his hand in his pocket and give me a penny, because I was a *brave* boy. These praises, though they were only words of course, as I have since learned, then gave me great pleasure; and I found myself always disposed to love the person who bestowed them on me. I was artful; I thought I might rule others by the same means by which others ruled me; nor was I deceived by the sequel: however, I had not then many opportunities to try the experiment.

I had an aunt, whose ill fortune it was not to be able to get a husband; and therefore, as is usual, she was called an old maid, before time had made her an old woman. Old maids seldom despair till they have arrived at their grand climacteric; hence we often see ladies of fifty in the garb of sixteen: my aunt was one of these. It happened one day, while I was playing near her toilette, and she

was repairing the depredations which nature had made in her face, by the help of art, that I, unmeaningly (it certainly must have been unmeaningly) cried out, 'Law, aunty, what a pretty nose you have got! Your hand is whiter than mine.' I had no sooner uttered these words, than she snatched me up in her arms, and almost stifled me with kisses. Every day, after that lucky moment, she continued to shew me new marks of her affection; spoke well of me; and was continually saying, that I made sensible remarks, much above my years. I was astonished at this alteration; she always before had looked on me with indifference, if not hatred; and, indeed, few old maids, I have since observed, are remarkably fond of children. However, as I did not want penetration, I soon discovered that it was my flattery which had gained her favour; and now it was that I resolved to make flattery the ruling principle of my conduct in future life.

When my father thought me of a proper age to go to school, he put me to one of those schools in which *youth are qualified* for—in short, every thing you can mention. A school I should not call it; the refined ideas of the master looked upon this as too gross an appellation; and therefore, to prevent mistakes, he had inscribed, over the portal of his mansion, in large golden letters, '*The Academy.*' To return from this digression—At my academy I soon found that the art of *tickling* was not unknown to my teachers. Whenever my cousin Tom, or my good aunt Deborah, came to see me, and to enquire, as the way is, how I went on, they were sure to hear, in the most extravagant terms, of all my good qualities. The usher observed, that Master Billy was the finest young youth that ever he set his eyes on. My mistress chucked me under the chin, and said, 'It has got a pretty face of it's own, bless it!' My master, patting me on the head, and looking earnestly at me, used to cry, 'It really is surprizing! such a proficiency in so short a time! but Nature has been partial; and, to be

' be sure, I take a great deal of pains with him, that I do; and the child takes vastly to his book.' These and many other encomiums were given to me whenever my friends paid me a visit: but, alas! after the vast ideas I had been taught to form of myself, my friends were no sooner gone, than lo! I sunk to the condition of another boy: notwithstanding my great talents, my beauty, and all the praises which had been lavished upon me, poor I underwent the correction of the rod, and was called dunce from morning till night. I comforted myself as well as I could; nor indeed had I much reason to grieve, since my friends were pleased, though deceived; and I got half a crown, when otherwise I should have got but sixpence, and perhaps only a kiss and a farewell.

My master's flattery succeeded so well, that I was confirmed in the principle which I had been led into by my aunt, my nurse, &c. I therefore resolved to try my skill among my school-fellows. I soon found my schemes succeed to admiration; but then I was obliged to use a great deal of address in conducting them. My way was to discover their ruling passions and inclinations. I never commended the surly boy for his good-nature; but I commended him for that which he took pride in, his gravity and austerity. I never praised the idle fellow for his diligence and learning; no, those he despised; but I praised him for his vivacity and gaiety. In a word, I always tickled the place which was most ticklish. Wherever I found vanity, I fed her plenteously. The advantages I enjoyed by this conduct were innumerable: each individual looked upon me as his particular friend; indeed, I had endeavoured, by my flatteries, to make him look upon me as such; consequently, in all disputes, both parties readily consented to refer the points in controversy to my arbitration, each imagining I had a particular bias to himself. Thus I enjoyed a superiority over all

my fellows, which gratified my pride not a little. I was beloved and caressed by all; no tales were told of me. I must own, that I learned a great deal of wisdom at school: not from my book; there, to my shame be it spoken, I was a dunce. My wisdom was not the wisdom of the speculative philosopher, but that of the worldly-wise man. I always considered a school as the copy of the world: all the vices and follies of the original are there painted in miniature; though the picture is small, the characters are drawn to the life. I was now at the eve of launching into the great ocean of the world, and I pleased myself with the thoughts of being possessed of a secret that would steer my little bark clear of every rock. I had been told from my cradle that I should be a soldier. Escaped from school, I thought the happy time was arrived at length: how transported was I with the thoughts of wearing a sword and a red coat! But, besides these, I had more substantial allurements; I thought the military profession would open to me the most ample field for the exertion of that genius for adventure which I perceived within me. In the midst of anticipated bliss, O grief of griefs! my father bound me apprentice to a tradesman in Cheapside. After some time, however, I acquiesced in my condition: but how fallen was I! all the schemes I had formed for the conduct of my life, and even my golden art of tickling, now seemed to vanish. I had nothing now to do, I imagined, but plod behind the counter. I found myself wrong in these reflections; flattery was grown natural to me, and nature will not be entirely stifled. Our customers consisted chiefly of females; this circumstance gave me some hope. Downright flattery, from one in my station, I knew would favour too much of familiarity; I was therefore obliged to act with great circumspection. While I was handing down a drawer or a box, I used to observe, in a faltering tone of voice, that such a pattern or colour would

be very pretty for a lady who wanted to set off a bad skin: 'But you, Madam, are—How do you like this, Madam?' This never failed; the lady was tickled, turned towards the glass, adjusted her cap, stuck a pin, and bought the pattern on the strength of my recommendation. By such methods, I fixed fugitive customers, pleased constant ones, increased my master's trade, and did no harm to any-body.

Seven years passed away in this manner. I forbear to relate every particular in my history during that space of time; suffice it to say, that the old trick never failed. Just after the expiration of my apprenticeship, my aunt Deborah died, and left me a very pretty legacy, sufficient to set me up in trade, thanks to my divine art! I had almost forgot to tell you, that she died an old maid, notwithstanding her *pretty nose* and *white hands*.

I took a shop, and furnished it: one piece of furniture was still wanting, without which, as the saying is, one is never rightly settled; in truth, I wanted a wife, and a wife I was resolved to have. In my amours, I must confess, that I offered up incense to the shrine of Plutus as well as that of Cupid. After some time, I got scent of a good wealthy widow; she was somewhat advanced in life. As for the lady's person, that was the least recommendation. However, I perceived, after a very slight acquaintance with her, that she was one of those who did not give a most implicit credit to looking-glasses. I knew how to proceed accordingly: I swore that her eyes were irresistible; that her cheeks were more blooming than the rose. I swore—but, to avoid prolixity, after a short courtship, I won the lady and ten thousand pounds. I lived happily in my new state: but cruel fate denies a long continuance of bliss; my wife died, peace to her shade! I am married again; and to this day enjoy the company of my dear partner. I won my present deary's heart by praising her

eyes; the conquest cost me my sincerity, but let that be a secret.

I pass over a million of adventures, in which I exerted my adulatory talent with success, to hasten to the last, and to me the most interesting. In the course of my trade, I scraped an acquaintance with an old square-toes, who was one of those rich men who accumulate immense sums nobody knows how. I resolved to sound the breast of this new friend; there was no need of searching deep to discover that avarice had long swallowed up every other vice, passion, and appetite. This discovery gave me my cue; I raked up all the remarks which I had heard in sermons and in conversations with my brother-trademen, on the subject of frugality and temperance: on these I declaimed on every occasion; I talked of the exorbitant price of every necessary of life, and complained of the luxury and extravagance of the age. One day, as I was running on at this rate, he got up from his chair, and with a vehemence not common to men of that frigid disposition which it is necessary to have in order to be a miser, slapped me on the shoulders, and swore I was the honestest, prudentest, sensiblest fellow, he ever met with. In a few weeks the old hunks died, and bequeathed his fortune to me.

Thus, Sir, I have acquired an ample fortune; thus I have passed my life free from those animosities which an envious and contentious disposition never fails to foment; thus I have gained the love and esteem of all I knew. My art of tickling has made me happy; and, I flatter myself, it has made others so. I have increased the happiness of all who have fallen within the circle of my acquaintance, by gratifying their vanity. Wherever I was able, I have thrown an ingredient into the bitter cup of life, which never fails to sweeten it, namely, self-applause. Yet, I confess, I have often done this at the expence of truth: I confess—confession is a sign of repentance, and repentance claims forgiveness.

forgiveness. Being now above dependence, to expiate my crime, I have taken the resolution to give the tribute of praise only where it is due. As a specimen of the justness of my

commendations, I assure you, that I entirely approve of your design, and that none wishes success to it more ardently than your humble servant,
TICKLER.

CHARACTERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. SAMUEL BUTLER,

AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

VII.

A DEGENERATE NOBLE,

OR ONE THAT IS PROUD OF HIS BIRTH,

IS like a turnep; there is nothing good of him but that which is under-ground; or rhubarb, a contemptible shrub, that springs from a noble root. He has no more title to the worth and virtue of his ancestors, than the worms that were engendered in their dead bodies; and yet he believes he has enough to exempt himself and his posterity from all things of that nature for ever. This makes him glory in the antiquity of his family, as if his nobility were the better the farther off it is in time, as well as desert, from that of his predecessors. He believes the honour that was left him, as well as the estate, is sufficient to support his quality, without troubling himself to purchase any more of his own; and he meddles as little with the management of the one as the other, but trusts both to the government of his servants, by whom he is equally cheated in both. He supposes the empty title of honour sufficient to serve his turn, though he has spent the substance and reality of it: like the fellow that sold his ass, but would not part with the shadow of it; or Apicius, that sold his house, and kept only the balcony, to see and be seen in. And because he is privileged from being arrested for his debts, supposes he has the same freedom from all obligations he owes humanity and his country, because he is not punishable for his ignorance and want of honour, no more than poverty or unskil-

fulness is in other professions, which the law supposes to be punishment enough to itself. He is like a fanatic, that contents himself with the mere title of a saint, and makes that his privilege to act all manner of wickedness; or the ruins of a noble structure, of which there is nothing left but the foundation, and that obscured and buried under the rubbish of the superstructure. The living honour of his ancestors is long ago departed, dead and gone; and his is but the ghost and shadow of it, that haunts the house with horror and disquiet, where once it lived. His nobility is truly *descended* from the glory of his forefathers, and may be rightly said to *fall* to him; for it will never rise again to the height it was in them by his means; and he succeeds them as candles do the office of the sun. The confidence of nobility has rendered him ignoble, as the opinion of wealth makes some men poor; and as those that are born to estates neglect industry, and have no business but to spend; so he being born to honour, believes he is no farther concerned, than to consume and waste it. He is but a copy, and so ill done, that there is no line of the original in him, but the sin only. He is like a word, that by ill custom and mistake has utterly lost the sense of that from which it was derived, and now signifies quite contrary; for the glory of noble ancestors will not permit the good or bad of their posterity to be obscure. He values himself only upon his title; which, being only verbal, gives him a wrong account of his natural capacity; for the same words

words signify more or less, according as they are applied to things, as *ordinary* and *extraordinary* do at court; and sometimes the greater sound has the less sense, as in accompts, though four be more than three, yet a third in proportion is more than a fourth.

VIII.

A HUFFING COURTIER

IS a cypher, that has no value himself, but from the place he stands in. All his happiness consists in the opinion he believes others have of it. This is his faith; but as it is heretical and erroneous, though he suffer much tribulation for it, he continues obstinate, and not to be convinced. He flutters up and down like a butterfly in a garden; and while he is pruning his peruque, takes occasion to contemplate his legs, and the symmetry of his breeches. He is part of the furniture of the rooms, and serves for a walking picture, a moving piece of arras. His business is only to be seen; and he performs it with admirable industry, placing himself always in the best light, looking wonderfully politic, and cautious whom he mixes withal. His occupation is to shew his cloaths; and if they could but walk themselves, they would save him the labour, and do his work as well as himself. His immunity from varlets is his freehold, and he were a lost man without it. His cloaths are but his taylor's livery, which he gives him; for 'tis ten to one he never pays for them. He is very careful to discover the lining of his coat, that you may not suspect any want of integrity or flaw in him from the skin outwards. His taylor is his creator, and makes him of nothing; and though he lives by faith in him, he is perpetually committing iniquities against him. His soul dwells in the outside of him, like that of a hollow tree; and if you do but peel the bark off him, he decays immediately. His carriage of himself is the wearing of his cloaths; and, like the cinnamon-tree, his bark is better than his body. His looking

big is rather a tumor, than greatness. He is an idol, that has just so much value as other men give him that believe in him, but none of his own. He makes his ignorance pass for reserve; and, like a hunting-nag, leaps over what he cannot get through. He has just so much of politics, as ostlers in the university have Latin. He is as humble as a Jesuit to his superiors, but repays himself again in insolence over those that are below him; and with a generous scorn despises those that can neither do him good nor hurt. He adores those that may do him good, though he knows they never will; and despises those that would not hurt him if they could. The court is his church, and he believes as that believes, and cries up and down every thing as he finds it pass there. It is a great comfort to him to think that some who do not know him may perhaps take him for a lord; and while that thought lasts, he looks bigger than usual, and forgets his acquaintance; and that's the reason why he will sometimes know you and sometimes not. Nothing but want of money or credit puts him in mind that he is mortal; but then he trusts Providence that somebody will trust him; and in expectation of that hopes for a better life, and that his debts will never rise up in judgment against him. To get in debt is to labour in his vocation, but to pay is to forfeit his protection; for what's that worth to one that owes nothing? His employment being only to wear his cloaths, the whole account of his life and actions is recorded in shopkeepers books, that are his faithful historiographers to their own posterity; and he believes he loses so much reputation, as he pays off his debts; and that no man wears his cloaths in fashion that pays for them, for nothing is farther from the mode. He believes that he that runs in debt is before-hand with those that trust him, and only those that pay are behind. His brains are turned giddy, like one that walks on the top of a house; and that's the reason it is so troublesome

troublesome to him to look downwards. He is a kind of spectrum, and his cloaths are the shape he takes to appear and walk in; and when he puts them off he vanishes. He runs as busily out of one room into another, as a great practiser does in Westminster Hall from one court to another. When he accosts a lady, he puts both ends of his microcosm in motion, by making legs at one end, and combing his peruque at the other. His garniture is the sauce to his cloaths, and he walks in his port-cannons like one that stalks in long grass. Every motion of him cries *vanity of vanities, all is vanity*, quoth the preacher. He rides himself like a well-managed horse, reins-in his neck, and walks *terra terra*. He carries his elbows backward, as if he were pinioned like a trussed-up fowl, and moves as stiff as if he was upon the spit. His legs are stuck in his great voluminous breeches, like the whistles in a bagpipe; those abundant breeches, in which his nether parts are not clothed, but packed up. His hat has been long in a consumption of the fashion, and is now almost worn to nothing; if it do not recover quickly, it will grow too little for a head of garlick. He wears garniture on the toes of his shoes, to justify his pretensions to the gout, or such other malady, that for the time being is most in fashion or request. When he salutes a friend, he pulls off his hat as women do their vizer-masques. His ribbands are of the true complexion of his mind, a kind of painted cloud or gaudy rainbow, that has no colour of itself, but what it borrows from reflection. He is as tender of his cloaths as a coward is of his flesh, and as loth to have them disordered. His bravery is all his happiness; and, like Atlas, he carries his heaven on his back. He is like the golden fleece, a fine outside on a sheep's back. He is a monster, or an Indian creature, that is good for nothing in the world but to be seen. He puts himself up into a sedan, like a fiddle in a case, and is taken out again

for the ladies to play upon; who, when they have done with him, let down his treble string, till they are in the humour again. His cook and valet de chambre conspire to dress dinner and him so punctually together, that the one may not be ready before the other. As peacocks and ostriches have the gaudiest and finest feathers, yet cannot fly; so all his bravery is to flutter only. The beggars call him 'My Lord,' and he takes them at their words, and pays them for it. If you praise him, he is so true and faithful to the mode, that he never fails to make you a present of himself, and will not be refused, though you know not what to do with him when you have him.

IX.

A COURT-BEGGAR

WAITS at court, as a dog does under a table, to catch what falls, or force it from his fellows if he can. When a man is in a fair way to be hanged that is *richly* worth it, or has hanged himself, he puts in to be his heir, and succeed him, and pretends as much merit as another; as, no doubt, he has great reason to do, if all things were rightly considered. He thinks it vain to deserve well of his prince, as long as he can do his business more easily by begging; for the same idle laziness possesses him that does the rest of his fraternity, that had rather take an alms than work for their livings; and therefore he accounts merit a more uncertain and tedious way of rising, and sometimes dangerous. He values himself and his place not upon the honour or allowances of it, but the convenient opportunity of begging, as King Clause's courtiers do when they have obtained of the superior powers a good station where three ways meet, to exercise the function in. The more ignorant, foolish, and undeserving he is, provided he be but impudent enough, which all such seldom fail to be, the better he thrives in his calling; as others in the same way gain more by their sores and broken limbs, than those

those that are sound and in health. He always undervalues what he gains, because he comes easily by it; and how rich soever he proves, is resolved never to be satisfied, as being, like a *frat minor*, bound by his order to be always a beggar. He is, like King Agrippa, almost a Christian; for though he never begs any thing of God, yet he does very much of his vicegerent the king that is next him. He spends lavishly what he gets, because it costs him so little pains to get more: but pays nothing; for, if he should, his privilege would be of no use at all to him, and he does not care to part with any thing of his right. He finds it his best way to be always craving, because he lights many times upon things that are disposed of or not beggable; but if one hit, it pays for twenty that miscarry: even as those virtuosos of his profession at large ask as well of those that give them nothing, as those few that out of charity give them something. When he has past almost all offices, as other beggars do from constable to

constable, and after meets with a stop, it does but encourage him to be more industrious in watching the next opportunity, to repair the charge he has been at to no purpose. He has his emissaries, that are always hunting out for discoveries; and when they bring him in any thing that he judges too heavy for his own interest to carry, he takes in others to join with him, (like blind men and cripples that beg in consort;) and if they prosper, they share, and give the jackal some small snip for his pains in questing: that is, if he has any farther use of him; otherwise he leaves him, like Virtue, to reward himself; and because he deserves well, which he does by no means approve of, gives him that which he believes to be the fittest recompence of all merit, just nothing. He believes, that the king's restoration being upon his birth-day, he is bound to observe it all the days of his life, and grant, as some other kings have done upon the same occasion, whatever is demanded of him, though it were the one-half of his kingdom.

DISTRESS OF A COUNTRY PHYSICIAN.

I Am a physician; and as my case is very extraordinary, I mean to publish it for the benefit of the public. When a man lives, as I did, unmarried till he is sixty-one, he had better never marry at all. There are more ways by which a woman may torment her husband besides being jealous of him. To give you some idea of my situation, take the general outlines of my history. The earlier part of my life I spent at college in the study of physic; and, I don't know why, acquired the character of an odd learned fellow. When I arrived at the age of forty, a vacancy happened in the neighbourhood of my birth, and I was invited by my uncle to take upon me the infirmities of all the folks within the circle of twenty miles. Before I set out, I ordered the college-barber to make me what the wags called a Lion, or a Pompey; literally, nothing more than a

good physical wig; under the shadow of which, by the assistance of a handsome cane, properly applied to the immoveable muscles of my face, and a few very significant shrugs and solemn nods, I soon acquired the reputation of an eminent physician. Fees came in apace; so that, in the course of twenty years, I had saved up more money than I really knew what to do with. Whether it was my learning, my person, or my money, I can't say; but a lady of the neighbourhood took a vast liking to something belonging to me. I was not so blind but I saw the conquest; for she would often come and spend a week together with me: in short, I married her—I was past the years of discretion, and so I married her. O what a condescension! A lady of her rank, family, and fashion in life! As for age, indeed, she was but six years younger than myself; and for fortune, if she
ever

ever had any, she had spent it; and yet I was such a fool, as to be convinced she was conferring the greatest obligation in the world upon me.

No sooner did she take upon her the management of my family, than adieu for ever to all order, peace, and comfort. She began with discharging poor Jonas, because he made so queer a figure in a long queue and white stockings, which she insisted upon his wearing, though the poor fellow could not but laugh at himself. The same day, with Jonas, my old wig was discarded: it must be confessed it rather grew the worse for wear. From long acquaintance, it had contracted such a connection and familiarity, that it no longer kept that respectful distance from each side of my face which had at first so much distinguished it: I had, however, still continued it in service, purely from this reflection, that the older it grew, the less occasion it had for combing. A new wig has been immediately put on the stocks, with a feathered top and forked tail; since the arrival of which, I am never suffered to stir out, let the occasion be ever so pressing, before it is combed and powdered. Our prig of a new footman is so long in twitting, and turning, and tickling it up, that a score of patients have expired, and the fees have been lost ere I was able to set out to relieve them.

My snuff-coloured suit had been reinstated every other year from a pattern that was left in the hands of an honest taylor on the neighbouring heath. He, poor fellow, was likewise forbid the house; because, according to my directions, he made my cloaths easy. A more fashionable operator was charged with preparing a new suit with gold button-holes: he made them to fit so exactly, that I dare not bring my hands to meet before me, for fear of laying open my spinal bone.

My hat is not to be flapped any more, even though the sun shine full in my face.

I am no longer suffered to wash my face, according to custom, every morning at the pump in my back-yard, though nothing was more refreshing;

VOL. I.

nor any thing more handy than the towel, which revolved on a roller at the back of the kitchen door.

On my return home the other day from visiting a patient, I found the maid had set my study to rights, as she called it; but the confusion which the regularity has occasioned is almost inconceivable. My toe-pin, my shoeing-horn, and tobacco-stopper, are lost for ever; my papers are disposed in such order, that I know not where to recur to any thing I want.

Two pair of old Manchester velvet breeches, which I left on the back of a chair, have disappeared; and instead of the easy slippers which I had made out of an old pair of shoes, by cutting the straps off, I found a new pair of red leather, adorned with white stitches round the edges, and made so neat that I can't bear to walk in them.

My woollen night-cap is condemned, in company with my brown hose, to the vile purpose of rubbing the grates and fenders; and my wife insists that I wear one of linen, flounced on all sides, and adorned with a black ribband, which, tying together the aperture within an inch and an half of the top, carelessly flows down on the side. I took such a violent cold the first night, that it brought a defluxion of humours into my right eye, which very nearly deprived me of sight.

The stair-case and floors are all waxed: it saves the expence of mops indeed; but I have such falls, that I have almost dislocated every joint about me.

My neck is stretched out in such a manner, that I am apprehensive of having my throat cut with the paste-board.

When I remonstrate on any of these articles, she stops my mouth by a kiss, and says, 'My dear angel! we must have some little regard to appearances.'

She is, as I told you, but six years younger than myself; yet she dresses, dances, and drives about, as if she was but five-and-twenty.

This, however, and much more, I could bear; I deserve it: I am content. ed she shall consume six-and-thirty yards

O

yards more than my old maid Hester in the spinnings of her gown; she may play a shilling a fish at quadrille; she may do —aye, she may do what she pleases, let me have but my study to myself; let my night-cap and my slippers be restored, and I will submit to wear the new coat and the wig every Sunday.

P. S. I long to take poor Jonas again: he used always to ride before me; and, drunk or sober, he knew the shortest way all over the country. What signifies whether one's footman wears a wig or his own hair? 'Tis true he never blacked either my boots or his own.

DEFINITION OF WIT.

WIT by some persons is esteemed a lively imagination, fraught with images humorous and satirical; by others it is held to consist in a quickness of fancy, and a keenness of apprehension. But what is wit? that is the present question; to answer which, I would first observe, negatively, that it is not humour, it is not mirth, it is not a lively fancy or quickness of apprehension, but it includes all of them; and, positively, that it is a brilliant thought happily expressed. Dryden defines it a propriety of thoughts and words, or thoughts and words elegantly adapted to the subject. Hence, then, it appears plainly to be an utter stranger to all obscenity, levity, and ill-nature. Mr. Locke describes it as consisting in the assembling of ideas together with quickness and variety, wherein may be found any resemblance or congruity, making up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy.

Whence it is evidently no friend to personal satire, ridicule, or contumely; in a word, true wit includes all such pleasing observations and remarks as delight and surprize at the same time.

False wit is only another term for meanness, scurrility, and low humour; it too frequently lights on the defects of nature, or subjects of indecency, and generally betrays a shallow understanding, a degenerate taste, or a trifling spirit: a true Wit is a man of genius, education, sentiment, and acuteness; and, so far from being severe on the natural failings of others, or giving the least encouragement to indelicacy or unmanly reflections, he always approves himself the friend of virtue, humanity, and good-breeding. According to Mr. Addison's opinion, Good-Sense is his father, Truth is his grandfather, and Mirth and Good-Humour are his chosen companions.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

SEARCHING the other day in the Commons, for the will of Jonas Hedges, who died about fifty years ago, I found the under-written curious will, which I took the pains to immediately transcribe, and here send it you verbatim et literatim as it stands in the book. However extraordinary this will may seem, I am credibly informed it passed a considerable personal estate: and administration with the will annexed was granted to Paul Whichcot, Esq. a relation of the deceased's, and is now to be seen in the books of the Prerogative Court. He died in the year 1737.

If you think it worthy a place in your entertaining Magazine, it is at your service. I am, Sir, your, &c.

BRUTON STREET.

W. STONE.

This fifth day of May,
Being airy and gay,
And to hyp not inclin'd,
But of vigorous mind,
And my body in health;
I'll dispose of my wealth,
And all I'm to leave,
On this side the grave,
To some one or other;
And, I think, to my brother:
Because I foresaw
That my brethren in law,
If I did not take care,
Would come in for their share;

Which

Which I no wife intended,
Till their manners are mended;
And of that, God knows, there's no sign;
I therefore enjoin,
And do strictly command,
As witness my hand,
That nought I have got,
Shall go into hotch-pot;

But I give and devise,
As much as in me lies,
To the son of my mother,
My own dear brother,
To have and to hold,
All my silver and gold,
As the affectionate pledges
Of his brother—

JOHN HEDDERLEY.

THE CARDS SPIRITUALIZED.

ONE Richard Middleton, a private soldier, attending divine service with the rest of the regiment, at a church in Glasgow, instead of pulling out a bible, like his brother soldiers, in order to search for the text, spread a pack of cards before him. This singular behaviour did not long pass unnoticed, both by the minister, and the serjeant of the company to which he belonged: the latter, in particular, commanded him to put up his cards; and, on his refusal, conducted him, after divine service, before the chief magistrate, to whom he preferred a formal complaint of Richard's irreverend behaviour. 'Well, soldier,' said the magistrate, 'what excuse have you to offer for this strange and scandalous behaviour? If you can make any apology, or assign any reason for it, 'tis well; if you cannot, assure yourself that I will cause you to be severely punished.'—'Since your honour is so good,' replied Richard, 'as to permit me to speak for myself, an't please your worship, I have been eight days upon the march, with a bare allowance of sixpence a day, which, your honour will surely allow, is hardly sufficient to maintain a man in meat, drink, washing, and other necessities; and, consequently, he may want either a bible, prayer-book, or any other book.' On saying this, Richard pulled out his cards, presented one of the aces to the magistrate, and continued his address to him as follows—'When I see an ace, may it please your honour, it reminds me that there is only one God; and when I look upon a two, or a three, the former puts me in mind of the Father and Son, and the latter of the Father, Son, and Holy

' Ghost. A four calls to my remembrance the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; a five, the five Wise Virgins who were ordered to trim their lamps; (there were ten ordered, but five, your worship may remember, were wise, and five were foolish) a six, that in six days God created heaven and earth; a seven, that on the seventh day he rested from all that he had made; an eight, of the eight righteous persons preserved from the Deluge, viz. Noah and his wife, with his three sons and their wives: a nine, of the lepers cleansed by our Saviour, (there were ten, but one only returned to offer his tribute of thanks;) and a ten, of the ten commandments.' Richard took the knave, and placed it by him; and then passed to the Queen, on which he observed as follows: 'This queen reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; as her companion the king does of the great King of Heaven, and of King George the Third.'—'Well,' replied the magistrate, 'you have given me a very good description of all the cards except the knave.'—'If your honour will not be angry with me,' replied Richard, 'I can give you the same satisfaction as to that, as of any card in the pack.' 'I will not,' said the magistrate. 'Well,' returned the soldier, 'the greatest knave I know is the serjeant who brought me before you.'—'I don't know,' replied the magistrate, 'whether he is the greatest knave or not, but I am sure he is the greatest fool of the two.' The soldier then proceeded: 'When I count the number of dots in a pack of cards, there are 365; so many

' days are there in a year. When I count how many cards there are in a pack, I find fifty-two; so many weeks are there in a year. When I reckon how many tricks are won by a pack of cards, I find there are thirteen; so many months are there in a year. So

' that this pack of cards is both bible almanack, and prayer-book, to me.'

The magistrate then called his servants, ordered them to entertain the foldier well, gave him a piece of money, and said that he was the cleverest fellow in the whole regiment.

CURIOUS ELECTIONEERING LETTER.

It matters not to our readers by what accident we became possessed of the following letter; they, we have no doubt, will be satisfied, if it contains a true picture of the scenes it pretends to paint. That it is genuine, few, we believe, who have eyes and ears open to conviction, will dispute.

DEAR JACK,

EXPECT neither wit, sense, consistency, nor any one quality arising from order and a sound understanding, for I am all confusion; my head, my house, my actions, all are, as the poet says, 'Confusion worse confounded.' Hubbub and Hurley-burley strive for mastery, and Old Anarchy sits umpire, 'by his decisions more t' embroil the fray.' In short, the warfare of election is begun: uproar and riot, brawling and bullying, roast-beef and brandy, true-blues and blackguards, broken heads and bribes; these are the current coin of the kingdom, and no where in greater plenty than at —.

I am playing for a dreadful stake; Jack! lose this, lose all; and, by Heaven, I fear I shall be jockeyed! If I don't get into Parliament, it is all over with me; if I do, why, then, the cards are in my own hand again; then, huzza! for a long speech, a loud speech, a rancorous speech, and a place. If I fail, I am afraid that little word *place* can find no synonyme but *pistol*.

The very devil of electioneering inspires, nay, wholly possesses, my opponent. He has a throat of—a throat!—no—a *forehead* of brass, a throat of iron, a tongue—oh, damn his tongue! He wheedles, lyes, cant, rants, drinks, sings, and promises! I myself have engaged for a bishop, a judge, and a keeper of the lions, at five hundred a year each; besides excisemen, and places in the customs, out of number: but I find I am

a fool to him; he has made fifteen privy-counsellors, and given his word of honour for seven and twenty East India principalities; so that there is hardly a clod-hopper or taylor among his constituents, who would thank him to make his son a general or an admiral. His words glide into their guts—for there their brains lie—faster than his wine. One of them, I am told, absolutely refused the place of lord-chancellor, till he heard the title of Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, &c. at full length; and he was not then quite satisfied that it was worth his acceptance. The fellow's impudence is beyond all belief; and even I, hackneyed as I have been for some seasons past in coalitions, changing sides, saying and unsaying, and all the detestable iniquities of corruption to which by my follies I have reduced myself, I yet want that impenetrability of countenance necessary for such gross imposition. But, what is more extraordinary, he makes, by the glossing he gives, even these glaring absurdities wear a mark of probability. 'Was it not my father,' says he, 'who then had the honour to represent the—' for which I now solicit your suffrages, 'that recommended Mr. B——, the great nabob, to the directors of the East India Company? and, give me leave to say, gentlemen, I have ten, twenty, aye, fifty times the interest with that respectable body of men my worthy father ever had.' And in this

this manner he runs on, with a tongue so glib, that he persuades the clods he can make rajahs, soubahs, and Mah-ratta monarchs, faster than their wives can stuff black-puddings.

Had I not put the scheme in execution I hinted to you, and brought down our old acquaintance Harriet, I should have had no chance; but she goes through the business rarely. She is dressed very fine, and that flatters her, and makes my wife constituents suppose her a lady of great rank, which flatters her still more. And then she is so complaisant, so affable, so humble, any body may kiss that will; and those who are too bashful to approach, she'll meet half way. She talks, too, faster than five Frenchmen; and as for the oath she now and then raps out, it passes current at present, and rather as a proof of good-humour than vulgarity; for oaths fly in volleys, like Amens at a methodist-meeting; and, notwithstanding all my cautions, she cannot sometimes help letting the trigger slip, and discharging her over-loaded piece; and I assure you it goes off with the devil of a bounce. I can tell you, we run through a deal of business between us, and we are not nice; old and young, ugly and handsome, dirty and clean, I the women, and she the men, all are kissed, and called handsome, wise, witty, brave; all are gods and goddesses; their little, smear-faced, waddling, chubby brats, are all cherubs, and kissed and coaxed likewise. Oh, Jack, it is the devil of a job! it unites all the labours of Hercules, and exceeds them all: his Augean Stable was a work of delicacy to this, for he had a river to wash as he went.

I'm thrown into the utmost consternation! Harriet is just come down, and is struck dead hoarse! What shall I do!—I can't hear her whisper across the breakfast-table. Do, Jack, for the love of pity, run, seek, find some rattle-headed fellow, that has spent his life in lying, spunging, and singing, for the diversion of fools and benefit of tavern-keepers. There are

enough such; send me one, and I'll make his fortune, (you see I have learnt to promise.) But dress him, daub him a little with lace, and take care he don't give you the slip. I wish to Heaven you could find me one of that order of poets, three degrees below Grub Street, that hit so well the taste of Cranbourn Alley and St. Paul's Church Yard; one that could write down to our understandings, and afterwards bawl his own productions—Do try—try—try—try—You know not the anxiety I am under. By the almighty thunder, if I am not returned, I am extinct! If ever you expect to spend another happy hour with your old friend, try. The above pair of persons would be a treasure to me;—and, seriously, I will make it worth their while: if the poet has a wife that can sing, so much the better.

Adieu, yours in all confusion, haste, anxiety, distraction, noise, hubbub, &c. &c. &c. &c.

P. S. Just as I was folding this, in comes a fellow whose vote I had purchased at—guineas, and tells me 'his son is a lad of a foorproizing geenas, for he has whittled the head of an ass, ears and all, as parfit as the loife, on the top of an ashen plant; and so, if I will be so kind as to make him master o'the mint, or otherwoise proime statutory to the king, which he hears is a'most as good as proime-minister, whoy he shall teak it as a feavor dun to he; but if not—whoy—he canna tell what to seea to't.' The rascal's looks told me his meaning plain enough; and I have been obliged to make this ridiculous promise: nay, I could scarce get him away without giving it under my hand. The absurd thing he had heard about *proime statutory*, convinces me the other party has been tampering with him, and will give you a small trait of his capacity for these affairs. Once again adieu—send me the recruits if possible. E.

SELECT ANECDOTES, REPORTEES, AND BON-MOTS.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER III.

I.

A PAINTER of great wit, being employed by the capuchins of a convent to paint them an altar-piece, the subject of which was to be the Temptation of Christ in the Wilderness, painted the Devil in the habit of a Capuchin Friar; and when the reverend fathers came in a great rage to demand the reason of this piece of profane insolence, the painter replied, 'Wherefore, my good and ghostly fathers, should you be offended? for what better disguise could Satan find to impose upon our Saviour, than the holy habit of Saint Francis; which, as you all know, is the best emblem of innocence and virtue?'

II.

A NOBLEMAN telling the husband of a lady remarkably beautiful, that he could never look at his wife without breaking the tenth commandment; 'Your lordship,' replied the gentleman, 'is welcome to break the tenth commandment as much as you please, provided you do not break the seventh.'

III.

A GENTLEMAN begging Villars, the witty Duke of Buckingham, to employ his interest for him at court, added, that he had nobody to depend on but God and his Grace. 'Then,' said the duke, 'your condition is desperate: you could not have named any two beings who have less interest at court.'

IV.

Two boys belonging to the chaplains of two different men of war, entertaining each other with an account of their respective manners of living, 'How often, Jack,' says one of them, 'do you go to prayers?'—'We only pray,' replied Jack, 'when we are afraid of a storm, or are going to fight.'—'Aye,' says the former, 'there's some sense in that; but my

master makes us go to prayers when there's no more occasion for it than for me to jump into the sea.'

V.

A STUDENT of the Middle Temple being just called to the bar, sent for the peruke-maker to measure him for a new tye-wig. The peruquier, on applying his apparatus in one direction, was observed to smile. Upon which the young barrister desiring to know what ludicrous circumstance gave rise to his mirth, the barber replied, that he could not but remark the extreme length of his honour's head: 'That's well,' said the student; 'we lawyers have occasion for long heads.' The barber, who had by this time completed the dimensions, now burst out into a fit of laughter; and, an explanation being insisted on, at last declared, that he could not possibly contain himself, when he discovered that his honour's head was just as thick as it was long.

VI.

A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER in a certain borough-town, being one of the last voters at a violently contested election, was strongly pressed by each candidate to honour him with his vote. The fellow, who was for some time at a loss to tell which fine gentleman most merited his suffrage, at last recollecting that he had often heard of kissing hands among the great folks, declared that he would not vote for either, unless they would kiss his hand. One of them accordingly came forward; and, having vainly endeavoured to persuade the sweep to dispense with so disagreeable a ceremony, actually saluted his sooty fingers: after which, confidently claiming the expected reward, 'No, no!' says the chimney-sweeper, 'I shan't vote for you; for, I'm very sure he that would kiss my hand, would kiss any minister's a—se.'

POETRY.

THE TIMES.

BY MRS. S. E. SPENCER.

HAIL, happy year! Hail, Eighty-four!
Of Englishmen the glory;
Such virtuous times, and deeds, before,
Were never read in story.

Hail, happy husbands! happier wives!
Forgot each vice and passion,
Ye lead most chaste and charming lives,
E'en keeping's out of fashion.

No more men wound blest'd Virtue's ear
With loose or free discourses;
No more we constant women hear
Of parting or divorces.

Thank Heaven, this age is prudent grown!
Fine ladies scorn deceit;
And lords, no more to falshood prone,
Are wise, and good, and great.

The courtier scorns the double tongue,
Which former courtiers knew;
And great and small, and old and young,
Are each as good as true.

At playhouse now no crowds are seen,
To gape at Folly's treat;
But churches are so full, I ween,
You scarce can get a seat.

Provisions are so wondrous cheap,
The poor have peace and plenty;
And magistrates such order keep,
The prisons all are empty.

Venality and faction, now,
Are banish'd from the nation;
We all are patriots, and avow
We hate dissimulation.

In short, such virtue, void of crimes,
Was never known before,
Until the present glorious times:
O happy Eighty-four!

Yet should you think I'm not sincere,
To irony inclin'd;
Revert the picture—and, I fear,
The very truth you'll find!

POLITENESS;

OR, THE CAT O' NINE TAILS.

A TALE.

ONCE on a time, as I've heard say,
(I neither know the year nor day)
The rain distill'd from many a cloud,
The night was dark, the wind blew loud:
A country squire, without a guide,
Where roads were bad, and heath was wide,

Attended by his servant Jerry,
Was travelling tow'rd's the town of Bury.
The squire had ne'er been bred in courts;
But yet was held, as fame reports,
Though he to wit made no pretence,
A squire of more than common sense.
Jerry, who courage could not boast,
Thought every sheep he saw a ghost;
And most devoutly pray'd he might
Escape the terrors of that night.

As they approach'd the common's side,
A peasant's cottage they espied;
There riding up, our weary squire,
Held it most prudent to enquire,
Being nothing less than wet to skin,
Where he might find a wholesome inn.
'No inns there are,' replied the clown,
'Twixt this and yonder market-town,
'Seven miles Nor-west, across the heath;
'And wind and rain are in your teeth:
'But if so be, Sir, you will go
'To yon old hall upon the brow,
'You'll find free entertainment there,
'Down beds, and rare old English fare,
'Of beef and mutton, fowl and fish,
'As good as any man need wish;
'Warm stabling, too, and corn, and hay;
'Yet not a penny will you pay:
'Tis true, Sir, I have heard it said,
(And here he guinn'd, and scratch'd his head)
'The gentleman that keeps the house,
'Though every freedom he allows,
'And o'er night is so woundy civil
'You'd swear he never dream't of evil,
'Orders, next morn, his servant John,
'With cat o' nine tails to lay on
'Full twenty strokes, most duly counted,
'On man and master, ere they're mounted.'
'With cat o' nine tails! Oh!' cried Jerry,
'That I were safe at Edmund's Bury!

Our squire spurr'd on, as clown directed;
This offer might not be rejected:
Poor Jerry's prayers could not dissuade.
The squire, more curious than afraid,
Arrives, and rings; the footman runs;
The master, with his wife and sons,
Descend the hall, and bid him enter;
Give him dry cloaths, and beg he'll venture
To take a glass of Coniac brandy:
And he, who hated words to bandy,
In idle complimentary speeches,
The brandy took, and eke the breeches.

The liquor drank, the garments chang'd,
The family round the fire arrang'd,
The mistress begg'd to know, if he
Chose coffee, chocolate, or tea?
The squire replied, sans hesitation,
Or teasing trite expostulation—
'A dish of coffee, and a toast!
The mistress smil'd: th' enraptur'd host
Cried, 'Sir, I like your frankness much;
'This house is yours; pray think it such

While

• While here you stay; 'tis my request,
 • And you shall be a welcome guest!
 • Sans ceremony I would live,
 • And what I have I freely give.
 Tea ended; once again our host
 Demanded—'Sir, of boil'd or roast,
 • Fish, flesh, or fowl, do you prefer
 • For supper?'—'Why, indeed, good Sir,
 • Roast duck I love.'—'With good green pease?'
 • Yes, dearest Madam, if you please.'
 'Well said! Now while it's getting ready,
 • We two, my eldest son, and lady,
 • Will take a hand at Whist?'—'Agreed!'
 And soon they cut for deal, and lead.

But now, to crimp my lengthen'd tale,
 Whether the squire drank wine or ale,
 Or how he slept, or what he said,
 Or how much gave to man or maid;
 Or what the while became of Jerry,
 'Mong footmen blithe, and maidens merry;
 Description here we can't admit,
 For 'brevity's the soul of wit.'
 Suffice to say, the morn arriv'd,
 Jerry of senses half depriv'd,
 Horses from stable saw led out,
 Trembled, and skulk'd, and peer'd about,
 And felt already every thwack
 Of cat o' nine tails on his back.
 Each word, each action, was a blunder;
 But O how great his joy and wonder,
 The stirrups held, the horses cross'd,
 When forth the hostess, and the host,
 With smiles, instead of lashes smarting,
 Came out to take a cup at parting;
 Bestowing a thousand welcomes on 'em,
 Unfeign'd, for all the honour done 'em!
 Of thanks, what language could afford;
 Of cat o' nine tails, not a word!

Mutual civilities repaid,
 The squire had turn'd his horse's head,
 To gallop off; yet his desire
 Grew every moment higher and higher,
 While bidding thus his last adieu,
 To ask if what he'd heard were true:
 For not alone the clown had said
 The reckoning must in stripes be paid;
 But one o' th' footmen, whom he sly
 O'er night interrogated, drily
 Confirm'd th' afore said peasant's tale;
 And said his master would not fail,
 Next morn, to bid, in furious passion,
 Strong John lay twenty times the lash on.
 Determin'd, then, to ease his doubt,
 E'en tho' it bred a flogging bout;
 (Of that, howe'er, to be sincere,
 He was not very much in fear:)
 Once more he turn'd his horse's head,
 And to his host thus, smiling, said—

• Last night a peasant told me, here,
 • As I have found, was noble cheer;
 • But added, ere this morn I went,
 • You'd drub me to my heart's content;
 • Yet this you have not put in act:
 • Is it a fiction, or a fact,
 • After the kindness you've express'd,
 • You take your leave thus of each guest?

• And how, if still a rule you've kept it,
 • Have I deserv'd to be excepted?'
 'Sir,' answer'd he, 'tis very true;
 • No stranger e'er went hence, but you,
 • Who bore not, on his well-carv'd bark,
 • Of cat o' nine tails many a mark.
 • None yet deserv'd, or I'm mistaken,
 • That I should pity, and spare their bacon:
 • A set of tiresome, troublesome knaves;
 • Of bowing, fawning, lying slaves!
 • If a man ask'd what they'd prefer,
 • Oh, I love any thing, good Sir!'
 • Would you chuse coffee, Sir, or tea?
 • Dear Ma'am, it's all the same to me!"
 • For beef or mutton give your voice:
 • Upon my honour, I've no choice!"
 • There's Cheshire, Sir, and Gloucester cheese;
 • Which shall I send you? "Which you please."
 • Curse on their cringing complaisance!
 • I've tutor'd some of them to dance
 • Such steps as they ne'er learnt in France. }
 • But you, good Sir, or I misdeem,
 • Deserve an honest man's esteem.
 • Your frankness, Sir, I call polite;
 • I never spent a happier night;
 • And whensoever this road you come,
 • I hope you'll make my house your home:
 • Nay, more; I likewise hope, henceforth
 • To rank a man of so much worth
 • Among my friends.—'Sir,' said the squire,
 • 'Tis what I ardently desire:
 • Not twenty miles from hence my house,
 • At which your sons, yourself, and spouse,
 • Shall find such hospitality
 • As kindly here you've shewn to me.'

The bargain struck, the squire and Jerry
 Again proceed for town of Bury.

And now the reader may, with ease,
 Extract this moral, if he please:
 Politeness cannot e'er become
 Impertinent and troublesome;
 His breeding good he soonest proves,
 Who soonest tells you what he loves;
 And who, in rapid eloquence,
 Their wordy compliments dispense,
 Have more civility than sense. }

RUSTICUS.

CARMINA

EX POEMA POLYPRAGMATTICA EXCERPTA.

HAIL, Lucifer! Infernal shades, rejoice!
 Forth from the regions of Intemperance,
 His eldest offspring, Inebriety,
 Tottering beneath the weight of many a curse,
 And imprecation, reels his devious way.
 And, oh! Philanthropy! that high amidst
 The splendors of eternal attributes,
 Shin'st with surpassing glory over ail,
 Profoundest homage be for ever thine!
 That o'er the fiend-encircled recreant
 From virtue, in th' epitome of death,
 While hell yawns wide, expand'st thy brooding
 wings,
 And sav'st him from perdition! Oh! forgive,
 When wanton numbers arrogate thy name,
 The theme of mortal, and immortal praise!

The

The limpid stream, the flower-imborder'd field,
And all the beauties of a new-born world,
That the first holy, happy pair, enjoy'd,
When peace was omnipresent here below;
Before transgression gave the seasons birth;
When one eternal spring roll'd round the year;
Ere festering ordure, surging into life,
Had sent the strong-venom'd serpent forth
To sting the foot of cherub-innocence;
How would primæval happiness allure
The soul contemplative! and how arrest,
In his mad round of dissipation,
The daring, bold destroyer of himself!

Or is it but enthusiasm? the birth
Of wild extravagance?—Methinks I hear
Some votary of the tun-bellied God,
With indignation burning in his nose,
Cry, 'Hence! thou solemn coxcomb! quick, be
' gone!

' And hark! stale morals for the ignorant.
' Thou prating, primal-puritanic wretch!
' A thorough fousing in the limpid stream,
' To wash away thy fond impertinence,
' Were but thy due reward!—The limpid stream!
' The stream was for the landscape first design'd,
' Not for the jovial bowl! Necessity
' Made Adam virtuous, and our Grandmamma
' Had made the limpid stream her looking-glass,
' Or only bath'd her petticoats therein,
' Had sacred wine diffus'd it's heavenly charms,
' To sublimate their joys!—Wine! sacred wine!
' That bids the soul defy to-morrow's cares,
' And in security, that pedants call
' The enemy of human safety, dwell.
' What has not wine achiev'd? By that inspir'd,
' The hero rushes boldly on his foe;
' And, with his sword, expunges the disgrace
' Of, "Sir, your story is improbable!"
' Or any other deadly stab to pride—
' The pride of honour!—Honour!—damn 'e, Sir!
' That lifts imagination——'

Hold! enough!
Cease, thou novice! for thou know'st but half
The sacred joy that an excess of wine
Infuses to the soul.—Lift, lift! Oh, lift!
If thine eternal safety thou do'st love.

Wine cures a mortgag'd honour, and estate;
And every sorrow honestly should know,
Is deep-enfathom'd in the rosy flood!
The clamours of a guilty conscience all
Are stifled in it's fumes! nor feels the heart
Those dreadful invocations to account
For friendship prostituted, faith prophan'd,
High Heaven injur'd, and salvation risk'd,
That rack the sober villain's inmost soul.
These shall but usher in the loftier still;
Poverty, dereliction of thy friends,
Old age, and ubiquitary remorse,
The flannel'd plague, and dire rheumatic pangs,
With all the long et cætera of disease.
These are the sacred joys that sacred wine,
Drank to a sacred-mad excess, awards;
Which thou may'st long enjoy, perhaps, if close
Thou pliest the deep nectarian, sublime!
On the first floor from nectar-drinking gods,
Alone, unesculapius'd, unconsol'd,

VOL. I.

Till Atropos sheer short thy vital thread,
And broad damnation tumbles on thy soul.
What, if thy helpless widow, left to beg
A wretched sustenance from door to door,
To life's extremest verge, by misery press'd,
By famine, prostitution, and disease,
Invoke th' Almighty to avenge her cause,
And execrate thee with her latest breath!
Shall that arrest the hour of mirth and song,
And bid the jolly bowl go slower round?
Avaunt! ye sober, water-drinking tribe!
Joys Bacchanalian were not made for you!
Be still the heart of oak, and only strive
For mastery, and presidential fame,
When high-wrought Blasphemy usurps the night,
And heterogeneous Discord stalks around
The greasy-grand assembly that thou lov'st:
Then is the time for glorious renown,
And never-dying fame! Ambition, then,
Calls on thee boldly to assert thyself,
And claim the lordship of the smutty joke;
Bids thee discharge the reckoning, and brag
Of thousands in the stocks, while deep-impawn'd,
In form of thy soul-linen, Poverty,
Frequent upon the holy-guardian shelf
Lies carefully convolv'd. Send, then, thy cares
To Boreas, Auster, or that famous sea
Where dread hobgoblins usually are stow'd
By the profound in holy literature!
What, if thy children's curses shall sufflate
Tartarean fuel to enflame thy soul
Through all eternity? Cheerly, my heart!
With all thy might supply the midnight-roar,
Till the remainder of thy lungs expire
In one broad-legacy of stinking breath!
Bid the last box defiance! for thy hide
Shall last as long as any royal sot's
(And if a tanner's longer, Shakespeare says)
That ever yet rose god-like from the dust,
And greatly tumbled to the dust again!

SAMUEL BROOKS.

BACCHUS;

OR, THE DRUNKEN METAMORPHOSIS.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF DEAN
FARNELL.

AS Bacchus, ranging at his leisure,
(Iō Bacchus, king of pleasure)
Charm'd the wide world with drink and dances,
And all his thousand airy fancies;
Alas! he quite forgot, the while,
His favourite vines in Lesbos' isle.

The god returning ere they died—
' Ah! see, my jolly Fauns,' he cried;
' The leaves but hardly born are red,
' And the bare arms for pity spread.
' The beasts afford a rich manure;
' Fly, my boys, to bring the cure,
' Up the mountains, o'er the vales,
' Thro' the woods, and down the vales!
' For this, if full the clusters grow,
' Your bowls shall doubly overflow!'

P

So

So chear'd, with most officious haste,
They bring the dungs of every beast:
The loads they wheel, the roots they bare,
And lay the rich manure with care;
While oft he bids them labour hard,
And names as oft the red reward.

The plants refresh'd, new leaves appear,
The thick'ning clusters load the year;
The season swiftly purple grew,
The grapes hung dangling, deep with blue.

The vineyard ripe, a day serene,
Now calls them all to work again;
The Fauns thro' every furrow shoot,
And load their flasks with the fruit;
And now, the vintage early trod,
The wines invite the jolly god.

Strew the roses, raise the song,
See the master comes along;
Lusty revel, join'd with laughter,
Whim and frolick follow after.
The Fauns beside the vats remain,
To shew the work, and reap the gain.
All around, and all around,
They sit to riot on the ground.
A vessel stands amidst the ring,
And there they laugh, and there they sing;
Or rise, a jolly, jolly band,
And dance about it hand in hand;
Dance about, and shout amain,
Then sit to laugh and sing again.
Thus they drink, and thus they play,
The fun, and all their wits, away.

But, as an ancient author sung,
The vines manur'd with every dung,
From every creature strangely drew
A tang of brutal nature too:

'Twas hence, in drinking on the lawns,
New turns of humour seiz'd the Fauns.

Here one was crying out 'By Jove!
Another, 'Fight me in the grove!
This wounds a friend, and that the trees:
The Lion's temper reign'd in these.

Another grins, and leaps about,
And keeps a merry world of rout;
And talks impertinently free,
While twenty talk the same as he;
Chattering, idle, airy kind:
These take the Monkey's turn of mind.

Here one, who saw the nymphs that stood
To peep upon them from the wood,
Skulks off, to try if any maid
Be lagging late beneath the shade;
While loose discourse another raises,
In naked nature's plainest phrases,
And every glass he drinks enjoys,
With change of nonsense, lust, and noise:
Mad and careless, hot and vain,
Such as these the Goat retain.

Another drinks, and casts it up;
And drinks, and wants, another cup;
Is very silent and sedate,
Ever long, and ever late;
Full of meats, and full of wine:
This takes his temper from a Swine.

There some, who hardly seem to breathe,
Drink, and hang the jaw beneath;
Gaping, tender, apt to weep:
Their nature's alter'd by the Sheep.

'Twas thus, one autumn, all the crew,
(If what the poets say be true)
While Bacchus made the merry feast,
Inclin'd to one or other beast.
And since, 'tis said, for many a mile,
He spread the vines of Lesbos' isle.

THE DISAPPOINTED VISITORS;

OR, THE

THREE PROFESSIONS IN TRIBULATION.

OCCASIONED BY A GENTLEMAN'S INVIT-
ING SOME FRIENDS TO DINNER, AND
INADVERTENTLY FORGETTING THE AP-
POINTMENT.

A Lawyer, physician, and reverend divine,
Were invited abroad in the country to dine;
The weather was pleasant, the season was May,
All nature around them look'd smiling and gay;
The fields in new liveries ravish'd the view,
And smiling and gay look'd our visitors too.
Invited to banquet three miles out of town,
They throw aside business, the book, and the
gown:

Overjoy'd with the jaunt, thus they said to them-
selves,

'Let Sherlock, Coke, Galen, now sleep on the
shelves;

'Farewel to concordance, dull statutes, and Mead,
'While we feast abroad let the pale student read &
They thought it far best to relax and to roam,
And pitied each pensive companion at home.
As the walk now grew less, and their hunger
grew more,

They think of full dishes, and bowls running o'er;
Anticipate all the delights of the feast,
And smell fancied fumes full a furlong at least;
Imagine they see the large table well spread;
Here smoaks the roast-beef, and there lays a
calf's head;

The gammon and fowls, rang'd in order close by;
And Leasehold would wind up the whole with a pye.
But Lebeck, and corpulent Bentley, will tell ye,
Chimerical banquets will not fill the belly:
That love is platonic, some few have declar'd;
But of diet platonic no mortal e'er heard.

Now the house, their wish'd haven, appearing
in view,

One adjusted his wig, t'other dusted his shoe:
But the parson, much wont to contemplate on
high,
Looking up, could no smoke in the chimney
descry.

The complaisant lawyer first knock'd at the door;
'Is your master at home, pray?' (and look'd so
demure)

'Law! Sir, why my master a journey is gone,
'And wont be at home for this week.'—'How!'
'Anon!'

Eneas of old look'd not more like a ghost,
When, searching old Ilium, Creusa was lost;
Nor half-famish'd Trojans were so much aghast,
When harpies devour'd their rural repast.
The thunder-struck pilgrims withdrew very sad;
For hunger, like hemlock, will make a man mad.

The

The parson protested, with sorrowful face,
That to fly from engagements shew'd great lack
of grace:

- ' For first, revelation and reason allow,
- ' That a promise obliges as much as a vow;
- ' It appears next, from Habakkuk, chapter the
 ' second,
- ' He that keeps not at home, may be fairly proud
 ' reckon'd;
- ' And, thirdly, the fathers, from old Martyr
 ' Justin,
- ' Condemn'd breach of faith, down to Jerome
 ' and Austin;
- ' And, fourthly——
- ' Hold, hold, Sir! we did not come hither
- ' To join in this fasting and preaching together;
- ' When hungry *we* are, 'tis a merciless sign;
- ' Poor criminals hang, that fat judges may dine:
- ' But I'll prove from the statutes, Wood, Win-
 ' gate, and Skinner,
- ' Eloping from home, and demurring a dinner,
- ' By defrauding the man of his natural food,
- ' Is actual manslaughter, and so understood;
- ' And by Magna Charta, authentic commanding,
- ' Is robbery plain, anywise notwithstanding.

But the doctor declar'd, it was no time to
frolic,

For fasting too often occasion'd the colic:

Then he quoted Hippocrates, Galen, and Winne,
When the food was all out, that the wind would
rush in.

Tho' Descartes would never a vacuum allow,
He thought his inside would demonstrate it now.
He shew'd, that when passions are rais'd like a
tide,

Disappointed at once, they would often subside;
As the string of a fiddle, or screw of a jack,
When wound up too high, of a sudden would
crack.

Thus having bewail'd their misfortunes alone,
(Dire hunger will sharpen men's wits like a hone)
They deem'd it most requisite not to relate
To their neighbours, returning, their tantaliz'd
fate;

For should it be known, 'twould increase their
chagrin,

To be jeer'd at like Burton, and Bastwick, and
Prynne *;

And of consequence very much add to their load,
To be banter'd at home, and thus famish'd abroad.
But, by gown and by cassock, diploma and seal,
They vow'd full revenge for the loss of their meal.
Thus, vex'd at their fortune, and baulk'd of their
feast,

Travell'd home in the dumps, lawyer, doctor,
and priest.

DEFINITION OF WIT.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY *.

MY easy friends, since ye think fit,
This night to lucubrate on 'wit';

* A divine, a physician, and a lawyer, who flourished in the reign of King Charles I. and were
for some time the objects of public ridicule.

† Allan Ramsay being but an indifferent orator, his friends alledged that he was not so happy
in prose as rhyme; and, being at a club, when it was his turn to tell a story, he delivered this
Definition of Wit.

And since ye judge that I compose
My thoughts in rhyme better than prose,
I'll give my judgment in a sang,
And here it comes, be't right or wrang.
But first of a' I'll tell a tale,
That with my case runs parallel.

There was a manting lad in Fife,
Wha cou'd na, for his very life,
Speak without stammering very lang,
Yet never manted when he sang.
His father's kiln he anes saw burning,
Which gart the lad run breathless mourning;
Hameward, with cliver strides he lap,
To tell his dady his mishap.
At distance, ere he reach'd the door,
He stood, and rais'd a hideous roar:
His father, when he heard his voice
Stepp'd out, and said—'Why a' this noise?'
The calland gap'd, and glowr'd about,
But no ae word could he lug out.
His dad cry'd, kenning his defect—
'Sing, sing, or I shall break your neck!'
Then soon he gratified his fire,
And sung aloud, 'Your kiln's a-fire.'

Now ye'll allow there's wit in that,
To tell a tale so very pat.

Bright wit appears in mony a shape,
Which some invent, and others ape.
Some shaw their wit in wearing claiaths,
And some in coining of new aiths;
There's crambo wit in making rhyme,
And dancing wit in beating time;
There's mettled wit in story-telling,
In writing grammar, and right spelling;
Wit shines in knowledge of polticks,
And, wow! what wit's among the criticks.

So far, my mates, excuse me while I play,
In strains ironic, with that heavenly ray;
Rays which the human intellects refine,
And make the man with brilliant lustre shine;
Marking him sprung from origin divine. }
Yet may a well-rigg'd ship be full of flaws,
So may loose wits regard no sacred laws:
That ship the waves will soon to pieces shake;
So, 'midst his vices, sinks the witty rake.
But when on first-rate virtues wit attends, }
It both itseif and virtue recommends,
And challenges respect where'er it's blaze ex-
tends.

ANACREONTIC.

BY MR. S. COLLINGS.

LAWLESS, o'er the yielding wire,
Wild as with their father's lyre,
When the sons of Eol play,
Let the trembling fingers stray.

Give to Freedom fair the strain;
Freedom unallied to pain:
Wreathe the laurel, myrtle, vine;
Hail to music, love, and wine!

Matters it, to you or me,
 Who are slaves, if we are free?
 Let Columbia's hardy son
 Wear the wreath his valour won!
 Me the clustering grape shall crown;
 Him the laurel, all his own:
 Tinged with blood, or tinged with wine,
 Purple his, and purple mine!

TO MR. HOLCROFT,

ON READING THE DECLINE OF WIT.

BY MRS. S. E. SPENCER.

YOU picture the Decline of Wit
 In flowing numbers, easy lays;
 And while you sing so wondrous sweet,
 It's consequence again you raise.
 Wit was neglected, (happy bard!)
 Because a rarity it grew;
 But now once more it claims regard,
 Since it appears so bright in you.

ANAGRAM.

IF you transpose what ladies wear, *VEIL.*
 'Twill plainly shew what harlots are; *VILE.*
 Again if you transpose the same,
 You'll see an ancient Hebrew name; *LEVI.*
 Change it again, and it will shew
 What all on earth desire to do: *LIVE.*
 Transpose these letters yet once more,
 What bad men do you'll then explore. *EVIL.*
J. M. O.

EPIGRAM I.

VARIOUS religions various tenets hold,
 But all one God acknowledge, namely,
 Gold.

EPIGRAM II.

ST. George, to save a Maid, a Dragon slew;
 A gallant action, grant the thing were true.
 Some say there are no Dragons—nay, 'tis said,
 There's no St. George!—Pray Heaven there be
 a Maid!

EPIGRAM III.

KNOW you why Paul's first son is so de-
 form'd?
 I'll tell you, Sir—Enamour'd of his pelf,
 His grateful lady, while her jointure charm'd,
 Permitted Paul to get that son himself.

EPIGRAM IV.

TO A BAD FIDDLER.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd Old
 Nick;
 Whilst thou mov'st nothing but thy Fiddlestick.

EPIGRAM V.

I'VE seen your verses,' Smatter cries,
 'And duller stuff I never read!'—
 'Are you quite sure,' the bard replies,
 'No fault was in my reader's head?'
H—.

EPIGRAM VI.

BY A LADY.

WHEN, at some fam'd Italian's voice,
 My ravish'd heart would fain rejoice,
 The thrilling transport half is lost,
 To think how much the musick cost!
H—.

EPITAPH I.

BY MR. HOLCROFT.

BENEATH this sod remains a scull,
 As vacant, now, as once 'twas full;
 Except, within the dark abode,
 The adder crawls, or lurks the toad.
 Ye! whose imaginings can run
 Beyond the orbit of the sun;
 Whose thoughts, omniscient, can embrace
 All infinites of time and space;
 And, in quick phantasies, conceive
 More worlds than Nature has to give!
 Ye sculls, that wisdom thus avow,
 Say, why is mine so barren now?

EPITAPH II.

BY THE SAME.

HERE lies a sage, who studied nature's works,
 Where beetle, blind-worm, newt, or scor-
 pion, lurks:
 Thro' all their various properties and forms,
 Moths, butterflies, grubs, caterpillars, worms,
 His fancy fed, and gave a rich repast;
 Lo ye!—he's gone to feed them all at last.

EPITAPH III.

BENEATH this friendly stone is laid
 A Spirit none could e'er subdue;
 The task was oft in vain essay'd,
 It never fear'd what man could do.
 At length kind Death has laid it here
 To ease a haunted Husband's pain;
 Who bade this massy tomb appear,
 That it might never rise again.

H—.

EPITAPH IV.

ON MRS. ELIZABETH NOT.

NOT born, *Not* dead, *Not* christen'd, *Not*
 begot:
 Lo, here she lies, that was, and that was *Not*;
 She died, was born, begot, baptiz'd; and, more,
 Was in her life *Not* honest, *Not* a whore.
 Reader! behold a wonder rarely wrought,
 Which, whilst thou seem'st to read, thou readest
Not.
T. R.

THE



NUMBER III.

E N I G M A S.

ENIGMA I.

FOR THE PRIZE MEDALS.

BY H. THOMAS, ESQ.

I Am myself a perfect whole,
 Altho' I am but half;
 I bear of mighty names the scroll,
 A sort of cenotaph.
 I am both sexes, past dispute,
 And still, Sir, am of neither;
 But am, tho' not in vast repute,
 Companion fit for either.
 As many heads as hands have I;
 But what may more surprize,
 No teeth, no smell, no sight—yet why?
 I've noses, lips, and eyes.

A hero bold, and goddess free,
 I'm yet held cheap and vile;
 Some beg to have me piteously,
 Yet have me all the while.
 Altho' a hero, void of crime,
 I ne'er was known to quarrel;
 I ne'er cou'd fight, or sing, or rhyme,
 Yet ever wore the laurel.

ENIGMA II.

BY H. THOMAS, ESQ.

I'M white, black, or blue; I am red, grey, or green;
 I'm intended to hide what is meant to be seen.
 So supple sometimes, that I'd meet at each end;
 At others, so stubborn, I'd break ere I'd bend.
 Inflexible, like your proud mortals, am I;
 Till, by the tongue soften'd, I'm brought to comply:
 Of prodigal traders a very apt token,
 I only exist to be ruin'd and broken.

ENIGMA III.

BY DR. JAMES WILLIAMS.

IN every town, throughout the nation,
 I hold an elevated station;

Great as an alderman am I,
 Yet never fill'd the mayoraity.
 Whene'er my voice sublime I rear,
 I soothe or charm each listening ear:
 For whether joy or grief prevail,
 I spread the glad or mournful tale.
 At each election, fair, or wake,
 My lusty sides I mirthful shake;
 But when a friend or neighbour dies,
 Full deep my mournful bosom sighs:
 Still in my breast no heart remains,
 And I am destitute of brains.
 More might I add—but men despise
 Those men, who use the least disguise.

ENIGMA IV.

BY MISS HARRIET A——, MARVEONE.

I'M small of body, yet contain
 Th' extremes of pleasure and of pain.
 I nor beginning have, nor end:
 More hollow than the falsest friend,
 If I entrap some headlong zany,
 Or, in my magic circle, any
 Have enter'd, from my forcery
 No power on earth can set them free;
 At least, all human force is vain,
 Of less than many hundred men:
 Tho' endless, yet not short or long;
 And, what tho' I'm so wondrous strong,
 The verriest child, that pleas'd to try,
 Might carry fifty such as I.

ENIGMA V.

BY DEAN PARNELL.

UPON a bed of humble clay,
 In all her garments loose,
 A prostitute my mother lay,
 To every comer's use.

Till one gallant, in heat of love,
 His own peculiar made her;

And

And to a region far above,
And softer beds, convey'd her.
But, in his absence, to his place
His rougher rival came;
And, with a cold, constrain'd embrace,
Begot me on the dame.

I then appear'd to public view,
A creature wondrous bright;
But shortly perishable too,
Inconstant, nice, and light.

On feathers not together fast
I wildly flew about;
And from my father's country past,
To find my mother out:

Where her gallant, of her beguil'd,
With me enamour'd grew;
And I, that was my mother's child,
Brought forth my mother too.

ENIGMA VI.

BY MR. FRANCIS BROWNE.

HARK!—is't the Cyclops clangor that I hear!
Are Vulcan's sons forging Jove's thunder near?
No, it resembles more the trampling feet
Of warlike steeds that on the pavement beat.
But now, to bring your high ideas down,
I'm found in every village, every town;
In cities, too, I'm sometimes known to tread,
Where my approach beaux and fine ladies dread:
What tho' they jeer me, as I onward speed,
Their scorn I mind not, nor their flouting heed;
But, unconcern'd, trudge on thro' thick and thin,
My head the only part not hid in skin.
At country fairs and wakes I'm always seen;
And gave some mirth in last month's Magazine.
Take one hint more, to what's already said:
Tho' oft I walk, 'tis always on my head.

REBUSES AND PARADOXES.

REBUS I.

BY MR. L. N——, ISLE OF WIGHT.

TO the first of the human race,
Add three-fourths of what nobody knows,
And then you will easily trace
What we 'all love under the rose.'

REBUS II.

BY TICKLE PITCHER, CLAPTON.

THREE-fifths of a council, two-fifths of
command,
And one-third of a zone fam'd through Paphos's
land,
Will produce (to the scandal of this vicious age)
What 'mongst people of fashion seems now quite
the rage.

REBUS III.

BY AN ADVENTURER, CHESTERFIELD.

THREE-fourths of a measure, and part
of the face,
Will give you the name of a flourishing place.

REBUS IV.

BY MR. G. S——, OF FINEDON.

A Well-known tree, transpos'd aright,
Will bring to view a useful light.

PARADOX I.

BY MR. L. N——, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THO' I dance at a ball,
Yet I'm nothing at all.

PARADOX II.

BY MR. FRANCIS BROWNE.

FROM six pounds take an eighth,
This strange remain you'll see,
Just nine pounds will be left:
Tell me how this can be?

PARADOX III.

BY CHRISTINA.

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

ONE thing of you, kind Sir, I crave,
Which you yourself can never have;
Yet if you love me as you say,
Pray give it me—I'm sure you may.

SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMAS.

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------|
| 1. A Magazine. | 5. Letter A. |
| 2. A Key. | 6. Echo. |
| 3. The Wind. | 7. Thought. |
| 4. The Water. | 8. A Pack of Cards. |

REBUSES.

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| 1. Fox and Pit. | 3. Miss Smith. |
| 2. A Muffin. | 4. A Lamb. |

SELECT ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

1. BY MR. M. E——T, PADDINGTON.

DULL were the days when school and col-
lege
Were all the nurseries of knowledge;

And dusty folios, dryly writ,
The only avenues to wit;
Whilst learning, like a damsel coy,
Requir'd a longer siege than Troy.

No trader, then, his shop forsaken,
 Could talk as learnedly as Bacon;
 No Templar dictate, o'er the bottle,
 Dramatic laws, like Aristotle;
 Nor worn-out debauchee dispute on
 Prophetic points, like Hurd or Newton.

Dull days, indeed!—whilst these of ours
 Give amplest scope to all our powers.
 Science is now so general grown,
 It almost deluges the town:
 Critics at every turn we meet,
 And connoisseurs in every street.
 Alike the city, and the court,
 Produce adepts of every sort;
 And all, with eloquence and ease,
 Harangue on whatsoever they please.

Such knowledge, tell me whence they glean?
 Each topic has its MAGAZINE;
 Which, trimly deck'd in red or blue,
 Attracts us, and inspires us too:
 Teaching it's readers, at a glance,
 To pray, to fiddle, preach, or dance;
 Talk politics, or wh—re, or sing;
 In short, to shine in every thing.

Hence morals for the matron's mind,
 For maidens sentiments refin'd;
 Sage sayings for the sober cit,
 And brilliant bon-mots for the wit.

2. BY MR. J. C——, STOURBRIDGE.

WHY, Sir, 'tis surely your intention,
 Instead of spurring on invention;
 And, with your prize, raise emulation,
 To crack the brains of half the nation!
 So dark and intricate's your riddle,
 With scandal, praying, and a fiddle;
 A lady, bawd, and politician,
 A wit, a mirror, and musician!
 Whoe'er can solve such contradictions,
 Must with the devil have connections.
 I've try'd, Sir, till my wits and brain
 Would suffer, should I try again!
 Tho' Medal—Zounds, there's no denial!
 By Jove, I must have t'other trial!
 Humph!—let me see—' One learns to sing,
 ' And one's a lady's harmless thing.'—
 O ho! I have it, Sir!—you mean,
 By all my hopes—A MAGAZINE.

3. BY MR. N. D. HACKNEY.

(IN A NEW SONG.)

THOU' your MAGAZINE may have merit
 and wit,
 To one much superior no doubt you'll submit;
 The plan and materials of which I shall sing,
 If dispos'd as I wish, will serve country and king.
 Derry down, &c.

And, first, for the good of our kingdom and state,
 Self-interest and pride I'd subtract from the great;
 With corruption, and lux'ry, and faction so keen;
 Which should all find a place in my new MA-
 GAZINE.

Each rascal who places and pensions revere,
 Three-fourths of the commons, and half of the
 peers;
 Those Harpies and Hydras, who make such a rout,
 And ruin the land, to get in and get out.

To these would I add all the plagues of Pandora;
 Of phytic grown fee-sick, I'd pack up plethora,
 With tympany, phthisic, gout, gravel, and p—x,
 Till my MAGAZINE was as full as her box.

For my own private peace, and the sake of my wife,
 I'd make a collection of family strife;
 With law-suits, and gaming, and each other evil:
 Then my New MAGAZINE I'd present to the
 Devil.

4. BY LETITIA.

AS lately thro' Wit's mazy windings I stray'd,
 To the path of Enigma I ventur'd;
 'Tho' dark as a dungeon, yet still undismay'd,
 In quest of discoveries I enter'd.
 With blinking and twinkling, at length I gain'd
 sight,
 A fine MAGAZINE to discover;
 Which, perhaps, I had past, but was struck with
 the light,
 Of a glittering Medal hung over.

5. BY MR. T. SMYTH, WARWICK COURT,
 HOLBORN.

(INCLUDING ENIGMAS 2, 5, 7, 8.)

WELL pleas'd that Apollo had heard my
 request,
 And to me had a Medal decreed;
 I fancied my thanks would appear to him best,
 By trying again to succeed.
 In compliance with this, I th' Enigma perus'd,
 Not a clue to solution was seen;
 I read it again, and again on it mus'd,
 And at last it appear'd MAGAZINE.
 Then with ease Key and Cards from their covert
 I brought,
 Letter A I with ease could explain;
 And the rest to discover seem'd easy in *Thought*,
 But, alas! my endeavours were vain:
 For, veil'd in obscurity, stubborn they lay,
 Spite of all my attempts to expound;
 So, in truth, for their answers till next month I'll
 stay,
 When in this MAGAZINE they'll be found.

6. BY MR. R. TATTAM, JUN.

AT a meeting held lately by Momus in
 Heaven,
 'Twas resolv'd that a present to Mirth should be
 given;
 Consisting of Epigrams, Tales, Repartees;
 In short, a collection of all that could please.
 In her temple the laughing-eyed goddess they
 found,
 Dispensing true wit to her votaries around.

The

The tribute presented, she read it aloud,
And bursts of applause were return'd by the crowd;
The tales were all genuine, the stile they admir'd,
And a monthly continuance from Momus desir'd:

Such a banquet by mortals was ne'er before seen,
And this present to Mirth, was the Wit's
MAGAZINE.

Very ingenious answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA, were also received from Mrs. S. E. Spencer, Bloomsbury; Mr. H. R. E. Chancery Lane; Mr. J. B. Syd. Coll. Cambridge; Mr. Francis Browne; Mr. F. M. Mr. John Stock, Greenwich; Lector; Emulation; Q. in the Corner; Mr. R. R.—d, Bedford; Rusticus, Mitcham, Surry; Mr. W. Stone, Bruton Street; Mr. B. T. B. Mr. J. A. Ourry, Greenwich; Mr. T. R. Leicester; Mr. W. P. No. 14, Stanhope Street, Clare Market; Mr. John King; Mr. C. H. G. Mr. T. Waring, Leicester; Mr. N. Mr. E. Newton, Leicester; Cambro Britannicus; Tickle Pitcher, Clapton; Mr. W. M. Mr. L. C. F. Mr. L. Alexander, Whitechapel; Mr. H. M. Epfom; Somebody; Miss Sally Brock, Honiton; Mr. John Draper, Enfield Highway; Andronicus; Lubin, Bristol; Ismena; Mr. B. G. T. Cambridge; Mr. S. Hofmer, Clapham; Ononmihlad; Mr. John Almond, Brewer Street, Golden Square; Letitia; Lynx; Mr. R. J. Mr. Joseph Douglass; Mr. G.-S. of Finedon; Demetrius; A. Z. Martin's Lane; Mr. J. A. T. C. Mr. G. M. W. Mr. W. Callow, Bromsgrove School; Mr. L. N. Isle of Wight; Erato; Mr. T. N. Worcester; Mr. W. Marfou, Worktop; Nemo, Chester; and Mr. W. M.

MISCELLANEOUS ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS. TO THE SEVERAL ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA VII.

BY MRS. S. E. SPENCER, BLOOMSBURY.

WHAT can restrain the wings of *Thought*,
Or stop it's wondrous progress?—Nought.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA VIII.

BY MR. T. N.—.

THAT some waste their time in your service,
is true;
While the idle and covetous most honour you;

Yet, I own, I would rather at *Cards* an hour pass,
Than spend it with any political ass.
Besides, you're of use in the country, all own;
And often prevent tales of scandal in town.

ANSWER TO REBUSES II. III. IV.

BY MR. L. N.—, ISLE OF WIGHT.

NEXT Saturday I shall be happy to see
Miss *Smith*, to eat *Lamb*, or take *Muffin*
and Tea;
And, as I've rebus'd her, hope she'll then re-buss
me.

Other ingenious Answers have been received from Mrs. S. E. Spencer, Bloomsbury, to Enigmas 4, 5, 6, 8; Mr. Francis Browne, to Enigmas 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. J. B. Syd. Coll. Cambridge, to Enigmas 2, 5, and Rebus 4; Emulation, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and Rebus 4; Mr. J. Thornton, Birmingham, to Enigma 8; Mr. N. D. Hackney, to Enigmas 3, 5, 6, 8, and Rebuses 1, 2, 4; Q. in the Corner, to Enigmas 5, 7, 8, and Rebuses 1, 2, 4; Mr. R. R.—d, Bedford, to Enigmas 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Mr. T. Pilkington, Fenchurch Street, to Enigma 8; Mr. B. T. B. to Enigmas 4, 5; Mr. W. Bishop, Wych Street, to Enigma 5; Mr. W. F. Southwark, to Enigma 8, and Rebuses 1, 4; Mr. W. H. to Enigma 5; Mr. W. Stone, Bruton Street, to Enigmas 5, 7, 8, and Rebus 2; Mr. J. A. Ourry, Greenwich, to Enigmas 2, 8; Mr. M. P. Budge Row, to Enigmas 3, 5, 8, and Rebus 4; Rusticus, to Enigmas 2, 5, 6, 8; Mr. L. D. to Enigma 7; Macar, Chilham, Kent, to Enigmas 2, 3, 7, 8; Mr. T. Waring, Leicester, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; E. Newton, Leicester, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Tickle Pitcher, Clapton, to Rebuses 1, 2, 4; Mr. W. M. to Enigmas 2, 3, 5, 7; Mr. H. M. Epfom, to Enigmas 5, 7, 8; Mr. J. P. to Enigmas 5, 7; Mr. John Draper, Enfield Highway, to Enigmas 5, 6, 7, 8; Rash, to Enigma 7; Mr. Thomas Oxford, No. 23, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, to Enigmas 5, 8, and Rebus 2; Mr. G. B. to Enigma 4, and Rebus 2; An Adventurer, Chesterfield, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, and Rebuses 2, 4; Ismena, to Enigmas 2, 3, 5, 7, 8; Mr. B. G. T. Cambridge, to Enigmas 5, 7, 8, and Rebus 4; S. Hofmer, Clapton, to Enigmas 3, 5, 6, 7, 8; Mr. R. Tattam, Jun. to Enigmas 5, 7, and Rebuses 1, 4; Mr. T. M. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 8; Mr. F. A. to Rebus 1; Ononmihlad, to Enigma 2, 4, 5, 7, 8; Mr. John Almond, No. 25, Brewer Street, Golden Square, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, and Rebuses 2, 4; Mr. J. K. to Enigmas 5, 6, 7, 8; Rosalinda, Perfore, to Enigmas 5, 7; Mr. R. J. to Enigmas 6, 7; Mr. M. S. Oxford Street, to Enigmas 5, 7, 8; Letitia, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8; Mr. Thomas Noden, Greenwich, to Enigmas 5, 7, and Rebus 4; Lynx, to Enigmas 3, 5, 7, 8, and Rebuses 1, 4; A. Z. Martin's Lane, to Enigma 5, and Rebuses 1, 2; Mr. J. A. T. C. to Enigmas 3, 5, 6, 7, 8; A Cricket Player, Sheffield, to Rebus 1; Mr. G. M. W. to Enigmas 5, 6, 7, and Rebus 1; Mr. W. Cant, Fenchurch Street, to Rebuses 2, 4; Mr. C. Westenholz, to Enigma 5; Mr. J. Rice, to Enigma 5, 8, and Rebus 2; Mr. W. Callow, Bromsgrove School, to Enigmas 5, 6, 7, 8; Mr. L. N. Isle of Wight, to Enigmas 5, 7, 8; Erato, to Enigma 7, and Rebus 1; Mr. T. N. Worcester, to Enigmas 5, 8; Mr. W. Marfou, Worktop, to Enigmas 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and Rebuses 2, 4; and Algenoro, Chester, to Enigma 7.



THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.



APRIL 1784.

With a Large Quarto Engraving, representing a curious Scene from the Tale of the BEGGARS HATS; designed by Mr. S. COLLINGS, and engraved by Mr. W. BLAKE, purposely for this Work.

CONTENTS.

	Page
1. The Story Teller. No. IV. - - -	123
2. Character of the Honourable William Hastings, of the Woodlands, in the County of Southampton, and second Son of Francis Earl of Huntingdon. Drawn up by Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftsbury -	127
3. Essay on the Word NOTHING - - -	129
4. Account of a remarkable Trial by Combat. Translated from the French - - - - -	132
5. Humorous Letter from a young Cantab in Town to his Chum at Cambridge - - - - -	134
6. Essay on Sleep - - - - -	135
7. The Town Talker. No. III. Art of Trifling - - - - -	137
8. Maxims - - - - -	139
9. A Satirical Letter - - - - -	141
10. An Odd Adventure - - - - -	142
11. Letter from Nonsense; with some Account of Himself and Family - -	144
12. Butler's Characters continued. A Cheat - - - - -	145
A Bankrupt - - - - -	147
A Knav - - - - -	148
13. Letter from an Irish Gentlewoman to her Son in London - - - -	ibid.
14. Select Anecdotes, Repartees, and Bon Mots; Ancient and Modern. No. IV. - - - - -	149

POETRY.	
15. The Beggars Hats; or, The Way to get Rich. A Tale. By Mr. Holcroft - - - - -	151
16. Self-taught Philosophy. A Tale - - - - -	153
17. A Pastoral Bailad - - - - -	ibid.
18. The Clever Fellow - - - - -	155
19. Extempore - - - - -	156
20. Epigram I. Rochester's Grace at a Miser's Table - - - - -	ibid.
21. Epigram II. - - - - -	ibid.
22. Epigram III. - - - - -	ibid.
23. Epigram IV. On Shakespeare and Voltaire. By Mr. Holcroft - -	ibid.
24. Epigram V. By Dr. Donne - - - -	ibid.
25. Epigram VI. - - - - -	ibid.
26. Epitaph I. - - - - -	ibid.
27. Epitaph II. By Mr. Holcroft - -	ibid.
28. Epitaph III. From the French -	ibid.
29. Epitaph IV. From the French -	ibid.
30. Impromptu. Addressed to Electors -	ibid.

THE SPHINX.	
31. Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	157
32. Rebuses - - - - -	158
33. Solutions to Enigmas of last Month -	ibid.
34. Ditto to Rebuses - - - - -	ibid.
35. Ditto to Paradoxes - - - - -	ibid.
36. Select Answers to the Prize Enigma -	158, 159
37. Miscellaneous Answers from Correspondents to the several Enigmas, Rebuses, and Paradoxes - - -	160

LONDON:

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No 18, Paternoster-Row; by whom Letters to the EDITORS are received.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE must beg leave to remind our Correspondents in general, that '*Brevity's the soul of wit.*' Extreme length alone often prevents the insertion of articles in other respects not exceptionable, especially in the Answers to Enigmas and Rebuses.

We shall at all times be happy to receive the favours of so sensible a correspondent as *Lucius*.

The Fable of the Fox and the Eagle has considerable merit, but it is much too long.

The *Lady* who fears we shall 'laugh at her, if she sends a new Enigma she has endeavoured to compose,' is requested to put our politeness to the test.

We are greatly obliged to *Miss J—n* for the trouble she has evidently taken to transcribe the long, but very humorous poem, with which she favoured us; and shall be happy to have other articles pointed out to our attention by a lady of so much taste and judgment. It was at present omitted merely on account of its extreme length, but will most probably find a place in our next.

We entirely agree in opinion with *Mr. John Noad*, and thank him for his kind communication.

The Theatrical Anecdotes so judiciously selected from *Mr. Davies's Dramatic Miscellanies*, just published, shall certainly appear in our next.

We are obliged to *Exoniensis*, and shall take an early opportunity of introducing a variety of curious Devices, when those transmitted by this judicious correspondent will of course be included.

E. T. P.'s Poem on the Month of May is sensible, but neither witty nor humorous.

Though we are always happy to assist as much as possible the efforts of real genius, we must beg our correspondents to give their productions all the elegance and correctness in their power, before they transmit them for our inspection. Numerous well-conceived articles are obliged to remain long under consideration merely through want of attention to this necessary precaution.

Those who complain that we assign no reason for suppressing their performances, seem to forget our promise never to say any thing which might give pain to a single well-meaning correspondent. Indeed, from the cause just hinted, (want of pains in finishing) many productions may be suspected to be rejected which are only delayed: yet few would chuse to see a public notification that their performances were obliged to be omitted for the present, however ingeniously conceived, on account of more incorrectness in the execution than the Editors had then sufficient leisure to remedy.

PRIZE MEDALS.

The SILVER MEDAL for the best original article in Prose written by a correspondent, is this month adjudged to *MR. D'ISRAELI*, Great St. Helen's, Bishopgate Street, author of the Account of the Family of NONSENSE—that for the best Tale in Verse, to *C. L.* author of SELF-TAUGHT PHILOSOPHY, a Tale—and the *third* and *fourth*, given by lot to two out of the six best answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA, fell to *P. Y.* and *E. T. PILGRIM*—all of whom must transmit their real names and places of abode to the Publishers, in the same hand-writing as their respective productions, by the 15th instant, that they may be printed in our next number, for the satisfaction of subscribers in general.

☞ The FOUR MEDALS given last month, have been delivered to —

1. *Mrs. S. E. SPENCER*, author of Verses on the TIMES, No. 13, Boswell Court, Devonshire Street, Bloomsbury.
2. *Mr. JOHN MARTIN*, author of POLITENESS, or The CAT O'NINE TAILS, Mitcham, Surrey.
3. *Miss MARIA BARTLET*, No. 15, Bell Lane, Paddington.
4. *Mr. JOHN CARR*, Stourbridge, Worcestershire.

THE
WIT's MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1784.

THE STORY-TELLER.

NUMBER IV.

JOHN Audley and Dorothy had been held in a kind of delirium all the evening; their guest and his stories were so much above their comprehension, yet so calculated to inspire terror, astonishment, and implicit belief, that, like a barbarous people in presence of their idol, they beheld him with fear and trembling; imagined him horribly addicted to revenge; and supposed they should escape very luckily if neither he nor his dog (alias devil) Firetail, played them any mischievous trick before morning. Their best bed (they had only two) was decorated with the best sheets and the patched-work coverlet, warmed, tucked in, and prepared with all the care and neatness which a good English housewife knows to bestow. Had Mr. Errant been an arbitrary prince, and John and Dorothy in hope of a province, or in dread of an ax, they could not have been more assiduous or preventative: obedience, anxiety, and awful fear, marked every action; and Mr. Errant beheld with the constitutional humour of his character, but with an assumed dignity of aspect, their simple and honest efforts at reverence and attention.

One circumstance there was which gave great concern to this hospitable pair; they knew not very well how to treat Firetail: persuaded he was no dog, or at least strongly doubting, they had been far more diligent, during supper, to supply *his* appetite than their own; and he, who seemed to have much about the same curriish capacity and good-breeding as Launce's Crab of famous memory*, would take a ca-

pon's leg off a trencher as willingly as any dog, and with as little ceremony. He thrust himself into their company, fat erect, cocked his ears, and looked with such intelligence, first at John, and then at Dorothy, as each supplied the delicious morsel, and chopped and gulped so fast, and licked his lips and opened his wide gullet with such gusto, that had not Mr. Errant, in pity to his kind and timid entertainers, sent him, with his tail flunk, to his proper place beneath the table, they would have eat as little that evening as Sancho did at the feast of Barataria.

Their anxiety did not end here: so great was their awe of Firetail, and faith in his belonging to a higher order of beings than his supposed disguise announced, that they (willing to give Cerberus a sop) would gladly have resigned their bed in his favour, and have been happy he would have done them the honour to accept it, had they known how to introduce the subject without telling Mr. Errant their suspicions and fears, which they did not think politic to do too openly, although they could not forbear occasional intimations: however, as John Audley mortally feared offending the dog, or rather the devil, in this point of decorum, he took an opportunity of giving him a hint to come aside; and Firetail, interpreting this to mean something more for the maw, followed with great alacrity.

John Audley stood with the candle in one hand. It was his custom to wear his hat in-doors and out; and though he had taken it off to shew Mr. Errant respect, it had instinctively found it's

* Vide Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

way to his head again. Firetail sat on his haunches, opposite to John, in eager expectation, staring him full in the face. Both were anxious to come to an explanation.

John Audley's ideas were in a confused and see-saw kind of state between the dog and the devil; he could not for the life of him tell which personage to address: he had a sort of internal doubt, or rather conviction, that if he spoke to the dog, the devil would be affronted; and if he harangued the devil, the dog would not be much the wiser.

Firetail knew as many dog's-tricks as most, for he had been under an able and whimsical teacher; and, as John stood looking with watchful inquisition, endeavouring to dive into his soul, Firetail, as was his custom when so stared at, began to bark. John turned pale, the candle shook in his hand, and the wide throat of Firetail spoke in a yet deeper and more dissonant tone. John recollected, that perhaps the devil might take offence at his standing with his hat on: this was an unusual thought with John; but terror is apt to rouse the imagination, otherwise he seldom *doffed* his hat to any mortal except the church, the parson, or a conjuror. Firetail's ideas were as much led astray by John's behaviour as John's by his: he imagined they were to have a game at romps; and therefore, when John's hand approached his hat, he made the necessary disposition, and, as his arm descended, leapt up, gave a sonorous *wow-wow*, and a snap at the hat. John's courage was not proof against this attack; he let the candle fall, and roared with all his might: and Firetail, rightly supposing the sport was then at the highest, gambolled about, and barked, as though determined not to be outdone in vociferation, or frisky feats of clawing and pawing. The hurly-burly quickly brought Mr. Errant and Dorothy: Firetail was ordered to kennel; and John, when recovered, durst not seek another private audience to finish a conversation which had only begun in dumb shew, and which

he found he wanted the ability to pursue.

All at length was peace, all retired to rest; and though to fall asleep was no easy task to John and Dorothy, yet they, some how or other, mutually accomplished the affair towards three o'clock in the morning.

It should seem as though Fortune or Chance, or some other god or goddess equally capricious, had resolved to sport that night with the repose of the Audleys; for scarce had they been asleep an hour and a half, before a thundering peal was rung upon the cottage-door, accompanied with a repetition of 'Hollo! John Audley! John Audley! Hollo! Hollo!'

An invocation like this could not escape the attention of the watchful Firetail; and accordingly he flew to the door, and attacked it more vociferously furious on the inside than it was assaulted without: the yells of all the ghosts the Red Sea rolls over could not have struck a greater panic to the hearts of John and Dorothy than did this sudden outcry. To add to it, and render horror doubly horrible, they heard the voice that called on them so loud, talk confusedly of murder, of wounds, and blood, and death. Even the heart of Mr. Errant was almost like to quail, thus suddenly roused from the sweet and wild forgetfulness of sleep by uproar so incomprehensible: in vain did he increase the tumult, with incessantly bawling out, 'Lie down, firrah!' to Firetail: the dog conceived he was upon duty, and no command could drive him from that; he was appointed guardian and defender of the fortress, and neither threat nor bribe should move him to betray his trust.

At length the animal on the outside had the sagacity, though no Solomon, to solve a paradox; which was, that till he was silent he had little chance of being heard; and even then Firetail, whose sense of smelling, as well as hearing, was wonderfully acute, was with difficulty appeased. After much time spent, and many efforts, the folks within learned from the messenger without,

without, that he was the servant of Mr. Willoughby, an old bachelor that lived in the parish; that his master, in returning from Liverpool market, had been set upon by a thief, or thieves, robbed, terribly wounded, thrown in a ditch, and left for dead; that his groans had been heard by a neighbour passing by the place, who had got help, and conveyed him home; that he was not expected to live; and that John Audley must go to the curate of Eccleston, to desire him to come and pray by him; while he, the narrator, was to proceed on to Prescot, to procure a surgeon, and such medical assistance as the place could afford.

Day-light had yet not driven the ghosts and phantoms from the dark purlicus of John Audley's brain; and it was not possible, being in the mood he was, to persuade him forth till the morning began to shed it's chearful light, and renovate nature, and John's diurnal courage. At last he sallied out to summon the curate to prayer, who lived some half-mile thence beside the Warrington high-road. As he drew near the road-side, he heard a voice as of one in loud and passionate dispute; and presently his eye, directed by his ear, beheld a man with a roll of paper in one hand, and a staff in the other, making violent and extravagant gestures; sometimes striking the bushes with his staff; at others, beating his breast, starting, trembling, and casting his glaring eyes wildly around him, as though beset by an army of fiends. John had no dread of spirits by day; it was not a part of his system; his mind was at that time more occupied by thoughts of stabbing, ditches, and groans, than of goblins. He gained the road, looked, listened, and presently heard the person exclaim, in an agony of terror,

'Blood hath been shed ere now it'h' olden time,
'Ere human statute purg'd the general weal;
'Ay, and since too, murders have been committed
'Too terrible for the ear! The times have been,
'That, when the brains were out, the man would
'die;
'And there 'twould end: but now they rise again

'With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
'And push us from our stools! This is more
'strange
'Than such a murder is!'

While this was uttering, the man's eyes were fixed, his voice faint, his body motionless, 'and his whole function suiting with forms to his conceit.' John Audley stood all astound; and the speaker went on—

'Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth
'hide thee!
'Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
'Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
'Which thou dost glare with.'

John had not yet the power to stir; and the man suddenly assuming a totally different manner and aspect, called aloud—

'Away!—The foul fiend follows
'me!—through the bleak hawthorn
'blows the cold wind—Go to thy
'bed and warm thee.'—(Here the person's teeth chattered seemingly with extreme cold. He continued)—
'Who gives any thing to poor Tom,
'whom the foul fiend hath led
'through fire and through flame;
'through ford and whirlpool; o'er
'bog and quagmire? That hath laid
'knives under his pillow, and hal-
'ters in his pew; set ratbane by his
'porridge; made him proud of heart
'to ride on a bay trotting horse over
'four-inched bridges, to course his
'own shadow for a traitor. Bless
'thy five wits! Tom's a cold! Bless
'thee from whirlwinds, star blatt-
'ing and taking—Do poor Tom
'some charity, whom the foul fiend
'vexes—There I could have him!
'now! and there again! and there;
'and —.'

The man here began to lay about him, and ward off imagined blows, as if he had actually been at quarter-staff; and happening, in the heat of action, to turn about, he beheld John Audley with his mouth open, drinking down such strange breath as (he supposed) never before met mortal throat or ear. As soon as he saw John, he seemed to avoid him, turned out of the road, and got over the stile

stle into the field, muttering as he went—

‘My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.’

The strangeness of the vision which had just passed before his eyes, was only one way to be accounted for by John Audley, videlicet, that this was the murderer of Mr. Willoughby; that his speeches were the throes of despair and horror; and that his avoiding John Audley was an absolute proof of his guilt. His last words indeed contained a full confession of the horrid act. A wiser man might have drawn similar conclusions.

Big with the desire of bringing a thief and murderer to justice, John forgot, or despised, his commission to the curate, and scampered off with both his legs to Farmer Upton's, whose house was hard by, to procure the assistance of Tall Tom, and such others as he there might meet. The tale he told of Mr. Willoughby, the servant, the ditch, the gashes, and the groans, had all their effect upon an audience, to whom happily such accidents were most strange; and every body was eager to assist in hunting the murderer. Accordingly out sallied four of them, armed with sticks, staves, pitchforks, pokers, and such offensive scull-cleaving weapons as the place could supply: neither did they forget halters to bind the prisoner, when they had him, to his good behaviour. John Audley told them what field he went into; and Tall Tom, who could clear an acre of ground at three strides, or thereabouts, led the van.

Tom presently came in sight of the supposed miscreant, who was still busily engaged after his former fashion; and, unconscious of the gathering storm that threatened himself, was, in imaginary distress, ranting forth—

‘I ’gin to be a weary of the sun,

‘And wish the state o’ th’ world were now undone;

‘Ring the alarum bell! blow, wind! come, wrack!

‘At least we’ll die with harness on our back.’

Tall Tom hearing this terrible and determined speech, and seeing the

speaker’s countenance altogether as ferocious as his language, paid his first addresses by discharging a blow, with all his might, at the head of the orator. Happy was it for the latter that he beheld his enemy’s approach, and read in the wild fury of his face some intimations of his intents. The defendant was an active bold fellow, and an excellent hand at quarter-staff; and as Nature is ever prodigiously prompt when she is in danger, he suddenly threw up St. George’s guard, slept one pace backward, and parried the blow. This was not all; for he as suddenly again slept one pace forward, and let fall an argument so convincing upon the left-ear of Tall Tom, that, high and towering as he was, it very fairly humbled him to the earth.

Seeing, however, fresh troops, and numerous, speeding to the attack, though not with all that enthusiastic courage they were conscious of ere their heroic leader fell, the stranger thought it most prudent to sound a retreat, in which manœuvre his legs were not less skilful than his hands had just proved themselves to be in matters of assault and battery. He had, like Achilles, the double advantage of being able to fight like a lion, and run like a hare.

Now it happened that the fugitive took the very route that, had his pursuers had the direction of his legs, they would have prescribed, though this did not prevent their raising a hue and cry a little uncommon in that neighbourhood. Nay more, he carried *himself* to the very house that, had they been permitted, *they* would have taken the trouble of carrying him; that is to say, to the house of the next justice of the peace.

None of the hunters were able to keep pace with their prey; for as for Tall Tom, the tumour on the side of his head had communicated a kind of fellow-feeling to his heels, and hinted some very cogent and persuasive reasons why they should not inconsiderately run his *caput* into the same scrape again, at least not at that present.

present. They were, however, sufficiently advanced to see the game take cover. Away they went yelping to the door of justice; who, hearing himself called for with such stentorian and perturbed breath, came forth to learn the cause.

'The thief and the robber that murdered Measter Willoughby is now in your worship's house,' said John Audley. 'Well, and what of that, honest John?' said the justice. 'He confessed the fact wi his ooan mouth,' continued John Audley. 'Very well; I know he did,' replied his worship; 'but what of that?'—'I heard him wi my ooan ears,' added John. 'I cannot say for that,' answered the justice; 'but I did with mine, and that I believe will be equally valid in court, honest John.'—'There! there he comes! he's standing now by soide your worship: have a care! for marcy's sceak, have a care, your worship! a's a desperate villand! a's hauf-murdered Tall Tom; a laid'n as dead as a stone.'

Pitchforks and pokers were strait put in battle-array; and the justice, who began to smell a blunder, placed himself between the parties to stop proceedings, till he could bring about the denouement.

His worship soon perceived they believed his *protégé* in the rear to be the robber; he therefore took the shortest way to undeceive them, by assuring them they were mistaken; that the person they saw was his friend and guest; and that the real delinquent was secure in the barn, under lock and key, and the guard of four men.

The mist being thus dissipated, and peace proclaimed, they were invited, for their good intentions to aid and assist justice, to taste his worship's tap; where they learnt that John Audley's supposed murderer was a tragedian belonging to the Liverpool winter company, who had come to spend a week with his worship in the country, and had got up early, that he might avoid observation, to study his parts aloud.

Here John Audley likewise met once more with Mr. Errant and his friend Firetail. He had followed the hue and cry of the country after the real robber, soon after John's departure, to the house of his worship, with whom he had become so far acquainted as to receive a pressing invitation to spend at least that day; where, for this present, we shall leave them.

E.

CHARACTER OF THE HONOURABLE WILLIAM HASTINGS,

OF THE WOODLANDS, IN THE COUNTY OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND SECOND SON OF FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON. DRAWN UP BY ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, FIRST EARL OF SHAFTSBURY.

IN the year 1638, lived Mr. Hastings, by his quality, son, brother, and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon. He was, peradventure, an original in our age, or rather the copy of our ancient nobility, in hunting, not in warlike times. He was very low, very strong, and very active; of a reddish flaxen hair, his clothes green cloth, and never all worth, when new, five pounds. His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park well stocked with deer, and near the house rabbits to serve

his kitchen, many fish-ponds, great store of wood and timber, a bowling-green in it, long, but narrow, and full of high ridges, it being never levelled since it was ploughed. He kept all manner of sport-hounds, that run buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and hawks long and short winged. He had all sorts of nets for fish: he had a walk in the New Forest, and the manor of Christ's Church: this last supplied him with red deer, sea and river fish. And, indeed, all his neighbours grounds and royalties were

were free to him, who bestowed all his time on these sports, but what he borrowed to care for his neighbours wives and daughters; there being not a woman in all his walks, of the degree of a yeoman's wife, and under the age of forty, but it was extremely her fault if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular; always speaking very kind to the husband, brother, or father, who was to boot very welcome to his house whenever he came. There he found beef, pudding, and small-beer, in great plenty; a house not so neatly kept as to shame him, or his dusty shoes; the great hall strewed with marrow-bones, full of hawks, perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers; the upper-side of the hall hung with the fox-skins of this and the last year's killing, here and there a polecat intermixed; game-keepers and hunters poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room, as properly furnished: on a great hearth, paved with brick, lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young bats in them, which were not to be disturbed, he having always three or four attending him at dinner, and a little white round stick, of fourteen inches long, lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, stone-bows, and other such-like accoutrements. The corners of the room full of the best-chosen hunting and hawking poles. An oyster-table at the lower end, which was of constant use twice a-day all the year round; for he never failed to eat oysters before dinner and supper through all seasons; the neighbouring town of Pool supplied him with them. The upper-part of the room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of

which was a church Bible, and on the other the Book of Martyrs. On the table were hawks-hoods, bells, and such-like; two or three old green hats, with their crowns thrust in, so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry, that he took much care of, and fed himself. Tables, dice, cards, and boxes, were not wanting. In the hole of the desk were store of tobacco-pipes that had been used. On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong-beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed; for he never exceeded in drink, or permitted it. On the other side was the door into an old chapel not used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, venison-pasty, gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pie, with thick crust, extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton, except Fridays, when he had the best of salt-fish (as well as other fish) he could get, and was the day his neighbours of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a London-pudding, and always sung it in with 'My pert eyes 'therein-a.' He drank a glass or two of wine at meals, very often syrup of gilliflowers in his sack; and had always a tun-glass, without feet, stood by him, holding a pint of small-beer, which he often stirred with rosemary. He was well-natured, but soon angry, calling his servants bastards and cuckoldly knaves; in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge; and sometimes in both, though of the same man. He lived to an hundred; never lost his eye-sight, but always wrote and read without spectacles; and got on horseback without help. Until past fourscore he rid to the death of a stag as well as any.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I Have the happiness of a friend in Paris, who is so good as to transmit to me every thing that is curious which comes out in that great city, whether in regard to news, or the belles lettres. He has lately done me the favour to send me a most elaborate treatise, newly published there, written upon NOTHING.

There is something in the very hint and title of this treatise that struck me so much at the first reading, that I cannot help saying I almost envy the author, and could have wished it had been originally the product of some wit of our own country; for it seems to me to be particularly calculated for this nation, as well as for these times; when to be good for Nothing appears to be the principal accomplishment of most of those ingenious, as well as pretty fellows, who aim at high preferment both in church and state.

This author has been as singular in the choice of his patron, as in that of his subject; for he has been pleased to dedicate his essay to Nobody; and, indeed, gives very good reasons why he prefers this patron before any other, for he speaks to him something to the following effect.

' I make no doubt but my dedicating this essay to you will be censured by many who are either greater wits or greater fools than myself, and who can approve of Nothing but what proceeds from their own inventions. They will condemn me, perhaps, as a person who is but a bad judge of his own interest, and think it had been better for me to have made choice of some man in great power, and of vast wealth, where I might be well paid for the undeserved praises I should throw upon him, and where I might have laid it on thick, without the least regard to truth or decency: but if I had taken this method, I might have met with some things which

' would have given me no small mortification: I might, indeed, have received a squeeze of the hand, and a promise to be provided for the next vacancy; I might have been ordered to give notice when any thing should happen worthy of my acceptance, and as constantly received for answer, that I spoke too late; it was engaged to another before. I might, thus, have been long held in hand, like a dog in a string, to fawn and flatter, till no honest man would keep me company; and, considering the temper of which Nature has formed me, the false promises of a great man would be as odious to me as the false smiles of a common harlot.

' But, notwithstanding all this, you may be a minister of state for any thing these censurers know; and when I have given you your just praises, (for I will not advance any thing in your praise but what I know to be your just due) they may be able to determine what you are, without my giving you any titles to distinguish you by.

' I do not know whether the present set of writers, my contemporaries, will allow gratitude to be a laudable practice in an author; if so, I will declare that no person is so well entitled to a public acknowledgment for favours received, as you are from me: and since it is all the amends I am able to make, I beg you will accept of this dedication in return for the many obligations you have laid upon me.

' When I was first tempted to quit the tranquillity of a country life, and settle in this expensive town, with a view of raising my fortune by my parts, who was it that was so good as to introduce me into the best company? Who gave me countenance, and became immediately my patron? Nobody. Who was it that constantly invited me to his

'table? and who was it that was so good as to come and visit and comfort me, in my sickness? Nobody. Who was it that supported me in my necessities, and in so generous, easy, and genteel a manner, lent me his money? Nobody. To whom then but you am I beholden for the present plenty and abundance of my circumstances?

'But, setting aside the obligations I owe you as a private man, for those favours which regard no man but myself, I must not forget what I am indebted to you as a good subject, and as a member of the commonwealth, in return for the many advantages and blessings which my country has received, and is daily receiving, from your auspicious conduct and noble behaviour.

'Who is it that seems to have the honour of his country most at heart, and to support it's true interest, without regarding his own? Nobody. Who is it that is humble in the midst of honours and preferments, affable and benevolent in a rise of fortune beyond his expectation? Nobody. Who is it that gives his countenance to men of virtue and reputation, though in low fortunes, and has been the cause of bringing merit upon the stage of the great world? Nobody. Who is it that, at present, makes learning flourish by the noble encouragement he gives it, and who is now become the generous patron of arts and sciences? Nobody.

'Perhaps, by this time, the little critics, who have so freely censured me for making choice of you, beyond the whole world, for my patron, will be able to judge by the great things you have done, both for me and my country, whether you are a great minister or a private person; but let them determine this point as they will, they cannot, however, deny but that I have great reason to be Nobody's most humble servant.'

Thus much relates only to the dedication of my author: we are now

coming to the work itself, which is not without it's merit; nay, which may stand in the first class of modern writings, if that observation of the critics be just, That those writings challenge the first place where the thoughts are grounded upon truth.

The author very well observes, that no subject whatsoever can be more worthy of a great author than Nothing, or that can deserve a higher panegyric.

First, if you consider it's antiquity, you will find that it is older than the world itself; for what was there before the universe was created? Nothing.

Nothing, like the Divinity, cannot be defined but by itself; it is immeasurable, immense, immovable, and not to be divided: take away what you will from Nothing, and it will remain as perfect and entire as ever; it will be still the same. As it was a thing without any beginning, so it will never have an end: it is in itself an original; it is the parent of all other things, and every thing in nature sprung from it. That luminous body the glorious sun, the glittering stars, the woods, forests, mountains, lakes, rivers, and seas, were all at first created out of Nothing.

Next, when we come to contemplate the human species, and consider particularly that part of them who are always boasting the antiquity of their blood, and the nobility of their race; those who, from an empty vanity, and a most ignorant pride, erect their crests, and look down upon the rest of mankind with so much disdain, as if they thought they were made of finer materials than their fellow-creatures—I say, if we should trace back, for a few generations, the families of princes, nobles, and other great persons, who challenge from us so much respect; we shall find the far greater part of them to be originally sprung from Nothing.

What is it that contributes so much towards delivering a man from all care and trouble in this world, as the possessing

possessing of Nothing? That wise philosopher Bias threw all his gold and silver into the sea, in order to be rid of the incumbrance which it gave him; he prided himself more in this saying, '*Omnia mea mecum porto,*' than in any thing else besides; and often declared, that he never knew what was true happiness till he enjoyed Nothing.

It may be demonstrated that the possessor of Nothing is free from a thousand fears and inquietudes which other men are plagued with; he neither fears war, nor is disturbed at the apprehension of new taxes; he is never troubled with the visits of the lawyer, the attorney, or the physician; they form no design to disturb his affairs, or ruin his constitution. No greedy heir or successor wishes his death; assassins and poisons are never employed to hasten his end, but he is suffered to live till Nature pleases to call him; nay, he is even free from the plots and designs of a mercenary and rapacious minister, and appears easy while all the world is plundered about him.

“ Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.”

Thus, if those men that appear content with Nothing, are allowed to be the richest and happiest of mankind, it will be also observed, that the world generally esteems those persons the most ingenious that have found out the extraordinary art of living upon Nothing. If a man has many children, he is always observed to prefer and esteem that (whether son or daughter) which has this rare talent; and that it is generally the sentiment of the rich and the great, and such as are pleased to call themselves the polite and the well-bred, to value those most who can live upon Nothing, we need only bring, for instance, the many knights of industry in this great town. Who are so well received, who so much caressed in all good companies, as persons of this order? How often have I seen these gentlemen taken into my lord's closet, and introduced to the dutchess's

toilette, whilst the mathematician, or the poet, has been kept waiting in the lobby below, amongst the footmen?

In the next place, let us observe the great use of Nothing in raising the characters of men. Do not we look upon those men to be the most courageous who are afraid of Nothing? those to be the wisest who are afflicted at Nothing? (nay, the Stoics compared such a man to Jupiter himself;) such to be the most complaisant and well-bred who find fault with Nothing?

Thus far we have shewn Nothing to be the thing of the greatest consideration in the private characters of men: but when we come to look into the systems of empires, kingdoms, and commonwealths; when we come to consider it in a political view; we shall find it still to be of far greater importance than in the affairs of private men.

Let us examine the history of the ancients; let us look into the life of Alexander the Great, or of many of the Ottoman emperors; and there we shall find that most of those long and bloody wars by which they acquired so great fame, were made for Nothing.

If we consider the state of the Roman empire, in it's decline, under many of those monsters who were called emperors, how many strange laws and edicts were made, and how many plots and conspiracies formed to take away the lives of the best and most virtuous of the Romans, for Nothing!

In the History of the Island of Gothia, you will read that, at a certain period of time, all the affairs of their commonwealth were thrown into distraction, and brought into the utmost disorder and difficulty; and all about Nothing.

In the same history you will read an account of various embassies sent out, of several alliances, treaties and negotiations entered into with the neighbouring commonwealths; and all about Nothing.

You will also see that many of those alliances, treaties, and negotiations, were afterwards broke for Nothing.

You will, in the same history, read a particular account of a state that gave up her interest to the conduct and management of another state, her enemy, for Nothing; and that, at the same time, she insulted and quarrelled with some of her best friends for Nothing.

You will there be told that fleets have been fitted out at an immense charge, and sent out with proper commanders, against other powers, with strict orders to do Nothing.

But I am going to conclude, though much more might be said of Nothing; for I do not know a subject in nature that can furnish more copious matter for panegyric: yet the farther pursuit of it I shall leave to some more able hand; for I bear in mind that saying of Socrates, who by the ora-

cles of Apollo was pronounced to be the wisest of mankind, '*Hec unum scio, quod Nihil scio*;' 'I know only this, that I know Nothing.'

If this great philosopher was so revered for his knowledge of Nothing, I hope I may, without vanity, pretend to some little merit that way; though, even in this point, I am told I must submit to some great men, as well as great writers, of another class, though their great modesty will not suffer them to own it.

If any of your readers should be of opinion that I have not handled this subject with that extent with which it might be handled, I shall only answer them with this proverb, '*Ne quid Nimis*.'—'Too much of Nothing.'

ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE TRIAL BY COMBAT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE Chevalier John Carouge, vassal of the Count d'Alençon, who was married to a young and beautiful lady, was obliged to make a sea-voyage on some occasion in which his fortune was at stake: he accordingly left his wife at his castle, where she was observed to comport herself with great prudence. It happened, (says the historian Froissard, who relates this affair) that the devil entered into Jaques le Gris, another vassal to the Count d'Alençon, and by his wicked temptations inspired him with a desire to enjoy the lady of the Chevalier Carouge.

Accordingly, as the witnesses at the trial deposed, on a certain day, and at a certain hour, he mounted one of the Count d'Alençon's horses, and rode to Argenteuil, where she resided. His reception was such as was due to the friend of her husband, and the adherent of the same noble family. She shewed him the castle; and upon his requesting to see the tower, she conducted him thither, without being accompanied by any of her domestics. When they were there,

Jaques le Gris shut the door, took the lady in his arms, and, as he was a powerful man, presently satisfied his desires. The lady, seeing herself thus dishonoured, said to him, 'Oh, Jaques, Jaques! you have not done well: the blame shall not rest upon me; assure yourself, that if ever my husband returns, it shall light upon your own head.' Jaques seemed not to notice her menace, but remounted his horse, and rode back to the Count d'Alençon's castle full speed.

He had been seen at four o'clock in the morning at the castle, and at nine the same morning he was at the Count's levee; which particular circumstance it is necessary to remark.

The lady's husband at length returned, and she received him with the utmost tenderness. The day passed away, and the night came; the Chevalier went to rest, and his wife walked about the chamber, crossing herself at intervals, till such time as every body was gone to bed. She then went to her husband's bedside, fell on her knees, and related what had

had happened to her, with great grief. At first he could not credit what she told him; but after some time, persuaded by her tears and protestations, he began to think of vengeance. The friends and relations of himself and lady were accordingly assembled and consulted; and the general opinion was, that the decision of the affair should be remitted to the Count d'Alençon.

The parties were quickly summoned; the Count sat to hear their depositions; and after many arguments on both sides, concluded, that the lady had dreamed the transaction; for he thought it impossible, that a man could ride twenty-three leagues, and commit the crime, with all its circumstances, of which the defendant was accused, in four hours and a half, which was the sole interval that Jaques le Gris was missing from the castle. They were therefore forbidden to mention the matter any farther.

The Chevalier Carouge, however, who was a person of courage and delicate sense of honour, was not satisfied with this decision, but brought the cause before the tribunal of Paris; by which it was ordered to be decided by single combat: and the king, who was then at Sluys in Flanders, sent a courier to defer the day of combat till his return, it being his desire to be present. Among many others, the Dukes of Berry, Burgundy, and Bourbon, came also to Paris, to be witnesses of this interesting spectacle.

The place appointed was St. Catharine's; scaffolds were erected for the public; and the combatants were armed cap-a-pie. The lady, dressed in black, was seated on a kind of throne; her husband, as he entered the lists, approached her, and said—
 'Madam, from your recital, and in your quarrel, I am going to expose my life in mortal combat against Jaques le Gris; it is best known to you whether or not my cause is just and good.' To which she replied—

—'Monsieur, assure yourself it is; and therefore fight in full security.' The Chevalier then took her hand, kissed it, made the sign of the cross, and mounted.

The lady continued in prayer during the whole combat: her situation was truly critical; if her champion was vanquished, she was condemned to be hung and burnt without mercy.

The advantages of ground and sun were divided, as was the custom, between the two combatants; each ran his career with the lance: but as they were both skilful, neither of them received any wound at this kind of attack; they therefore dismounted to fight on foot.

The Chevalier Carouge received the first wound in the thigh; his friends trembled for him; and his poor lady was more dead than alive: but he recovered, and fell upon his enemy with so much impetuosity and address, that he threw him to the earth, and plunged his sword in his body. He then turned towards the spectators, and asked them if he had done his duty; to which they answered with one voice, 'Yes!'

The body of Jaques le Gris was abandoned to the executioner; who hung it on a hill near Paris, where it was left to perish.

The conqueror, after the victory, went and threw himself at his Majesty's feet; who praised him for his valour, instantly gave him a thousand livres, with a pension of two hundred per annum, and appointed him one of the gentlemen of his chamber. He then ran to his lady, kissed her, and went with her to the cathedral; where they mutually returned thanks, and left their offerings.

Thus was an accusation of this serious nature supposed to be *proved*. The historian who relates the combat, makes no reflections on the possibility of error; for it was not permitted to doubt of the guilt of Jaques le Gris after he had been thus solemnly vanquished.

E.

HUMOROUS LETTER

FROM A YOUNG CANTAB IN TOWN, TO HIS CHUM AT CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR TOM,

YOU know I promised you a line as soon as possible; and now I am as good as my word. I got to town only last night, and had a very hearty welcome from my uncle: he's a fine old Grecian, Tom; but how I shall get a fortnight over with him, the Lord knows; for if every day is to be like the first, I shall have matter enough for a letter every post, and you difficulty enough to find money to pay postage.

We got up this morning, and breakfasted very comfortably. About twelve o'clock, 'Jack,' says he, 'I'll take a walk with you, to look about us a little:' on which he took up his stick, and I took down my hat. As we passed by a broker's shop not far from the Strand, we saw the man admiring a large old-fashioned elbow-chair he had just vamped up, and set out for sale. My uncle unguardedly says to him, 'That's a mighty clumsy chair, friend.' The fellow eyeing him from head to foot in an instant, retorts, 'Not so clumsy as your nose.' Unluckily for my uncle, there was not a part about him would so ill bear touching as his nose, it being inflamed and swelled with three or four large carbuncles, so that it looked like a dog-star on a very dark evening: you may think therefore, Tom, this speech hit him too hard. 'You rascal!' says he 'what business have you with my nose?'—'And what business have you,' answers the fellow, 'with my chair?'—'Sirrah!' says my uncle, 'your chair is set out for sale, and every man has liberty to give his opinion as he pleases.'—'And God Almighty,' says the fellow, 'set such a queer nose upon your face for every body to laugh at it if they please.' At that my uncle's patience could hold out no longer; but spitting in his hand, and grasping his oaken towel, had certainly split the fellow's scull,

had I not caught hold of his arm, and by main force dragged him away: however, he kept looking back, walking sideways like a crab, and muttering to himself, 'A rascal! a villain! a dog!' when unluckily a boy coming from the baker's with a dinner for a family, as hungry no doubt as himself, was in full run to get his teeth set to work as fast as possible: but, O lamentable! turning short a corner, he came so plump against my uncle, whose eyes were still fixed on the fellow, instead of minding his own way, that his coat was saluted with a piece of smoking-hot beef, and his waistcoat and breeches received all the fat and gravy, and part of the pudding. This unexpected blow coming before his blood had the least time to cool, raised such a storm in his pericranium, that had Hogarth been so lucky as to have seen the figure, it must have been an estate to him: I cannot but think his attitude resembled what a droll fellow describes in the Battle of the Genii; which, between you and I, Tom, is neither more nor less than a burlesque on Milton's Battle of the Angels; and wrote, in my opinion, on purpose to shew, that the Devil and his rebellious crew were all Scotchmen; I say, I could not help thinking that my uncle's attitude resembled that of the Archangel Michael, when ready to engage with Satan, where this strange fellow says—

' Words can't describe how fierce these foes
' Appear'd when standing on their toes;
' So tall they grew, and look'd so high,
' A single sparrow could not fly
' Betwixt their noddles and the sky. }

This was just the case with my poor uncle; you would have sworn he was not only going to engage with all the world, but even with the Devil himself; he seemed as tall as the house he stood by; his cheeks were puffed up

up to an amazing size, and his eyes flashed fire from every corner, which increased every time he cast them down on his gravyed waistcoat and puddinged breeches; for his breeches had got the largest share of the pudding by far: in short, he cut so dreadful a figure, that, instead of making a ring round him, as is usual when any thing extraordinary is to be seen in the streets, the foot-passengers very quietly crossed over the way; but then, indeed, they could not help taking a peep both at him and the other actors in this farce; for, besides my uncle in the attitude I have described, there was myself cutting no very contemptible figure, staring at him; there was the poor boy with

his fingers locked in his hair, scratching for intelligence whether he should cry, or take to his heels and run away; there was the piece of beef tumbled upon a tinman's shop-door; there was the remainder of the pudding, that did not chuse to stay upon my uncle's breeches, lying scattered along with the pieces of the broken platter, upon twenty different parts of the pavement; there was a dog turning round and roaring, because he had burnt his teeth by striking them rashly into the hot beef; there was—but the postman's bell rings, so must defer the remainder of my description to my next; and am, dear Tom,

Your, &c.

J. E.

ESSAY ON SLEEP.

THERE is no quality of our nature more surprizing to consider than Sleep; but, by it's frequency, it is so familiar to us, that few people have the curiosity to enquire into it's nature. A late famous virtuoso says, that the essence of sleep consists in this; that the corporeal soul withdrawing itself a little, and contracting it's irradiation into a narrower sphere, leaves the cortex of the brain for some time destitute; and that, in the meanwhile, the nervous liquor, distilled from the blood, rushes in for new supplies. In natural sleep, these two causes conspire by a mutual compact of nature; so that, at the same time that the spirits recede, the nervous humour enters. In non-natural, or forced sleep, sometimes the one, sometimes the other cause, is first. And in insatiable, or preternatural sleep, there is a greater energy of the same causes, so that the brain is flooded by the great influx of nervous, serous, and other vicious humours.

This short view of the theory of sleep may here suffice; and as to the practical part, we are all of us, more or less, masters of that; yet, perhaps, it may not be altogether frivolous to look back to the ancients, and see how

far they surpassed even the best of our modern proficient in this noble science.

Pliny tells us that Epimenides, when a boy, being tired with play, laid himself down to rest in a cave, and falling asleep, continued so for fifty-seven years, and then waking, walked home; greatly surprized at the many changes he found had happened in the world during the time of his taking a nap. He was not in the least faded in body or spirit by his long repose; but rose just as young, healthful, and vigorous, as he lay down; and by his sleep had gained such extraordinary strength, as enabled him to live a hundred and eight years after his waking. Crantzius says, that a young student of Lubbeck retired to a chest, and slept quietly for seven years, and then was waked by one who wanted to know what the chest contained. And, in the 31st year of our own Henry VIII. William Foxley, of the Mint, slept full fourteen days at once, in spite of all the methods which were used to wake him. Many credible authors affirm, that the Lucomorians, a people inhabiting a remote part of the old Samaria, fall asleep in November, and none of them ever wake till the April following; like

like our frogs, and other insects. But these are all very moderate nappers, compared to the famous Seven Sleepers, who fled into a cave in the reign of Decius, and slept there till the time of Theodosius the Younger; which, by calculation, is just one hundred and ninety-six years: this event is affirmed by Nicephorus, in his Ecclesiastical History, and several other writers of note.

But these strange instances of sleeping are not near so admirable as those who in their sleep have dispatched great business, and performed many wonderful things. Those who sleep without motion, may be said to bury time; but persons who do business and sleep at the same time, may be deemed improvers of lost moments.

Schenkius tells us of a young gentleman who rose in his sleep, took his shirt in his hand, and, by help of a rope, climbed up a high turret in the castle where he then resided, found a nest of magpies, put the young ones in his shirt, descended by the same rope, and went to bed, knowing nothing of the matter when he rose next morning. The same author says, there was a man at Helmeſtadt, who rose in his sleep, went from his chamber into his garden, where was a very deep well, and into this he safely descended by fastening his hands to the sides thereof, till he came to the water, the touch of which awaked him. Henricus ab Heeres says, he knew a young student, who would frequently rise in his sleep, and finish the pieces he had left undone in the day; and that, at some of these times, he has wrote many lines of excellent good verse, which he was wholly ignorant of till he waked in the morning.

Most of these relations will seem at first a little strange; but if we duly consider our own age, we may find full as strange instances of the same nature among ourselves. The last mentioned is a little odd, that a man should write a few verses in his sleep; but, within these twenty last years, we have had men who in their sleep have wrote volumes half a yard long; nay some, out

of three or four volumes, have not been awake the writing of one single line. Several, in their sleep, have translated from Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, with great dexterity; and others, while asleep, have published very satirical remarks.

I lately received from Africa an account of a nation there who have such esteem for great sleepers, that most places of honour and trust are bestowed upon them: this account was sent me by an intimate friend of mine, who now resides there; and he informs me, that he has often known the natives to chuse men to act for them, who, instead of performing their office, have slept all the seven years they were chosen for. He says, there are some men, in very great posts, who have not been known to wake for ten years together; and the value for great sleepers prevails so much in all the countries adjoining, that, upon some differences arising among the several powers thereabouts, each district sent men to treat of a reconciliation; who, when met, fell all asleep, and continued so when my friend's letter came away, without any symptoms of their ever being likely to wake. He says also, there is a principal man in that neighbourhood, who, although he is always asleep in his chamber, puzzles and outwits all his neighbours by his sleepy stratagems and drowsy projects. Great sleepers are often put into the most honourable places in their mosques or temples; and several of their mullahs, or high-priests, have not done any thing like men awake for many years, but several of them have been in one continued sleep for ten or twelve years together: but my correspondent says, that this drowsy temper generally increases as they rise in dignity; and that, when they arrive at the greatest honour they can expect, it is common for them to cease all action, and spend the remaining part of their days in ease and sleep. The great inclination this people have to sleep, my friend tells me, is owing to a root of that country, which, as it is esteemed by all the natives, is given as a fee to all public officers, and services are thought most amply rewarded

warded by it. This root, being of a very soporiferous quality, affecteth those that take it, more or less, according to the quantity they take; so that men, with a little, are generally as sharp as needles; and very accurate; while those that have their bellies top-full, are stupid, and apt to sleep. Parcels of this vegetable which are dispersed among and by the rulers of that people, are generally found to have more of the somniferous tincture than any other.

Thus far my friend's narrative; and I cannot read it without pitying the miserable people it describes. What a melancholy state is it for a people to be so unhappily besotted to a root that has such a stupifying effect! Surely no Englishman can read this account without being heartily glad to find his country free from such an infectious drug, and rejoicing to find all his countrymen really awake, and free from all symptoms of a sleeping people.

THE TOWN-TALKER.

NUMBER III.

SENZA le api, non si ha il miele.
'No bees, no honey,' say the Italians. And again, *Senza denari, Georgio non canta*; which is as much as to say, 'Money makes the mare to go.' That these proverbs always were, and always will be, true, we have little reason to doubt. It is, however, the peculiar kind of industry which seems to prevail at present that occasions my quoting them, and particularly in our amusements. I will just take a slight view of those which are most in vogue, and leave my readers to determine whether we have not some very striking geniuses in the art of trifling.

The Opera-house has ever been fruitful in expedients to move the wonder of the town. Long have we been accustomed to see inoffensive heroes die, like swans, singing; or marshalling their peaceable troops in battle array, with time and tune exact, to accompanied recitative. We have formerly beheld Alexander the Great besiege the city of Tyre with a trusty band of fiddlers; then daringly mount the walls, and turn his back to the besieged, while he sung a song of no moderate length, encouraging his chorus, who stood listening with vast composure, to follow. We have lately seen a most excellent pantomime, *Medée et Jason*, called a Dance; and, in order to prove that it was a dance, the king, queen, privy-coun-

sellors, and prime-ministers, have all got up to caper during the ceremony of a coronation. But all this is a trifle to what we now see; for the emulative spirits of France, resolved for ever to outdo their Italian rivals, as well as all their own former outdoings, have undertaken to dance themselves to sleep: and, notwithstanding the thing is impossible, they have several times done it to the great delight and edification of the spectators of *La Regina di Golconda*.

However, for our comfort, we have an English spirit jealous of his country's honour, who will not suffer them to dance away with all the glory. The renowned, the intrepid, the sublime Astley, knowing, by natural instinct, in which he abounds, that the heavy-headed Englishmen never could vie with the feather-heeled heroes of France, undertook to make our horses perform what their riders could not; and rescue our national character from obloquy, by shewing that, though our biped breed of animals was comparatively deficient in these great and useful arts, our quadrupeds more than balanced the account. And this, let me observe, has been matter of great consolation to certain high and emulative spirits, who heard, with pain and grief, the vain sons of Gallia assert no Englishman could dance: they now reply, with great confidence and consolation,

tion, ' Though we cannot dance, ' *Mounseer*, by — our horses can!' Monsieur D'Auberval has publicly promised to *dance a paw*, (*pas*) in a *style entirely new*; but I hope Mr. Astley will hold a consultation with his hopest Houyhnhms, and, anxious of our fame, will not let us be surpassed in *paws*.

The transition from Astley's to Sadler's Wells is easy; and here we find another astonishing instance of industry. Signior Scaliogni, that the world at large, and England in particular, may profit by his labours, has (no doubt, with infinite pains) taught his family of dogs to become almost as wise, and perhaps more beneficial to society, than himself. Not even the Little Devil and the Great Placido are so astonishing! Like Hercules, these dogs can fight and spin; like Lazarus, they can die, and come to life again; and, like the high and mighty Prince of Bourbon, Monseigneur the Comte d'Artois, can run to a siege, and afterwards run away. I, however, being a half-bred Italian, and aware of the subtlety of your fly signiors, suspect that this Scaliogni is some academician or philosopher in disguise, who has undertaken to prove that dogs do not act from instinct, but reason. The same suspicion might indeed alight upon the great Mr. Astley, and his minuet-walking horses, had I not disclosed the emulative motives from which he acts; and which would indeed be a still more convincing proof, had he not given such repeated and public testimony of his utter contempt for philosophy, rational or experimental. Be it as it may, reason or instinct, racks shall not bring me to confess, that the quadrupeds, in the above instances, are inferior to the bipeds.

But these instances of the vast attention to, and proficiency of, the present age, in the art of trifling, though astonishing, are inferior to that I am going to mention. A German Baron, renowned for his immense knowledge (as he candidly owns) in mechanics, instead of em-

ploying his talents in the erection of engines for the draining of marshes, inventing machines for the perfection of the arts, or other great and useful purposes, has devoted years of labour to contrive an Automaton that shall make the whole world wonder, by playing at chess. And so anxious is this great man to spread his own, and his Automaton's fame, that, notwithstanding he is, as he tells every body, no less a person than a Baron, he modestly condescends to travel from Vienna to Paris, where he lets every person who will give him half a crown play with his Automaton; and from Paris to London, where, to shew the still greater respect in which he holds the English, those who please are permitted to partake of the same recreation for half a guinea.

I shall pass over air-balloons, Dr. Graham, and Katterfelto; because, though they have contributed not a little to prove the great genius of the present age in the art of trifling, yet they are now become so stale as almost to disgust by barely being mentioned. Permit me only just to mention, that as in France several noble spirits daringly ventured their necks for the glory of being the first and the highest fliers in air-balloons, so here in England a generous person has undertaken the like hazardous enterprize, not for our glory but our gold. The first flight is to be a guinea each spectator; the second, but half that sum; by which, I presume, he means to intimate, he runs but half the risk the second time that he does the first. For my own part, I rather wish his conditions had been a certain height (say a thousand yards) for a guinea the first flight; the second, twice as high for the like sum; and the third, so high that he should never have been heard of more. Rational people might then plead some excuse for subscribing, which at present they utterly want.

There yet remains unnoticed, what by many is held to be a greater phenomenon than any I have hitherto named; which is, the Little Whispering

ing Puppet: but this I am singular enough to think not quite so wonderful as they pretend. I will grant it is a mere puppet, and, as I believe, a wooden puppet; that it, moreover, speaks, and seems to give rational answers to the questions and discourse of all interlocutors. But, pray, is this a very extraordinary or uncommon thing? I suppose it to have neither brains nor heart; consequently, that it is actuated by some *invisible* agent. But there are thousands of puppets, if I mistake not, in this kingdom, that are moved by exactly the same principles. I am, indeed, convinced, and dare stake my reputation, that gold is the invisible agent hinted at, which opens the mouth of this, and all other puppets. The parson who preaches doctrines he does not believe; the lawyer who takes a brief in a cause of which he is entirely ignorant, or whether it is just or unjust; the physician who prescribes for a patient whom he is convinced can never recover; are certainly puppets played by gold: gold gives them words; and as for reasons, those are unnecessary, or at least may be done without. To mention the tribe of puppets that are annually exhibited at St. Stephen's, would be an insult to my readers, being convinced there is not one in a thousand who did not recollect them the moment they saw the word Puppets.

The above instances are surely sufficient, though many more might be adduced, to prove our industry and progress in the art of trifling. We still have bees that gather honey; not from flowers, 'tis true; but honey is honey, though got from weeds. I shall now make a transition to a story I have either heard or read: I shall take the liberty, however, to relate it here after my own way. To shew that it is not unconnected with the subject, I could prove the hero of my story both a trifler and a puppet: but this is needless, I presume; my readers will accept it

as it is, and for the moral it contains.

A certain Swiss captain of Grenadiers, whose company had been cashiered, was determined, since Mars had no more employment for him, to try if he could not procure a commission in the corps of Venus; or, in other words, if he could not get a wife: and as he had no fortune of his own, he reasoned, and reasoned very rightly, it was quite necessary his intended should have enough for them both. The captain was one of those kind of heroes to whom the epithet of hectoring blade might readily be applied: he was near six feet high, wore a long sword, and a fierce-cocked hat; add to which, he was allowed to have had the most martial pair of whiskers of any grenadier in the company to which he belonged. To curl these whiskers, to comb and twist them round his fore-finger, and to admire them in the glass, formed the chief occupation and delight of his life. A man of these accomplishments, with the addition of bronze and rhodomontade, of which he had a superfluity, stands, at all times, and in all countries, a good chance with the ladies, as the experience of I know not how many thousand years has confirmed.

Accordingly, after a little diligent attention and artful enquiry, a young lady was found, exactly such a one as we may well suppose a person with his views would be glad to find. She was tolerably handsome, not more than three-and-twenty, with a good fortune; and, what was the best part of the story, this fortune was entirely at her own disposal.

Our captain, who thought now or never was the time, having first found means to introduce himself as a suitor, was incessant in his endeavours to carry his cause. His tongue was eternally running in praise of her super-superlative, never-to-be-described charms; and in hyperbolical accounts of the flames, darts, and daggers, by which his lungs, liver, and

midriff, were burnt up, transfixed, and gnawn away. He that, in writing a song to his sweetheart, described his heart to be without one drop of gravy, like an over-done mutton-chop, was a fool at a simile when compared to our hero.

One day, as he was ranting, kneeling, and beseeching his goddess to send him of an errand to pluck the diamond from the nose of the Great Mogul, and present it to her divinityship, or suffer him to step and steal the Empress of China's enchanted Slipper, or the Queen of Sheba's Cockatoo, as a small testimony of what he would undertake to prove his love; she, after a little hesitation, addressed him thus:

'The protestations which you daily make, captain, as well as what you say at present, convince me there is nothing you would not do to oblige me: I therefore do not find much difficulty in telling you I am willing to be yours, if you will perform one thing which I shall request of you.'

'Tell me, immaculate angel,' cried our son of gunpowder; 'tell me what it is; though, before you speak, be certain it is already done. Is it to find the Seal of Solomon? to catch the Phoenix? or draw your chariot to church with Unicorns? What is the impossible act I will not undertake?'

'No, captain,' replied the fair-one, 'I shall enjoin nothing impossible: the thing I desire, you can do with the utmost ease; it will not cost you five minutes trouble. And yet, were it not for your so positive assurances, from what I have observed, I should almost doubt of your compliance.'

'Ah, Madam!' returned he, 'wrong not your slave thus; deem it not possible, that he who eats happiness, and drinks immortal life from the light of your eyes, can ever demur the thousandth part of a semi-second to execute your omnipotent behests: speak! say! what,

Empress of my parched entrails, what must I perform?'

'Nay, for that matter, 'tis a mere trifle; only to cut off your whiskers, captain; that's all.'

'Madam!—(Be so kind, reader, as to imagine the captain's utter astonishment) 'My whiskers!—Cut off my whiskers!—Excuse me!—Cut off my whiskers!—Pardon me, Madam!—Any thing else—any thing that mind can, or cannot imagine, or tongue describe. Bid me fetch you Pretter John's Beard, a hair at a time, and it's done. But, for my whiskers, you must grant me a salvo there.'

'And why so, good captain? Surely any gentleman who had but the tythe of the passion you express, would not stand upon such a trifle?'

'A trifle, Madam!—My whiskers a trifle! No, Madam, no—My whiskers are no trifle. Had I but a single regiment of fellows whiskered like me, I myself would be the Grand Turk of Constantinople.—My whiskers, Madam, is the last thing I should have supposed you would have wished me to sacrifice. There is not a woman, married or single, maid, wife, or widow, that does not admire my whiskers!'

'May be so, Sir; but if you marry me, you must cut them off.'

'And is there no other way? Must I never hope to be happy with you unless I part with my whiskers?'

'Never.'

'Why then, Madam, farewell: I would not part with a single hair of my whiskers if Catherine the Czarina, Empress of all the Russias, would make me King of the Calmucs; and so good morning to you.'

Had all young ladies, in like circumstances, equal penetration, they might generally rid themselves, with equal ease, of the interested and unprincipled coxcombs by whom they are pestered: they all have their whiskers; and seek for fortunes, to be able to cultivate, not cut them off.

E.

MAXIMS.

PROEM.

Just as the bee collects her sweets
From every flower and shrub she meets,
So what from various books I drew,
I give—tho' not the whole as new.
I would not, like the fabled bird,
Carelessly wanton and absurd,
In borrow'd plumage strut about,
To be the sport of every Lout.

It is not vainly my design
To publish others thoughts as mine;
Amplly rewarded for my pains,
So my collection entertains.
The *dress* may easily be known
From the *rich metal*, not my *own*.

OUR passions are rebels against our understandings.

The foil, however rich, nevertheless has need of the hand of the labourer.

A florid speech, without matter, is like a drum, noisy, but empty.

Thinking is the key to the tongue.

Wine, like a coward, attacks us most when we are least upon our guard.

Prosperity has the qualities of the waters of Lethe; they who taste of it forget themselves.

The actions of men are like the index of a book; they point out what is most remarkable in them.

To flatter a good man is needless; a bad one, an insult.

Nobility, like great rivers, has often an obscure origin.

Nobility, instead of giving a lustre to posterity, frequently obscures it; as a very bright sun produces a deeper and stronger shadow.

Learning is to the mind what dress is to the body; useful and ornamental.

Pedantry is the foppery of learning, as fringe and embroidery are of dress.

A king's best guard is the love of his people.

That kings can do no wrong, is a mischievous maxim in policy: good kings never will; and bad ones should never dare to subvert the laws of their country.

The men who have been dignified with the title of *great*, were those who were the greatest destroyers of mankind; Alexander the Great, and Lewis the Great, are examples.

It is amazing that men should af-

fect to know every thing, and yet be so deficient in the very first principle of wisdom—*Know thyself*.

Experience and observation are the light-houses of reason, which direct us in our steerage through the dangerous ocean of life.

Those who make constant use of horses and asses, will find they have seldom occasion for the physician:

Exercise and proper diet
Keep the mind and body quiet.

Kings have long arms; they should have short memories.

Ingratitude is a poison of so deleterious a nature, that it even destroys the very bosom in which it harbours.

Men in love are like children whining after a play-thing; which, when once they have been indulged with, they throw aside, and, perhaps, take up with a less agreeable and more trifling toy.

A noble mansion with an avaricious owner, is like a very fine binding to an ill-written book; you must not expect to meet with good entertainment within.

Riches and care are as inseparable as sun and shadow.

It is not Fortune, but we, that are blind: for with content a little will satisfy the purposes of life; without it, thousands are insufficient.

Good kings want no guards, and bad ones fear them.

Physicians, when they lose sight of Nature, recommend a consultation; as men, bewildered in the dark, call out for light.

How happens it that converts generally are more zealous in the defence of the religion they have embraced than their converters? It is, perhaps,

perhaps, that they may make up for the time they suspect they have lost, in order to be put on a par; as travellers, who being behind, make all the speed they can to come up with their party, so that they may get in together at last.

Men are loth to die, so are children to go to bed; and, probably, for the same reason, they are afraid to be confined in the dark.

Every good man would wish to pay his just debts; and is not death a debt we owe to Nature?

It is a childish complaint to say, Time flies away from us; when the very reverse is the real truth: people sailing think the land and trees fly from them; they are deceived, it is the ship that moves.

It is in the power of every man to be rich, provided he will be content.

Ease and peace of mind lengthen life.

'Save your breath to cool your broth,' is a saying which cannot better be applied than to the ladies en-

gaged at a tea-table in tittle-tattle and scandal.

A man is very unfit to live in the world who cannot keep his temper, his secrets, and his money.

There is nothing in nature so bold as innocence, nor so timid as guilt.

To combat with, and to surmount difficulties, is the greatest triumph.

No wonder poets are generally poor, when they are always running after a parcel of *wenches* and a *fiddler*.

The study of the mathematics is like climbing up a steep and craggy mountain; when once you reach the top, it fully recompenses your trouble, by opening a fine, clear, and extensive prospect.

Highwaymen and gamblers differ only in their modes of depredation: the former attack you, under masks, with loaded pistols; while the latter accost you, in lace and embroidery, with packs of cards and loaded dice.

Avarice and dissipation are like Scylla and Charybdis; they engulph every thing that comes within their vortex,

A SATIRICAL LETTER.

GOOD SIR,

I Am an old man, and little used to writing: but, Sir, as I see you are so obliging to others as to communicate their sentiments and complaints to the world, I dare say you will mine. I was for many years resident in London; but an old uncle, in the year 1729, dying, and leaving me a tolerable estate in Gloucestershire, I preferred ease to affluence, and retired from noise and bustle to peace and quiet. Among my friends in town was one Mr. Holland, a draper in Cheapside: he was a good, honest, pains-taking man; if you dined with him, a joint of meat and a pudding were the utmost of his entertainment. I never saw wine in his house but at Christmas, or on a wedding-day. We had a glass of good ale; and after dinner we went to our business, and did not sit three or four hours, as you do now. He wore his cap the greatest

part of the day; and was not ashamed to take the broom and the scraper, and clean before his door. I fear I shall never see his like again. He is dead, poor man: died in July 1750, leaving ten thousand seven hundred pounds, all got by care and industry, between seven children, share and share alike. Business, Mr. Editor, calling me to town this spring, (my daughter's marriage, good Sir, if you must know) I resolved to enquire after my old friend's family. He had three sons; the eldest, I found, was ruined by horse-racing, and went to settle at Lisbon. The next, Tom by name, became a bankrupt in sixty by vice and extravagance, and went to America, where we must all go soon, at least the younger part of us. I got a direction for Jack, a haberdasher near the 'Change. I trudged to see him last Wednesday morning: I asked for Mr.

Mr. John Holland; and, to my great surprize, was introduced to a gentleman as fine as my Lord Cockatoo, and his hair dressed as high, and powdered as white. I begged pardon, and told him I supposed the man had made a mistake; on which he recollecting me, called me by my name, and run across the room, and kissed me. The devil take his French fashions. He expressed great joy indeed at seeing me, and insisted on my dining with him at his house in the country. 'My coach,' said he, 'will be at the door directly: Miss Pattypan, and her papa the great city-cook, will favour us with their company, and you shall make one.' Not being engaged, curiosity induced me to take the spare corner of the coach, and go with them to the country, as they call it; that is, to Highgate. I will not trouble you with all the particulars of our journey and dinner; but only tell you, that it cut me to the heart to see my friend's son so great a contrast to his father. On the road they entertained me with all that passed in public. They all belonged, I understood, to the city-concert and the assembly; never failed at Mrs. Thingame's in Soho Square; had been at two ridotto's this winter; loved the opera; and Miss Pattypan sung us an Italian air. An impudent minx! I could have knocked her empty pate against her father's jolter. When we arrived, we were introduced to Madam Holland. How she was dressed in jewels and gold! And then her hair curled six inches from her head! God forgive me if I am mistaken, but I believe it was a wig. Then, when dinner came in, how was I amazed to see the table covered with seven dishes! and more so, when I was told there was another course! The turbot cost eighteen shillings, the turkey polts fourteen shillings, Madam told us; for she gloried in her shame!

I beg pardon, Sir, for having detained you thus long with such trifles; but you know old people will be prating. What I meant to tell you was our discourse after dinner. As I came

from the country, Mr. Holland and Mr. Pattypan attacked me on the high price of provisions. 'An't it a shame,' says Mr. Holland, 'that we poor Londoners should be paying such extravagant prices, when we live in a land of plenty? Poultry, meat, and butter, double the price they were twenty years ago; oats twenty shillings a quarter; hay three pounds ten shillings. It costs me more in one month than it did my father in a year. I shall, instead of saving ten thousand pounds, be obliged to run away, if something an't done to reduce the price of provisions.' My blood boiled with indignation; I hastily replied, 'Whether something is done or not, Mr. Holland, you must run away if you live thus. Don't name your poor father; his table would have been furnished for a week for the money your turbot cost. Provisions were less, you say, by one-half, in your father's time; but why were they so? because people lived with more frugality, and the consumption was less. A city haberdasher in those days would have thought he entertained his friends nobly with a piece of beef and potatoes in the pan; but I see fourteen dishes, in these luxurious times, are scarcely sufficient. If your father, even in those cheaper days, had furnished his table like the prodigals of the present, he must, instead of leaving ten thousand pounds, have starved, and died a beggar. Your father had no country-house. He had a saying, that—

"Those who do two houses keep,

"Must often wake when others sleep."

'Though the verse is not extraordinary, the moral is good. He had no coach; therefore the price of oats or hay hurt him not. He neither subscribed to, nor idled his time at public assemblies. I may say to you as the friend in Dan Prior says to the fat man, "You are making the very evil you complain of." In my younger days, there wan't a shop-keeper in London kept his coach; now scarce one is to be found who

condescends

• condescends to walk: and not only
 • shopkeepers, but whores, dancing-
 • masters, and fiddlers, have their
 • equipages. You use a hundred times
 • as much butter as was used formerly,
 • with your fauces, fricasees, and tea.
 • Your vanity employs five hundred
 • times the horses. You consume more
 • of God's good creatures at one din-
 • ner than would have feasted your
 • ancestors for a month, and yet pre-
 • tend to be amazed that things are
 • not so plenty as they were. The
 • same ground can't keep cows, grow
 • oats, breed cattle, produce hay,
 • pasture your horses, and supply you
 • with grain. The consequence of
 • which is, you fetch your luxuries at
 • great expence from seventy miles
 • distance; whereas, in our time, ten
 • miles round London supplied the
 • town with all necessaries.' I was
 going on, when Mr. Pattypan yawn-
 ed, and said, he did not come here for
 a lecture; and before I could answer
 him, Mr. Jackanapes, the haberdasher,
 said, 'Let's take a turn in the gar-
 den, and leave old Square Toes to
 swallow his spittle.' I here grew

too angry to stay with the empty cox-
 combs: I took up my hat and cane,
 and marched to the door; when the
 pastry-cook called out, 'You had bet-
 ter go back in Mr. Holland's coach,
 for it is too late to walk; and it will
 break your frugal heart to spend a
 shilling for a place in the stage!'—
 'No, Mr. Puff Paste,' says I, 'though
 I am an enemy to profusion, I spend
 my money as cheerfully as any body
 when my convenience requires it.
 Though I can't live at the expence
 of either of you, I believe I have
 estate enough to buy all the pies and
 tapes in your two shops: I mean to
 live, and give my children some-
 thing at my death; but you can't
 support your profusion long; you'll
 be bankrupts soon, and cheat your
 creditors out of nineteen shillings in
 the pound; you'll live to feast on
 gravy-beef, instead of having fauces;
 and at last die in a jail, or feed hogs,
 and eat the husks like your brother
 'Prodigal in the Gospel.' Here I
 flounced out of the room, and so ended
 our scolding. I am, Sir, your, &c.

PETER MODERATION.

AN ODD ADVENTURE.

AN archbishop of Canterbury,
 making a tour into the country,
 stopped at an inn for refreshment.
 Being at the window, he observed at
 a distance, in a solitary wood, a well-
 dressed man alone, talking, and act-
 ing a kind of part. The prelate's
 curiosity was excited to know what
 the stranger was about, and accord-
 ingly sent some of his servants to ob-
 serve him, and hear what he was re-
 hearing; but they bringing him back
 an answer no way satisfactory, his
 Grace resolved to go himself. He
 accordingly repaired to the wood, or-
 dering his attendants to keep at a
 distance. He addressed the stranger
 very politely, and was answered with
 the same civility. A conversation
 having been once entered into, though
 not without interruptions by an oc-

casional soliloquy, his Grace asked
 what he was about? 'I am at play,'
 he replied. 'At play!' said the pre-
 late; 'and with whom? You are all
 alone.'—'I own,' said he, 'Sir,
 you do not perceive my antagonist;
 but I am playing with God.'—
 'Playing with God!' (his lordship
 thinking the man out of his mind;)
 'this is a very extraordinary party:
 and pray at what game, Sir, are you
 playing?'—'At chess, Sir.' The
 archbishop smiled; but the man seem-
 ing peaceable, he was willing to amuse
 himself with a few more questions.
 'And do you play for any thing,
 Sir?'—'Certainly.'—'You cannot
 have any great chance, as your ad-
 versary must be so superior to you.'—
 'He does not take any advantage, but
 plays merely like a man.'—'Pray,
 Sir,

'Sir, when you win or lose, how do you settle your accounts?'—'Very exactly and punctually, I promise you.'—'Indeed! Pray how stands your game?' The stranger, after muttering something to himself, said, '—I have just lost it.'—'And how much have you lost?'—'Fifty guineas.'—'That is a great sum; how do you intend paying it? Does God take your money?'—'No; the poor are his treasurers: he always sends some worthy person to receive the debt; and you are at present the purse-bearer.' Saying this, he pulled out his purse, and reckoning fifty guineas, put them into his Grace's hand, and retired, saying he should play no more that day.

The prelate was quite fascinated; he did not know what to make of this extraordinary adventure: he viewed the money, found all the guineas good, recalled what had passed, and began to think there must be something more in this man than he had discovered. However, he continued his journey, and applied the money to the use of the poor, as had been directed.

Upon his return, he stopped at the same inn; and perceiving the same person again in the wood, in his former situation, he resolved to have a little farther conversation with him, and went alone to the spot where he was. The stranger was a comely man, and the prelate could not help view-

ing him with a kind of religious veneration, thinking, by this time, that he was inspired to do good in this uncommon manner. The prelate accosted him as an old acquaintance, and familiarly asked him how the chance had stood since they had first met. 'Sometimes for me, and sometimes against me; I have both lost and won.'—'And are you at play now?'—'Yes, Sir; we have played several games to-day.'—'And who wins?'—'Why, Sir, at present the advantage is on my side; the game is just over; I have a fine stroke; check mate, there it is.'—'And pray, Sir, how much have you won?'—'Five hundred guineas.'—'That is a handsome sum; but how are you to be paid?'—'I pay and receive in the like manner: he always sends me some good rich man when I win; and you, my lord, are the person. God is remarkably punctual upon these occasions.'

The archbishop had received a considerable sum that very day; the stranger knew it, and producing a pistol by way of receipt, the prelate found himself under the necessity of giving up his cash; and by this time discovered the divine inspired gamester to be neither more nor less than a thief. His lordship had, in the course of his journey, related the first part of this adventure; but the latter part he very prudently took great pains to conceal.

LETTER FROM NONSENSE,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF AND FAMILY.

SIR,

I Think proper to inform you that I am the father of a most ancient, puissant, and honourable family, which you have openly and avowedly entered into a combination to wound, injure, and defame, if not totally extirpate. My name, Sir, is NONSENSE; and a more revered, more honoured, more renowned, more ap-

VOL. I.

plauded name, give me leave to say, Sir, exists not upon the face of the habitable or uninhabitable globe. Now, understand me, Sir: I send not this in form of a petition, to beg you will sometimes grant me admittance into your warehouse of wit; no, it is defiance; I will be there in your despatch, I and my family. What, Sir,

Sir, shall I, who cut so conspicuous a figure in all companies, literate and illiterate; who can speak all languages, and upon all subjects, without understanding any of them; who can answer questions before I hear them, and laugh heartily at jests I don't comprehend; I who fill such ample space in English pamphlets, French journals, German folios, and Oriental eclogues; shall I be excommunicated from the unholy pale of a thing called a Magazine, by an upstart who pretends he wants not my aid? Poor, silly, rash mortal! I really, Sir, am sorry you do not understand the world and your own interest better. Do you not know, that were you all you wish, could you absolutely exclude and banish me from the *hallowed* parlious of a monthly Magazine, which is ridiculous but to suppose; know you not, I say, Sir, that there are, nevertheless, hundreds who would swear to my being there? would clap their thumbs upon me in every page, and discover traces of me in every period? whereas, were I there in fact, these very same critics, with all their acuteness, would never suspect my presence. Know you not, Sir, that Nonsense is Sense to some; and Sense, Nonsense?

Consider my age, Sir; consider my power and reputation in the world. Where is the family to which I am not allied? What affair of consequence has there ever happened, from the creation to the present moment, in which I have had no hand? What statesman, what king, what priest, what poet, what historian, has not sometimes voluntarily, but often *will be nil be*, fallen under my power? Do I not, with an invisible but mighty arm, reign over innumerable souls who are unconscious of my dominion? And, answer frankly; do you not suppose it possible that I laugh, and have you under my pervading influence, when you little dream I am so near? Come, come; confess, confess?

It cannot be supposed, I think, that I need long intercede to become a servant to you, who am the master

of so many. My authority has ever been great and respected; but in these latter ages, since my close connection with the family of Fashion, which, mighty though it is, has always condescended to be governed by me, my empire is boundless, and my reign glorious. Let me therefore advise you to 'give me homage due;' you will find it infinitely to your advantage: and that you may the more readily be induced to this, I will here send you some account of my family.

The period of my marriage is so remote, that it's date is past the power of recollection: suffice it then to say, in the beginning of time, I fell in love with and espoused Folly. Never were lovers so enamoured; never was pair so happy; never was couple so fitted for each other, so capable of advancing each other's interests, or so indefatigable in spreading each other's fame. Worthy were we, and are we, of being held up as an example of true conjugal felicity. Addicted as I am to write and talk, had I had any other wife, I must have been miserable. Am I incomprehensible and confused—she admires my depth; verbose and garrulous—she praises my precision; trifling with, and wandering from, the subject—she is charmed with my agreeable levity. Then she is ever ready to laugh at my jokes, though she knew them every one by rote in the days of Adam; and repeats my bon-mots even oftener than I myself.

Nor is *her* power less extensive, less confirmed, or any whit inferior to mine. She it was who planned and projected the Tower of Babel: and she has been famous ever since for beginning buildings and leaving them unfinished; of which, besides the famous one of the Louvre, I could give you innumerable proofs. She it was who inspired Alexander with the project of acquiring immortal renown, by the destruction of people and nations who never could have offended him, for they had never heard of his name: and it was she

also

also who bestowed upon him the title of GREAT. Were I to enumerate her exploits, or the men who have become mighty by acting under her direction, I should never finish. Her schemes are infinite; and, what is more, have many of them infinite success. The titles and honours she bestows are sought for universally, and neglected or despised by none—but those who cannot procure them. She it was who first imagined and made crowns, sceptres, tiaras, turbans, and all the paraphernalia, by the magic power of which men may be, and are, metamorphosed from

atheists into popes, cardinals, and bishops; from usurpers into emperors; with long and undescribable et cæteras.

I intended, and I still intend, to send you hints concerning other branches of our numerous and respectable family; whom it will be your interest to cherish, praise, and employ: but my avocations are so many, that at present I have not time. Observe my orders, and obey them, or tremble at my influence. Insert this, and expect to hear again next month from

NONSENSE.

CHARACTERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. SAMUEL BUTLER,

AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

X.

A CHEAT

IS a freeman of all trades, and all trades of his. Fraud and treachery are his calling, though his profession be the strictest integrity and truth. He spins nets, like a spider, out of his own entrails, to entrap the simple and unwary that light in his way, whom he devours and feeds upon. All the greater sort of cheats, being allowed by authority, have lost their names, (as judges, when they are called to the bench, are no more styled lawyers) and left the title to the meaner only, and the unallowed. The common ignorance of mankind is his province, which he orders to the best advantage. He is but a tame highwayman, that does the same things by stratagem and design which the other does by force, makes men deliver their understandings first, and after their purses. Oaths and lyes are his tools that he works with, and he gets his living by the drudgery of his conscience. He endeavours to cheat the devil by mortgaging his soul so many times over and over to him, forgetting that he has damnations, as priests have absolutions, of all prices. He is a kind of a just

judgment, sent into this world to punish the confidence and curiosity of ignorance, that out of a natural inclination to error will tempt it's own punishment, and help to abuse itself. He can put on as many shapes as the devil that set him on work, is one that fishes in muddy understandings, and will tickle a trout in his own element, till he has him in his clutches, and after in his dish, or the market. He runs down none but those which he is certain are *fera natura*, mere natural animals, that belong to him that can catch them. He can do no feats without the co-operating assistance of the chowse, whose credulity commonly meets the impostor half way, otherwise nothing is done; for all the craft is not in the catching, (as the proverb says) but the better half at least in being caught. He is one that, like a bond *without fraud, covin, and further delay, is void and of none effect, otherwise does stand and remain in full power, force, and virtue*. He trusts the credulous with what hopes they please at a very easy rate, upon their own security, until he has drawn them far enough in, and then makes them pay for all at once. The first thing he gets from him is a good opi-

nion, and afterwards any thing he pleases; for after he has drawn him from his guards, he deals with him like a surgeon, and ties his arm before he lets him blood.

XI.

A BANKRUPT

IS made by breaking, as a bird is hatched by breaking the shell; for he gains more by giving over his trade than ever he did by dealing in it. He drives a trade, as Oliver Cromwell did a coach, till it broke in pieces. He is very tender and careful in preserving his credit, and keeps it as methodically as a race-nag is dieted, that in the end he may run away with it: for he observes a punctual curiosity in performing his word, until he has improved his credit as far as it can go; and then he has caught the fish, and throws away the net; as a butcher, when he has fed his beast as fat as it can grow, cuts the throat of it. When he has brought his design to perfection, and disposed of all his materials, he lays his train, like a powder-traitor, and gets out of the way, while he blows up all those that trusted him. After the blow is given, there is no manner of intelligence to be had of him for some months, until the rage and fury is somewhat digested, and all hopes vanished of ever recovering any thing of body, or goods, for revenge or restitution; and then propositions of treaty and accommodation appear, like the sign of the Hand and Pen out of the clouds, with conditions more unreasonable than thieves are wont to demand for restitution of stolen goods. He shoots like a fowler at a whole flock of geese at once, and stalks with his horse to come as near as possibly he can without being perceived by any one, or giving the least suspicion of his design, until it is too late to prevent it; and then he flies from them, as they should have done before from him. His way is so commonly used in the city, that he robs in a road, like a highwayman, and

yet they will never arrive at wit enough to avoid it; for it is done upon surprise: and as thieves are commonly better mounted than those they rob, he very easily makes his escape, and flies beyond pursuit of huon-cries, and there is no possibility of overtaking him.

XII.

A KNAVE

IS like a tooth-drawer, that maintains his own teeth in constant eating by pulling out those of other men. He is an ill moral philosopher, of villainous principles, and of bad practice. His tenets are to hold what he can get, right or wrong. His tongue and his heart are always at variance, and fall out, like rogues in the street, to pick somebody's pocket. They never agree but, like Herod and Pilate, to do mischief. His conscience never stands in his light, when the devil holds a candle to him: for he has stretched it so thin, that it is transparent. He is an engineer of treachery, fraud, and perfidiousness; and knows how to manage matters of great weight with very little force, by the advantage of his trepanning screws. He is very skilful in all the mechanics of cheat, the mathematical magic of imposture; and will outdo the expectation of the most credulous, to their own admiration and undoing. He is an excellent founder, and will melt down a leaden fool, and cast him into what form he pleases. He is like a pike in a pond, that lives by rapine, and will sometimes venture on one of his own kind, and devour a knave as big as himself: he will swallow a fool a great deal bigger than himself; and if he can but get his head within his jaws, will carry the rest of him hanging out at his mouth, until by degrees he has digested him all. He has a hundred tricks to slip his neck out of the pillory without leaving his ears behind. As for the gallows, he never ventures to show his tricks upon the high-rope, for fear

fear of breaking his neck. He seldom commits any villainy, but in a legal way, and makes the law bear him out in that for which it hangs others. He always robs under the vizard of law, and picks pockets with tricks in equity. By his means the law makes more knaves than it hangs; and, like the inns of court, protects offenders against itself. He gets within the law, and disarms it. His hardest labour is to wriggle him-

self into trust, which if he can but compass, his business is done; for fraud and treachery follow as easily as a thread does a needle. He grows rich by the ruin of his neighbours, like grass in the streets in a great sickness. He shelters himself under the covert of the law, like a thief in a hemp-plot, and makes that secure him which was intended for his destruction.

LETTER FROM AN IRISH GENTLEWOMAN
TO HER SON IN LONDON.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I Thought it my duty incumbent upon me, to let you know that your only living sister, Camey Mac-Frame, has been violently ill of a fit of sickness, and is dead; therefore we have small or no hopes of her getting better. Your dear mother constantly prayed for a long and speedy recovery.

I am sorry to acquaint you, that your godfather Patrick O'Conner is also dead. His death was occasioned by eating rid-hirrings stuffed with paraties, or paraties stuffed with rid-hirrings, I don't know which; and notwithstanding the surgeons attended him for three weeks, he died suddenly for want of help on the day of his death, which was Sunday night last. The great bulk of his estate comes to an only dead child in the family.

I have made a present of your sister's diamond-ring to Mr. O'Hara, the great small-beer brewer, for three guineas; and I have taken the great corner-house that is burnt down, on a repairing lease.

I have sent you a Dublin Canary-bird, which I have carefully put up

in a rat-trap, with some food in a snuff-box, which will come free of all charges, only paying the captain for the passage.

Pray find me the news of the proceedings of the House of Commons next week; for we hear they have given us leave to import all our paraties to England; which is great news indeed.

Write immediately, and don't stay for the post. Direct for me next door to the Bible and Moon, in Copper Alley, Dublin, for there I am now; but I shall remove to-morrow into my new house. Don't find to me in a frank again; for the last letter that came free was charged thirteen-pence. So no more at present from

Your dutiful mother,

CAMEY CARRNAYL MAC FRAME.

P. S. I did not sale this letter, to prevent it from being broke open; therefore find word if it miscarries. Your cousin-in-law Thady O'Dogharty is gone for a light-horseman among the marines.

SELECT ANECDOTES, REPORTEES, AND BON-MOTS.
ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER IV.

I.

THE Duke de Roquelaure, who was himself a very ordinary man, fell in company with another still more ordinary, lately come from a distant part of the kingdom to Versailles to solicit something from Louis XIV.

The Duke, who had great interest at court, presented him to the king himself, as a person to whom he had exceedingly great obligations; and the petition was accordingly granted. His Majesty then asked his grace what were the vast obligations he had to that person.

son. The duke seemed surprized, and said they were so evident, they were written in each of their faces. 'How so?' replied the king. 'I believe, and please your Majesty,' said the duke, 'were it not for that worthy gentleman, no one will deny that I should have been the ugliest man in your Majesty's dominions.'

II.

A GASCON officer went to M. Desmarets, the then minister of state in France, for the first payment of a pension that had been granted him by the king; but the minister, who knew the state poverty, refused to pay it: upon which the Gascon shewed his brevet. 'Pshaw, Sir,' said the minister, 'your brevet is an old song.' Away went the Gascon into the king's presence, taking care to be noticed, with his brevet in his hand, looking earnestly at it, and humming first one air, and then another, and shaking his head between each, as much as to say, 'No, that won't do!' The king presently asked what he was about. 'May it please your Majesty,' said the officer, 'I have been to M. Desmarets to demand payment of the pension your Majesty was pleased to grant me, and he has informed me your Majesty's brevet is nothing but an old song; at present I am trying what tune it will go to.' The king could not forbear laughing at the Gascon's manner and wit, and ordered the money to be instantly paid.

III.

THE celebrated Malherbe dined one day with the Archbishop of Rouen, who was famous for being a tedious dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely over before Malherbe fell asleep; but was awaked by the prelate, and invited to go and hear him preach. 'I beseech your Grace,' said Malherbe, 'to excuse me; I can sleep exceedingly well where I am.'

IV.

THE Abbé Regnier, secretary to the French Academy, was one day

making a collection of half a guinea from each member; and, not observing when the president, who was a very avaricious man, dropped his half guinea in, presented him the hat a second time. The president, with some warmth, declared he had paid; and the Abbé replied, 'I believe you, Sir, though I did not see it.' Fontenelle, who was present, immediately said, 'Now I saw it, but do not believe it.'

V.

A GENTLEMAN observing, in genteel assembly, that Dr. Graham notwithstanding the notorious indelicacy of his lectures, was a man of such humanity, that he could not reconcile to himself the idea of feeding on animal food, and even wished, if possible, to be clothed, as well as fed, from the vegetative productions of the earth. 'To cloath the doctor, then, in his own way,' said a lady as remarkable for her vivacity as her beauty and virtue, 'his neckcloth should certainly be made of hemp.'

VI.

DIOGENES, the Cynic philosopher, seeing the son of a common woman throw stones among a crowd of people, 'Take care, young man,' said he, 'that you do not hit your father.'

VII.

A PRISONER in the Fleet lately sent to his creditor, to let him know that he had a proposal to make, which he believed would be for their mutual benefit. Accordingly, the creditor calling on him to hear it, 'I have been thinking,' said he, 'that it is a very idle thing for me to lie here, and put you to the expence of seven groats a week. My being so chargeable to you has given me great uneasiness; and God knows what it may cost you in the end. Therefore, what I would propose is this: You shall let me out of prison; and, instead of seven groats, you shall allow me only eighteen-pence a week, and the other ten-pence shall go towards the discharge of the debt.'

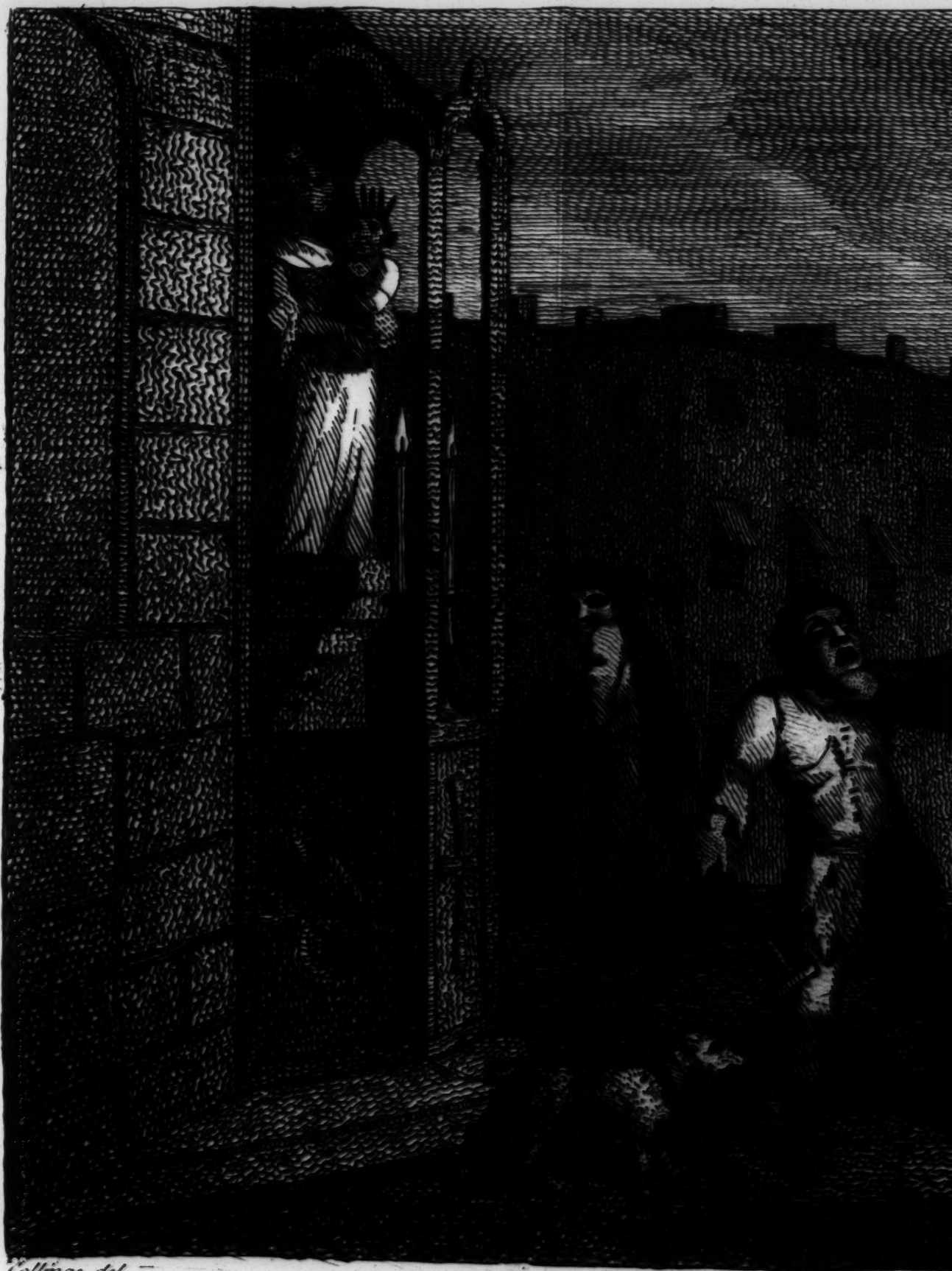
ce2
v-
as
his
at
th
d;
u,
n-
l
o

m
l
ch
ile
ni-
li-
om
he
n,
re-
ty
ld

er,
an
le,
ne,
,

ent
nat
he
ual
tor
ave
is
re,
en
ge-
in-
it
re,
ou
in-
al-
ek,
to-
,

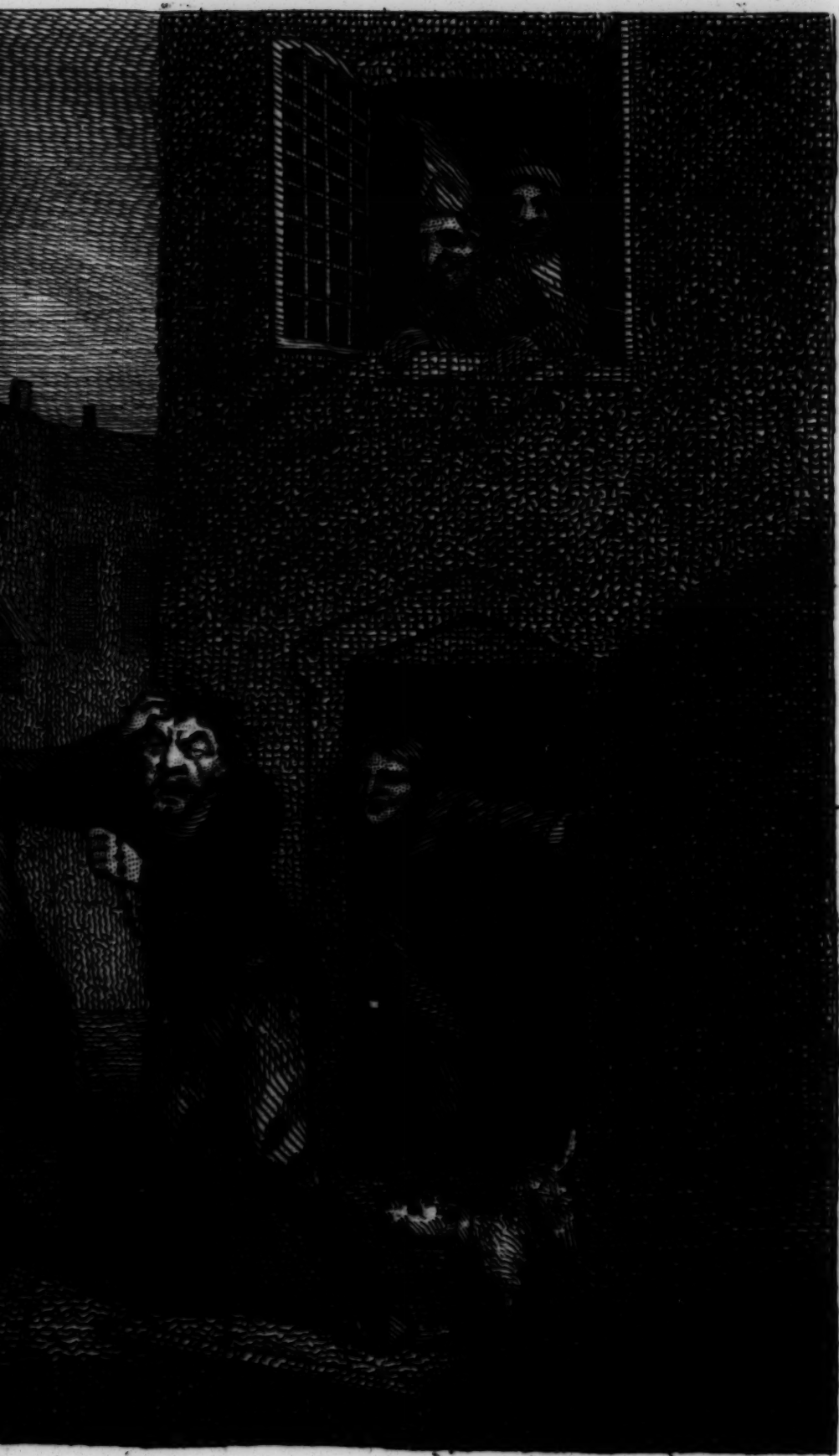
Y.



Collings del.

THE BLIND BEGGAR

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. N.



Blake sculp.

GARS HATS.

8. C^o May 1. 1784.

POETRY.

THE BEGGARS HATS;

OR, THE WAY TO GET RICH.

A TALE.

BY MR. HOLCROFT.

IN Florence, once, a Signior dwelt,
 Who Fortune's favours erst had felt;
 But, while too fast her wheel she whirl'd,
 He giddy grew, and headlong hurl'd
 From her high slippery spoke was he,
 Down to the pit of Poverty;
 Which was so deep, he 'gan to doubt
 If e'er again he could get out.
 Besides, the phantom Honour rid him,
 And, most punctiliously, forbid him
 Plebeian use of hands magnific,
 Or digits ten to make prolific,
 In action of ignoble sort,
 Which might degrade his rank at court;
 Declaring trade was worse than Turk,
 And bade him rather starve than work:
 While INDOLENCE cried out, 'Twere treason
 To think that Honour wanted reason;
 For, so illustrious was his blood,
 'T had noble been before the Flood;
 And, like to stagnant lake, had bubbled
 Offensive stench, if e'er 'twas troubled.
 More honourable it were to beg,
 Pull off his cap, and make a leg:
 Not to a mortal; that were horrid!
 But he might bow his noble forehead,
 And yet not give his pride a purging
 Before a certain Blessed Virgin,
 Who from a post was lately cut,
 And in convenient corner put,
 To hear petitions, and receive
 As much as people pleas'd to leave.

This reasoning was so very good,
 It might not eas'ly be withstood:
 He therefore vow'd, as was expedient,
 To be for evermore obedient;
 To listen meekly when the child him,
 And do whate'er she pleas'd to bid him:
 In which last points, most folks allow,
 He ne'er was known to break his vow.
 Thus, resting for support upon her,
 He pleas'd both Indolence and Honour.

High was this holy maid's renown
 Thro' many a fair Italian town;
 Jewels and pearls she had abundant,
 Flounces and furbelows redundant;
 Sacques, gowns, hoops, petticoats, and smocks,
 Ear-rings, gauze-caps, and powder'd locks;
 Lac'd shoes, fring'd garters; and, that she
 Might, *tout a fait*, in fashion be,
 Each cheek was daub'd with red and white,
 Like dowager's by candle-light.
 Yet, more our wonder to bespeak,
 She chang'd her linen once a week!
 Tho' this was thought, throughout the nation,
 A work of supererogation,
 Much too sublime for imitation,

Where cleanliness is so uncommon,
 'Tis useless held in man or woman.
 She was withal so monstrous chaste,
 Virtue was buckled round her waist:
 E'en Monks themselves, it had been said,
 Could not purloin her maidenhead;
 Besides, the miracles she wrought
 Were more than some folks could have thought;
 Nay, were they not affirm'd by Friars,
 You'd swear the publishers were liars:
 But he t' eternity shall fry
 Who thinks a Friar's lips can lie.

Our Signior, as we said before,
 Proud, indolent, and very poor,
 Became a vot'ry at her shrine,
 In hope she'd seriously incline
 To hear his fervent, flatt'ring speeches,
 And be so good to grant him riches.
 Each morn, betimes, he trotted, fasting,
 And promis'd homage everlasting,
 With sprinklings, crossings, genuflections,
 Would she but deign to take directions
 From him, a blind and silly sinner,
 And grant, at least, each day a dinner.
 But, somehow, this hard-hearted maid
 Ne'er listened to a word he said;
 But unconcern'd remain'd, and mum,
 As though she had been deaf and dumb;
 Not all his prayers and pious bustle
 Could ever make her move a muscle;
 As mute she stood, when urg'd the most,
 As if she still had been a post!
 And was so sparing of her favour,
 The Signior's faith began to waver;
 Till his backsliding soul had fear
 She would not, or she could not, hear!

In Florence, thus, as well as London,
 The soul, subdued by body mundane,
 Has found it difficult to believe
 Doctrines it never could conceive:
 Nay is, at times, inclin'd to doubt
 What fools alone can doubt about.

Our story soon will make it clear
 His faith had little cause of fear.

His beads to drop, his prayers to say,
 He rose one chearful morn of May,
 When weather made the lips relative,
 And the frank soul communicative,
 The Blessed Mary to confront,
 And kneel unto, as was his wont.
 But, though 'twas early, yet was he,
 As it fell out, the last of three:
 Two Beggars blind were bent before her,
 Pretending highly to adore her,
 The tear to squeeze, the sigh to broach,
 Whene'er they heard a foot approach;
 Else not a single groan or hem:
 The devil might sigh and groan for them,
 If they suppos'd no mortal ey'd 'em,
 Or knelt to matter pray'rs beside 'em;
 Though Vicar of Bray ne'er bray'd so loud
 As they, when braying in a crowd.

Not

Not hearing any thing i'th' wind,
 (Observe, I told you they were blind)
 They chattered with each other freely,
 And not with mouth by some called mealy,
 Of their impostures hypocritic,
 Their feignings to be paralytic,
 With various arts and tricks exterior,
 Each vaunting still himself superior
 In cheating your fanatic blockhead,
 And plucking pence from pious pocket.

No sooner did they money mention,
 Than our good Signior's whole attention
 Was caught, and straight all eye and ear
 On cautious tip-toe he drew near;
 While they, with vanity impellent,
 Told each dissimulative talent:
 Till one, more hardy, boasted that
 Two hundred pistoles in his hat
 Well quilted were, and all in gold,
 As good as e'er were touch'd or told—
 'Pihaw,' with a sneer, replies the other,
 'But I've five hundred pistoles, brother,
 'Of gold, which touchstone well endures,
 'Hid in the self-same place as yours.'

Their belts had burst, had they been buckled,
 So heartily the rascals chuckled,
 To think that they, who wanted eyes,
 Were, more than others, rich and wise:
 For vanity as soon convinces
 Your mendicants, as peers or princes;
 And tear of approbation trickles
 Down beggar's cheek, when self-love tickles,
 As fast, and with as warm delight,
 As down the cheek of earl or knight.

Their talk heard well our man of Florence;
 And tho' he theft held in abhorrence,
 That is, whenever he suspected
 He probably might be detected;
 Yet conscience soon was acquiescent
 Upon occasion like the present.
 Quick, then, with ambidexter snatch,
 He left each pate without a patch;
 And back recoil'd, with footstep silent;
 While they, with clamours loud and violent,
 Supposing each by th' other plunder'd,
 'Thief! Scoundrel! Robber! Rascal!' thunder'd;
 And both began to claw and curse
 Like drabs of Billingsgate, or worse;
 While arm athletic well belabours,
 Till uproar rais'd the drowsy neighbours,
 Who gave them, as my tale supposes,
 For broken heads, and bloody noses,
 And every other dire disaster,
 Much good advice, by way of plaister.

Our Signior linger'd not t' enquire
 Which way his dupes would vent their ire;
 But, holding it unwise to tarry,
 Ran off as fast as legs would carry;
 Nor ever stopt to look behind,
 Till, out of danger and of wind,
 He deem'd that safely, on reflection,
 He might take breath and recollection.

And now, when certain of his booty,
 Some scruples strange about his duty
 Began to fill his doubting mind,
 Till he was more than half inclin'd

To entertain an odd belief,
 That he was more than half a thief;
 And waken'd conscience gave such twitches
 About his ill-begotten riches,
 As, reader, you and I, I trow,
 Who never sinn'd, can never know.

You've seen that folks in pain, no doubt,
 Do bellow stoutly to get out:
 Hence doctors logically prove,
 That what we hate we do not love;
 While Truth peers thro' their diction florid,
 As plain as horns thro' cuckold's forehead.
 'Like causes like effects produce,'
 Is an old axiom still in use;
 Hence Pain suggested an opinion
 In cranium of our Florentinian,
 That she no more should break his rest,
 When he his crime had once confess'd;
 And, as 'twas an uncommon case,
 She held it wise that to his grace
 Th' archbishop he should forthwith go,
 And let him all the story know.
 He, like most folks before and since,
 Found Pain an arbitrary prince,
 Whose arguments must needs convince:
 Besides, he was not very subject
 Too long to reason on one object.
 Nor should this fact be too much minded;
 For, tho' you see that I'm long-winded,
 Yet too much reas'ning will fatigue me:
 And who but, if he saw a pigmy
 Lab'ring to carry a cow, must laugh,
 Knowing he could not carry a calf?

The prelate found, he then, and there,
 (His reverence, in his elbow-chair)
 Told, first and last, of his proceedings,
 His vow to th' Virgin, pray'rs and pleadings;
 Fail'd not t' enumerate his devotions,
 And all his orthodoxy notions
 Of God, the Mother, and the Daughter;
 Of consecrated wood and water;
 And spoke with spirit so submissive,
 So primitive, and so expressive,
 His reverence vow'd, with holy amen,
 He never heard, from lip of laymen,
 Doctrine so purely apostolic,
 So worthy to be term'd catholic!

'As for the Hats—hold—let me try—
 'Humph! ah—why, Sir, 'tween you and I,
 'We ought, in all humility,
 'Each to wear one! ay—this for me.
 'Tis very old, I grant, and bad;
 'But so Christ's children should be clad:
 'Tis heavier too than that you'll wear,
 'But it's my duty most to bear;
 'Painful pre-eminence, to moan
 'And weep transgressions not our own—
 'Meanwhile procession shall be made,
 'And holy office sung, or said,
 'With every possible decorum,
 'That they who have sins may deplore 'em;
 'And, with contrition true, may cry, Ah!
 'Before our blest *Sancta Maria*.
 'For, Sir, 'tis plain, that had not she
 'Been one of this confederacy,

'This

' This deed had wanted yet a name,
' Which I a miracle proclaim *!
' Nay, what is more, you 'ad gone without
' That Hat, which now, beyond a doubt,
' Is yours, by right of gift divine,
' As legally as this is mine.'

Our Signior, all as wise as *bonette*,
Bow'd, and put on his beggar's bonnet;
And in this conference learnt, we see,
Much logic—more divinity.

The story's done; but for the moral,
If you will take a poet's *parole*,
To dullness 'tis so much akin,
It's often better out than in.
Another reason may be shewn,
(I should be loth to have but one)
Like book yclep'd Encyclopédy,
My tale is much too long already.

SELF-TAUGHT PHILOSOPHY.

A TALE.

CORIN, a poor, but happy wight,
In tranquil ease enjoy'd his mite;
Tho' small, 'twas comfort, while the clown
Could justly call it all his own,
From debts and duns entirely free,
Acquir'd by toilsome industry.
If Fortune added to his store,
Tho' grateful, he requir'd no more:
If she deducted, 'twas her will;
Reign'd was grateful Corin still.
By no capricious humour tost,
In no foul gust of passion lost.
A stoic he, without the rules
Preach'd up in philosophic schools;
And, without knowledge, still was blest'd,
By thinking all things for the best.
Lord of his stock, though very small,
One lamb, a cow, and honest Ball,
A horse so old, so poor, and lame,
He scarce deserv'd of horse the name;
Yet such the one that Fortune sent,
And grateful Corin was content.
Peaceful he trod the path of life,
For (*Nota Bene*) he'd no wife.

All sorrow feel, or soon or late,
None are below the reach of Fate;
And 'twas poor Corin's luck to feel
Th' uncertain turns of Fortune's wheel.
One night some pilfering villains came,
And carried off his playful lamb;
Next morn he found the sportling stole;
At first a sigh broke from his soul;
But, by Reflection's mild relief,
He soon appeas'd his growing grief:
' Well, well,' quoth he, 'it's gone, I trow;
' Thank God, they have not stole my cow.'
Short comfort this; another theft
Poor Corin of his cow bereft.
' 'Twas cruel, hard; zooks! worse and worse;
' But, patience, they have left my horse!'

* The incidents in this tale, with some little variations, are taken from a book called *L'Utilité du Dolei*, published at Florence, with the approbation of the archbishop, and licensed by the Holy Inquisition.

Vol. I.

And well the reason you may judge,
They could not get the beast to budge.
Mi fortunes one another breed;
Death snatch'd away his fav'rite steed.
To top the whole, his landlord sent,
And seiz'd the household stock for rent:
For now, by many ills beset,
The clown was in his worship's debt;
Whose narrow soul, and thirst of pelf,
Began and ended all in self.
Now, stripp'd of all his former store,
What must he do? Why, work for more, }
And scrape as he had scrap'd before.
With this resolve he quits the cot,
The seat of his once happy lot;
And now, his mind and heart at ease,
Express'd himself in words like these—
' Why should I murmur at my fate?
' There's Farmer Giles, tho' rich of late,
' Is now reduc'd to bitter want;
' May Heaven a speedy comfort grant!
' Yet youth and vigour blest my life;
' And, God be prais'd! I have no wife:
' What once they've done, these hands of mine
' Can do again; then why repine?
' Come, come, to work, we must of course;
' Thank Providence it is no worse.'
Then o'er his back his flail he swung,
And, gaily whistling, jogg'd along.
Kind Fortune his endeavours crown'd,
And Corin's matters soon came round;
Riches beyond his wish increase,
And Plenty blest'd his days with Peace.
Hence this important truth we find,
Content is center'd in the mind:
Our portion Heaven allots of care;
Most blest'd are they who best can bear; }
'Tis manly never to despair.

C. L.—.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

ARGUMENT.

A certain shepherdess (ycleped Margaret Timbertoe) had the misfortune to be born without the sense of hearing, and was consequently dumb; she had likewise by accident lost the use of one leg and one eye: in other respects she was not without some very powerful attractions, at least in the eye of a neighbouring shepherd, (by name Phelim O' Gimblet) who being in the same situation as to the two latter particulars, became enamoured of the nymph, and thus he spake his passion.

ADMIRATION.

DEVIL burn 'em, these wits are jack-asses!
Tumble down their vile books from my
shelves,
They goddesses make of their lasses,
And simpletons make of themselves.

G

Away

Away with their nonsense, away!
Moggy Timbertoe let me indite,
Whose eye is as bright as the day,
And whose tongue is as still as the night.

With storms should the elements crack,
How fearless is Virtue the while!
Let the brave be dismay'd at the smack;
Her face wears an ever-green smile.

So gracefully Phillida moves,
So lightly she trips o'er the ground,
Each thought that I have of her loves;
Each line of her face carries the wound.

But how would the landlady stare,
To see little Timbertoe run!
Or how would Miss Phillida bear
To foot it for ever on one?

I knew that her fortune was noble;
I was smit with her presence behind;
And, bless'd with a similar hobble,
I wrote her a piece of my mind—

'I've seen a complexion as fair,
'Jenny Twinkle has one eye as fine;
'But where shall we meet with a pair
'So bright as that twinkler of thine?
'My passion in vain I would stifle;
'Like a cinder, I'm burnt black and blue;
'Nor can I be cur'd by a trifle,
'Unless I've that trifle from you.
'We have two pretty legs here between us,
'And a very compleat pair of eyes;
'The folk that on one side have seen us,
'Have seen nothing there to despise.
'It is not your cottage I want,
''Gainst an old oak's body reclin'd,
'With a wide-gaping window in front,
'And a snug little peephole behind.
'It is not the smell of your kitchen,
'Where plenty and cleanliness please;
'With a whole ham, and half of a fitch, in
'Reserve for potatoes and peas.
'It is not your mare, to ride double,
'Bereft, like ourselves, of one eye;
'No, nor twenty fat geese in the stubble,
'Nor a few with nine pigs in the sty.
'It is not, dear Moggy, your purse,
'But your person, I Phelim adore;
'And I'll take you for better, for worse,
'Will any man take you for more?'

HOPE.

KIND Nature had thrown off the load
Which in winter she commonly bore,
And the Sun jogg'd along the same road
He had travelled some thousand times o'er.

Mother Earth had put on her new cloaths;
'Twas, in English, the sweet month of May;
When Love led me forth by the nose,
Where dear Moggy Timbertoe lay.

On the marge of a river reclin'd,
I trembled to see her asleep!
Lest she wake on the side that was blind,
And roll adown into the deep.

Young Zephyr play'd roguishly by,
And whistled quite up to her knee;
I respectfully shut my one eye,
And the devil a bit did I see.

Thrice I roar'd out, 'Arise, pretty maid!'—
But she could not have heard the last trump;
Yet twice I start up the essay'd,
And thrice she fell down again plump.

I was going to visit her I went;
But she would not let me in affection to see;
Her single eye, I saw with content,
And doubly it shone on me.

She drew from her bosom my letter;
Love drew from his quiver a dart:
'Ah,' thought I, 'she can't have a better,
'To trip up the heels of her heart.'

She smil'd when I kiss'd her dear hand,
'Do your pleasure,' (as much as to say)
Yet so sweetly she bids me command,
By my faith, that she makes me obey!

Oh, what pleasure to see her lips jabber
About something that nobody knows;
And their taste is just like bonny-clabber,
While 'tatoes bob up to one's nose!

Ye scenes of nonsensical noise,
Where often with pleasure I strove,
I fly from your bumpkinly joys,
To the bosom of beauty and love.

No longer the cudgel I wield;
The glories of wrestling I shun—
Ye shepherds, the cock of the field
Is content with the fame he has won.

Gentle Hope, like an owl on her nest,
Stretch over my soul thy soft wing!
And the raptures that can't be express'd,
Get up, little Gimblet, and sing.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE clouds of a dirt-colour'd dye,
Besmut the bright face of the sun;
And let not the moon's silver eye
Make game of a lover undone.

Brown, brown be the earth; and, ye floods,
Tumble back your rude streams, or lie still!
Ye beasts of the field, to the woods;
Ye feather'd fowls, fly where you will!

Plague take it, this love's a vile passion,
'Tis not worth an honest man's care;
It begins with a world of vexation,
It ends in disgust and despair.

These girls are so full of vagary,
One never knows when one is right;
They'll lead you a dance till you're weary,
Then marry another in spite.

I pity those poor honest fellows,
Tied fast to their aprons for life;
They first give them cause to be jealous,
Then—'Dare you suspect your own wife?'

I thought I'd secur'd my dear Moggy
As safe as a thief in a mill;
But I'm popt in a hole that is boggy,
And there I may lay if I will.

I found out a gift for my las,;
I found out the maker at York;
'Twas an eye neatly fashion'd of glass,
'Twas a leg nicely finish'd of cork—

'Special good are the members I bring,'
Said I, and (to please her the more)
'My dear, you will find 'em the thing,
'For I've tried and I've proved them before.

'Look here, my sweet creature, to grace,
'How charming this eye-ball doth shine;
'It will give a new bloom to your face;
'See, it's fellow illuminates mine!

'Here's a limb! your acceptance I beg,
'Oh, 'tis better than that log of wood;
''Tis a brother to this little peg!
And I caper'd as high as I could.

How false are the pleasures we know!
How severe is the pang of disgrace!
When I offer'd them both, and bow'd low,
Why, she gave me a kick in the face.

Disappointment so blinded mine eye,
So confus'd the fine things I'd to say,
That my path I cou'd hardly espy,
As in dudgeon I hobbled away.

SUCCESS.

THERE be lovers of life so profuse,
If a mistress but happens to frown,
That will give their wife heads to a noose,
Or take to the water and drown.

Now why should we quarrel with life,
Since life is at best but a span;
Is the loss of a termagant wife
Such a horrid misfortune to man?

A termagant wife is the dee'l;
And can Moggy a termagant prove?
Her foot, to be sure, made me reel;
But perhaps 'twas a proof of her love.

'Ah, Phelim!' said I to myself,
'Why will not thy vanity see
'That a lady, possess'd of such pelf,
'May buy a much better than thee!'

Then I call'd myself dastardly devil,
And thought upon all I'd been told;
How that beauty despises a snivel,
And yields to the touch of the bold.

He's a knave, and a nobby to boot,
That's abash'd when a maiden says Nay;

And hastily gives up his suit,
Because he can't have his own way.

I knew that the gifts would allure,
And I follow'd the issue to see;
But, scarce had I gone from the door,
Little Moggy came hopping to me.

On her lips I imprinted a kiss,
And another intended; but, oh!
She caught such a foretaste of bliss,
That she quak'd from her top to her toe.

I fear'd that an ague had seiz'd her,
Her colour so went and so came;
But soon I perceiv'd that it pleas'd her;
And, pleas'd, I repeated the same.

Toward church I observ'd her eye squint,
Certain proof that she meant to be kind;
So I quickly improv'd on the hint,
And I silently told her my mind.

But when her compliance I guest,
I thought that my heart would run wild;
By St. Patrick, it bump'd in my breast,
Like the kicks of a never-born child!

To the parson I artfully stray'd,
Who knew our perfections to scan;
He vow'd, so accomplish'd a maid
Never wedded so finish'd a man.

He declar'd we were form'd for delight,
Tho' (to give honest Levi his due)
Time and stingo so bother'd his sight,
He scarce knew a P from a Q.

He blest us again and again,
In hopes I would double his pay;
But, before the clerk snuffled Amen,
We hopp'd, like two magpies, away.

THE CLEVER FELLOW.

BY MR. LEMOINE.

A Saucy rolling blade am I,
I keep a *Donkee Dick* (1);
Thro' London streets my wares I cry,
Up *peck* and *boozie* to pick (2).

In Black Boy Alley I've a *ken* (3),
A *tyke* (4) and fighting-cock;
A saucy tip-tilang *moon-eyed hen*,
Who oft *mills Doll at Black* (5).

I'm known by all the deep ones well,
About Saltpetre Bank;
And always ready, *prigs* (6) can tell,
'To *gig* a Smithfield *bank* (7).

I'll race my Jack, or bait a bull,
Or fight my *doodle-doo* (8);
I'll *flash* a *quid* (9) with any cull,
And *fly* a *pigeon blue* (10).

I'm up to all your knowing *rigs* (11),
Ye biddies queer and flash;

- (1) A jack-ass. (2) Meat and drink. (3) A house. (4) A bull-dog.
(5) A squinting girl, who often beats hemp in Bridewell. (6) Pickpockets.
(7) To hamstring an over-drove ox, commonly called a mad bullock.
(8) A game-cock. (9) Shew a guinea. (10) Strip and steal lead from buildings. (11) Tricks.

I'm company for *scamps* (12) and *prigs*,
Sometimes for *men of cash* (13).

My *Matt* oft tips the knowing *diwe* (14),
When *sea-crabs* (15) gang the strolls;
Unless she did, how could we thrive,
And in *warm flannel* roll (16)?

I shew more conscience in my whack
Than Fox, with all his skill;
While he takes houses on his back (17),
I but my pockets fill.

EXTEMPORE.

BY MRS. S. E. SPENCER.

MAY every poet long be blest'd with health,
And, if it please the lady Muses, wealth!
But if too often eating makes them dull,
If none can write well while the pocket's full;
Their wonted skill, ye gentle Nine, restore,
And let them starve just as they did before.

EPIGRAM I.

ROCHESTER'S GRACE AT A MISER'S TABLE.

THANKS for this miracle! It is no less
Than manna dropping in the wilderness.
Chimnies have smok'd that never smok'd before,
And we have din'd where we shall dine no more.

EPIGRAM II.

OH, let me die in peace! Eumenes cried,
To a hard creditor at his bed-side:
'How! die!' roar'd Gripus; 'thus your debts
'evade!
'By G—, Sir, you shan't die till I am paid!'

EPIGRAM III.

SIR Hector brags he's rich and great,
And lives upon his own estate;
But he permits his younger brothers
To live upon th' estates of others.

EPIGRAM IV.

ON SHAKESPEARE AND VOLTAIRE.

BY MR. HOLCROFT.

CLAD in the wealthy robes his genius wrought,
In happy dreams was gentle Shakespeare laid;
His pleas'd soul wandering thro' the realms of
thought,
While all his elves and fairies round him play'd.
Voltaire approach'd; straight fled the quaint-ey'd
band,
For envious breath such sprites may not endure;
He pilfer'd many a gem with trembling hand,
Then stabb'd, and stabb'd, to make the theft
secure.
Ungrateful man! But vain thy black design,
'Th' attempt, and not the deed,' thy hand
defin'd;
Preserv'd by his own charms, and spells divine,
Safely the gentle Shakespeare slept, and smil'd.

EPIGRAM V.

BY DR. DONNE.

I Am unable, yonder beggar cries,
'To sit or stand.' If he says *true*, he *lies*.

EPIGRAM VI.

OUOTH Ned to his neighbours, as onward
they press'd,
Conveying his wife to her place of long rest,
'Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more lei-
'sure;
'For why should we thus make a toil of a plea-
'sure?'

EPITAPH I.

HERE lies the wife of William Bell,
Who, ere she was brought here to dwell,
Would knit, and sew, and brew, and bake,
And make what'er good wives can make:
Hence oft hath red-hair'd Robin chuckled,
To think how well she made a cuckold.

E.

EPITAPH II.

BY MR. HOLCROFT.

HASTY I snatch'd the pen, and said,
'Since soon this body shall lie dead,
'I'll write my Epitaph, lest men
'Forget that ever I have been.'
Vain fool! What injury, tho' forgot?
Should they remember—thou wilt not.

EPITAPH III.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SICK of this world, my wife would die;
She's happy now, and so am I.

E.

EPITAPH IV.

FROM THE FRENCH.

HERE lies a priest beneath this sod,
Who dice lov'd better than his God;
He won at prayers, he lost at play;
Thus every dog must have his day.
But if to heaven he's gone at last,
We'll own he's had a lucky cast.

E.

IMPROMPTU.

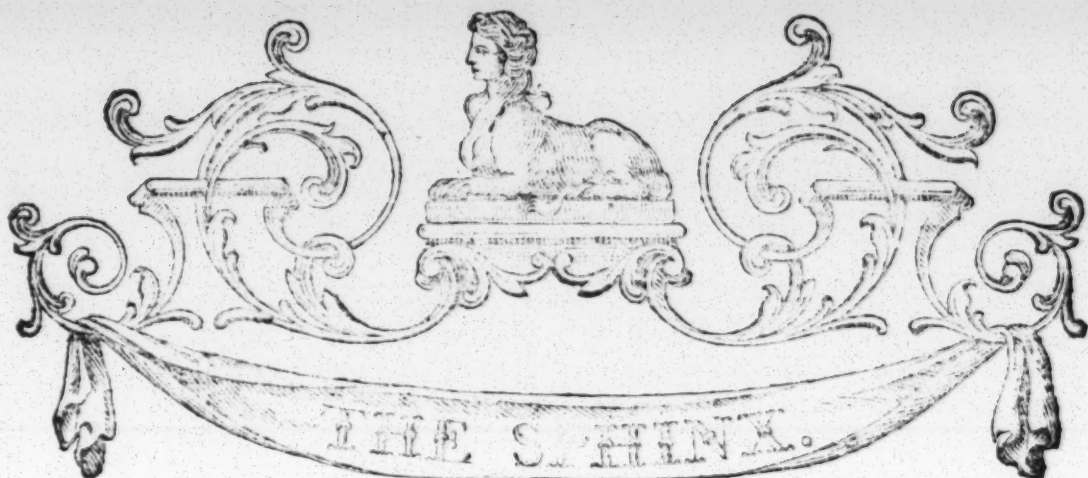
ADDRESSED TO ELECTORS.

GIVE me your vote, Sir Canvas cries,
'And I'll take care your son shall rise.'
The promise made, he quits the door,
Nor thinks of boy or promise more.
Meanwhile the youth, to learning bred,
Gets lofty notions in his head:
But when his patron he assails,
And finds each golden prospect fails,
To beg ashamed, to work untaught,
He takes a purse, is fairly caught,
And soon rewarded with a halter;
Thus proves the Knight his kind exalter.

H—,

(12) Highwaymen. (13) Gamblers. (14) His girl. (15) Sailors. (16) Drink hard.

(17) Alluding to a well-known print, where Mr. Fox is represented carrying away the East India House on his back.



NUMBER IV. ENIGMAS.

FOR THE PRIZE MEDALS.

ENIGMA I.

BY DR. JAMES WILLIAMS.

TEMPTED to seek me by the glittering prize,
What art shall screen me from your searching eyes?

Each maze labyrinth well-skilled to trace,
Soon must you drag me from my hiding-place!
With trembling hand I hold the fatal clue,
That gives my loathed being to your view.
Sometimes I'm white, but oftener black or brown;

Seen in the country much, but more in town:
Like yours the form and features I contain,
Yet I partake not of your bliss or pain;
A lasting friend to all mankind I prove,
But none repay my service with their love;
I never wrought a single creature woe,
Yet most men dread me as their bitter foe.
'Tis true, when I attend the rich or great,
I'm proudly deck'd, and oft appear in state:
Then, too, I'm view'd by many with delight,
Who hate me soon, and drive me from their sight;
Till, in some gloomy prison I am found,
And left to perish on the joyless ground.
Such is the lot I'm ever doom'd to know,
Who never wrought a single creature woe!

ENIGMA II.

BY E. B.

WITH strength, and youth, and beauty,
blest'd,
From distant lands I came;
Nor was my country e'er ashamed
That I should bear it's name.

Awhile my youth and strength remain'd,
A happy life I led;
With beauteous dames I every night
Went constantly to bed.

Ah, happy days of deep regret,
From me for ever flown;
These jilting dames, because I'm old,
To torture me are prone.

With iron-engines, lo! they seize
Upon my tender frame;
And change, by slow-consuming fires,
My nature and my name.

In prison round, and deep, and dark,
Now pitiless I'm thrown;
Oppress'd by villains rough and rude,
With hearts of steel and stone.

A hateful match for me's prepar'd,
They wait for murky night;
Yet my destruction shall at last
Their dark deeds bring to light.

ENIGMA III.

BY MR. T. WARING, LEICESTER.

I'M a Turk and a Tartar, a Teague and a Scot;
I'm a bold Jolly Tar, I'm a Linker and Sot;
I'm a Dane, I'm a Dutchman, an Englishman too;

I'm a Black and a White, I'm a Christian and Jew;

I'm a King, I'm a Queen, I'm a proud Spanish Don;

I'm a Beggar, a Monster, an Emperor's Son;
I'm a Parson, a Peasant, a Miser, a Rake;
I'm a Doctor, a Patient, a Hob at the Wake;
I'm a delicate Princess, a Cobler, a Squire;
I'm a Virgin, a Bawd, and a Franciscan Friar;
I'm a Painter, a Poet who offers you rhymes;
I'm what you and I, and we all are, at times.

ENIGMA IV.

BY MR. J. MARTIN, MITCHAM, SURREY.

A Faithful friend, lov'd fair-ones, now invites
ye,

Whose name to find will lend his aid to light ye;
But eyes so piercing, wit so ready too,
My thin disguise will soon look thro' and thro'.

When in your chariot you ride out for air,
Depend upon it you will find me there:
And should the dashing tempest gather round,
To guard my lovely patrons I am bound.
When hush'd the winds, obedient to command,
I slide away at motion of your hand;

And

And snug within my lonely box I dwell,
Till some rude hand shall snatch me from my cell.

Altho' I'm found among the rich and great,
I aid the poor, and those of mean estate.
In town and country I'm of daily use,
And yet am subject to most vile abuse:
Your would-be wits too often me disgrace,
Indignant treat, and scratch me on the face.
No matter if impell'd by hate or love,
My wounds, how I'm dishonour'd, best will prove.
Take these few hints: sometimes with wood I'm
bound;

At others, lead or iron guards me round.
My form's a sexagon sometimes, tho' rare;
I'm mostly parallelogram or square.

ENIGMA V.

BY MR. J. ALMOND.

WHEN me you know, with me you'll say, }
Altho' I was but made to-day,
I had my being yesterday.

Of the feather'd kind am I,
Yet neither sing, nor chirp, nor fly:
And tho' both sexes take in me delight,
Yet they that keep me are in woeful plight.

ENIGMA VI.

BY MR. J. MAY, SPITALFIELDS.

BEFORE or men or women were,
I, who was never born, existed;
Was none like me in earth or air,
Yet I of flesh and blood consisted:

Pandora, whom the poets sing,
Was but an after-type of me;
She on the world did evil bring,
And I brought just the same with me.

Soon as my mystic name is known,
You'll say, at once I've curs'd and bless'd;
And tho' you hate me, still must own,
By man I've often been caref'd.

REBUSES.

REBUS I.

BY H. THOMAS, ESQ.

TH' extremes of a tree, and what's said to a
gander,
Is a thing which you have, or may have, in your
hand, Sir.

REBUS II.

BY H. THOMAS, ESQ.

WHAT is oft stuck on glass, with three-
ninths of a foid,
Tell what in this Rebus is eighty times told.

REBUS III.

BY MR. J. H. CHESTERFIELD.

FOUR-FIFTHS of a game, and three-fifths
of behind,
Form the name of a city, when rightly combin'd.

REBUS IV.

BY W. G.

ONE-HALF of a stone, and as much of a
squabble,
With what, when it comes, makes the stoutest
man hobble;
Give what young folks pine after when 'tis for-
bidden,
And yet, when they have it, oft wish to get rid on.

SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMAS.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 1. A Halfpenny. | 4. A Wedding Ring. |
| 2. A Wafer. | 5. Snow. |
| 3. A Bell. | 6. A Hobnail. |

REBUSES.

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1. A Damsel. | 3. Yarmouth. |
| 2. Divorces. | 4. A Lamp. |

PARADOXES.

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------|
| 1. A Shadow. | 3. A Husband. |
| 2. Take the S from Six. | |

SELECT ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

I. BY P. Y.

ADDRESSED TO THE VENERABLE LOVERS
OF ANTIQUITY.

YE fages, who impair your sight,
Who waste the misty lamp of night,
In pleasing doubts, and dark delight,
And legendary learning;

Whether on Caxton's tomes ye pore,
Or Herculaneum's marbled lore,
With wrinkled front, and visage hoar,
Sure marks of deep discerning!

So may each brow-o'ershadow'd eye
The vulgar HALFPENNY descry,
Deep with Ærugo's classic die,
And rough with Grecian laurels;

So may no fop with vacant sneer
Your dark inscriptions dare to clear;
And never may an end be near
To controversial quarrels:

As ye, unclouded, shall awhile
Relax your features to a smile,
At genuine Humour's varied style,
Whatever form it hit;
As ye shall join to hail the lay
With laughing scenes of nature gay,
The frolic tale, the wild essay,
Adorn'd with sterling wit.

2. BY E. T. PILGRIM, BUDGE-ROW.

MY good Squire Thomas,
Your riddles keep from us,
Or else they will addle our brains;
For both early and late
I've been racking my pate,
And a HALFPENNY got for my pains!
Yet if, my dear friend,
A Prize Medal you'll send,
I extremely contented shall be;
And your Halfpenny then
You may take back again,
From, Sir, yours to command,

E. T. P.

3. BY J. L. SOUTHAMPTON.

TO H. THOMAS, ESQ.

YOUR dark Enigma long I strove to find,
While emulation fir'd my anxious mind;
And fancy's golden dreams, by day and night,
Held up the glittering Medal in my sight:
Musing I sat the secret to explore,
When a poor mendicant approach'd the door:
'Give me a HALFPENNY!' the beggar cried.
'Take all I have,' I eagerly replied.
He bow'd—a sudden thought my fancy hit,
That Charity had solv'd what puzzled Wit.

4. BY MASTER M. W. AT THE REV. MR. MA-
VOR'S ACADEMY, WOODSTOCK.

HOW blest the man, who, void of care,
Can gaily live, and laugh at fear;
Who, when the world begins to lour,
And malice to exert it's power,
Secure from duns, can pay his score,
Nor cares a HALFPENNY for more!

Consult the wit, the seer, the sage,
The ancient and the modern page;
Each tells you life's an idle jest,
A speaking pantomime at best;
And none are happy, wife or great,
Who care a HALFPENNY for Fate.

To-day the patriot mounts on fame,
To-morrow sees him sunk in shame;

And he who covets vulgar praise,
Shall pass in sorrow half his days;
But blest the man, and only he,
Who cares for nought one HALFPENNY.

Since, then, indiff'rence forms the ore
That makes us rich, or makes us poor,
Let's live contented with our lot,
If worth a plumb or worth a groat;
Nor value worldly gain or loss
A HALFPENNY's uncertain tofs.

5. BY MR. T. SMYTH, WARWICK COURT,
HOLBORN.

HOW various the uses to which we apply
The all-conquering charms of our coin!
Not a station so low, not a station so high,
In which Money appears not divine!

In armies and navies how great is it's sway!
It conquers far more than the sword:
Nay, even grave senators money obey;
All is right when Ten Thousand's the word.

At elections it's influence plainly is shewn,
There in vain might abilities plead;
Yet each candidate boldly will bribing disown,
When by bribing alone he'll succeed.

But well may corruption this island defame,
When such new modes of bribing are seen;
There's bribing by kisses—and, ah, what a shame!
There's a bribe in the Wit's Magazine!

'Tis true there the bribe in concealment is thrown;
And he who the prize shall descry,
Tho' he finds but a HALFPENNY, surely must
own

'Twas the Medal that brib'd him to try.

6. THE TOPER.

A NEW SONG.

BY MR. G. M. W.

BE merry, my boys, and pass briskly the glass;
Gay mirth and good humour attend;
Let the first be a toast to some favourite lass,
Then each take a glass to his friend.

I care not a HALFPENNY how the world goes,
Who's in or who's out of his place;
Give me but 'a pretty girl under the rose,'
And I'll laugh at each fool in disgrace.

For life is itself but a phantom at best,
A dream that soon passes away;
Our wit and our wisdom are merely a jest;
Our bodies mere compounds of clay.

That death is a dream, too, your grey-beards
maintain,

When clay must return to a clod;
Then drop in my grave none but tears of Cham-
paign,

And the vine shall rise out of the sod.

Very ingenious answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA were also received from J. B. Syd. Coll. Cambridge; Samuel B—e; Mr. Francis Browne, No. 28, Golden Lane; F. D. Portsmouth; John Martin, Mitcham, Surrey; Miss Leonora Stanley, Windsor; E. F. G. Ethelinda; F. Walter, New Bond Street; J. Almond, No. 25, Brewer Street, Golden Square; C. W. Ashby; R. Tattam, jun. Shepherd's Bush; J. Draper, Enfield Highway; C. H. G. Wandsworth; M. P. Budge Row; Lubin, Bristol; E. Newton, Leicester; J. C. Bath; T. R. Leicester; R. Parker,

Parker, Pancras; J. G. jun. T. Waring, Leicester; E. H. Nottingham; Sally Brock, Honiton; E. Rhodes, Sheffield; N. D. Hackney; W. Smith, Hunflet, near Leeds; Miss Charlotte J—n; Mr. J. King, Upper Brianstone Street; John Smith, Rosemary Lane; John Becket, No. 11, Portman Street, Portman Square; Aurelius, Loughborough; C. Garland, Stoney Stoke, Somersetshire; Anne Milhood; W. Rutherford, Banbury; W. Anderson; J. A. Aldgate; John Noad, Fore Street; J. A. Ourry, Greenwich; J. May, Jun. Gun Street, Spitalfields; H. L. C. Southampton; Mrs. S. E. Spencer, Bloomsbury; T. Orford, Park Street, Grosvenor Square; and Tickle Pitcher, Clapton.

MISCELLANEOUS ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS TO THE SEVERAL ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA V.

BY A LADY.

A Wanton stream expanded lay,
Without the least reserve,
Upon her native bed of clay,
Each comer's turn to serve.

Bright Phœbus view'd; and, hot with love,
Exhal'd the silver dame
To airy regions, far above,
And softer beds of fame.

Eut *fresh* the amorous sun beguill'd,
Whilst absent from his place;
Begot on her a *snare* child,
By cold contrain'd embrace.

The *flaky* babe, of roving mind,
Soon left its place of birth;
And fleets about, in hopes to find
Its mother's seat on earth.

Phœbus descry'd the maiden *snow*,
On her prolific smil'd;
Then she brought forth her mother too,
That was before her child.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA VI.

BY MR. W. STONE, BRUTON STREET.

YOUR Enigma, good Sir, was so dark,
that to ken
It's Solution, long puzzled me sore:
So I think I may venture to say, with Old Ben,
'I ne'er was so prick'd by a *Hebmail* before.'

ANSWER TO PARADOX III.

BY JULIET.

YOUR Paradox, lady, a *Husband* must be;
If you hear of two good ones, pray send
one to me.

Other ingenious Answers have been received from B. H. to Enigma 3, and Paradox 3; J. B. Syd. Coll. Cambridge, to Enigmas 3, 4, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 4, and Paradox 3; E. T. Pilgrim, Budge Row, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 6, and Rebuses 1, 3, 4; G. M. W. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, Rebuses 1, 3, 4, and Paradox 1; Samuel E—e, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5; W. Stone, Bruton Street, to Enigmas 2, 3, 5, and Rebuses 3, 4; R. B. C. Chatham, to Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, and Paradoxes 1, 3; P. H. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Miss Leonora Stanley, Windsor, to Enigmas 2, 3; E. F. G. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; Z. C. Chilham, Kent, to Enigmas 3, 6, and Rebus 3; F. Walter, New Bond Street, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, and Paradoxes 1, 2, 3; J. Almond, No. 25, Brewer Street, Golden Square, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, and Paradoxes 1, 2, 3; J—y S—s, Clapton, to Rebuses 1, 2, 4, and Paradox 1; Tickle Pitcher, Clapton, to Rebus 1; R. Tattam, Jun. Shepherds Bush, to Enigmas 2, 3, 5, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, and Paradox 2; J. Draper, Enfield Highway, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 6; Mrs. H. Oxford Street, to Enigma 5; R. J. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5; W. D. Hatton Garden, to Rebuses 1, 3, 4; J. F. Birmingham, to Enigma 5; J. C. Bath, to Enigmas 3, 4, 6; C. Westenholtz, to Enigmas 2, 6, Rebuses 1, 3, and Paradox 2; J. G. Jun. to Enigmas 2, 3, Rebuses 1, 3, 4, and Paradox 1; T. Waring, Leicester, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Rebuses 3, 4, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Sally Brock, Honiton, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 6, Rebus 1, 3, and Paradox 1; E. Newton, Leicester, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Paradoxes 1, 2; E. Rhodes, Sheffield, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 6; A Cricket Player, Sheffield, to Rebuses 1, 3, 4, and Paradox 2; N. D. Hackney, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6, Rebuses 1, 3, 4, and Paradoxes 1, 2, 3; W. Smith, Hunflet, near Leeds, to Enigma 3; T. Noden, Greenwich, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, Rebuses 3, 4, and Paradox 1; J. Smith, Rosemary Lane, to Enigmas 2, 3, Rebuses 3, 4, and Paradox 2; J. Beckett, No. 11, Portman Street, Portman Square, to Rebuses 1, 3, 4; C. Garland, Stoney Stoke, Somersetshire, to Enigmas 3, 4; R. T. to Paradox 3; Anne Milhood, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, and Paradoxes 1, 2; H. C. K. Southwark, to Rebus 1; W. Rutherford, Banbury, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; W. Anderson, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; J. Noad, Fore Street, to Enigmas 2, 3; J. May, Jun. Gun Street, Spitalfields, to Enigmas 2, 3, 6; A Savoyard, to Enigma 2, and Rebuses 1, 3; Squire Ball, No. 15, Brownlow Street, Drury Lane, to Enigma 6, and Rebuses 3, 4; Latens, to Enigma 3, and Rebuses 1, 3; J. A. T. C. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5; H. L. C. Southampton, to Enigma 3; B. W. Hinchcliffe, Abergavenny, to Rebuses 1, 3, 4; Mr. F. Browne, No. 28, Golden Lane, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, and Paradoxes 1, 2, 3; Mrs. S. E. Spencer, Bloomsbury, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, Rebus 2, and Paradox 3; J. Rice, to Enigma 6, Rebuses 1, 3, and Paradox 2; T. Orford, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, and Paradoxes 1, 2, 3; G. B. New Bond Street, to Rebus 1, and Paradox 3; and E. B. Windsor, to Enigmas 2, 3.



With a Large Quarto Engraving, representing a curious Description of MAY-DAY in LONDON, as mentioned in SAMMY SARCASM'S EPISTLE to his AUNT; designed by Mr. S. COLLINGS, and engraved by Mr. W. BLAKE, purposely for this Work.

	Page		Page
1. Conclusion of the Story-Teller - - -	163	Sarcasm in Town, to his Aunt in the Country - - - - -	191
2. An affecting Story. Translated from the French - - - - -	168	18. Spring in London - - - - -	ibid.
3. Essay on the Word SOMETHING - - -	170	19. The Nut Brown Maid; or Ginger- bread Wife. An Epistle to Nico- demus Curmudgeon, Jun. Esq. -	192
4. Adventures of Tim Wildgoose - - -	174	20. Sincerity Triumphant; or Flattery De- feated. A Tale - - - - -	ibid.
5. A Curious Laconic Sermon - - -	175	21. The Farmer's Blunder. A Tale -	194
6. Search after True Taste - - -	176	22. On a Fine Day. A Georgico-Pastoral Dialogue, between Farmer Dob- bins and Farmer Gubbins - -	195
7. Farther Account of the Family of Nonsense - - - - -	ibid.	23. Epistle to a Friend, on sending him two Barrels of Oysters - - - - -	ibid.
8. Butler's Characters continued. A State Convert - - - - -	179	24. Verses by Mr. Lovibond, occasioned by Dancing with three young Ladies on the same Evening - - - - -	196
A Factious Member - - - - -	180	25. Modern Operas - - - - -	ibid.
A Rebel - - - - -	ibid.	26. Epigram I. on falling out with a very loquacious Gentleman - - -	ibid.
9. Memoirs of the Life and Wonderful Conversation, &c. - - - - -	181	27. Epigram II. - - - - -	ibid.
10. Maxims continued - - - - -	183	28. Epigram III. - - - - -	ibid.
11. Theatrical Anecdotes; extracted from Mr. Davies's Dramatic Miscella- nies, lately published - - -	185	29. Epitaph on Lord and Lady ———, who both died on the same Day - -	ibid.
12. Curious Specimen of Political Dupli- city; Being the Translation of a Letter written by Cardinal Maza- rine to the French Ambassador at Rome - - - - -	187	30. Extempore - - - - -	ibid.
13. A Popish Miracle - - - - -	ibid.	THE SPHINX.	
14. Curious Letter sent by a Quaker to his Watchmaker - - - - -	188	31. Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	197
15. A Receipt to make Sympathetic Ink -	ibid.	32. Rebuses - - - - -	198
16. Select Anecdotes, Repartees, and Bon Mots; Ancient and Modern. No. V. - - - - -	ibid.	33. Paradoxes - - - - -	ibid.
POETRY.		34. Solutions to Enigmas of last Month -	199
17. May-Day. An Epistle from Sammy		35. Ditto to Rebuses - - - - -	ibid.
		36. Select Answers to the Prize Enigma -	ibid.
		37. Miscellaneous Answers from Corre- spondents, to the several Enigmas &c.	200

Printed for HARRISON and Co. N^o 18, Paternoster-Row; by whom Letters to the EDITORS are received.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THIS Work will in future be conducted by the chief EDITOR of the BRITISH MAGAZINE and REVIEW, lately completed in three Volumes; who has taken the liberty to finish the STORY-TELLER, and discontinue the TOWN-TALKER: the plan of the first being, in his idea, liable to many objections; and the other not having either any plan at all, or the smallest relation to the title with which it was honoured. The present EDITOR feels the difficulty of succeeding so ingenious a Gentleman as his predecessor, at whose request this change is notified; but he flatters himself he has not been altogether unsuccessful in taking up the STORY-TELLER, from the abrupt state in which it was last month left, and bringing it to such a conclusion as may satisfy those whom he is alone anxious to satisfy—the friends of virtue and religion.

The EDITOR will open his next Number with an entire NEW PAPER.

Mr. J. L.'s *Tale* will be inserted in our next; when we hope to bring forward many elegant productions of different Correspondents, which have hitherto been unaccountably neglected. Several articles, which the respective writers may have ceased to expect would ever find a place in the WIT'S MAGAZINE, are given in the present number; and other valuable pieces will be brought forward with all possible dispatch.

We feel ourselves particularly obliged to Mr. Noad; the *Valetudinarian*, at Dover; *A Witling*; *Curioso*; and a Society of Gentlemen; for the numerous articles they have with so much taste and accuracy selected; and hope to be favoured with a continuation of such kind assistance.

We regret, exceedingly, that talents which could produce such a *Tale* as that signed K. Y. should be so shamefully prostituted.

TO MR. R. J.—

Tho' I've Correspondents many,
Most of whom have *sterling wit*;
I should be, indeed, a Zany,
To esteem yours *counterfeit*.

Still pursue the willing Muses,
Give not up the noble chase;
He's a blockhead, who refuses
Such a *polish'd brilliant* place.

PRIZE MEDALS.

There being no original Humorous Tale or Essay in Prose, from *any Correspondent* this month, the *first* SILVER MEDAL is adjudged to the ingenious Author of *The GINGERBREAD WIFE*, (which was absolutely rejected as unworthy, even of insertion, by the *late Editor*!)—the *second*, for the best Poetical Tale, to Mr. J. CARR, Stourbridge, (the first who has obtained a *second* Medal)—and the *third* and *fourth*, for the best Answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA, to Mr. J. L. and Mr. FRANCIS BROWNE—all of whom are requested to transmit their real names and places of abode to the Publishers, in the same hand-writing as their respective productions, by the 15th instant, that they may be printed in our next number, for the satisfaction of subscribers in general.—Ladies and Gentlemen in the country will be particular in directing where they wish their Medals to be delivered in town.

☞ The FOUR MEDALS adjudged last month, have been delivered to—

1. Mr. M. J. D'ISRAELI, author of the *Family of NONSENSE*, Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street.
2. The PERSON who sent the Tale of SELF-TAUGHT PHILOSOPHY: which two different Correspondents have since kindly given notice is not an Original, having formerly appeared in a Miscellany published by the late Mr. Goadby, of Sherborne, Dorsetshire.—This circumstance has been intimated to the Gentleman who received the Medal; and, as he promises a satisfactory explanation, in a few days, on his return from the country, we shall at present forbear to publish his name and place of abode, which will certainly be given in our next, *and other measures taken*, should he neglect to return the Medal, or fairly exculpate himself within the time he has himself appointed.—To prevent similar mistakes, which it is hoped will not frequently occur, no Medal for the Month can possibly be delivered in future till the 20th inst. that we may avail ourselves of the generous assistance of our numerous friendly Correspondents in detecting any error or imposition.
3. Mr. T. PERCY, No. 3, China Walk, Lambeth.
4. Mr. E. T. PILGRIM, No. 9, Budge Row, Cannon Street.

THE
WIT'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1784.

CONCLUSION OF THE STORY-TELLER.

THOUGH John Audley had already loitered longer than seems consistent with the nature of the business in which he was engaged, so that poor Farmer Willoughby might, for him, have expired unshrived, he could not quit the justice's house without mentioning to him all he knew about Mr. Errant and his wonderful dog. He accordingly begged, in a low, tremulous voice, to speak a word in private with his worship; who, being a remarkably good-natured man, immediately withdrew with honest John. Firetail having been much admired by the justice, followed close at his heels into the parlour; where John Audley no sooner beheld the dog, than he was unable to utter a word, but stood motionless as a statue, with a countenance so expressive of horror, that the worthy magistrate himself actually turned pale with apprehension, imagining that poor John was about to make some confession of guilt which he would be obliged judicially to notice. In vain did the justice encourage John, by hinting that he was not compellable to make any discovery which might render him amenable to the laws; and intimating that it would be much better for him to avoid future evil, than to make any idle or unnecessary acknowledgment of what might be past remedy: John neither paid much attention to, nor well understood, the kindly-meant insinuations; but continued to turn his eyes, without any other motion, first significantly to the justice, then wistfully at the dog, and immediately with more confidence towards the door. Though his worship could be at no loss to understand this pantomimical intimation, he was

unable to penetrate the double mystery of John Audley's hesitation to make a confession in presence of the animal, or to mention the cause of his aversion to so harmless a witness. He accordingly told John, that if he had any dislike to the dog, he would be welcome to turn him out before he communicated his business; in which he begged he would be expeditious, as he had many other matters to dispatch.

'Lord in Heaven bless your worship,' said John Audley, who now thought it high time to speak, 'why should I dislike poor Foire Tail? he never hurted me in aw his loife. No, no! I loves Foire Tail!—Don't I, Foire Tail?—Aye, aye, he knows that well enow—Don't you, Foire Tail?'—And then, gently patting his head, again he looked, as before, first at his worship, then at the dog, and lastly at the door.

The justice's astonishment increasing as his patience diminished, he himself now turned out the dog; the sound of whose feet trotting down the passage John Audley no sooner ceased to hear, than he ventured, with great gravity, to open his business.

There can be but little occasion to inform the judicious reader, that the justice was at once agreeably surprized, and highly diverted, at John Audley's relation; which of course included a very circumstantial narrative of all the marvellous transactions in which himself, the conjuror, and enchanted dog, had been engaged during the preceding night.

And now having dismissed John Audley, with as much gravity as he could possibly preserve in his countenance, the justice gave full scope to his

rifibility; and it was no inconsiderable time before he could prevail on his features to assume a sufficient degree of magisterial importance for the dispatch of such business as then claimed his attention.

The justice not only possessed an excellent understanding, which had been improved by a most complete education; but he had a heart of the warmest benevolence, and a fortune which well enabled him to gratify its fine feelings, by continually relieving distress: and, during the few hours he filled the judicial chair this morning, Mr. Errant saw him give more money to wretched and infirm paupers, than all the united magistrates of certain populous cities are supposed to advance charitably out of their own pockets in seven years. This was a sight which really gave Mr. Errant vast satisfaction; for though such prodigality was wholly inconsistent with his idea of a great and a wise philosopher, who ought never to give away a farthing to a beggar, lest his sagacity should be impeached if the supplicant turned out to be an impostor, he conceived it to be no unfavourable presage that his hospitable entertainer was a weak man, and that he would of course be able to mould him to his own purpose with the greater facility.

About one o'clock, Mr. Thin, the curate, who had been at last summoned to attend Farmer Willoughby, waited on the worthy magistrate with the surgeon's report; that gentleman's time being much too precious to be employed in any way less profitable than visiting his numerous patients, and the poor curate having no method of dedicating his to any pursuit more advantageous than the present errand.

It has been before observed, that the justice was a good-natured gentleman; and to this we may add, that he was not a proud one: for though it may not appear very wonderful that an itinerant Player, or even a vagrant Story-Teller, should so far ingratiate himself with a rich

man as sometimes to procure a seat at his table, nothing but extreme want of pride could induce any person of fortune to permit a poor curate, whose rusty black coat bore almost as many patches as his wife had borne him children, and she was by much the best breeder in all Eccleston, to sit in any other part of his house than the kitchen.

Our good magistrate, however, took Mr. Thin very cordially by the hand; and, having just satisfied himself, by asking generally if the honest farmer was thought to be quite out of danger, he would not suffer the curate to proceed to particulars, till he had refreshed himself with some ale, which was immediately ordered to be brought. The justice then kindly enquired after the health of Mrs. Thin, and little ones; and, having heard every thing that related to the wounded farmer, who had suffered hardly any other damage than the loss of a considerable quantity of blood, and no inconsiderable sum of money, he insisted on Mr. Thin's accompanying him into the parlour, where they were at that moment summoned to dinner.

The Player and Story-Teller, before the arrival of the curate, had been for some time deeply engaged in metaphysics; a science in which neither of them, however, had any uncommon proficiency: but what the disputants wanted in knowledge, they amply made up in volubility and vociferation; and, as the player thought himself the most of a gentleman, and was unable, though a tolerable actor, to preserve that apparent coolness and indifference, in the midst of anger and disappointment, which strongly marked the character of his antagonist, he would certainly have been long ago irritated to seize our quondam conjuror's nose, if he had not stood in awe of Firetail, who looked steadfastly in his face, with a significancy to which he had been probably trained, and which Mr. Buskin perfectly well understood to denote what side he intended to take in case of a rupture. Indeed, this peculiarity

culiarity in Firetail was by no means his least valuable quality: it had unquestionably often before saved Mr. Errant from similar disgraces; and perhaps that apathy of features we have just delineated, was to the full as much indebted to this dog's trick as to any personal courage in the master. In short, the louder Mr. Buskin attempted to enforce his arguments, the stronger proofs Mr. Errant's friend Firetail continued to give, of his disposition to pursue the old-fashioned English generalship, of vigorously espousing his master's cause, without any previous enquiry which side was in the wrong: yet as Mr. Buskin's anger was very apt to get the better of his reason, he might possibly, after all, have ventured to risque the odds if the lank figure and antique habiliments of the poor curate had not happily excited his attention: nor was his antagonist at all displeased to find the business likely to take a new turn, as his four-footed colleague, whose nostrils were invited by the savoury steams of the kitchen, seemed disposed to reconnoitre that quarter, in spite of his attachment to his master, which he perhaps thought had already kept him long enough from gratifying his voracious appetite. All animosity now ceasing, or rather appearing to cease—for Mr. Errant never forgave any one who dared finally to differ with him in opinion—each of the parties began to consider what advantages they might derive from the shabbiness of the parson; which the player confined to the idea of displaying his wit by a few harmless jokes on the clergy; while Mr. Errant, whose ruling passion was the most sovereign contempt of all religion, determined to level his whole force against the church itself, and to ridicule both christianity and its professors. Mr. Errant, with all his boasted discernment—and he really thought himself the wisest man on earth—perceived not the possibility of an ill-accounted ecclesiastical champion's being able to combat so able a disputant as himself; and he

had no doubt, that by a mimicry of the parson's manner, with a few common-place drolleries, and such stale pieces of logic as have been bandied about by the boys at all public schools from time immemorial, he should be at least able to puzzle the judgment, and secure the approbation, of the Justice and Player.

Accordingly, when the glass began to circulate after dinner, and the impatient tragedian had let off all his harmless artillery, which the curate received exactly as our brave seamen receive the random fire of our volatile neighbours at the commencement or conclusion of an engagement, Mr. Errant, encouraged by that apparent meekness and humility which would have put an end to any such design in a more manly and humane breast, proceeded to the gratification of his favourite propensity.

To give at large the tedious story on this occasion related, would certainly disgust most of our readers, and could hardly entertain any. It consisted of all the most profane allusions which could possibly be adduced, to degrade religion in general, and the Scriptures in particular, worked up into what was intended to be a tale or story, but which had neither plan nor consistency to entitle it to any such appellation; every epithet of scepticism and infidelity was dragged in, apposite or inapposite to the characters from whose mouths they were feigned to proceed; for scepticism, according to the modern acceptance of that word, which renders it only another and less harsh term for blasphemy, being perpetually uppermost in Mr. Errant's mind, he never failed to display this diabolical quality in all conversations, and in all companies, however foreign to the one, or offensive to the other. This, to the intelligent reader, will account for the many profane allusions conspicuous in the former parts of the Story-Teller.

Though Mr. Errant scorned the vulgarity of turning about his head to look for the approbation of those around him, in that hilarity of countenance

tenance which he meant to inspire, his eyes briskly perambulated their sockets, in search of the accustomed food of his extreme vanity. In vain did he labour at jests, which no one seemed inclined to relish; and after exhausting to no purpose his entire stock of wit and infidelity, he was obliged to conclude with the mortifying discovery, that he had, for once in his life, been most egregiously mistaken. In the cottage of a poor cobbler, if he wanted vivacity to entertain, he had at least artifice enough to confound; but, among more enlightened persons—for even the player was a man of some education—he was unable to excite much admiration, had his subject been less repugnant to every idea of good-sense and decorum.

The justice, who had very early discovered the character of Mr. Errant, would have soon shortened a story which was meant to insult one whom he had thought proper to place at his table, if he had not sufficiently known how well qualified that guest was to bear the impotent illiberality with patience, as well as to repel it with the most brilliant effect: and this, as well as the dullness of the narration, made him impatiently wait its conclusion, that he might enjoy the compleat revenge which he doubted not Mr. Thin would immediately proceed to take on the aggressor.

The story was no sooner ended, than the curate, who had appeared to enjoy it more than any other person, bowed very politely, and with the utmost gravity of countenance thanked Mr. Errant for the vast entertainment he had received; a favour which he could no way so compleatly return, as by giving some account of a very extraordinary person whom he once knew, and the incidents of whose history might at once interest Mr. Errant, and serve to amuse the rest of the company.

‘I am no Story-Teller,’ said Mr. Thin, ‘and therefore, in what I shall relate, I expect to have that full credit for veracity to which facts are en-

‘titled.—Your name, Sir, is Errant?’—Mr. Errant gave an affirmative nod.—‘When I was at Cambridge,’ continued the curate, ‘I remember, there was a youth of the name of Doubtall, whose father, a gentleman of considerable property, and still more probity, had intended him for the church. This young gentleman, however, remained but a short time at college; his incorrigible propensity to gaming, and other vices, not only rendering him a very improper person for the clerical profession, but soon procuring his expulsion from the university; where, as he had never applied himself to study, the scientific knowledge he obtained was of course very inconsiderable. As he was an only child, this circumstance, added to the destructive pursuits in which he was perpetually engaged, soon put a period to his father’s days, who died of a broken heart in the very year which concluded his son’s minority; leaving the improvident young man in full possession of his entire fortune, though his last moments were embittered with the reflection, that estates which had for some centuries been in his family would no doubt speedily and irrecoverably pass into another.

‘In a heart less callous than that of young Doubtall, the affecting dissuaves from vice which his good and pious parent died in pronouncing, must have wrought a thorough reformation: and true it is, that even he, who at that instant felt himself his father’s murderer, was for some time in a state of desperation, and actually made several attempts on his own life. Heaven, however, permitted him to survive; but he has not, I have reason to fear, employed as he ought the grace which was given. Soon after his father’s decease, having squandered away almost his whole fortune, and disgusted all his friends, he determined to visit the continent, with a view to retrieve his circumstances, by

by forming new and less expensive connections: but, like many others who do the same, and for the same purposes, he soon became the dupe of foreign sharpers; who gave him, in return for the remainder of his property, a most plentiful stock of scepticism and infidelity, the practice of which, they asserted, would alone make him pass for a great philosopher in his own country.

During his stay on the continent, he is known to have been engaged in some pursuits of a nature not very consistent with the character of a true patriot; but he had too much modern refinement to feel himself attached to any particular nation: nor is it greatly to be wondered at, that he who could with so little concern break his father's heart, should be afterwards willing to sell his country. It is a trite remark, that though the treason be acceptable, the traitor is despised: this was literally verified in the person of Doubtall; who, on the miscarriage of some of his schemes, was suspected of double treachery, and with difficulty escaped for protection to a country which owes him so little. On his arrival in England, being of an indolent disposition, and ashamed to face former acquaintances, he assumed a name which I need now hardly mention, and procured a large Newfoundland-dog, determined, by travelling about the country in the disguise of a Story-Teller, to prey on the credulity and corrupt the morals of the weak, and as often as possible to intrude his detestable opinions on those who might better enable him to drag out a wretched existence. The arguments on these occasions used are certainly to the last degree contemptible; but though, with enlightened men, they can only render him who adopts them either pitied or despised, they are liable to undermine the principles, and destroy the comforts, of many devout persons of ordinary understanding; and may, if not checked by the enforcement of salutary laws, tend ul-

timately to affect the peace and happiness of society.'

'Those laws,' cried the impatient magistrate, 'shall be enforced; for I am determined instantly to commit to the house of correction this most pernicious vagrant!' Then turning to Errant, who sat pale and trembling, not with the consciousness of guilt, but with the dread of punishment—'What, base and disingenuous man, can you urge, in extenuation of such iniquitous conduct? The law, with a severity which I should be sorry to extend, has directed the punishment of all those who have no visible and lawful means of obtaining their subsistence; it being an established maxim, that those who are the least disposed to accept their share of the several duties of society, are generally the most active in the infringement of such regulations as have from time to time been made for its benefit. The profession of a travelling Story-Teller is certainly not a legal one; and though, in the hands of a good man, whom adverse fortune should compel to wander in such a humble capacity, it might be capable of conducing to the rational entertainment, and perhaps to the improvement of mankind; in one whose principles are so fatally corrupted, and who is so indefatigable in corrupting others, it becomes an evil of the most alarming magnitude, and calls loudly for the exertion of magisterial authority.'

Here, however, Mr. Thin warmly interceded for Doubtall, (no longer Mr. Errant) with that noble disdain of resentment which so strongly marks the Christian character: and, after reminding our worthy magistrate of the height from which Doubtall had by his vices already fallen; the mortification he must recently have sustained; and the possibility of preventing future ill-consequences, without consigning him to the infamy of public punishment; he proposed that the delinquent should only be bound to discontinue the practice of story-telling,

ing, and exhorted to refrain from disseminating his pernicious principles, however immoveably they might be rooted in his own mind.

This proposition being agreed to, the justice, on dismissing Doubtall, putten guineas into his hands; ostensibly for the purchase of Firetail—whom John Audley to this day believes to be a devil—but in reality to enable this wretched man to get

into some more eligible way of employment.

Thus ends our account of the Story-Teller; who, we are sorry to hear, is at present retained as a French teacher at an academy near town, where the young gentlemen will not be likely to make any great progress in learning, and still less in morality.

H—.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THERE were once, in a country near Tunis, two petty kings of adjoining provinces, the one called Maomhang, the other Coashti. Maomhang was a prince possessed of almost every virtue; a tender husband, a most affectionate parent, and a sincere and noble friend: these were his virtues in private life; in his public character, he was a true father of his people, and of a temper so abounding in justice and clemency, that nature seemed to have peculiarly formed him for the high office with which he was invested. With all these virtues, it may seem strange that he was of all men the most revengeful; and this not from principle, but merely as an act of piety and obedience to his dying father, who had said to him, on his death-bed—‘Son, you have seen the miseries of my reign, and I have too late learned the cause; but, that you may be happier, remember it is my dying command to you, never to forgive an injury.’ This command, delivered in so solemn a manner, had such weight with the then young prince, that he determined wholly to regulate his conduct by it: and custom gave him, at length, an unconquerable propensity to obey it.

His natural goodness, however, long prevented his having any opportunity of putting in execution his purposed resolution; but at length it happened that he had an occasion, and indeed a most melancholy one, but such a one as long rendered it impos-

sible for him to act in conformity to his determined sentiments. The event was this: Chymion, his eldest and most beloved son, was one day, in his usual diversion of hunting, engaged with his attendants in the chase of a lioness, who ran before him across the mountains which divided his father's dominions from those of Coashti's, and which it was, by the laws of both nations, death for the subjects of either to pass without permission from the monarch whose territories they entered: the prince, however, eager on his sport, without considering the consequence, trod at once upon the mountains and the laws of the neighbouring province, and crossing the prescribed boundaries, killed his prey on the other side. Elated with his success, he now turned to his attendants; but, alas! found himself surrounded by a party sent out by the governor of the frontier-town to apprehend him.

In short, he was made prisoner; and, without trial, led to execution. The prince in vain told them his condition; the savage governor thought him the more guilty on that account, and persisted in his order for the execution. In short, the unfortunate prince was stretched on a scaffold, the skin of his feet stripped, and one hand, one ear, and his nose, cut off; when orders came from Coashti, who had by this time heard of it, not to touch the royal youth, but to dismiss him honourably with presents, and send him, with the victim of his courage carried before

before him in triumph, to the court of his father.

The prince was on this immediately unbound, and placed under the care of the most skilful surgeons: a message of condolence was in the mean time sent to his father; and Coashti visiting him in person, excused the crime with tears, and made him the next day sit up, and see the governor who had been the author of his sufferings, with his whole family, (for such was the custom of this barbarous people in highly criminal cases) put to death with the same torture. After this, when Chymion was recovered of his wounds, he was sent home with honours ten times greater than those before intended him, accompanied by letters from Coashti, representing his detestation of what had been done in the strongest colours, and giving the most circumstantial accounts of the whole proceedings against the governor.

But what was the distraction of Maomhang, on seeing his beloved son thus mangled and deformed! Paternal fondness, and his beloved revenge, long combated within him: he received with a sullen silence the letters of the worthy sovereign; and his grief and anger being both too extreme for words, he sent away the messengers without deigning to return the smallest answer.

Coashti, who was a monarch of great mildness, knew how to pity the distresses of human nature on so agonizing an occasion, and considered this insult merely as the effect of that grief which was too poignant for expression. Maomhang, on the other hand, found his affliction doubled, from the consideration that he was too weak to attack his neighbour openly in war; but he employed his life in fruitless attempts privately to revenge himself: all intercourse between the two kingdoms was suspended, and rewards were secretly offered by Maomhang to all those who should destroy, or any way injure, the subjects of Coashti. A series of years was now spent, on Maomhang's part, in fruitless at-

tempts to annoy; and, on Coashti's, in the most sincere endeavours to recompense the injured Chymion, whose generous behaviour while his wounds were under cure, with the noble professions of friendship which he made at his departure, had left an indelible impression on his breast. The revengeful temper of Maomhang was indeed wholly unknown to Coashti; though, had this not been the case, he would have soon lost, in the remembrance of the amiable sweetness of the young prince, every idea of resentment.

Matters remained in this situation till the only son of Coashti died; when, after the usual time of mourning, the afflicted father, having now only a daughter left, thought he could not render a greater benefit to his country, or make a nobler amends to the injured Chymion, than by giving her to him in marriage, and making him the heir of his kingdom, which was more than ten times as rich and extensive as that of Maomhang: and, as he doubted not to have the readiest acceptance of his offer, he at once fixed a day, inviting all the principal persons of his own nation, and desiring Maomhang to bring his son and friends, to solemnize the nuptials, and witness the act of settlement, by which he conveyed, as his daughter's portion, the inheritance of his dominions to Chymion.

The prince, who had not only seen, but indeed loved the lady, who likewise retained the most tender sense of the kindness he had in his afflictions experienced from Coashti, received this news with the most inconceivable delight: and Maomhang, who since his son's misfortune had never been once seen to smile, now openly expressed his satisfaction. On the day appointed, the bridegroom, attended by his father and four hundred of the principal nobles, went to Coashti, who led the bride to meet them; and, in the presence of twice the number of his own chief subjects, delivered her and the right of succession to Chymion. Then, turning to the

father, he said—' You cannot but be
' sensible how far I have been from
' sharing in the guilt of my subject,
' whose cruelty to your son I can
' never cease to regret; and I am now
' most happy, that I feel myself en-
' abled at once to make some amends
' for the injury, and become firmly
' allied with so noble a prince, and
' so just and good a monarch as his
' sire.'

Maomhang received this compli-
ment with a fullen joy. ' We will
' drink together,' said he, ' to my
' son's happiness; and then my heart
' will be at rest.' Accordingly, tak-
ing up a bowl, and delivering another
into the hands of his son, he said to Co-
ashti—' We who are kings will drink
' our mutual wish in the same cup,
' and let all the rest in single bowls
' follow the example; when our ashes
' are deposited in peace, may Chy-
' mion be happy!' Saying this, he
took a hearty draught; and Coashti,
receiving the cup from him, drank
the remainder: the rest all followed
their example; and, lo! in a moment
the place was strewed with lifeless
carcasses! In short, the bride, the
prince, the nobles, all fell together;
the two kings alone surviving.

Coashti, motionless as a statue,
stood fixed with sorrow too great for
expression; while Maomhang, raising
his eyes to heaven, in fury and distrac-
tion, cried out for vengeance, and
prostrated himself on the dead body
of his son. Coashti continued to view,
with silent horror, the dreadful pro-

spect; when a slave of Maomhang's
threw himself at his feet, and trem-
blingly addressed him in these words.
' My royal master,' said he, ' unknown
' to the prince, poisoned all the be-
' verage with a certain potent herb,
' the malignity of which nature has
' so strongly marked, that it even
' shrinks, with conscious guilt, from
' the hand that attempts to pluck it;
' but into the cup intended for the
' prince he infused an infallible an-
' tidote from the root, intending thus
' to perish himself, and involve all his
' friends, his son only excepted, in
' one general destruction, that he
' might secure his long premeditated
' revenge on you: but, by mistake,
' he appears to have delivered to the
' prince a wrong cup, and to have
' taken for himself and you the
' draught of safety meant only for his
' son.'

Maomhang, at the end of this re-
lation, sprung from the ground, and,
acknowledging that it was true, de-
manded instantly to die. ' No!' cried
the afflicted Coashti, ' thou shalt con-
' tinue to live, that thou mayest ex-
' perience greater misery from thy
' own reflections than torture is capa-
' ble of inflicting.' He then ordered
him to be imprisoned, and carefully
preserved from every means of death;
in which state the wretch survived
twenty-six years, an unceasing tor-
ment to himself, and a dreadful exam-
ple to all others of the horrors of an
unjust revenge.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

LAST month you were pleased to
give the public a most elaborate
treatise upon Nothing; which discourse
has occasioned some difference in the
opinions of the learned, who cannot
agree amongst themselves concerning
it's original: for while some assert that
the manufacture of your Nothing was
of English, others as obstinately main-
tain it to be of French invention.

I shall not take upon me to decide

so important a dispute, the decision of
which I confess to be far above my
narrow reading and slender capacity,
and therefore I shall leave it to the com-
mentators; a species of learned men,
who have sometimes laboured their
whole lives in search of discoveries of
equal use and advantage to mankind.

For my own part, in case this point
should hereafter be decided, and it
should be proved to be originally
English;

English; as a true Englishman, I shall content myself with wishing that the learned would likewise be able to prove, that it is the only thing the French have got of us for some years past.

But, to come nearer to my present design.

In the first place, I entirely agree with you, that, considering how the affairs of this great world are managed, a writer could not find out a more artful method of making his court to fortune, than by writing a panegyric upon Nothing. I lately heard, and shall long bear in mind, a story of a certain lady of quality at Paris, who fancying she saw her own picture upon the stage, took it into her head that the poet introduced that character into his comedy for no other purpose than to turn her into ridicule, and accordingly applied to a magistrate for satisfaction for the affront: nor have I forgot the magistrate's answer; which, I think, shewed him to be a man who very well understood the weakness of human nature, when he told her that the design of comedy being to correct the vices of the age, if she knew herself guilty, she had better correct herself of the follies there ridiculed; and then, he would answer, she would be able to see the comedy without pain. And I make no doubt but many others, who were conscious of their own guilt the same way, took the thing to themselves as well as this lady. Since people, then, are so generally apt to apply satire to themselves, why may not the humour be the same in respect to panegyric? and who knows but several of the great Nothings of our times might understand that discourse to be particularly meant as a compliment to their no understandings?

But I must leave this matter for the present, because I am going to propose to you to give us your thoughts upon a subject very different from the former. You must know, I lately happened to meet with a little dissertation in French, which has for title, *The Praise of SOMETHING*; and said to be written by the very same author with your Nothing; and, though I will allow

your subject to be infinitely more copious, as well as more applicable to the characters and actions of many great persons who have it in their power to pay for being flattered, yet I hope you will spare a little room in your paper for what your author has said on a subject so opposite to the other, and leave the farther prosecution of Nothing to those honest and ingenious gentlemen who, out of their singular love for their dear country, and for a pension, weekly ring the praises of a certain great man. To them this subject does of right belong; for, if the voice of the public be of any authority, all they have said amounts to just—Nothing.

The author humbly dedicates this work to Somebody; and, in his address to his patron, speaks to this effect.

‘ I had the misfortune to be censured by many uncourteous readers for dedicating my last work to Nobody, because it naturally led me to speak of Nothing; and the same persons advised me, by all means, to dedicate my next work to you, in expectation that it might bring me to Something. Several powerful reasons prevailed upon me to follow their advice: and first, because I look upon it to be very essential towards the success of an author, to have his readers of his party, which I thought I should effectually secure by paying this deference to their opinion; besides, I have observed, that you are considered by the world as a person of very great consequence, and as one who has a great deal in his power. Besides these two considerations, I freely own, I bear a singular affection to Something, and which I was willing to flatter myself I should be able to draw from you for this dedication.

‘ And since I have been so frank to own to you, that the expectation of a handsome gratification, and the hopes of tasting of your generosity, were none of the least inducements for singling you out from the rest of the world for my patron, I will declare to you, at the same time, how

‘ I came to conceive a notion of your
‘ having more ample abilities to satisfy
‘ all my wants and cravings than any
‘ other person whatsoever.

‘ I have observed, that, when any
‘ person has solicited a favour at court,
‘ or desired a government in Mississippi
‘ or Martinico, or sued for a patent
‘ for the sole liberty of turning copper
‘ into gold, or old rusty iron into silver,
‘ for the great ease and advantage of
‘ such people as do not know what to do
‘ with their money, an agent or go-be-
‘ tween has been constantly employed
‘ to negotiate the affair; and many a
‘ time and oft have I heard this agent
‘ say, “ Sir, your business shall be done,
“ provided so many thousand louis
“ d’ors be lodged in the hands of a
“ banker, for the use of Somebody.”—
‘ To another he has been pleased to
‘ express himself to this effect: “ Sir, the
“ warrant for your employment will
“ be made out as soon as you give
“ good security for paying so much
“ a year out of your salary to Some-
“ body.” To a third: “ Sir, you can-
“ not be Baron of Goatham till a pro-
“ per present be made to Somebody.”
‘ And when the Mississippi Company
‘ coined a great quantity of gold in-
‘ to pieces of five Louis value, I had
‘ the curiosity to enquire whether the
‘ company intended to make use of
‘ these in their trade to Mississippi; but
‘ one of the directors told me, No;
‘ they were to be given to Somebody:
‘ and then whispered me in the ear,
‘ what I desire to be excused if I
‘ don’t think fit to declare at this
‘ present writing.

‘ When I had reflected on all these
‘ things, “ Surely,” says I to myself,
“ this Somebody must be a prodigi-
“ ous rich person. One who has a
“ feeling in all honours, preferments,
“ and patents, can know no end of
“ his riches.” upon which I was
‘ tempted (I hope you will pardon
‘ the curiosity) to enquire into your
‘ character; and I found all the world
‘ agreed in the circumstance of your
‘ great wealth; (of the rest I shall
‘ say but little) for they told me this
‘ same Somebody was in a way of

‘ getting all the money in France in-
‘ to his own coffers; and advised me,
‘ by all means, to make my court to
‘ you, as the only person whom it
‘ would be worth an author’s while
‘ to flatter.

‘ I therefore take the liberty of
‘ declaring to the world, that I should
‘ be infinitely obliged to Somebody
‘ who would satisfy a clamorous land-
‘ lady, that is so unreasonable as to
‘ demand money of me for arrears
‘ of lodging; as well as to stop the
‘ mouth of an infidel taylor, who has
‘ no more faith than a Toland or a
‘ Woolston: and I own, likewise, that
‘ I absolutely stand in need of Some-
‘ body to provide for my future sub-
‘ sistence; and, as I take it, that your
‘ honour stands in as much want of a
‘ good name, as your poor humble ser-
‘ vant does of these necessaries, I
‘ should be very glad that you would
‘ open your heart and your purse-
‘ strings, (both which have been long
‘ shut) and send me Something that
‘ is handsome, in return for a good
‘ reputation; but, if I should not be
‘ able to furnish you a good one that
‘ will fit you, I will at least endea-
‘ vour to make up a second-hand one
‘ that shall be almost as good as if it
‘ were new.

‘ Having therefore duly weighed
‘ and considered the circumstances
‘ both of your affairs and my own, I
‘ thought I could not do better than to
‘ follow the advice of all my friends,
‘ and chuse you out for my patron
‘ and protector.

‘ Thus am I now changed; but it
‘ is no wonder, in this world of ours,
‘ to see men change both parties and
‘ principles for a valuable considera-
‘ tion; “ *Alteri tempi, alteri costumi,*”
‘ says the Italian proverb: and thus
‘ I, who, whilome, paid my court to
‘ Nobody, now, in expectation of
‘ your great favours, am obliged to
‘ subscribe myself Somebody’s most
‘ devoted humble servant.’

What is remarkable in this epistle
‘ dedicatory, is a certain plainness and
‘ sincerity which shines through it, and
‘ which makes us believe that the au-
‘ thor

thor spoke from his heart; and, in this respect, it is different from the stile of all the modern dedications which I have seen. But it is time to take a little notice of the essay which follows it.

' The author tells us, that if ever any praise was reasonable and well-grounded, it must be the praise of Something; for it is certain that it must be an excellent thing in itself, as well as of a most ancient and illustrious original: I say, it must be so, because of the great respect which is generally paid to it by all the world; for it is observed that, let men be ever so rich, ever so great, ever so powerful; let their circumstances and situation be what they will; yet still their hearts yearn after Something. In all countries, and all ages, Something has been the principal object of the cares, desires, and projects, of all ranks and degrees of men.

' We have already taken notice, that the world does Nothing for Nothing; but what is it that cannot be obtained, what is it that will not be granted, for Something?

' What is it that sometimes softens the severity of the laws, and changes the temper of the judge, naturally sour, into mildness and mercy?—Something.

' What gained this silly fellow his title, and that knave his pardon? Something.

' Why should the man of honour waste his life in the camp, and lie whole nights in trenches; or why should the adventurous merchant plough the ocean, and visit worlds remote, with the hazards of shipwrecks, pestilence and famine—were it not to gain Something?

' The lover walks whole nights under the windows of his mistress, fearless of thieves below, or chamber-pots from above; there thrums his lute, or sings his madrigal: and why all this, but in expectation that the kind fair will grant him—Something?

' The amorous maid softly steals the key from under the head of her sleeping parents, or else, more bold, commits herself to a ladder of ropes, and descends, at midnight, from a window, to meet some vigorous lover—most surely in expectation of Something.

' No kind of persons are generally more disinterested, or trouble themselves less with worldly affairs, than young virgins; and yet natural philosophers are of opinion that the first thing they commonly think of as soon as they wake in a morning—is Something.

' Let a woman's face be ever so fine, her shape so exact, her humour so agreeable, yet we can find out Something that could improve her.

' Something is of so much consequence in the affairs of this world, that he who wants it must not expect to be considered with any respect, either at court or in the city.

' Such a woman has an infamous reputation; she had a bastard," say the public, "by my lord; a second by a fiddler; a third by the colonel; a fourth and fifth, she herself knows not by whom; but observe how she is caressed, how she is visited, what respect is paid to her at court and all assemblies: enquire into the reason, they will tell you—she has Something."

' Such a man is known to cheat at dice, he has ruined many a young heir, and defrauds his creditors: the world knows this; the world proclaims it aloud; but you see him in Sir Whatd'ye-callum's coach, the rich knight; nay, he dines with my lord, and his grace dines with him; and, if you should express any wonder at this, you will be told, it is because he has Something.

' Learning and knowledge are two things held in great veneration by all wise men; but when you converse with those who are most esteemed and honoured for their extraordinary progress in those two particular,

culars, they will frankly own to you, that they still want to know Something.

Something is a kind of Proteus: it appears in different shapes; nay, it often changes it's very name and signification, according to the circumstances of time, place, and the company where it is introduced. For example, if you were to see a parcel of young ladies turning over silks in a mercer's shop, and observe with what an air the spruce mercer displays both his silk and his oratory, and yet perhaps all won't do; "The ground of this is dull, that has a bad flower, this is tawdry, and that is out of fashion!" when he finds that his best goods are held of

no account, he says, with an air of importance, "Now, ladies, I'll shew you Something!" and then he produces some old thing, grown rotten with lying by, and immediately the pretty fools are charmed, and part with their money. How often have I observed a certain person, who sells toys and trumpery to the rakes and fops of the town, call one of them aside, and tell him, "Sir, I have Something to shew you!" and then produce a bawdy picture: and yet, among the friends and partizans of a certain considerable person, who shall be nameless, the word Something was never understood to mean any thing but a bribe!

ADVENTURES OF TIM WILDGOOSE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

THE thirst of glory is, I think, allowed, even by the dull dogs who can sit still long enough to write books, to be a noble appetite.

My ambition is to be thought a man of life and spirit, who could conquer the world if he was to set about it, but who has too much vivacity to give the necessary attention to any scheme of length.

I am, in short, one of those heroic adventurers who have thought proper to distinguish themselves by the titles of Buck, Blood, and Nerve. When I am in the country I am always on horseback, and I leap or break every hedge and gate that stands in my way: when I am in town, I am constantly to be seen at some of the public places, at the proper times for making my appearance; as at Vauxhall, or Ranelagh, about ten, very drunk; for though I don't love wine, I am obliged to be consumedly drunk five or six nights in the week, nay sometimes five or six days together, for the sake of my character. Wherever I come, I am sure to make all the confusion and do all the mischief I can; not for the sake of doing mischief, but only out of frolic, you know,

to shew my vivacity. If there are women near me, I swear like a devil to shew my courage, and talk bawdy to shew my wit. Under the rose, I am a curfed favourite amongst them; and have had *bonne fortune*, let me tell you. I do love the little rogues helliciously; but faith I make love for the good of the public, and the town is obliged to me for a dozen or two of the finest wenches that were ever brought into it's seraglios. One, indeed, I lost; and, poor fond soul! I pitied her: but it could not be helped; self-preservation obliged me to leave her; I could not tell her what was the matter with her, rot me if I could; and so it got such a head, that the devil himself could not have saved her.

There's one thing vexes me; I have much ado to avoid having that insignificant character, a good-natured fellow, fixed upon me; so that I am obliged, in my own defence, to break the boy's head, and kick my whore down stairs every time I enter a night-house: I pick quarrels when I am not offended, break the windows of men I never saw, demolish lamps, bilk hackney-coachmen, overturn wheelbarrows,

wheelbarrows, and storm night-cellars: I beat the watchman, though he bids me good-morrow, abuse the constable, and insult the justice. For these feats I am frequently kicked, beaten, pumped, prosecuted, and imprisoned: but Tim is no flincher; and if he does not get fame, blood! he will deserve it.

I am now writing at a coffee-house, where I am just arrived, after a journey of fifty miles, which I have rode in four hours. I knocked up my blockhead's horse two hours ago. The dog whipped and spurred at such a rate, that I dare say you may track him half the way by the blood; but all would not do. The devil, take the hindmost! is always my way of travelling. The moment I dismounted, down dropped Dido, by Jove! and here am I, all alive and merry, my old boy!

I'll tell thee what; I was a hellish ass t'other day; I shot a damned clean mare through the head, for jumping out of the road to avoid running over an old woman. But the bitch threw me, and I got a cursed slice on the cheek against a flint, which put me in a passion; who could help it, you know? Rot me! I would not have lost her for five hundred old women, with all their brats, and the brats

of their brats, to the third generation. She was a sweet creature! I would have run her five and twenty miles in an hour, for five hundred pounds. But she's gone!—Poor jade! I did love thee, that I did.

Now what you shall do for me, old boy, is this: help to raise my name a little, d'ye mind; write something in praise of us sprightly pretty fellows. I assure you we take a great deal of pains for fame, and 'tis hard we should be bilked. I would not trouble you, my boy, but only I fear I have not much time before me to do my own business; for, between you and I, both my constitution and estate are damnable out at elbows. I intend to make them spin out together as evenly as possible: but if my purse should happen to leak fastest, I propose to go with my last half-crown to Ranelagh Gardens; and there, if you approve the scheme, I'll mount one of the upper alcoves, and repeat with an heroic air—

'I'll boldly venture on the world unknown;
'It cannot use me worse than this has done.'

I'll then shoot myself through the head; and so, good by t'ye.

Yours, as you serve me,

TIM. WILDGOOSE.

A CURIOUS LACONIC SERMON.

IN a certain principality, where the labourers in the spiritual vineyard are often obliged to fiddle as well as to pray, for the necessary support of themselves and families, about half a century ago lived an honest and ingenious man of the sacred profession; who, having a great deal of duty to perform, for which, however, he received a very inadequate recompence, was often necessitated to cut as short as possible, leaving his hearers to meditate on what he meant to advance in confirmation of his positions. One Sunday, in particular, being engaged in the afternoon to play several airs on the Welsh harp, on which instrument, as well as the

violin, he was a very excellent performer, he delivered the following incomparable sermon to his different parishioners; which, for brevity, method, point, and moral, we recommend to the attentive perusal of every sincere christian throughout his majesty's dominions.

JOB, chap. i. ver. 21.

*Naked came I out of my mother's womb,
and naked shall I return thither.*

IN discoursing from these words, I shall observe the three following things.

First, Man's ingress into the world;
Secondly, His progress through the world;

And,

And, thirdly, His egress out of the world.

To return—

First, Man's ingress into the world, is naked and bare;

Secondly, His progress through the world, is trouble and care;

And, thirdly, His egress out of the world, is nobody knows where.

To conclude—

If we do well here, we shall be well there;

And I could tell you no more were I to preach a whole year!

A SEARCH AFTER TRUE TASTE.

EVERY person admits that there is such a thing as Taste; and, as each individual pretends to shew a right of possession to True Taste, it does not seem difficult to be met with.

But as all things are not as they seem to be, the looking for this, at the request of a correspondent, was attended with more disappointments than the Editor could have imagined.

Having some business one morning at Jonathan's, he resolved to enquire there for True Taste; but was answered, no such person used the house; that probably the gentleman might find him upon the Dutch Walk at Change time. A corn-factor passing by, and hearing the question, directed him to a girl's lodgings near Convent Garden; who, as the gentleman-merchant observed, knew more of Taste than every body else did. Immediately he made the best of his way to the lady's apartment; but standing up to give way for a chair passing along the pavement, he found himself at the door of a jeweller and toyman; the master being in the shop, the Editor enquired of him after True Taste. 'Sir,' replied the tradesman, 'it is but a composition; I'll shew you several sorts:' on which he pulled out a drawer, where were several fine sparkling buckles, ear-rings and necklaces. These, Sir, are the True Taste; True French Taste. The Editor replied, it was Taste he wanted.

The master of the shop answered him, that if he wanted ever so much Taste, he was certain he could furnish him.

From the toyshop he slept into an auctioneer's; who, upon hearing the question, immediately replied, Let a

man want Taste ever so much, he was certain he might be furnished in his room. But when he was told the enquirer wanted True Taste, he replied, that as to True Taste, to be sure that was quite the thing, as he supposed; but that he had kept that house many years, and never heard it mentioned before. Taste was the word, and Taste is the thing, and Taste was every thing.

As the auctioneer could not apprehend what was meant by the enquiry, the Editor left him, and stepped into a tavern, and enquired of the drawer, the drawer of the cook; who sent in word, that if the gentleman pleased to bespeak any thing, he was sure he could give him satisfaction, since he knew how to hit every body's Taste.

The landlord then entered, and the question being put to him, his reply was, that there were several men of Taste used his house; and there was one of them, Mr. Gradus, below stairs. This happened to be an acquaintance of the Editor's; who was desired to walk up, and to whom his friend related the business he was then about.

Jack Gradus immediately made him this answer: 'My good friend, it is not worth your while to take pains in finding out what is True Taste. I endeavoured to write according to the rules of True Taste, but it would not do; but as soon as I got the knack of scribbling to the present Taste, I succeeded. It is not Taste now-a-days to read much, or to trouble our minds with digesting what we read; therefore light things in the Novel stile, or jests, or comic songs, suit best. I find, at least, they best answer my purpose: some persons, indeed, say they are

' are nonsense; some cry out upon them as dull; others, that they are low. I hear them; I write on, and they rail on; and by this means both parties are pleased. My writings give these fault-finders opportunity to shew their critical talents; and their railing raises the reputation of what I write; since it is a certain and undeniable observation, that whenever any performance is spoken against, the rest of the world espouse it, if it be only for the sake of opposition.

' However, to let you see the opinion I have of Taste, I'll give you what I composed yesterday upon that subject.' Upon which he immediately presented the Editor with the following song.

TASTE.

TO THE TUNE OF, 'YOUNG ROGER CAME TAPPING AT DOLLY'S WINDOW.'

YE learned, o'er classics who pore night and day,
And life-time in school-phrases waste;
Etymologies ye can uniddle, then say,
From whence is deriv'd the term Taste?
When Genius, Wit, Learning, and Science, are shown,

We know which it is we'd be at;
But since Taste has been term'd as a phrase on the town,

We neither know this thing nor that.

Over catalogues poring the auction folks see;
'Hark! Sir, something the connoisseur speaks
' About Raphael, Coreggio, Vandyke, Monami,
' Intaglios, Mosaics, Antiques.

' His honour observes quite the thing, to be sure;
' 'Tis immense, 'tis perdigious, 'tis vaast:'
Then handling, disposing, fore-ground and contour,
Oh! he talks all in all who talks Taste.

To the lucky, enrich'd by large plunder from White's,
Each supple-kneed sycophant bows;
While Science and Learning are star'd at for frights,

They are creatures whom nobody knows.
In vain may a genius petition his Grace,
On the pavement his hours he'll waste;
The porter will flap-to the door in his face,
For merit we know is not Taste.

Not by reason or passion, but Fashion we think,
By Fashion we swear and we pray;
By Fashion we game, and by Fashion we drink,
For each vice, like a dog, has it's day.
Once Shakespeare could please; now op'ras endear,
And on sounds large subscriptions we waste;
Like pilory'd felons, we're nail'd by the ear,
For forging that phantom call'd Taste.

To be sure Aristotle had something to say,
But to mind him is not worth our while;
We don't want to talk now, but only to play,
So the classic in Taste must be Hoyle.
By rhetoric rules would you study to speak,
The time while you read runs to waste;
'Tis from wagers alone that your proofs you must seek,
'Done first!' is the logic in Taste.

We have been so well-bred, so immensely polite,
So refin'd by our dear friends in France,
That we really believ'd it ill-manners to fight;
You'll allow it is *finis* complaisance.
But the Genius of England awaken'd our youth,
In Fame's trumpet blew Liberty's blast;
Old Honour unfolded the Standard of Truth,
And we prov'd ourselves Britons at last.

FARTHER ACCOUNT OF THE FAMILY OF NONSENSE.

BY MR. D'ISRAELI.

SIR,

IN my former letter, I slightly sketched the character of my *cara sposa*, Folly. I there told you she was not ungrateful to Alexander, for whom she yet preserves that distinguished epithet which is due only to a Numa. It was her, with Enthusiasm our sister, who established so many false prophets, such various sects, and such contrary tenets. In politics, where her influence is unbounded, she prefers a Cataline to a Curtius; and so great is her

estimation of every moral virtue, that she is absolutely prodigal in order to obtain the reputation of being generous.

Though our sister Enthusiasm has always been a great favourite of Folly's, I cannot say I ever thoroughly relished her; not only because she usually carries her jokes too far, but because she endeavours to make me appear *serious*, when in fact this disposition is quite contrary to my nature: besides, she

is perpetually introducing discord among mankind; and has been the cruel cause of sacrificing more human beings than (if she had never existed) might have peopled another globe.

Indeed, she is thought to be not a little inclinable to madness: her eye-balls appear ready to start from their sockets; and, to borrow a line from Dryden—

‘ Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll.’

She is continually thundering out volleys of excommunications, bulls, and maledictions, against every sect but that which is her chief favourite, and of which she is by many thought to be the sole support; and this she is weak enough to pronounce infallible. In her minor pleasures she dwindles into the character of a mere infant; for she delights in raree-shews, sleight of hand, dolls, pictures, and gilt bindings: though, it must be confessed, she in other respects partakes in the gravity of the antiquarian character, being remarkably attached to rotten bones, nail-parings, strings of beads, and illegible inscriptions. Though she pretends to great sanctity, she has no objection to saluting in public the great-toe, and in private any other part, of a certain mortal whom most people now despise. And yet, one would suppose, she must be of a very cold constitution, since she has often been known to have great fires made of human bodies!

‘ I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word

‘ Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young

‘ blood;

‘ Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from

‘ their spheres;

‘ Thy knotted and combined locks to part;

‘ And each particular hair to stand on end,

‘ Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.’

SHAKESPEARE.

Happily for mankind, she seems now at her last gasp; and has for some time chiefly resided with her dearly-beloved brethren in Spain and Portugal, declaring that with them she will live, and with them die.

My little brother Bombast, though a great favourite of mine, has certainly done nearly as much harm to the poetical, as Enthusiasm has to the

religious world: and, however strange it may appear, notwithstanding he is notoriously inimical to all true poetry, some excellent bards have been known frequently to entertain him. Lee was always remarkably fond of him—and he was unquestionably present with Thomson, when he so sublimely called out—

‘ Oh, Sophonisba! Sophonisba, oh!’

Fielding, one of the greatest enemies I ever had, successfully attacked this intimacy with my brother, by echoing, in his burlesque tragedy of Tom Thumb—

‘ Oh, Huncamunca! Huncamunca, oh!’

The best of bards, even the bard of Avon, forgot him not!—Dryden often caressed him; and the little fellow’s company is at the present day more sought after than ever.

With respect to Fashion, it will be sufficient to say that Folly implicitly executes all her commands, however inconvenient or absurd; and that all the world are proud of enrolling themselves as her domestics, which is evident from their all wearing her livery.

Having thus far introduced to your acquaintance some characters which serve to keep up the dignity of our family, give me leave to conclude with stating for your consideration the nature of a rivalry which has long subsisted between Myself and Dullness.

Dullness contends that the honour of being parent to our family is alone due to her; on the contrary, I maintain, that Dullness has no right to claim any of that honour which so notoriously belongs to the Nonsensical family; as there does not now, nor ever did exist, the smallest degree of relationship between them.

In contrasting the following description of Nonsense with that of Dullness, I shall endeavour to divest myself of all partiality: of the candour of my statement, as well as of the case itself, you and the public (my judge and jurors) are to determine, and I freely commit myself to your impartial decision.

Nonsense

Nonsense is full of life, and enlivening spirits; while you read his works your whole frame is kept in a continual state of merriment—Dullness, even when you are in the most lively humour, soon renders you lethargic, closes your eyelids, and leaves you in a sound sleep. Nonsense possesses ideas, with which he boldly starts from the beaten path, takes a flight up, and falls directly down. Dullness has no ideas; or, if she has any, so disguises them that they cannot clearly be perceived. She is always grovelling on her mother Earth, nor ever ventures to take a single sublime leap. Nonsense is a thin, airy being, and frequently tickles the fancy by his pleasantries; Dullness is a heavy lumpish mortal, and was never known to tickle any fancy but her own. In short, all persons speak with rapture of Nonsense, and have him oc-

asionally in their thoughts; so that every hour—and most probably at the present moment—you may hear readers exclaim, 'What charming nonsense!' From this last argument I shall beg leave to draw my conclusion; in imitation of the great Mr. Locke, who says, 'that whatever has universal consent is an axiom:' and since, generally speaking, all the world have me in their thoughts, I claim the superiority over Dullness, who is known only to a few modern philosophers, critics, and commentators.

I have just discovered, that Dullness has been at my elbow during the whole time I have been writing this epistle; but, in spite of his *secret influence*, I dare venture to assert that the composition will not, on the whole, be found altogether unworthy of the pen of

NONSENSE.

CHARACTERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. SAMUEL BUTLER,
AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

XIII.

A STATE CONVERT,

IS a thrifty penitent, that never left rebellion until it left him. He has always appeared very faithful and constant to his principles to the very last; for as he first engaged against the crown for no other reason but his own advantages, so he afterward faced about, and declared for it for the very same consideration; and, when there was no more to be made of it, was thoroughly convinced, and renounced it from the bottom of his heart. He espoused the good old cause, like an old whore that had money in her purse, and made her an honest woman; but when all was spent and gone, turned her out of doors to shift for herself, and declared her to

be no better than she should be. He was very much unsatisfied in his conscience with the government of the church, as long as presbytery bore the bag, and had money to receive for betraying Christ; but as soon as those saints were gulled and cheated of all, and the covenant began to be no better than a beggarly ceremony, his eyes were presently opened, and all his scruples vanished in a moment. He did his endeavour to keep out the king as long as he could possibly; but when there was no hope left to prevail any longer, he made a virtue of necessity, and appeared among the foremost of those that were most earnest to bring him in; and, like Lipsius's dog*, resolved to have his share in that which he was able to defend no longer. What he gained

* The story of Lipsius's Dog, who had been taught to carry meat in a basket, is thus related by Sir Kenelm Digby.—'Other less dogs snatching, as he trotted along, part of what hung out of his basket, which he carried in his mouth, he set it down to worry one of them; whilst, in the mean time, the others fed at liberty and at ease upon the meat that lay there unguarded; till he, coming back to it, drove them away, and himself made an end of eating it up.'

See Digby on Bodies, p. 320.

by serving against the king, he laid out to purchase profitable employments in his service; for he is one that will neither obey nor rebel against him for nothing; and though he inclines naturally to the latter, yet he has so much of a faint left as to deny himself, when he cannot have his will, and denounce against self-seeking, until he is sure to find what he looks for. He pretends to be the only man in the world that brought in the king, which is in one sense very true; for if he had not driven him out first, it had been impossible ever to have brought him in. He endures his preferment patiently, (though he esteems it no better than a relapse) merely for the profit he receives by it; and prevails with himself to be satisfied with that and the hopes of seeing better times, and then resolves to appear himself again, and let the world see he is no changeling: and therefore he rejoices in his heart at any miscarriages of state-affairs, and endeavours to improve them to the uttermost, partly to vindicate his own former actions, and partly in hope to see the times come about again to him as he did to them.

XIV.

A FACTIOUS MEMBER,

IS sent out laden with the wisdom and politics of the place he serves for, and has his own freight and custom free. He is trusted like a factor to trade for a society, but endeavours to turn all the public to his own private advantages. He has no instructions but his pleasure, and therefore strives to have his privileges at large. He is very wise in his politic capacity, as having a full share in the house, and an implicit right to every man's reason, though he has none of his own, which makes him appear so simple out of it. He believes all reason of state consists in faction, as all wisdom in haranguing; of which he is so fond, that he had rather the nation should perish than continue ignorant of his great abilities that way;

though he that observes his gestures, words, and delivery, will find them so perfectly agreeable to the rules of the House, that he cannot but conclude he learnt his oratory the very same way that jackdaws and parrots practise by; for he coughs, and spits, and blows his nose, with that discreet and prudent caution, that you would think he had buried his talent in a handkerchief, and were now pulling it out to dispose of it to a better advantage. He stands and presumes so much upon *the privileges of the House*, as if every member were a tribune of the people, and had as absolute power as they had in Rome, according to the lately-established fundamental custom and practice of their quartered predecessors of unhappy memory. He endeavours to shew his wisdom in nothing more than in appearing very much unsatisfied with the present manage of state-affairs, although he knows nothing of the reasons: so much the better; for the thing is the more difficult, and argues his judgment and insight the greater; for any man can judge that understands the reasons of what he does, but very few know how to judge mechanically without understanding why or wherefore. It is sufficient to assure him, that the public money has been diverted from the proper uses it was raised for, because he has had no share of it himself; and the government ill-managed, because he has no hand in it; which, truly, is a very great grievance to the people, that understand, by himself and his party, that are their representatives, and ought to understand for them, how able he is for it. He fathers all his own passions and concerns, like bastards, on the people; because, being entrusted by them without articles or conditions, they are bound to acknowledge whatsoever he does as their own act and deed.

XV.

A REBEL,

IS a voluntary bandit, a civil renegade, that renounces his obedience to his prince, to raise himself upon the

the public ruin. He is of great antiquity, perhaps before the creation, at least a Præadamite; for Lucifer was the first of his family, and from him he derives himself in an indirect line. He finds fault with the government, that he may get it the easier into his own hands, as men use to undervalue what they have a desire to purchase. He is a botcher of politics, and a state-tinker, that makes flaws in the government only to mend them again. He goes for a public-spirited man, and his pretences are for the public good; that is, for the good of his own public spirit. He pretends to be a great lover of his country, as if it had given him love-powder; but it is merely out of natural affection to himself. He has a great itch to be handling of authority, though he cut his fingers with it; and is resolved to raise himself, though it be but upon the gallows. He is all for peace and truth, but not without lying and fighting. He plays a game with the hangman for the cloaths on his back; and when he throws out, he strips him to the skin. He dies in hempen sheets, and his body is hanged, like his ancestor

Mahomet's, in the air. He might have lived longer, if the destinies had not spun his thread of life too strong. He is sure never to come to an untimely end, for by the course of law his glass was out long before. He calls rebellion and treason laying out of himself for the public; but being found to be false unlawful coin, he was seized upon, and cut in pieces, and hanged for falsifying himself. His espousing of quarrels proves as fatal to his country, as the Parisian wedding did to France. He is like a bell, that was made on purpose to be hanged. He is a diseased part of the body-politic, to which all the bad humours gather. He picks straws out of the government like a madman, and flatters at them when he has done. He endeavours to raise himself, like a boy's kite, by being pulled against the wind. After all his endeavours and designs, he is at length promoted to the gallows, which is performed with a cavalcade suitable to his dignity; and after much ceremony, he is installed by the hangman, with the general applause of all men, and dies singing, like a swan.

MEMOIRS

OF THE LIFE AND WONDERFUL CONVERSATION, &c.

THERE is a certain person lately arrived at this city, of whom it is very proper the world should be informed. His character may perhaps be thought very inconsistent, improbable, and unnatural; however, I intend to draw it with the utmost regard to truth. This I am the better qualified to do, because he is a sort of dependent on our family, and almost of the same age; though I cannot directly say I have ever seen him. He is a native of this country, and hath lived long among us; but what appears wonderful, and hardly credible, was never seen before by any mortal.

It is true, indeed, he always chuses the lowest places in company, and contrives it so to keep out of sight.

It is reported, however, that, in his younger days, he was frequently exposed to view, but always against his will, and was sure to smart for it.

As to his family, he came into the world a younger brother, being of six children the fourth in order of birth; of which the eldest is now head of the house; the second and third carry arms; but the two youngest are only footmen: some indeed add, that he hath likewise a twin-brother, who lives over-against him, and keeps a victualling-house: he has the reputation to be a close, griping, squeezing fellow; and that, when his bags are full, he is often needy; yet, when the fit takes him, as fast as he gets, he lets it fly.

When

When in office, no one dischargeth himself or does his business better. He hath sometimes strained hard for an honest livelihood, and never got a bit till every body else had done.

One practice appears very blameable in him, that every morning he privately frequents unclean houses, where any modest person would blush to be seen: and, although this be generally known, yet the world, as censorious as it is, is so kind to overlook this infirmity in him. To deal impartially, it must be granted, that he is too great a lover of himself, and very often consults his own ease, at the expence of his best friends. But this is one of his blind sides; and the best of men, I fear, are not without them.

He hath been constituted by the higher powers in the station of receiver-general; in which employment some have censured him for playing fast and loose. He is likewise overseer of the golden mines, which he daily inspects, when his health will permit him.

He was long bred under a master of arts, who instilled good principles in him, but these were soon corrupted. I know not whether this deserves mention, that he is so very capricious, as to take it for an equal affront to talk either of kissing or kicking him, which hath occasioned a thousand quarrels: however, nobody was ever so great a sufferer for faults, which he neither was, nor possibly could be guilty of.

In his religion, he has thus much of the quaker, that he stands always covered, even in the presence of the king; in most other points a perfect idolater, although he endeavours to conceal it; for he is known to offer daily sacrifices to certain subterranean nymphs, whom he worships in an humble posture, prone on his face, and stript stark-naked, and so leaves his offerings behind him, which the priests of those goddesses are careful enough to remove, upon certain seasons, with the utmost privacy at mid-

night, and from thence maintain themselves and families. In all urgent necessities and pressures he applies himself to these deities, and sometimes even in the streets and highways; from an opinion that those powers have an influence in all places, although their peculiar residence is in caverns underground. Upon these occasions the fairest ladies will not refuse to lend their hands to assist him; for, although they are ashamed to have him seen in their company, or even so much as to hear him named, yet it is well known that he is one of their constant followers.

In politics, he always submits to what is uppermost; but he peruses pamphlets on both sides with great impartiality, though seldom till every body else has done with them.

His learning is of a mixed kind, and he may properly be called a *Helluo librorum*, or another *Jacobus de Voraigne*, though his studies are chiefly confined to schoolmen, commentators, and German divines, together with modern poetry and critics: and he is an atomic philosopher, strongly maintaining a void in nature, which he seems to have fairly proved by many experiments.

I shall now proceed to describe some peculiar qualities, which, in several instances, seem to distinguish this person from the common race of other mortals.

His grandfather was a member of the rump parliament, as the grandson is of the present; where he often rises, sometimes grumbles, but never speaks. However, he lets nothing pass willingly, but what is well digested. His courage is indisputable, for he will take the boldest man alive by the nose.

He is generally the first a-bed in the family, and the last up: which is to be lamented; because, when he happens to rise before the rest, it hath been thought to forebode some good fortune to his superiors.

As wisdom is acquired by age, so by every new wrinkle in his face he

is reported to gain some new knowledge.

In him we may observe the true effects and consequences of tyranny in a state; for as he is a great oppressor of all below him, so there is nobody more oppressed by those above him; yet, in his time, he hath been so highly in favour, that many illustrious persons have been entirely indebted to him for their preferments.

He hath discovered, from his own experience, the true point wherein all human actions, projects, and designs, do chiefly terminate, and how mean and sordid they are at the bottom.

It behoves the public to keep him quiet, for his frequent murmurs are a certain sign of intestine tumults.

No philosopher ever more lamented luxury, for which these nations are so justly taxed: it hath been known to cost him tears of blood; for, in his own nature, he is far from being profuse; though, indeed, he never stays a night at a gentleman's house without leaving something behind him.

He receives with great submission whatever his patrons think fit to give him; and, when they lay heavy burdens upon him, which is frequently

enough, he gets rid of them as soon as he can; but not without much labour and some grumbling.

He is a perpetual hanger-on; yet nobody knows how to be without him. He patiently suffers himself to be kept under, but loves to be well used, and in that case will sacrifice his vitals to give you ease: and he has hardly one acquaintance for whom he hath not been bound; yet, as far as we can find, was never known to lose any thing by it.

He is observed to be very unquiet in the company of a Frenchman in new cloaths, or a young coquette.

He is, in short, the subject of much mirth and raillery, which he seems to take well enough, though it hath not been observed that ever any good thing came from himself.

There is so general an opinion of his justice, that sometimes very hard cases are left to his decision; and, while he sits upon them, he carries himself exactly even between both sides, except where some knotty point arises, and then he is observed to lean a little to the right or left, as the matter inclines him; but his reasons for it are so manifest and convincing, that every man approves them.

MAXIMS.

(Continued from Page 142.)

FASHION is the daughter of Folly, begot upon Vanity.

Virtue in women, like courage in men, is a security against the impertinence of insult.

Procrastination is inexcusable folly; to-morrow will bring business of its own.

Love, like wine, has an intoxicating quality, and renders us insensible of every other object about us, if too largely indulged: like wine, too, when used with moderation, it gladdens and invigorates the heart.

The gentle reproof of a sincere friend, like the probings of an experienced surgeon, though painful in the operation, is nevertheless intended for the security of the patient.

Fear has a strong memory.

Flattery, like aameleon, assumes the colours of the object it is nearest to.

Pride is the most absurd of all follies; she destroys her own intent, for the more she exacts worship, the less she receives.

When I see a beau and a belle decorated with a profusion of finery for a court-ball, I consider them as two French dolls exhibited in the great toy-shop of Folly.

Reproof, to persons under misfortunes, is as sharp as a dagger's point, and wounds as deeply.

Necessity frequently infringes on the laws of delicacy.

Books are the spectacles of the mind, and make us discover things more clearly

clearly and perceptibly than we should do without their assistance.

Wisdom and fortitude are generally companions.

The severity of princes may terrify, but it will also irritate.

The world is taken with shew and outside, with finery and vain titles: as birds are with lime; they are the bird-lime of fools, women, and children.

The eye is the mirror of the heart.

Satire should not be like a saw but a sword; it should cut, not mangle.

Cowards are great anticipators of danger.

Nothing exposes the weakness of human nature so much, as the vanity of literary men and the affectation of beautiful women.

There is not a greater nor a more cruel slavery than dependence.

Old people are apt to declaim perversely against the depravity of the present times, when compared with the past; they forget that it is not so much the times, as themselves, that are changed.

Duplicity is the armour of a coward.

Those who wish to travel with advantage must leave their prejudices at home, and determine, with St. Paul, to be all things to all men.

Princes have contrived a very cheap and easy method to please and reward their subjects and courtiers: a few yards of blue, green, or red ribband, recompense sufficiently the officer who obtains a victory; and a skin of parchment (or patent of peerage) is a full discharge for years of faithful service.

There can be no greater pleasure than obliging merit in distress; but we must expect no acknowledgment: acknowledgment cancels, and is a receipt in full for all obligation; and in this sense it is well understood by most obligees.

It is wonderful that men should be as much pleased with the shadow as they are with the substance of power: had Julius Cæsar been satisfied with the perpetual dictatorship, and refused the imperial diadem, he would have been equally as great and powerful, and most probably a happier man,

in the hearts and affections of the Roman people. Oliver Cromwell knew this—and died in his bed.

Death and absence never fail to expose what envy is busily employed to conceal; the merit and virtue of individuals.

Art is allowable in all the works of nature, and it may help to adorn them; but it is destructive to friendship.

Those only are truly happy who have the means, as well as the will, to contribute to the felicity of their fellow-creatures.

True friends anticipate each other's wants.

Our ears are of necessity open; but we may keep our mouths as much shut as we please.

The Bank of Holland, like a lion's den, admits all, but permits none to return.

The tongues of a malicious and envious world are frequently our best instructors; they teach us prudence and caution.

The three most desirable things have ever been the most destructive; beauty, wealth, and power.

By four we divide the globe, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; the seasons, spring, summer, autumn, and winter; the age of man, childhood, adolescence, manhood, and old age; and the greatest blessings of life, (when not abused) health, wealth, beauty, and power.

Many are the ups and downs of life, and fortune must be uncommonly gracious to that mortal who does not experience a great variety of them; though perhaps to these may be owing as much of our pleasure as our pain: there are scenes of delight in the vale as well as on the mountains; and the inequalities of nature may not be less necessary to please the eye, than the varieties of life to improve the heart.

Variety, provided it be not troublesome to others, is no such great evil, since it is a kind remedy that nature has planted in every one to preserve us from being out of humour with ourselves.

Vice and Folly may feel the edge of wit, but virtue is invulnerable; as aqua fortis can only penetrate and dissolve base metals, it's corrosive quality being incapable of affecting gold.

Courage is nothing more than a power of opposing danger with serenity and perseverance.

Men are attracted towards each other by general sympathy, but kept from contact by private interests.

The poet Martial says, he that cannot live well to-day, will be less qualified to live well to-morrow.

Wit is very pernicious, unless it be tempered with virtue and humanity.

Severity of reproof, like a file, may be disagreeable in it's operations; but hard and rusty metals will be the brighter for it.

Travelling to boobies is of infinite use, since it changes them from lethargic blockheads, into prating coxcombs; it improves them, as bottling does small-beer, which then becomes brisk without growing stronger. On the other hand, it gives ease and a polish to men of sense and learning, which nothing else can supply: a judicious mixture of those refined manners in which our neighbours excel, adds a grace and a brilliancy to every solid accomplishment, and compleats what may justly be called the fine gentleman; as our weavers use wool of a finer growth than our native fleeces, to carry the manufacture to it's utmost perfection.

Invention is a quick and sagacious penetration into the true essence of all the objects of our contemplation.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES,

EXTRACTED FROM MR. DAVIES'S DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES.

LATELY PUBLISHED.

I.

NAT Clarke was the original Filch in the Beggar's Opera; and, though I greatly admire Mrs. Wilson's adroitness in it, yet I think his meagre countenance and shambling figure were much better adapted to the character of a pickpocket than a female's delicate person. Nat was the chronicle of the theatre: he knew the whole history of the players, and made himself acceptable to busy enquirers after theatrical matters, by communicating to them many a laughable anecdote. His chief employment (on account of his resembling Rich in size and figure) was that of an under-harlequin, to relieve his master in such situations of the pantomime as were least interesting. Nat was happy when the audience, from similarity of form, were surprized into a clap by mistaking the man for the master. The substitute was so like the original, that Rich one night paid severely for the resemblance. One of the actors, having had some words with Clarke during

VOL. I.

the representation of a pantomime, waited till he should find an opportunity to shew his resentment. Unluckily Rich threw himself in the way of the angry person, as he came off the stage, and received such a blow of the fist, on his stomach, as for some time deprived him of the power to breathe. The man, perceiving his mistake, implored the manager's pardon; protesting, upon his honour, he thought that he had struck Nat Clarke. 'And pray,' said Rich, 'what terrible provocation could Clarke give, to merit such a violent blow?'

Some few years before his death, Clarke retired to Hammersmith; where he lived at ease, and treated his visitors with good ale and much history.

II.

WHEN Philip of Macedon had taken the city of Olynthus, he celebrated the Olympic games. He invited to the festival all the professors of the polite arts. He entertained them with the choicest banquets, and bestowed crowns upon the victors. During the

2 A

height

height of the festival, he asked Satyrus, the comedian, why, of all his guests, he alone had asked for no gift, nor had desired any mark of his favour? Did he suppose him to be of a mean and fordid disposition? or did he conceive that he had entertained any ill-will towards him?

Satyrus modestly replied, that he stood in no need of those acts of munificence which others demanded. What he should request of the king could with the greatest facility be granted; but he had some fears lest his petition should be rejected. Philip encouraged him to urge his demand; and, with a facetious gaiety, assured him, that he would refuse him nothing he should ask.

Satyrus then informed the king, that his old acquaintance and host, Apolophanes of Pydna, having been slain through treachery, his relations, terrified at the accident, had, for safety, conveyed his two young daughters to Olynthus; but, as that city had now become subjugated to his majesty's arms, they were in the condition of prisoners and captives. 'Now the sole boon I shall beg of you,' continued the player, 'is, that you would give orders for their deliverance into my hands; not for the sake of gaining any advantage to myself, but that I may bestow on them portions equal to their birth and education, and prevent their falling into any hardships or disgrace unworthy of me or their father.'

The whole assembly, upon hearing this generous request of Satyrus, broke out into loud and tumultuous applause; and Philip, with a good grace, immediately complied with his wishes.

III.

DERBY and Fisher were two gentlemen very intimately acquainted. The latter was a dependent on the former, who generously supplied him with the means of living as became a man of birth and education. But no benefits are sufficient to bind the base and the ungrateful: after parting, one evening, with Mr. Derby, at his

chambers in the Temple, with all the usual marks of friendship, Fisher contrived to get into his apartments, with an intent to rob and murder his friend. This he unhappily accomplished. For some time, no suspicion fell on the murderer; he appeared, as usual, in all public places. He was in a side-box at the play of Hamlet; and, when Wilks uttered that part of the soliloquy, which spoke of 'guilty creatures sitting at a play,' a lady turned about, and, looking at him, said, 'I wish the villain, who murdered Mr. Derby, were here!' The lady and Fisher were strangers to each other. It was afterwards known, that this was the man who had killed his friend. The persons present in the box, declared, that neither the speech from the actor, nor the exclamation from the lady, made the least external impression on the murderer. Fisher soon after escaped to Rome, where he professed himself a Roman Catholic, and gained an asylum. About five and twenty years since, my friend, Mr. Richard Wilson, the landscape-painter, saw Fisher at Rome, and spoke to him. He was then, I think, one of the *conoscenti*, and a picture-dealer.

IV.

A CERTAIN young gentleman applied to Cibber to look over a new dramatic piece. He knocked at his door, and gave into his hands a roll of paper, as he stood on the threshold, the door being but half opened; he desired he would read it, and give him his opinion of it. Cibber turned over the first leaf; and, reading only two lines, returned it with these words, 'Sir, it will not do.' The mortified author left him; and Cibber, full of the adventure, went to Button's coffee-house, and, ready to split with laughter, related the story to Colonel Brett; but he, far from applauding such conduct, put on a severe brow, and treated him with very sharp language. He told him, if the gentleman had resented this vile usage in any manner, he would have been justified. 'Do you pretend, Sir, by reading two lines, and that, in a ridiculous

‘ ridiculous cursory manner, to judge of the merit of a whole play?’ Much more, to the same purpose, the colonel added; and, when he had done, left the room. Cibber made no reply:

he squinted, as usual; took a pinch of snuff; and sat down to ruminate on the affair, under the pretence of reading a Spectator.

CURIOUS SPECIMEN OF POLITICAL DUPLICITY.

BEING THE TRANSLATION OF A LETTER WROTE BY CARDINAL MAZARINE TO THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT ROME.

SIR,

M. Campy, (a Savoyard Friar of the holy order of St. Benedict) is to be the bringer to you of news from me, by the receipt of this letter. He is one of the most discreet, wise, and least wicked or vicious persons, that I have ever yet (among all I have conversed with) known; and hath earnestly desired me to write to you in his favour, and to furnish him with a letter for you of credence on his own behalf, with my recommendation; which I grant to his merit, I assure you, rather than to his importunity; for, believe me, Sir, he is one who deserves your love. I should be sorry if you were to be wanting in kindness to him from being mistaken as to his true character. It would much afflict me, if you were, as many other persons have been, thus deceived, who now value him, and who are of my best friends here, Sir. And for no other motive I am desirous to advertise you, that you ought, more than any, to take particular notice of him, and to shew him the greatest respect: saying nothing at all in his presence, that may offend or displease him in any sort; for I may with truth say, that I love him as myself, and assure you there cannot be a more strong or convincing argument of an unworthy or base person in the world, than to be willing to do him any injury. I am assured, that as soon as you cease to be a stranger to his virtue, and have opportunities to observe him, you will love and respect him as I do, and will thank me for this timely advice. The assurance I have of your great civility, hindereth me from now writing farther of him to you, or of saying more upon this subject.

I am, &c.

MAZARINE.

A POPIISH MIRACLE.

WHEN Naples was once closely besieged, the viceroy issued a severe order, that no man, above or under such an age, should appear in the streets without a sword, on pain of death. That he might be sure this order was strictly obeyed, he and his officers rode up and down the city to see that none offended, and in his progress he perceived a gentleman without his sword; who, being brought to him, was immediately condemned to be hanged on the next sign-post. The gentleman pleaded hard for his life, but to no purpose. He then entreated the viceroy, that he might not suffer so ignominious a death, but die like a gentleman as he was; humbly desir-

ing that the next gentleman who came by with a sword, might run him through the body. This being granted, presently comes along one who was just come from a gaming-house, where he had lost all, even the very blade of his sword, and durst not go home till he got a wooden one fitted to the hilt and scabbard. Being now stopped, he was told the case, and what he was appointed to do: but, conscious of his own insufficiency to execute the business, he was so confounded that he scarce knew what to say: ‘What! make a common executioner of me!’ said he. ‘What, stain my blood to eternity!’ with such exclamations. But all proving fruitless,

2 A 2

he

he prepared himself for the work; and kneeling down, prayed—'O God of Heaven, if this man ought not to die, convert this my faithful sword into wood.' Then plucking it out, and it appearing plainly to be a wooden weapon, the condemned gentleman

was immediately released with abundance of joy; and the sword was carried with great solemnity to the cathedral church, where it was hung up as a true link to the chain of Popish miracles.

CURIOUS LETTER,

SENT BY A QUAKER TO HIS WATCHMAKER.

I Send thee once more my erroneous watch, which wants thy speedy care and correction. Since the last time he was at thy school, I find by experience he is not benefited by thy instructions: thou demandest for thy labour the fifth part of a pound sterling; which thou shalt have, but let thy honest endeavours first earn it.

I will board him with thee a little longer, and pay for his table if thou requirest it. Let thy whole endeavours and observations be upon him, for he has mightily deviated from the principles of truth. I am afraid he is foul in the inward man; I mean, his springs. Prove and try him well with the adjusting tools of truth, that, if possible, he may be drawn from the error of his ways. By the index of his tongue he is a liar, and the motion of his body is ever variable and

uncertain. I presume his body is foul, as I before observed; therefore brush him well with thy cleansing instruments from all pollutions, that he may vibrate with regularity and truth; admonish him friendly with patience, and be not too hasty and rash in thy correction, lest, by endeavouring to reduce him from one error, thou shouldest fling him headlong into another; for as he is young, and of a malleable temper, he may, with due correction, be brought into the path of truth. In fine, let him visit often the motion of the sun, and regulate him by his table of equation; and when thou findest them agree, send him home with thy bill of moderation, to

Thy Friend,

TOBIAS GOSWELL.

RECEIPT TO MAKE SYMPATHETIC INK.

DISSOLVE saffre in aqua regia, and dilute the solution with water. Then take a print representing winter, and draw foliage and grass with this ink. Hang it in the rays of the sun, or near a fire, and the print

will exhibit a view of spring; remove it to the cold, and winter will again appear.

This may be repeated several times; but care must be taken not to heat the print too much.

SELECT ANECDOTES, REPORTEES, AND BON-MOTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER V.

I.

KING Charles II. being at bowls, and having laid a bowl very near the jack, 'My soul to a horse-turd,' says he, 'nobody beats that.'—'If you'll lay odds,' says Rochester, 'I'll take the bett.'

II.

QUEEN Caroline mentioning to the Earl of Chesterfield a design of shutting up St. James's Park, and of converting it into a garden, asked him what it might probably cost. 'Only three crowns,' replied the Earl.

III. THE

III.

THE great Henry IV. of France being asked by one of his haughty favourites why his Majesty gave himself the trouble to return the salutes of so many beggars who made their obeisance to him in the streets; instantly replied—'Because I will not
' to see the beggars in my streets exceed their sovereign in politeness.'

IV.

A LADY observing in company how glorious and useful a body the sun was—'The sun, to be sure,' says an Irish gentleman present, 'is a very
' fine body; but, in my opinion, the
' moon is much more useful: for the
' moon affords us light in the night-time, when we really want it; where
' as we have the sun with us only
' in the day-time, when we have no
' occasion for it.'

V.

A MISER, having lost a hundred pounds, promised ten pounds reward to any one who should bring it him. An honest poor man, who found it, brought it to the old gentleman, demanding the ten pounds. But the miser, to baffle him, alledged there were a hundred and ten pounds in the bag when lost. The poor man, however, was advised to sue for the money; and, when the cause came on to be tried, it appearing that the seal had not been broken, nor the bag ripped, the judge said to the defendant's counsel—'The bag you lost had a
' hundred and ten pounds in it, you
' say?'—'Yes, my lord,' says he.
'Then,' replied the judge, 'according to the evidence given in court,
' this cannot be your money; for here
' were only a hundred pounds: therefore the plaintiff must keep it till
' the true owner appears.'

VI.

DRYDEN, who was notoriously poor, was one evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Dorset, and some other noblemen of wit and genius. It happened, that the conversation, which was literary, turned on the art of composition, and elegance of style; and, after some de-

bate, it was agreed that each party should write something on whatever subject chanced to strike his imagination, and place it under the candlestick for Mr. Dryden's judgment. Most of the company took uncommon pains to outdo each other; while Lord Dorset, with much composure, wrote two or three lines, and carelessly threw them to the place agreed on. The rest having finished, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny. In going through the whole, he discovered strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction; but at one in particular he seemed in raptures. 'I must
' acknowledge,' says Dryden, 'there
' are abundance of fine things in my
' hands, and such as do honour to
' the personages who wrote them; but
' I am under an indispensable necessity of giving the highest preference
' to my Lord Dorset. I must request
' that your lordships will hear it, and
' I believe all will be satisfied with my
' judgment.'

"I promise to pay John Dryden,
"or order, on demand, the sum of
"five hundred pounds.

"DORSET."

VII.

A CERTAIN member of parliament having heard many speeches in the House, to the great applause of the speakers, grew ambitious of rising to rival glory by his oratory; and accordingly watched for a favourable opportunity to open. At length an occasion presented itself. It was on a motion's being made in the House for enforcing the execution of some statutes; on which public-spirited motion, the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows: 'Mr. Speaker,
' Have we laws, or have we not laws?
' If we have laws, and they are not
' observed, to what end were those
' laws made?' Saying this, he sat himself down, his chest heaving high with conscious importance. When another member rose up, and delivered his thoughts in these words: 'Mr.
' Speaker, Did the honourable gentleman who spoke last, speak to the
' purpose,

‘ purpose, or not to the purpose? If
 ‘ he did not speak to the purpose, to
 ‘ what purpose did he speak?’ Which
 set the house in such a fit of laughter,
 as discouraged the young orator from
 ever again attempting to speak.

VIII.

DR. BROWN, chaplain to the Bishop
 of Hereford, dining one day with his
 lordship, in company with a young
 lady to whom he paid his addresses,
 was asked for his toast after dinner:
 when the bishop, perceiving him to
 hesitate, cried—‘ O I beg your par-
 ‘ don, doctor; your toast is not yet
 ‘ *Brown.*’

IX.

A LATE chancellor of the Exchequer
 who lived in the house at present oc-
 cupied by Mr. Pitt, and which be-
 longs to that office, on quitting it af-
 ter his dismissal, protested he would
 never again live in a *house of office!*

X.

Soon after the late Earl of Chesterfield was made a member of the Cabinet, a place of great trust became vacant, to which the Earl and the Duke of Dorset recommended two very different persons. His Majesty contended for his own recommendation with much warmth; and, finding he was not likely to succeed, he left the council-chamber in great anger, protesting that he would be obeyed. The king being retired, a violent contest ensued; but at length it was carried against him, lest he should expect the same implicit obedience on other occasions, when it might rise into a dangerous precedent. The difficulty now was, who should wait on the king, in his present humour, with the grant of the office for his signature; a task which fell to the lot of Lord Chesterfield. As his lordship expected to find the king very little disposed to execute the business, he prudently took care not to incense him by abruptly making the request; but asked, in accents of great humility, with whose name his Majesty would be pleased to

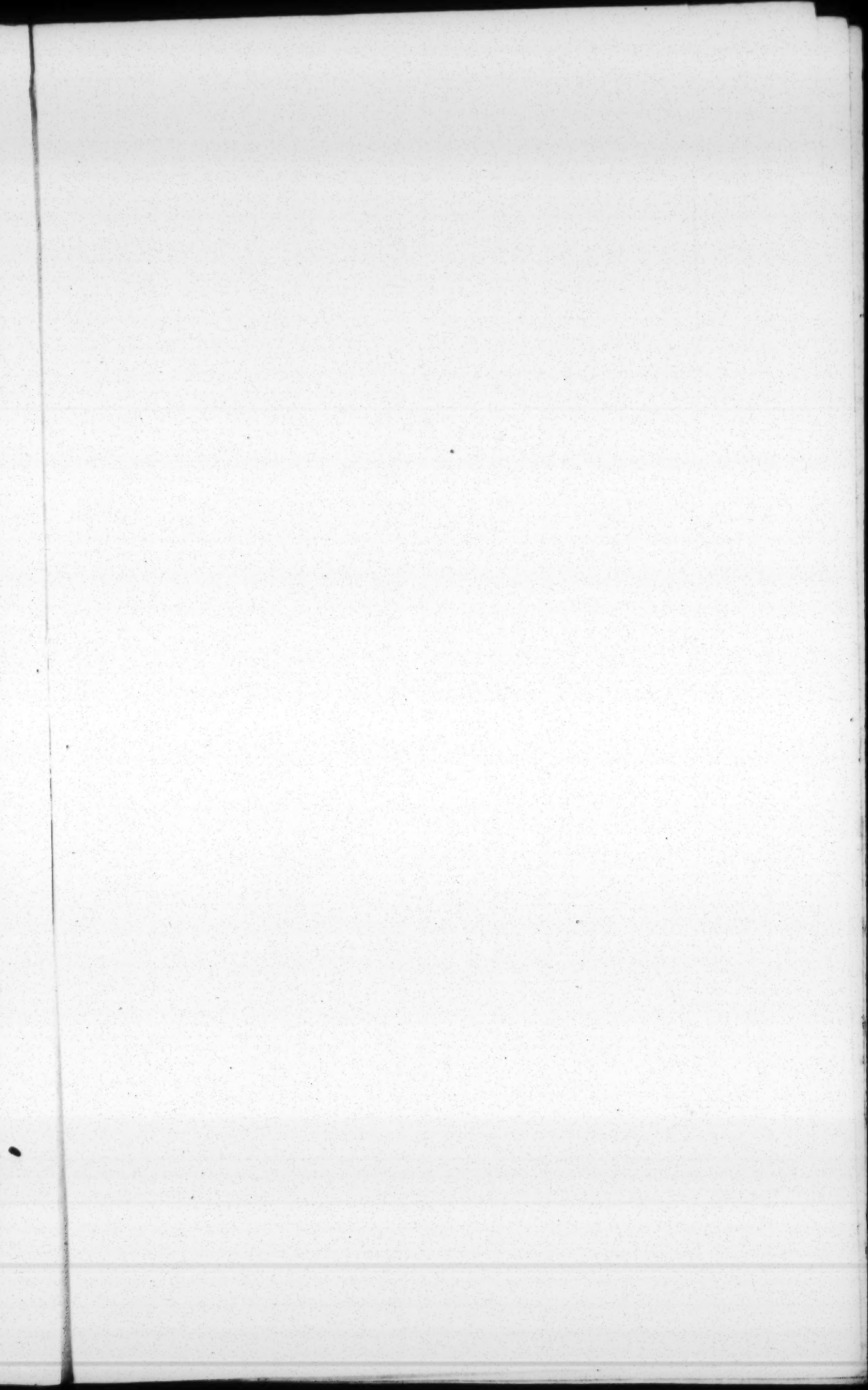
have the blanks filled up. ‘ With
 ‘ the Devil’s!’ answered the king,
 with all the vehemence of passion.
 ‘ And will your Majesty,’ coolly re-
 plied the Earl, ‘ permit the instru-
 ‘ ment to run, as usual—“ *Our trusty*
 “ *and well-beloved Cousin and Coun-*
 “ *fellow!*”’ The king, laughing very
 heartily, immediately put his hand
 to the appointment, and related to
 every body the success with which
 the noble earl’s wit had attacked his
 ill-humour.

XI.

A LADY lamenting, the other day,
 that the heir of a great personage was
 continually surrounded by those who
 were suspected of not being the best
 friends to their country—‘ Why, Ma-
 ‘ dam, should we regret this circum-
 ‘ stance?’ said a gentleman present:
 ‘ You doubtless hope that the prince
 ‘ will not very suddenly succeed to
 ‘ all his hereditary honours; so that
 ‘ if these persons are as base and un-
 ‘ qualified as is asserted on one side,
 ‘ the royal youth will find them out
 ‘ time enough to prevent any bad
 ‘ consequences to the public; and if,
 ‘ after long trial, they prove to be as
 ‘ able and upright, as is boldly con-
 ‘ tended for on the other, and as the
 ‘ prince now probably supposes them,
 ‘ God forbid that he should not em-
 ‘ ploy such virtue and abilities, for
 ‘ his own honour, and the advantage
 ‘ of his country!’

XII.

MAHMOUD, who conquered Persia
 and India towards the end of the tenth
 century, was a Tartar. He is hardly
 known at present in the western world,
 except by the answer of a poor wo-
 man who applied to him in India for
 justice against a person who had rob-
 bed and murdered her son in the pro-
 vince of Yrac in Persia. ‘ How would
 ‘ you have me do justice at such a
 ‘ distance?’ said the Sultan. ‘ Why
 ‘ then,’ replied the mother ‘ did you
 ‘ conquer, when you could not go-
 ‘ vern us?’





Collings del.

MAY-DAY IN L

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison



LONDON.

P O E T R Y.

MAY-DAY.

AN EPISTLE FROM SAMMY SARCASM IN
TOWN, TO HIS AUNT IN THE COUNTRY.

BY MR. COLLINGS.

YOU tease me to write; must I urge it again,
By the fiddle of Phæbus, I'm not in the
vein!

This heat fo' o'ercomes me, to sing, or to say,
Turns the milk of description to water and whey:
Besides, dearest aunt, what a subject you chuse!
Is the May a fit theme for a citizen's muse?

Our Zephyrs but blow up the dust in our eyes;
And our Shades are but smoke that obscures the
fair skies;

Our Cowslips and Primroses die in a basket,
And our Damsels wont kiss us—but just when we
ask it.

How with these can I ere frame the pastoral lay?—

' But your Gambols? your Garlands? your Milk-
maids of May?

Alas, for our Gambols! your sports on the green,
Where Love keeps his court, with young Beauty
his queen;

Where each Grace, unsolicited, joins in the dance,
And each maiden looks kind for her swain to ad-
vance;

Are the charms of Arcadia, to Ætna's uproar,
Compar'd with May-day at a citizen's door?

Our Garlands! unlike the fair trophy that twines
Round the villager's May-pole, and nature com-
bines,

What think you, dear aunt, in your conscience,
composes?

Much to dazzle our eyes, but no treat for our noses!
A pile of magnificent lumber misplac'd,
But which yet gives a *taste* of a citizen's taste.

Hieroglyphical body and soul of the people,
Lo! it rises to view like the top of a steeple!

Pots and platters with ends of red ribband confin'd,
That bring beef and porter most timely to mind;

Like our worshipful outides, all tarnish and art,
Dark within as each head, and as void as each heart:

The Graces that round-about awkwardly prance,
As their cows we may judge would take lessons

from France,

Are our *Milk-Maids*, with bellies perhaps out of size;

But we look not on Milk-maids with critical eyes;

And, tho' graceless, to call them the Graces make
free

Because they can dance, and are usually three.

That their movements so decently square with the
din,

Is inspir'd by the Juniper Goddess within:

Lo! their Minstrel, blind, legless, that struts in the
middle,

And tortures to discord a broken-back'd fiddle;

A grinder of crotchets and quavers so rare!

Of Saint Handel's *five hundred* not one such was
there.

Had the Thracian so fiddled his wife back again,
Not a runner of Pluto's had follow'd the swains:
Or, in spite of old Amphion, a similar sound
Would have tumbled his ramparts again to the
ground.

To accomplish the concert, and finish the scene,
A groupe of *young Clergy* are hopping between;
With just as much wig as to make them look arch,
As much wit as one half of their anti-types starch;

For 'tis not the grace of a father in G—,

Nor a judge's wite head, but a wig and a nod,

That reduces the rabble to duty and awe,

With his reverence or worship of gospel or law:

If we laugh at the sweeps, we should laugh just as
much,

Could we fathom each wig of the bench or the
church.

But description is tir'd—what the pen cannot reach

I transmit by the corps de reserve of a Sketch*;

And, to give it importance, pray credit what fol-
low—

That the sweeps are the Loves, and the fiddler

Apollo;

Legitimate sons of the artist of Ætna,

And clerical call'd from his office at Gretna:

His godship of quaver comes down as of yore,

And your cit is the ass that was Midas before.

Now thank me for nothing, and pardon the lay,

Or call for a *pastoral* picture of May:

And I'll prove, dearest aunt, if you pay the coach
down,

That my relish is stronger for country than town.

SPRING IN LONDON.

NOW new-vamp'd silks the Mercer's win-
dow shews,

And his spruce Prentice wears his Sunday *clothes*;

His annual suit with nicest taste renew'd,

The reigning cut and colour still pursu'd.

The barrows now, with oranges chuck-full,

Driven by at once the lady and the trull,

No longer gulls the stripling of his pence,

Who learns that Poverty is nurse to Sense.

' Large stewing oysters!' in a deepening groan,

No more refunds, nor ' Mussels!' thriller tone;

Seven days to labour now is held no crime,

And Molt-Newmack-rel! screams in sermon-time.

In ruddy bunches radishes are spread;

And Nan with choice pick'd salad loads her head.

Now, in the kitchen-window, Christmas green,

The bays and holly, are no longer seen;

But sprigs of garden-mint in phials grow,

And gather'd laylocks perish as they blow.

The truant schoolboy now at eve we meet,

Fatigu'd and sweating thro' the croud'd street;

His shoes embrown'd at once with dust and clay,

With blackthorn loaded, which he takes for May;

Round his flapp'd hat in rings the cowslips twine,

Or in cleft oifers form a golden line.

On milk-pail rear'd the borrow'd salvers glare,

Topp'd with a tankard, which two chairmen bear;

* See the Print.

Reeking

Reeking they slowly toil o'er rugged stones,
And joyful beldames dance with aching bones.
More blithe, the p. w. r'd tie-wig'd sons of foot
Tip to the shovel with a faceless foot.
In gay Vauxhall now saunter beaux and belles,
And ha, p. r. cits resort to Sadler's Wells.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID;

OR, GINGERBREAD WIFE.

AN EPISTLE TO NICODEMUS CURMUDGEON,
JUN. ESQ.

AS marriage often causes woeful strife,
And once the die is cast, 'tis cast for life,
Well it behoves each provident young man
To watch, observe, take all the heed he can.
In this our age the golden days are fled,
And iron ones are risen in their stead!
Money is money—that's a well known truth—
Tho' squander'd much by giddy headstrong youth:
What are those darts of which so much we're told?
Poor harmless things—unless they're tipp'd with
gold!

Mock the fly urchin, baffle all his power,
If he descend n't in a golden shower.

Bravely resolv'd! and see the wish'd-for fair:
Mark well her presence! what a shape, an air!
Her flowing robe with shining ore is spread,
And the gay crescent glitters on her head;
Listen!—O list! to me, your faithful friend,
And view the damsel well I recommend.

What tho' the lily her fair gloss deny,
The sweet jonquil can richer tints supply;
What tho' the rose deny her glowing shade,
Yet is she still a comely Nut-Brown Maid;
So mild her manners, such bewitching grace,
E'en children gaze with rapture on her face:
And then her virtues are to very rare,
Trust me, good Sir, she'll suit you to a hair.

First, as to temper—not fam'd Hybla's hill,
Where bees their honey sip, more sweets can fill;
Sweets mix with sweets, in mind, in form, in fea-
ture;

In short, you never met—so sweet a creature.

Few are her words: she'll never contradict;
But meekly bear whatever you inflict.

If storms of anger should sometimes arise,
And terror flash indignant from your eyes;
Tho' o'er her head the threatening tempest roll,
No words can shake the firmness of her soul.
Fix'd, and unmov'd, she'll patiently abide;
Perchance may tremble, but will never chide.
Indeed, her taciturnity is such,
She rather talks too little than too much.

Her shape **Matt Prior** justly doth express,
'Fine by degrees, and beautifully less';
Her yellow tresses charming to behold,
Bound with a fillet of the purest gold.
In other nymphs, of gay and careless mien,
Oft times a wild disorder may be seen;
But here each soft, attractive charm's display'd,
And sweetly centres in my Nut-Brown Maid.

Fragrant in diet, nor in beverage less,
She never eats or drinks to an excess;

Indeed, she tastes no cordial, tea, or beer,
And half a lark will serve her half a year.
Besides, those dangers ne'er prevail in her,
Which many a cautious wight may well deter:
No idle longings can her husband grieve,
Nor squalling brats, nor decorated head.

No tattler she, no trifling gadabout;
She'll never stir, unless you take her out:
And as to neatness, you can never blame,
Come when you please, she'll always be the same.
Bless your kind stars for sending such a wife,
Whose present garb will serve her all her life.

One quality remains, by no means small;
Perhaps you'll think claims precedence of all:
'Tho' last, not least; tho' yet unsung, as fam'd
As each and every excellence I've nam'd.
Full many a silly wife will sigh and pine,
If spousy out, and from his deary, dine:
'Then many a one calls passion to her aid;
'Th's they oft do—not so my Nut-Brown Maid!
No jealous tears contract her placid brow;
No questions ask'd, as—'Sir!—When!—Where!
—What!—How!'

Howe'er abroad for pleasure you may range,
Ne'er will you find her words or manner change.
More could I urge—ah, wou'd but time per-
mit!

I own, my pen reluctantly I quit:
Weigh what I've said; and, married, kindly treat
her;

Hundreds, I vow, are ready now—to eat her.

STELLA.

SINCERITY TRIUMPHANT;

OR, FLATTERY DEFEATED.

BY MR. CARR.

WHERE Esam's Gothic spires arise,
And glad the weary traveller's eyes;
And Avon, murmuring thro' the plain,
Gives health and plenty to the swain;
Young Careless liv'd, as blithe and gay
As larks and linnets are in May.
For trouble, grief, or discontent,
Alas! he knew not what they meant;
And, when address'd by Care or Sorrow,
He bade them call again to-morrow.
What could they do!—to-morrow came,
And still his answer was the same.
But, vers'd in methods to destroy
The roseate flush of human joy,
All, soon or late, ('tis Fate's decree)
Shall bow, resistless Care, to thee;
Who, Proteus-like, art prone to range
This earth, with ever-varying change;
And now, in likeness of a maid,
Our easy, happy youth, betray'd;
Purloin'd, from Stella's eyes, a dart,
That sped resistless to his heart;
Chac'd all the tranquil Pleasures there,
And station'd every Imp of Care:
A change, he deem'd not for the better,
But reason'd thus upon the matter—

'Alas! and shall this stubborn love,
'Than sense; than reason, stronger prove?

'These

' These tell me modern love's a jest,
 ' Then whence this tumult in my breast?
 ' Shall I pollute the present times,
 ' With such unheard-of, flagrant crimes,
 ' As love sincere, and true affection,
 ' Nor dread what must succeed detection;
 ' The jest of knaves and fools thro' life?
 ' See! there goes Fondle, and his wife!
 ' The man was form'd quite out of date,
 ' Pity he came an age too late!"
 ' Sooner yon stream, that cheers the plain,
 ' Shall in it's bosom hide my pain;
 ' Or graceful, in a hempen string,
 ' From yonder pendant bow I'll swing;
 ' Or from yon high — No, hang it! these
 ' Are out-of-fashion remedies.
 ' No lovers, now, with broken heart,
 ' In purling streams, or hemp, depart.
 ' None glean the favours of the fair,
 ' In iron fields of hostile war.
 ' No! safer methods now they try,
 ' For 'tis a dreadful thing to die!
 ' Let me, then, on this cruel fair,
 ' As modern lovers do, make war:
 ' Ply briskly Love's artillery,
 ' Of oaths, and vows, and flattery,
 ' And all the train of amorous fancies,
 ' That fill our novels and romances;
 ' And by the aid of which some cozen
 ' Incautious virgins by the dozen:
 ' So shall success my steps attend,
 ' And Stella to my wishes bend.
 ' And, O may thou, whose magic skill
 ' Models each female to thy will,
 ' Dear Fashion nam'd, propitious be,
 ' Instruct thy willing votary
 ' In hyperbolic terms to please,
 ' And flatter with successful ease!
 ' Deceit, unblushing, to impart;
 ' And catch with tinsel vows the heart!"
 Now, while gay hope inspir'd his breast,
 The nymph he sought, and thus address'd —
 ' O thou! with brighter beauties crown'd,
 ' Than Paphian Venus ever own'd!
 ' With richer dignity, and grace,
 ' Than ever bloom'd in Juno's face!
 ' With wit and wisdom all thy own,
 ' More than e'er deck'd Minerva's throne!
 ' See, captive to those radiant eyes,
 ' Transfix'd, a bleeding lover lies!
 ' With anxious hope, and trembling fear,
 ' From thee he waits his doom to hear!
 ' O let no frown that face disguise;
 ' Nor cloud those ever-radiant eyes!
 ' Left that bright counterpart, yon sun,
 ' That cheers whate'er he smiles upon,
 ' Should sympathetic mourn the sight,
 ' Retire, and leave the world in night!
 ' While endless smiles those brows adorn,
 ' All bright shall beam the radiant morn.
 ' From every bush, from every grove,
 ' Shall flow the dulcet strains of love.
 ' Sudden, to meet thy wondering eyes,
 ' A new creation shall arise;
 ' Bright flowers, where'er thy footsteps stray,
 ' Shall spring to life, and meet the day:

VOL. I.

' Peace to the world thy smile shall give;
 ' To Nature joy — and I shall live!
 He ceas'd; and, bowing mighty low,
 With fond impatience seem'd to glow.
 But ere an answer she returns,
 Thus to herself the fair-one mourns —
 ' Unhappy sex! still doom'd to be
 ' The butt of fools and raillery;
 ' A prey to man's insidious wiles,
 ' Fond looks, false tongues, and witching smiles.
 ' Yet shall not the pure soul despise
 ' The wretch that flatters, fawns, and lyes!
 ' And such this youth, though lately thought,
 ' With sense, and truth, and honour fraught;
 ' And fondly I — But he shall see,
 ' His speech not wholly lost on me!
 Then, swelling high, with well-feign'd pride,
 Indignant to the youth replied —
 ' If we, as thou hast justly own'd,
 ' With such desert, such worth, are crown'd;
 ' Such wondrous power, such radiant eyes,
 ' That kings might glory in the prize;
 ' What daring thought, too bold for fear,
 ' Could urge thy steps presumptuous here?
 ' Know, that such charms, such dignity,
 ' Could ne'er be form'd for things like these
 ' Then thus, presumptuous, dare no more;
 ' But hence! and tremble at our power!"
 Confusion, wonder, and disgrace,
 Alternate, in our youth took places
 But conscious pride at last arose,
 And full of honest warmth he glows.
 ' Yes, Madam, such contempt is due!
 ' I merit this return from you,
 ' For having fed your vanity
 ' With such a flow of flattery:
 ' But know, proud maid, not all the charms
 ' That heavenly Cytherea warms,
 ' Shall rob me of a moment's rest,
 ' When pride gigantic swells the breast.
 ' And there, in vain, I look to find
 ' Heaven's first, best gift, a polish'd mind.
 ' Thus warm you've forc'd me to appear,
 ' For who contempt and scorn can bear!"
 ' What else,' the smiling fair rejoind,
 ' Could you with reason hope to find;
 ' When, meanly abject at my feet,
 ' You spoke what fools would scarce repeat?
 ' Such gross servility and praise,
 ' Must only scorn or pity raise!"
 ' 'Tis just,' the conscious youth return'd;
 ' And you with sense and reason scorn'd!
 ' Since I, by abject Fashion sway'd,
 ' From truth and honour meanly stray'd.
 ' Superior shines your love of truth;
 ' But, O! forgive the fault of youth.
 ' Not, here, devoid of love I came,
 ' My bosom felt the genuine flame;
 ' And, with sincerity made bold,
 ' Plain, simple truth, the tale had told.
 ' But Fear declar'd, each modern fair
 ' Would turn from Truth th' indignant ear;
 ' While glozing tales must all subdue:
 ' I've tried, but find it false in you.
 ' And O! would Stella deign to share
 ' The heart she now confirms sincere,

a B

' No.

' Not like the fashion's varying change,
 ' Where gay dissemblers love to range;
 ' Nor like the senseless sons of pride;
 ' Our inoffensive lives should glide:
 ' But calm Content, for Wealth, should pour
 ' Around her inexhaustible store;
 ' For pale-fac'd Luxury, at our feast
 ' Fair Health should bloom, a rosy guest;
 ' For tinsel'd slaves, around our gate,
 ' Sweet Peace, with olive branch should wait;
 ' And Cheerfulness, with smiles sincere,
 ' For ever shield our breasts from care!
 ' If these, dear Stella, you can prize,
 ' Accept a heart that scorns disguise.'

' Yes! let the prude, the fair returns,
 ' Look scornful, while she inward burns;
 ' Unus'd to the dissembler's part,
 ' When Truth and Virtue warm the heart,
 ' And conscious Innocence approves,
 ' Stella shall ne'er deny—the loves!
 Hence learn, ye youths, (the Muse for you
 This moral sket. h from Nature drew;)

The fair, whom sense and honour warm,
 Virtue and truth alone can charm!
 Away, then, all dissembling art,
 That poisons, as it steals the heart:
 For innocence, with soul sincere,
 At once improves and wins the fair!

THE FARMER'S BLUNDER.

A TALE.

A Farmer once to London went,
 To pay the worthy squire his rent:
 He comes, he knocks, soon entrance gains;
 Who at the door such guest detains?
 Forth struts the squire, exceeding smart—
 ' Farmer, you're welcome to my heart!
 ' You've brought my rent, then?'—' To a hair!'

' The best of tenants, I declare!'

The steward was call'd, th' accounts made even,
 The money paid, receipt was given.
 ' Well,' quoth the squire, ' now you shall stay
 ' And dine with me, old friend, to-day:
 ' I've here some ladies, wondrous pretty,
 ' And pleasant sparks, I'll warr'nt will fit ye.'

He scratch'd his ears, and held his hat,
 And said—' No, Zur, two words to that:
 ' For look! d'ye see! when Ize do dine
 ' With gentlefolks so cruel fine,
 ' Ize use to make (and 'tis no wonder)
 ' In deed or word, some plag'y blunder:
 ' Zo, if your honour will permit,
 ' I'll with your servants pick a bit.'

' Pho!' says the squire, ' it shan't be done;
 And to the parlour push'd him on.
 To all around he nods and scrapes,
 Not waiting-maid or butler scapes;
 With often bidding takes his seat,
 But at a distance mighty great:
 Tho' often ask'd to draw his chair,
 He nods, nor comes an inch more near.
 By Madam serv'd, with body bended,
 With knife and fork, and arms extended,

He reach'd, as far as he was able,
 To plate that over-hung the table;
 With little morsels cheats his chops,
 And in the passage much he drops.
 To shew where most his heart inclin'd,
 He talk'd and drank to John behind.
 When drank to in the modish way,
 ' Your love's sufficient, Zur!' he'd say;
 And, to be thought a man of manners,
 Still rose to make his awkward honours.
 ' Pish!' says the squire, ' pray keep your sitting.'
 ' No, no,' he cries; ' Zur! 'tis not fitting:
 ' Tho' I'm no scholar, vers'd in letters,
 ' I knows my duty to my betters.'

Much mirth the farmer's ways afford,
 And hearty laughs go round the board.
 Thus the first course was ended—well!
 But at the next—ah, what befel!
 The dishes now were timely plac'd,
 And table with fresh lux'ry grac'd.
 When drank to by a neighbouring charmer,
 Up, as was usual, stands the farmer.
 A wag, to carry on the joke,
 Thus to his servant softly spoke—
 ' Come hither, Dick: step gently there,
 ' And pull away the farmer's chair.'

'Tis done; his congee made, the clown
 Draws back, and stoops to fit him down;
 But by posteriors over-weigh'd,
 And of his trusty seat betray'd,
 As men at twigs in river sprawling,
 He catch'd the cloth to save his falling:
 In vain—sad fortune! down he's wallow'd,
 And, rattling, all the dishes follow'd.
 The foplings lost their little wits;
 The ladies squall'd, some fell in fits.
 Here tumbled turkeys, tarts, and wigeons,
 And there minc'd pies, and geese, and pigeons.
 A pear-pye on his belly drops,
 A custard-pudding met his chops.
 Lord, what ado 'twixt belles and beaux!
 Some curse, some cry, and rub their cloaths;
 This lady raves, and that looks down,
 And weeps, and wails her spatter'd gown.
 One spark bemoans bespatter'd waistcoat;
 One, ' Rot him!' cries; ' he's spoil'd my lac'd
 ' coat.'

Amidst the rout, the farmer long
 The pudding suck'd, and held his tongue;
 At length, he gets him on his breech,
 And scrabbles up to make his speech:
 First scrapes eyes, mouth and nostril twangs,
 Then smacks his fingers, and harangues.
 ' Plague tak't! Ize told you how 'twould be!
 ' Luck! here's a pickle, Zurs, d'ye see!
 ' And some, I'll warr'nt, that makes this chat-
 ' ter,
 ' Have cloathers daub'd with grease and batter,
 ' That cost—' He had gone on, but here
 Was stopp'd at once in his career.
 ' Peace, brute! be gone!' the ladies cry:
 The beaux exclaim—' Fly, rascal! fly!
 ' I'll tear his eyes out!' squeaks Miss Dolly;
 ' I'll pink his soul out!' roars a bully.

At

At this the farmer shrinks for fear;
And, thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
Shabs off, and cries—'Aye, kill me, then,
'Whene'er you catch me here again!'
So home he jogs, and leaves the squire
To cool the sparks and ladies ire.
Thus ends my tale; and now I'll try,
Like Prior, something to apply.

This may teach rulers of a nation
Ne'er to place men above their station;
And this may shew the wanton-wit,
That, whilst he bites, he may be bit.

ON A FINE DAY.

A GEORGICO-PASTORAL DIALOGUE, BETWEEN FARMER DOBBINS AND FARMER GUBBINS.

DOBBINS.

O Neighbour Gubbins! what a day is here?
Sure such a day I have not seen to-year!
The sun shines brighter far than he was seen
When Kate and Margery danc'd upon the green.

GUBBINS.

'Twere better for son Tom, and nephew Paul,
If Kate and Margery ne'er had danc'd at all.
Tom marry'd Kate, and Paul to Margery grew;
Kate prov'd a drunkard, Margery a shrew.
The moon would never look upon their nonsense;
She was too good a woman, on my conscience!
In the sun's face I wish she'd set her nails,
For shining upon two such drabble-tails.

DOBBINS.

Why, how now, Gubbins! what's the matter, ho!
Did not this happen full two years ago?

GUBBINS.

It did.

DOBBINS.

Why, then, forget it.

GUBBINS.

Would I could!

DOBBINS.

You could! why so you could then, if you would;
Forget it, then; and, now we've met together,
Let us hang ease, and talk about the weather.
In his gilt coach the sun looks like a king,
And all the sky's as blue as any thing!
On Wednesday last, when I began to sow,
In my corn-fields I gibbeted a crow:
But crow and gibbet both shall rot away,
Ere we again shall see so fine a day.

GUBBINS.

Why, neighbour Dobbins, what a rout you make?

The day looks bobbish, for a country-wake.
But one fine day, without the corn was here,
Will neither bake the bread, nor brew the beer.
Besides, fine weather does not always last;
Nor can we judge the future by the past.
For yesterday it rain'd, to my great sorrow;
And it may rain, for aught you know, to-morrow.

DOBBINS.

Full many a time, and oft, I've seen thee beat,
Because thou needs must quarrel with thy meat;
But yet, in spite of all thy blows and drubbings,
Still thou art rightly called old grumbling Gub-

bins.

Thou grumbledst yesterday to see it rain;
To-day thou frett'st to think it may again.

What kind of weather, pray now, Goodman
Wizard,

Would keep thy soul from grumbling in thy gizzard?

GUBBINS.

Nay, pr'ythee, neighbour, do not flout at me;
Dost think I cannot read my A B C?

My almanack foretels wet, rainy weather,
From Sunday next, for three whole weeks together.

O! could I see once more that glorious year,
When farmers all grew fat, and bread was dear.
Let but again such happiness be mine,
And Gubbins cares not if it rain or shine!

DOBBINS.

Well, let's to work, or else the glorious sun,
That looks so bright, will set ere we have done.

Thus Dobbins sung in panegyric vein,
And Gubbins thus in grumbletonian strain.

Now would the muse in loftier verse essay
To chaunt the glories of that radiant day;
Tell how the hair was frizz'd on Phœbus' head,
And how he rose, and how he went to bed:
But she disdains to con the lesson o'er,
That has been conn'd five thousand times before.
Nor will she ransack Italy and Greece,
And learn from thence to paint an English piece.
Like the true bard, that both with line and rule,
Striving to make his work compleat and full,
When genius flags, and fancy disappears,
Lugs in the whole creation by the ears.

Ye British *lawns*, where little playful *favours*,
Skip, bound, and amble, till the reader *yawns*;
Ye *woods* and *floods*, ye *hills*, and *trilling rills*,
With which our rhyme and our description *fills*.
Ye *vales*, and *dales*, that rouse the huntsman's
horn,

When *morn* begins to *adorn* the smiling *corn*;
Be constant ever to the poet's aid,
Nor let him have a *shade*, without a *maid*;
So shall the notes re-echo thro' your *groves*,
Of gurgling turtles, and of *loving* doves:
And ev'ry poet shall in Britain draw
Such scenes as all Arcadia never saw.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

ON SENDING HIM TWO BARRELS OF OYSTERS.

DEAR SIR,

I Have sent you, by Hungerford boatman,
As a very small token for favours receiv'd,
Two barrels of Oysters—tho' not worth a groat,
man,

The will, I am certain, you'll take for the deed.

2 B 2

And

And may I, with one of your large Brentford
bludgeons,
Be struck dead as Herring and rot in some
cloister,
If I ever once thought you might prove such mere
Gudgeons,
To swallow the shell, Sir, instead of the oyster.

And let me advise you, good Sir, not to Carp
At the trifle I send you, nor think it alarming:
Tho' your Thames will produce you good fish,
look but sharp,
Yet C—er*, that odd fish, sings 'Variety's
Charming!'

Were Lawyers to settle this intricate matter,
Such Sharks are some grown, that I know very
well,

With the luscious infidethy would quickly grow
fatter,
While we got consumptive by gnawing the shell.

To finish this scrawl, and to close up the packet,
May each that you eat prove a fresh and a fat
one;

May it down with high goût, with a true relish
smack it!
And may you remember to give puffey-cat one!

May you and your Fair, with her Maids all
around her,

Dance this life away in cotillons and jigs;
And when the poor Poet is flat as a Flounder,
May you, my dear friends, be as merry as Grigs!
R. J.

VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY DANCING WITH THREE
YOUNG LADIES ON THE SAME EVENING.

BY MR. LOVIBOND.

WHEN all my dancing days were flown,
And Holbein's only near*;
To gain a Paris, now full grown,
Three Goddesses appear.

With happy me, the sprightly dance,
Each Grace alternate leads;
See this, approach, and that advance!
Another yet succeeds.

O fortune! since thy whim is this,
To bless my age with three,
When one had steep'd my youth in bliss,
Preserve them all to me!

And yet with each her swain, just Fate!
Indulge these Beauty's Queens!

O split my odious forty-eight,
And make it three sixteens!

* The favourite song of a worthy and facetious gentleman of the army, their common friend.

† Holbein's Dance of Death.

MODERN OPERAS.

BY MR. COLLINGS.

AN Opera, dear Dick, in three acts of quaint
phrases,
That a son of grimace may convert to queer faces;
From which take the nonsense, the player is cross'd,
Or the player from the piece, and the wit is all lost.

EPIGRAM I.

ON FALLING OUT WITH A VERY LOQUA-
CIOUS GENTLEMAN.

AT last, Howludo, from thy tales I'm free;
Thy tales, fit emblems of eternity!
Without beginning, interval, or close;
And which, when ten times heard, no mortal
knows.

Joy to my ears! far better is thy hate,
Than to be doom'd to hear thy silly prate;
And, since no man's protected but thy foe,
Grant, gracious Heaven! I always may be so.
M—.

EPIGRAM II.

'POETS,' says Horace, 'who expect
' Their verses should for ever live,
' Nine years each poem must neglect,
' Ere they the final polish give.'
This rule might suit the Roman bard;
But will not modern poets smile,
To think, if they the sale retard
Nine years—how they must live the while!
H—.

EPIGRAM III.

HODGE sigh'd, and sobb'd, three months or
more,
When bouncing Susan came to town;
He follow'd after ere 'twas four,
And purchas'd Sue for half-a-crown.
H—.

EPITAPH.

ON LORD AND LADY —, WHO BOTH DIED
ON THE SAME DAY.

AT tyrant Death's unbounded power,
Let idle murmurs henceforth cease;
For, lo! he gives, in one short hour,
Two bitter foes perpetual peace.
H—.

EXTEMPORE.

WHILE from the wily Fox the Geese re-
treat,
And hissing coward threats, their necks turn round;
The silly wights, unheeding of their feet,
Fall to the bottom of some PIT profound.
H—.



NUMBER V. ENIGMAS.

ENIGMA I.

FOR THE PRIZE MEDALS.

BY MR. COLLINGS.

TO no party, religion, or nation, confin'd,
I'm design'd for the honour and ease of
mankind.
Tho' by nature tenacious of order and place,
Him who treats me most rudely I'm first to embrace;
Then who can much wonder that oft I impart
A vast air of importance to little desert?
In the senate I hold a superior station,
And to me are referr'd all the doubts of the nation;
By a kind list of mine many members are seated;
Hence the reason, perhaps, I'm so civilly treated.
But a sociable club, or domestic fire-side,
With a circle around, is the height of my pride;
And where I appear in a form the most mean,
I give three rich kingdoms a king or a queen.
Man's support, from the dawn of his life to the close,
I'm his infancy's nurse, and his age's repose.

ENIGMA II.

BY MR. COLLIN ROOPE.

SOMETIMES I am short, at others quite tall,
And sometimes I'm big, but at others am small.
I have often two feet, tho' never a hand;
Yet the more feet I have, the more crooked I stand.
I'm a creature, all own, of astonishing use;
And 'tis monstrously hard, that I meet most abuse
When 'tis known that I do the most service;
for then
I am jolted and huff'd by malevolent men;
Who, when'er I appear, will look sulky and glum,
And fidget about, like a pea on a drum.
I introduce scolding wherever I go,
And send murmurs and strife the whole family thro'.

I'm a person of consequence too, you must know;
For the ruffle which hangs at the wrist of a beau,
And the cloaths of my lord, or his chambermaid
Nan,

Like the silk-worm, I wear before arrogant man.
But I wear them like none; for my strange disposition,
In all conquering Custom's direct opposition,
Induces me often to have on my head
What perhaps you would place on your feet in the stead.

Tho' I dread nothing more than a shower of rain,
In summer I often appear on the plain:
But when winter once deepens the gloom of the grove,
And it's songsters forget the fond carol of love,
I'm usually station'd quite close to the fire,
Since the more cloaths I wear, the more warmth I require:
And tho' I feel heat which might injure your brain,
Like a martyr I bear it, and scorn to complain.

ENIGMA III.

BY MR. COLLINGS.

IN all the colours of the rainbow dress'd,
We stand the servants of the fair confess'd;
Tho' late our efforts join'd a rougher cause,
The king, his people, liberty, and laws;
While yet the firmest in the dusty fray,
We now the civic wore, and now the bay.
In us the sovereign finds a rich reward,
For those whose services demand regard:
Sometimes we mix in humbler scenes of play,
And dance with milk-maids on the first of May.
We often plead the bashful peasant's part,
When love sits heavy at his heaving heart;
And when the church unites the happy twain,
We shine distinguish'd in their merry train.
Sometimes we aid base jugglers at a fair,
While maids cry, 'Bless us!' and while rustics
stare;
Who hesitate and wonder, what! and how!—
And just with such a face as you do now.

ENIGMA

ENIGMA IV.

BY MR. FORDYCE.

I'M any size or shape you please,
For fancy moulds my form with ease:
To some good ends tho' I conduce,
I often aid most vile abuse;
Yet sin or shame I never knew,
The only guilt remains with you.

When neatly deck'd, in due array,
My presence makes the gloomy gay;
Yet every lady in the land,
Unblushing, sees me naked stand.
Soon as I shew my copious store,
The cries of want are heard no more:
But though full many a heart I cheer,
And sometimes banish grief and fear,
The grossest treatment oft I meet,
Scratch'd face, kick'd legs, and trampled feet;
By servile hands I'm daily teased,
And stripp'd of all that lately pleas'd;
Yet still, when call'd upon, I serve,
Nor ever from my duty swerve.

ENIGMA V.

BY MR. T. H.

LADIES and gentlemen, before I gain'd
My present form, I many a blow sustain'd,
And many a wound, yet sure without disgrace;
For since I've held a more exalted place.
Yet, oh! heart-rending thought, wherever known,
I've been expos'd in country and in town:
With court or parliament I've nought to do;
Yet hold great ministers to public view.
I'm always near where trade is carried on,
Yet in a forest have been sometimes known;

And though by none am I accus'd of evil,
I'm call'd a monster oft, sometimes the devil.
A human shape I'm often known to wear;
Sometimes shew hope, but never know despair.
As fancy guides, I seem beast, fish, or fowl;
Yet think me not a Pythagorean soul;
Nor yet suppose me but an abject thing,
For, know! I sometimes represent the king.

ENIGMA VI.

BY MR. WILLIAM CALLOW, BROMSGROVE.

FROM the hints I shall give, you my home
may explore;
I'm tied up in a knot, both behind and before.
When Virginia was courted by young Ruralend,
She thought me the only fit present to send;
And when husbands look glum, or their wives
dare to pout,
I am said to be frequently bandied about.
I'm compos'd of two parts, and they both may be
found,
Tho' in different places, somewhere in the ground:
One rises from coalpits; the other oft shines,
As some will contend, in the midst of Kent's
mines.
The first of November I'm plain to be seen:
But ne'er in the morn so conspicuous have been
As at noon; when I'm doubled, and bound back
to back;
Tho' at night full one half of my substance I
lack.
You have seen me just now, (as the poet supposes)
And, to see me again, look at each other's noses.

REBUSES AND PARADOXES.

REBUS I.

BY MR. W. RUSHER, BANBURY.

YE witty swains, and lovely fair,
Take a garment oft ye wear,
Cast one fourth of it away:
Then a savage beast of prey
Equally you must divide
With half what causes ships to ride.
Connecting these, a thing you have,
That makes both Lords and Commons rave.

REBUS II.

BY MERCUTIO.

TO all but the first and the last of a beast,
Prefix only the first and the last of a house;
Add these to one-third of what many folks seek,
And you'll instantly see whom those folks often
chouse.

REBUS III.

BY MR. FRANCIS BROWNE.

TO one, add a hundred; to the hundred add
one;
Then a hundred more add; next, half the last
sum;

Add to these half a game which has made much
ado;
And you'll see what last Christmas all plainly
might view.

REBUS IV.

WHAT stage-performers often do,
A well-known fish when added to,
Will bring a well-known trade to view.

PARADOX I.

BY MR. C. F. SOUTHAMPTON.

FROM a word of five syllables take away one,
This discovery then will be plain,
That tho' from the word but one syllable's gone,
No syllable there will remain.

PARADOX II.

BY MASTER JOHN DERISLEY, CROYTON.

THERE is a thing by you possess'd,
(Strange, tho' it seem, 'tis true)
Which your acquaintance ne'er can have,
Yet use it more than you.

SOLUTIONS

SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMAS.

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. A Coffin. | 4. A Pane of Glass. |
| 2. Holland or Irish Linen. | 5. A Feather-Bed. |
| 3. A Player. | 6. Eve. |

REBUSES.

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1. A Leaf. | 3. Chester. |
| 2. A Letter. | 4. Marriage. |

SELECT ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

1. BY J. L.

IN Wit's repository, strange! to find
A moral lesson to instruct mankind.
The thoughtless rake attentive reads it o'er,
Then starts, looks grave, and swears he'll read no
more.

'A COFFIN! horrid!—Here, John, call a chair;
Faith! I am almost petrified with fear:
'I'll to the tavern, there my peace regain,
'And drown futurity in brisk champaign.'
Alas! in vain he riots o'er the bowl,
And drives the loath'd idea from his soul;
Tries to suppress the serious thoughts you raise,
And crowns you with involuntary praise.
Vice stands appal'd; Virtue, with placid eye,
Surveys the COFFIN, and prepares to die!

2. BY MR. FRANCIS BROWNE.

IN wedlock two days are the happiest of life;
When the bride's in her bed—in her COFFIN
the wife:
But take heed, ye young sparks, that the com-
fort you glean,
Is not purchas'd too dear by the long space be-
tween.

3. BY MISS SALLY BROCK, HONITON.

FROM the cradle to the COFFIN,
All is joking, all is scoffing;
But when Death shall give the stroke,
Farewel, scoffing! farewel, joke!

4. ANACREONTIC BY W. H.

BRING, oh! bring, the flowing bowl;
Rosy wine shall cheer my soul!
Did but Neptune think like me,
Rosy wine should fill the sea:
Joyous I would leap therein,
Drink till I no more could swim;
Then I'd sink beneath the wave,
At once my COFFIN and my grave.

5. BY MR. W. RUSHER, BANBURY.]

HOW tempting the glittering bait!
A Medal's a musical sound!
I puzzled both early and late,
Before the solution I found.

'Ah! Williams, I would thou wert dead,
'And laid in a COFFIN of state!
'Thy riddle means nothing,' I said;
'Neither diction nor sense is complet.'

But now, should it yield me the prize,
I'll readily own I was wrong;
'O Williams, thou'rt learned and wise!
'And thy verse is the nightingale's song.'

6. BY MR. JOHN SMITH.

HEAVENS! to a work of humour who
would bring
A COFFIN! such an awful, solemn thing!

Very ingenious Answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA were also received from Mr. J. Carr, Stour-bridge; Mr. John Noad, Fore Street, Cripplegate; Mr. G. M. W. Mr. E. T. Pilgrim; Mr. John Almond, (late of Brewer Street) Bury Street, St. James's; Mrs. S. E. Spencer; Mr. John Jones, North Row; Mr. H. C. Southampton; J. H. Kew; L. C. Chilham, Kent; Mr. Edward Brayley, Laystall Street, Holborn; J. C. Bath; C. F. Southampton; Clío, Reading; Philanthrophus; R. Tattam, Jun. Mr. B. S. Oulton, Yorkshire; Mr. John King, Upper Bryanstone Street; J. L. Southampton; Mr. John Draper, Enfield Highway; S. Hosmer, Clapton; Mr. John Smith, Rosemary Lane; Philokalliepeia; A. B. Cambridge; Mr. L. Alexander, Whitechapel; J. D. Mr. T. H. Mr. N. D. Hackney; Mr. J. May, Spitalfields; Mr. J. Stock, Greenwich; Mr. John Beckett Nott, Portman Street, Portman Square; M. H. Mr. W. Stone, Bruton Street; Circus; Mr. T. Orford, Park Street, Grosvenor Square; Mr. John Smith; Mrs. H. Oxford Street; Master John Walker, Homerton; and a Correspondent at Leicester, who omitted his Signature.

MISCELLANEOUS ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS,
TO THE SEVERAL ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

ANSWER TO ALL THE ENIGMAS AND
REBUSES.

BY MR. W. RUSHER, BANBURY.

HOLLAND *Cloth, Player, Window, Goose-
Bed, Mother Eve,*
Will make your Enigmas all out, I believe:
Then, *Leaves, Letter, Chester, and Marriage,* will do
To answer the Rebuses all—So, adieu!

ANSWER TO ENIGMA II.

BY MR. W. STONE, BRUTON STREET.

SO long, Sir, I puzzled my brains, that, I own,
I fear'd the solution I ne'er should make
known:
My Genius I then ask'd to lend me a lift;
Who whisper'd me softly—'Twas nought but a
Shift;
But if *Irish* or *Holland*, he cou'd not then tell:
All's alike to the tinder-box—So, fare you well.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IV.

BY LETITIA.

CONCEAL your Enigma, you never could
mean to,
Than a clear *Pane of Glass*, what's more readily
seen thro'?

ANSWER TO ENIGMA V.

BY MRS. S. E. SPENCER.

MR. Almond, good night—there no more
need be said,
Than that you're very witty—I'm going to-*Bed*.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA V.

BY LETITIA.

MR. Almond, so temptingly soft is your *Bed*,
You've form'd so delightful a nest there;
Dullness says, as the curtains she draws round my
head,
'Think no more of Enigmas—but rest there.'

ANSWER TO REBUS II.

BY MR. W. STONE, BRUTON STREET.

A Letter, good Sir, will your secret unfold;
I've counted, and find it just eighty times
told.

ANSWER TO REBUSES I. II.

BY MR. E. T. PILGRIM.

THESE *Leaves* would be quite useless made,
If *Letters* did not lend their aid!

Other ingenious Answers have been received from Mr. John Noad, Fore Street, Cripplegate, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5; from Mr. Francis Browne, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. E. T. Pilgrim, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. John Almond, to Enigmas 1, 2, 4, 5, and Rebuses 2, 3, 4; Mr. J. Rice, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6; Mrs. S. E. Spencer, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, and Rebuses 3, 4; Mr. John Jones, to Enigmas 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 2, 3, 4; Mr. H. C. to Enigmas 2, 5, 6, and Rebus 4; Mr. J. Williamson, Southwark, to Enigmas 5, 6, and Rebuses 2, 3, 4; J. H. Kew, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, and Rebuses 2, 3, 4; L. C. to Enigmas 2, 3, 6, and Rebuses 2, 3, 4; Mr. Edward Brayley, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6; J. C. Bath, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, and Rebuses 2, 3, 4; Mr. J. Mason, Liverpool, to Enigma 5, and Rebuses 2, 3; Mr. J. H. Sevenoaks, to Enigmas 4, 5; S. Hormar, Clapton, to Enigmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. John Smith, Rosemary Lane, to Enigmas 2, 4, and Rebuses 3, 4; J. H. Bermondsey, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6; A. B. Cambridge, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 2, 3, 4; Miss Sally Brock, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebus 3; Charlotte, to Enigma 4, and Rebuses 3, 4; Dick Laconic, to Enigma 5, and Rebus 4; B. H. to Enigmas 4, 6, and Rebuses 2, 4; Master John Denifley, Croxton, Norfolk, to Enigma 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. T. H. to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6; Mr. N. D. Hackney, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. J. Woollen, Sheffield, to Enigma 6, and Rebus 3; Mr. J. B. Nott, to Enigma 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 2, 3, 4; M. H. to Enigmas 4, 6, and Rebus 3; Mr. W. Stone, Bruton Street, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 2, 3, 4; A. Savoyard, to Enigma 4, and Rebuses 3, 4; E. M. B. to Enigma 4; R. Tattam, Jun. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, and Rebuses 2, 3, 4; Squire Ball, to Rebuses 3, 4; Mr. T. Orford, to Enigmas 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 2, 3, 4; Mr. John Smith, to Enigma 2; Mr. J. Stock, Greenwich, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Master John Walker, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. Nicholas Vincent, Guildford, to Enigma 4; Mr. J. May, Spitalfields, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, and Rebus 2; J. B. Syd. Coll. to Enigmas 2, 5, and Rebus 4; Mr. W. H. to Rebus 3; and an unknown Correspondent, at Leicester, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5.



THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.



JUNE 1784.

With a large Quarto Engraving, representing the CITIZEN and his Family at VAUX-HALL; designed by COLLINGS, and engraved by SMITH, purposely for this Work.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
1. Humorous Description of a Citizen and his Family at Vauxhall -	203	26. Billingsgate; or, The Modern School of Rhetoric -	234
2. Letter from the Dumb Philosopher -	205	27. Elegiac Epistle to a Friend, on the Death of a Favourite Kitten -	ibid.
3. Humorous Letter from Mist to Fog -	207	28. Ma'am, My Wife. A New Song -	235
4. A Jack-Boot; being an Essay in the Manner of the M ^{rs} .s, on Times, Persons, and Things -	208	29. Verses accompanying a trifling Present to a young Lady -	ibid.
5. Extraordinary Instance of Heroism -	209	30. The Orators -	ibid.
6. The Adventures of a Flea -	210	31. Home News to a certain Politician -	ibid.
7. Curious Piece of Criticism -	214	32. Impromptu. On hearing Mr. Mingay in the Court of King's Bench -	ibid.
8. Humorous Specimen of Alliteration -	216	33. Epigram I. Written in the Court of King's Bench -	ibid.
9. A Happy Marriage, negotiated by a Bill of Exchange -	217	34. Epigram II. Addressed to a very rigid Critic -	ibid.
10. Scheme for a Whistling Academy -	219	35. Epigram III. -	ibid.
11. Butler's Characters continued.		36. Epigram IV. -	ibid.
An Atheist -	220	37. Epigram V. -	ibid.
A Translator -	ibid.	38. Epigram VI. By Lord Nugent -	236
A Drole -	221	39. Epigram VII. -	ibid.
12. Letter from Ambition, addressed to Nonsense -	222	40. Epigram VIII. -	ibid.
13. Essay on the Word NECESSITY -	ibid.	41. Epigram IX. On a Beau's attempting to break at Coachmaker's Hall, disguised in a Wig -	ibid.
14. Sermon on the Word MALT. Preached by the Rev. Mr. Dodd in an Hollow Tree -	223	42. Epitaph I. On a Parrot that was thrown down the Necessary by a Servant -	ibid.
15. Maxims continued -	224	43. Epitaph II. On a beautiful young Lady -	ibid.
16. Hereditary Disease of a Mendicant -	225	44. Epitaph III. On an old Scold -	ibid.
17. Letter from an Attorney on his Circuit, to his Mistress in Town -	226	45. Epitaph IV. On a Lock-Smith -	ibid.
18. Advertisement Extraordinary. Addressed to Men of Honour -	227	46. Epitaph V. On a Miller -	ibid.
19. Select Anecdotes, Repartees, and Bon Mots; Ancient and Modern. No. VI. -	228	47. Extempore. -	ibid.
POETRY.		THE SPHINX.	
20. The Knights; or, Both Right, and Both Wrong. A Tale -	231	48. Prize Enigma, &c. -	237
21. The Progress of Puppyism -	ibid.	49. Rebuses -	238
22. The Air-Balloon; or, Aerostatic Machine. A Tale -	232	50. Paradoxes -	ibid.
23. The Spirit of Contradiction. A Tale -	ibid.	51. Solutions to Enigmas of last Month -	239
24. The Power of Innocence. A Tale -	233	52. Ditto to Rebuses -	ibid.
25. Anacreontic -	234	53. Ditto to Paradoxes -	ibid.
		54. Select Answers to the Prize Enigma -	ibid.
		55. Miscellaneous Answers from Correspondents to the several Enigmas and Rebuses -	240

LONDON:

Printed for HARRISON and Co. N^o 18, Paternoster-Row; by whom Letters to the EDITORS are received.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITOR'S *New Paper*, which he means to call "The NIGHT-WALKER," is obliged to be postponed till the next Number.

The elegant Poem, called *The Merry World*, communicated by *Mr. Rainbolt*, will have a place in our next.

The Translation from the German seems likely to be acceptable, but the Editors cannot insert any article that is to be continued till they have the whole in their possession.

The Editors will be happy to see the curious Description mentioned by *A Witting*, whose Friend's communications, as well as her own, will meet with every attention. This Lady's directions will be complied with, as to those productions which are not esteemed admissible.

Juvenis, of Reading, who has transmitted a second copy of his very long poem, is respectfully advised to attempt only shorter productions, till he becomes more experienced.

Major Benbow is recommended to read Pope.

We should be happy in any opportunity of obliging *Mr. Upton*, but the Letter he mentions is not calculated to please out of the circle where it has already furnished entertainment.

The Tale sent by *T. C.* as his own, is not original.

The subject of the Lawyer's Fift Greased, should be rather compressed into an Epigram than swelled into a Tale.

We have had the same suspicion as *Mr. May*, respecting the Article he mentions, but have not been able to corroborate it by substantial proof.

Confession, a Tale, is inadmissible.

The Smoaking Barber is too long.

Mr. Stone's Song has some merit, but the subject is out of date.

The Fable of the Butterfly and Bee is well written, but the obvious moral is certainly a very hacknied one.

We are obliged to *D. L.* and *Amicus* for their kind intimations.

Many Articles are under consideration, but it is not possible for us to particularize even the signatures of all the numerous letters we every month receive.

PRIZE MEDALS.

The first SILVER MEDAL is adjudged to the Author of the Letter from AMBITION, being the only original Prose Essay from any Correspondent this month—the second, for the best Poetical Tale, to the Rev. Mr. MAJOR, Master of the Academy at Woodstock—and the third and fourth, given by Lot to two out of the six best Answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA, fell to Mr. R. TATTAM, and Miss ANNE AMELIA WELLS—who are requested to transmit their real names and places of abode to the Publishers, in the same hand-writing as their respective productions, by the 15th instant, that they may be printed in our next number, for the satisfaction of subscribers in general.—Ladies and Gentlemen in the country will be particular in directing where they wish their Medals to be delivered in town.

☞ The FOUR MEDALS adjudged last month, have been forwarded to—

1. Mr. JOHN CARR, Stourbridge, Worcestershire.
2. Miss CECIL, No. 18, Southampton Row, Bloomsbury.
3. Mr. JOHN LYNCH, High Street, Southampton.
4. Mr. FRANCIS BROWNE, No. 28, Golden Lane, Barbican.

R,"

will

tors
pos-

ling,
tion.
not

n, is
xpe-

er he
den-

Epi-

tions,

ainly

even

ION,

cond,

ny at

An-

ELIA

bode

y the

sub-

ar in



Collings del.

THE CITIZEN AT

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison.



AT VAUXHALL.

Smith sculp.

Harrison & Co July 1. 1784.

THE
WIT'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1784.

HUMOROUS DESCRIPTION

OF A CITIZEN AND HIS FAMILY AT VAUXHALL.

I Was greatly diverted, last Saturday evening, at Vauxhall, with the shrewd remarks of an honest citizen, whose wife and two daughters had prevailed on him to carry them to the Garden. As I thought there was something curious in their behaviour, I went into the next box to them, where I had an opportunity of seeing and over-hearing every thing that passed.

After some talk—'Come, come,' said the old don, 'it is time, I think, to go to supper.' To this the ladies readily assented; and one of the misses said, 'Do let us have a chick, papa.'—'Zounds!' said the father, 'they are half a crown a-piece, and no bigger than a sparrow.' Here the old lady took him up—'You are so stingy, Mr. Rose, there is no bearing you. When one is out upon pleasure, I love to appear like somebody: and what signifies a few shillings once and away, when a body is about it?' This reproof so effectually silenced the old gentleman, that the youngest Miss had the courage to put in a word for some ham likewise. Accordingly the waiter was called, and dispatched by the old lady with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham. When it was brought, our honest cit twirled the dish about three or four times, and surveyed it with a very settled countenance; then taking up the slice of ham, and dangling it to and fro on the end of his fork, asked the waiter, how much there was of it. 'A shilling's-worth, Sir,' said the fellow.—'Prithee,' said the don, 'how much dost think it weighs?'—'An ounce.'—'A shilling an ounce! that is sixteen shillings per pound!

—A reasonable profit, truly!—Let me see—suppose, now, the whole ham weighs thirty pounds: at a shilling per ounce, that is sixteen shillings per pound; why, your master makes exactly twenty-four pounds of every ham: and if he buys them at the best hand, and salts them and cures them himself, they don't stand him in ten shillings a-piece.' The old lady bade him hold his nonsense, declared herself ashamed for him, and asked him if people must not live: then taking a coloured handkerchief from her own neck, she tucked it into his shirt-collar, 'whence it hung like a bib,' and helped him to a leg of the chicken. The old gentleman, at every bit he put into his mouth, amused himself with saying—'There goes two-pence—there goes three-pence—there goes a groat. Zounds! a man at these places should not have a swallow so wide as a tom-tit.'

This scanty repast, we may imagine, was soon dispatched; and it was with much difficulty our citizen was prevailed on to suffer a plate of beef to be ordered. This, too, was no less admired, and underwent the same comments with the ham. At length, when only a very small bit was left, as they say, for manners, in the dish, our don took a piece of an old newspaper out of his pocket, and gravely wrapping up the meat in it, placed it carefully in his letter-case. 'I'll keep thee as a curiosity to my dying day; and I'll shew thee to my neighbour Horseman, and ask him if he can make as much of his steaks.' Then rubbing his hands, and shrugging up his shoulders—'Why, now,'

says he, 'to-morrow night I may eat as much cold beef as I can stuff in any tavern in London, and pay nothing for it.' A dish of tarts, cheese-cakes, and custards, next made their appearance, at the request of the young ladies, who paid no sort of regard to the father's remonstrance, that they were four times as dear as at the pastry-cook's.

Supper being ended, Madam put her spouse in mind to call for wine.—

'We must have some wine, my dear, or we shall not be looked upon, you know.'—'Well, well,' says the don, 'that's right enough. But do they sell their liquor too by the ounce?'—'Here, drawer, what wine have you got?' The fellow, who by this time began to smoke his guests, answered—'We have exceeding good French wine of all sorts, and please your honour. Would your honour have a bottle of Champagne, or Burgundy, or Claret,' or——?' 'No no, none of your wishy-washy outlandish rot-gut for me!' interrupted the citizen. 'A tankard of the Alderman beats all the red Claret wine in the French king's cellar.—But come, bring us a bottle of sound old Port: and, d'ye hear? let it be good.'

While the waiter was gone, the good man most sadly lamented, that he could not have his pipe; which the wife would not allow, because, she said, it was ungentle to smoke, where any ladies were in company. When the wine came, our citizen gravely took up the bottle, and holding it above his head—'Aye, aye,' said he, 'the bottom has had a good kick.—And mind how confidently it is pinched on the sides.—Not above five gills, I warrant. An old soldier at the Jerusalem would beat two of them. But let us see how it is brewed.' He then poured out a glass; and, after holding it up before the candle, smelling to it, sipping it twice or thrice, and smacking his lips, drank it off: but declaring that second thoughts were best, he filled another bumper;

and tossing that off, after some pause, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drinkable. The ladies, having also drank a glass round, affirmed it was very good, and felt warm in the stomach: and even the old gentleman relaxed into such good humour by the time the bottle was emptied, that out of his own free will and motion he most generously called for another pint, but charged the waiter to pick out an honest one.

While the glass was thus circulating, the family amused themselves with making observations on the Garden. The citizen expressed his wonder at the number of lamps; and said it must cost a great deal of money every night to light them all: the eldest Miss declared, that for her part she liked the dark walk best of all, because it was solitary; little Miss thought the last song mighty pretty, and said she would buy it, if she could but carry home the tune: and the old lady observed, that there was a great deal of good company indeed; but the gentlemen were so rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance by staring at her through their spy-glasses. In a word, the tarts, the cheese-cakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham, and every thing, seemed to have been quite forgot, till the dismal moment approached, when the reckoning was called for. As this solemn business concerns only the gentlemen, the ladies kept a profound silence; and when the terrible account was brought, they left the paymaster undisturbed, to enjoy the misery by himself: only the old lady had the hardness to squint at the sum-total, and declared, it was pretty reasonable considering.

Our citizen bore his misfortunes with a tolerable degree of patience. He shook his head as he run over every article, and swore he would never buy meat by the ounce again. At length, when he had carefully summed up every figure, he bade the drawer bring change for sixpence: then pulling out a leathern purse from a snug pocket in the inside of his waistcoat,

waistcoat, he drew out slowly, piece by piece, thirteen shillings; which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he laid down four half-pence in the same exact order; then calling the waiter—'There,' says he, 'there's your damage—thirteen and two-pence.—And hearkye, there's three-pence over for yourself.' The remaining penny he put into his coat-pocket; and, chinking it—'This,' says he, 'will serve me to-morrow to buy a paper of tobacco.'

The family now prepared themselves for going; and as there were some slight drops of rain, Madam buttoned up the old gentleman's coat, that he might not spoil his laced waistcoat; and made him flap his hat, over which she tied his pocket-handkerchief, to save his wig: and as the coat itself, she said, had never been worn but three Sundays, she even parted with her own cardinal, and spread it the wrong side out, over his shoulders. In these accoutrements he sallied forth, accompanied by his wife with her upper-petticoat thrown over her head, and his daughters with the skirts of their gowns turned up, and their heads muffled up in coloured

handkerchiefs. I followed them quite out of the garden: and as they were waiting for their hack to draw up, the youngest Miss asked, 'When shall we come again, papa?'—'Come again!' said he, 'what a pox would you ruin me? Once in one's life is enough; and I think I have done very handsome. Why, it would not have cost me above four-pence half-penny to have spent my evening at Sot's Hole; and what with the cursed coach-hire, and all together, here's almost a pound gone, and nothing to shew for it.'—'Fye, Mr. Rose, I am quite ashamed for you,' replies the old lady. 'You are always grudging me and your girls the least bit of pleasure; and you cannot help grumbling, if we do but go to Little Hornsey to drink tea. I am sure, now they are women grown up, they ought to see a little of the world; and they shall!' The old don was not willing to pursue the argument any further; and the coach coming up, he was glad to put an end to the dispute by saying—'Come, come, let us make haste, wife, or we shall not get home time enough to have my best wig combed out again; and to-morrow, you know, is Sunday.'

LETTER FROM THE DUMB PHILOSOPHER.

MR. EDITOR,

YOU will, doubtless, be surprized that one who has ever preserved the strictest taciturnity should attempt to set up for a man of wit; and yet, Sir, true it is that I make some pretensions to that enviable character, though neither passion nor provocation have hitherto been able to prevail on me to articulate a single sentence. However, as different sorts of wits undoubtedly fall within your notice; the wild, the wicked, and the would be witty, for example, who ruin themselves—as well as the keen, the political, and the cunning, who make themselves—I shall leave you, in your great wisdom, to class me among that species

to which you may deem me most intimately allied.

My parents very early discovered that I had some lingual defect; but as their humble situation in life wholly precluded them from medical assistance, they were obliged to content themselves with prayers and supplications alone. At the age of seven, I had never been known to utter any sounds, except those of infantine complaint; and I was generally distinguished by the appellation of the Dumb Boy: however, as I possessed the sense of hearing in great perfection, my fond parents still hoped that the impediment would at last yield to time.

As I approached the years of discretion,

cretion, policy taught me to consider as a blessing what my artless friends continued to regard as a most melancholy misfortune. My infirmity, I saw, procured me the compassion of every body; and my parents fared the better on my account: they were perpetually loaded with presents, while I was honoured, on account of this supposed calamity, with the attention of those neighbours, who would otherwise have despised me. This determined me to preserve my original character, in spite of any advice or assistance that might be obtruded; and, indeed, to say the truth, though my tongue was certainly rather slow in it's motions, I found it might be used, if I pleased, so as to render me intelligible. But the Dumb Boy knew better things! I was esteemed a quick, sensible lad, in appearance; and, perhaps, you will allow I was not altogether a dunce, when I inform you that I actually instructed myself in reading and writing, without a single soul's being privy to the matter. But reading and writing were not the height of my ambition. I determined to rival the great philosophers of antiquity, of whom I had sometimes heard our curate speak. However, I had no wish to be a philosopher without a fortune; I was resolved, if possible, to secure a competency first, and then to practise morals at my leisure.

Fortune was propitious to my wishes. A lady of quality pitched upon me for her footman, and her choice of me really did honour to her discernment: though, it must be confessed, her life and conversation seemed to render blindness almost as necessary a qualification in her domestics, as even dumbness itself: however, few people, I find, are very solicitous about what may be seen to their prejudice, if it cannot be reported. How many scenes have I been suffered to behold, which ought to have been carefully concealed from indifferent eyes! and how many speeches have I heard, the bare recollection of which kindles blushes

in my cheeks more ardent than those of the speakers ever experienced!

But the Dumb Footman was considered as nobody. My lady's gallants, for she really had a plurality of admirers, were generous to excess; and my lady herself, to do her justice, was kind to every body. I now began to grow rich; and felt, with unspeakable pleasure, my little barque glide down the golden stream that led to the haven of my wishes.

I will not attempt, Mr. Editor, to give a history of all the intrigues to which I became privy, with the revels and gallantries I occasionally beheld; those were confidential secrets, and I am too much a man of honour to betray them.

After seven years labour, I find myself able to retire comfortably from the fatigue as well as the disgrace of servitude; and, before the publication of this letter, shall certainly quit a place where I have long basked in the sunshine of iniquity, and dedicate the remainder of my life to the ease of my own person and conscience, and the advantage of the public.

With these very laudable views, I propose opening an Academy to teach ARTIFICIAL DUMBNESS; and intend, in the prosecution of this plan, to revive the philosophy of a celebrated old fellow, who enjoined seven years silence to his disciples as a preparatory lesson.

It is by no means any part of my design, to display by words the beauty, utility, or advantage, of Dumbness; I shall only lay before my pupils, the ease, the comfort, the presents, and the riches, I have acquired solely by this art, and I have no doubt that they will soon become proficient. I have heard of a God of Eloquence, who conducts his votaries to a Temple of Sound; but if there be a God of Silence, how much worthier is he of being worshipped, since his followers must inevitably be conducted to the Temple of Wealth.

I am, Mr. Editor,
Your very humble Servant,
THE DUMB PHILOSOPHER.
HUMOROUS

HUMOROUS LETTER FROM MIST TO FOG.

DEAR COUSIN FOG,

THE occasion of my present address to you, is to acquaint you, that I was lately seized with an apoplectic fit, of which I instantly died: however, you need not be startled at receiving a letter from the other world, for you may perceive it does not smell of brimstone; by which you will conjecture, that it comes from the temperate side of Elysium.

I was so suddenly snatched off, that I had not time to make my will, therefore I have been obliged to do it since my decease. It is no strange thing in your world for a man to make his will after his death: a thorough-paced attorney will tell you there is nothing easier in the whole course of practice.

Amongst all my relations, I have cast my eyes on you to be my heir, and the executor of my last will and testament; and I was determined in this choice, as well in regard to your personal merit, and superior parts, as in consideration of your being the nearest to me in blood; for the Fogs are the younger branch of the family of the Mists: nay, they have often disputed the priority with us, and maintained, that the Fogs were the elder house; and sometimes gone so far, as to give out, that the Mists were only a little bastard branch of the family of the Fogs. You have heard, perhaps, what hatred and enmity this bred betwixt the two families; such animosities (I say) have often risen amongst our ancestors, as have overspread the whole country; they never would converse or speak to one another for some ages, till at length the dispute was happily decided by a Welsh parson, who came into the country to sell runts, and to whom, for his great skill in genealogy, the thing was referred; and I don't doubt but you have heard that he gave it in favour of our house; since which time our families have lived in the greatest harmony in the world, and strengthened it by frequent intermarriages, to the great quiet of the whole country.

But I think it is necessary to say something of our family, that the world may know who we are. The Mists and Fogs (time out of mind) have been very considerable in Lincolnshire, where they had a strong influence, the greatest part of the country being under their command, especially the Fens: the Mists were commonly dull boys, yet afterwards proved many of them to be bright men, which occasioned that Lincolnshire proverb, that 'a misty morning is the sign of a fair day.' The Fogs were generally plain plodding fellows, and proved the same from first to last, without the least alteration; and many of them came to be considerable people in the world, and acquired great fortunes, there having been several rich aldermen of London of that branch, and not a few serjeants at law; nay, some of them have formerly arrived to the dignity of judges upon the bench: they generally behaved with great coolness and moderation, and distinguished themselves by a peculiar sign of sagacity, which was of finding out the merits of the cause, by sleeping over the whole trial. Nor must we omit taking notice, that many of them have had the honour to sit in parliament, where they were remarkable for their taciturnity, that great mark of human wisdom. And I have often heard it spoke to the great praise of our kinsman Francis Fog, Esq. of Fog Hall in the Fens, that he served his country in several parliaments for thirty-two years successively, in which time he never was absent a day from the business of the nation, while the House sat, and never once opened his lips there. The Mists have been dispersed in several countries. The Scotch Mists were a very ancient family, and used formerly to be extremely troublesome to the English, when we invaded Scotland; from thence it became a by-word to say, that a Scotch mist will go to an Englishman's skin; for it seems, they were
always

always close at the backs of the English. I cannot say whether they are descended from us, or we from them; however, we call cousins. But there is a person whose name is Will of the Wisp, alias, Jack o'the Lanthorn, who pretends to be related to us, because he was born upon some of our lands, being sprung up from a Fen, in a hot day; but he is a raking vagabond fellow, takes pleasure in leading people out of their way, and throwing them into ditches at night, so that we never owned him to be of our family; the truth on it is, none of us were ever addicted to those mon-

key tricks: all that can be said of us, is, that we were (what they call in the country) honest soaky fellows; yet great lovers of a dry joke.

The family of the Mists is extinct in me; but I thought it necessary to say thus much of our ancestry, that you, who are now the representative of both families, may the better know how to support our character and imitate our example, since I desire that you will succeed me in the publick character of a writer, which character I have many years maintained, to the great entertainment and edification of my countrymen.

MIST.

A JACK-BOOT.

BEING A MODERN ESSAY ON TIMES, PERSONS, AND THINGS.

A Jack-Boot is a discourse which will suit any subject whatsoever, as it's name-fake will fit any leg. It requires no title, yet is capable of all. You may preach it as a sermon, declaim it as an oration, say it as a prayer, or sing it as a song. It will finally answer all intents and purposes, though in itself it is to no intent or purpose; such is the whimsical, enigmatical nature of the Jack-Boot.

For these twenty years last past, we have had little else published but Jack-Boots. One man prints a sermon, which may as well be called a satire; another comes out with a monody, with three or four interlocutors in it. Our poetry is all prose, and our prose is false English; and shall not I club my Jack-Boot amongst the rest? Yea, verily, I will.

Here therefore begins a Jack-Boot upon Times, Persons, and Things. And first, for the Times: I think we are all pretty unanimous with respect to the times; that is, there is almost an universal consent to rail at them. There has been a perpetual prejudice in behalf of the times past, though, God knows, we have but little to do with them; and we are daily grumbling and abusing the present, when we ought to make use of it, and be thankful. 'O tempora! O mores!' is an exclamation that has been made use of long before the Ro-

man orator. Nevertheless, one of the wisest tells us, that the former times were not better than these.

And now I will quote you a bit of Greek—

'Oie men phyllon gence toinde kai andron.' HOM.

'The generation of man is even as the generation of leaves.' One winter demolishes a whole tribe; and, in the spring, you have a succession of the same wavering, weak, inconstant trifles.

And now I will quote you a piece of Latin—

—'Elapsus semel

'Non ipse possit Jupiter reprehendere.' PHOED.

That is, when old Time has once turned tail upon you, the devil himself can't get hold of his forelock. Which brings me (where I was before-hand determined to go) to my second and third particulars, viz. Persons and Things. Now, as every person is a thing, though every thing is not a person, I shall jumble these two articles together in the true Jack-Boot taste. Now, it would require the united wit of Fielding, Lucian, Swift, Butler, and Erasmus, to treat of this head with any tolerable adroitness; so (as Mr. Bayes says) in fine, I'll say no more about it; and, if any body asks me, Where lies the jest of all this? I answer, with Mr. Johnson, Why, in the Boot; where should the jest lie?

EXTRAOR-

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF HEROISM.

A Person of the meanest birth, and of no sort of education, had married a young woman of the same stamp, remarkable for nothing but her industry; and had lived with her so many years, that he had a little family, whose bread was in a much greater measure owing to the labour of the mother than to his. It happened that a favourite child became sick; parental affection was of as much force in the breast of this humble mother, as in those of the highest station. The father was as slothful as usual; and the attendance she bestowed on the sick infant took up so much of that time she used to spend in labour, that a terrible want ensued. The mother could have borne this well herself; but the fate of a sick infant, perishing of famine, was too much for her to bear. After many fruitless attempts to borrow, and even to beg, of every body she knew, the anguish of her heart got the better at once of terror and of conscience, and she privately took, out of the house of a person who had been used to employ her, a small sum of money from a large quantity; but not without the most firm resolution of replacing it from the profits of her future labour, a double portion of which she resolved on performing, when her child should recover.

Before the effects of the little relief she had obtained at this dear rate could be known upon the child, the money was missed: the mother, who had been begging there in vain, was suspected; and, on searching her poor apartment, some of the identical pieces which had been taken from the drawers of the owner were found.

It was in vain that the unhappy woman pleaded her known necessities; the cruel owner of the money was deaf to all remonstrances, and she was sent to prison. Not the horrors of a dungeon could remove a mother's fondness from this unhappy creature's

breast; she petitioned for leave to have her dying infant with her: but the poor have few friends; and even this humble request was denied. The little creature was committed to the care of the parish, and fell a sacrifice to the usual neglect.

The husband, who was rather of a thoughtless and idle, than a villainous disposition, was now awakened to reflection; he saw his wife often, and always behaved to her with a kindness to which she had not been accustomed, but with a mixture of reserve and secrecy that she was unable to penetrate: in short, he was present at the trial; when the proofs appearing too plain to admit of any evasion or defence, this wretched couple were struck with additional and unspeakable surprize, on finding that a circumstance which they had not before thought of (that of forcing a lock to get at the money) rendered the crime capital. As soon as this was discovered, the husband, before any thing farther was done, begged permission to speak with his unhappy wife, and thus secretly addressed her: 'I have been a villain; and though
' no law reaches my crime of idleness,
' it is that which has occasioned your
' misfortune. We have two children
' yet remaining; I can be of no service to them or to the world, but
' you may: suffer me to take this
' crime upon myself; and let me die,
' who deserve it; not you, who merit
' the greatest rewards for what is
' falsely supposed a crime.'

The dread of death prevailed with the unhappy woman; and the husband then addressing himself to the judge, said—'You will now see how little
' witnesses are to be regarded I alone
' committed that crime for which you
' are going to condemn this innocent
' woman, and I cannot see her suffer
' for it.' He added circumstances, which he had previously concerted in his mind, and which were so well laid
2 D together,

together, that the very witnesses themselves were satisfied; the court was convinced, the woman acquitted, and sentence passed on the husband.

We instance this as a proof of the highest pitch of heroism, in a person as far from the character of a great man, or hero, as any one could be; and we are happy in an opportunity of shewing the world, that such virtues are often attended with circumstances of happiness that could no way be foreseen. The unhappy woman's dread of an ignominious death, which had made her consent to this act of generosity in her husband at the time of trial, now grew weak; and she could not bear to

think of seeing her husband die for her offence. She accordingly confessed the crime, and divulged the secret of the conversation which had preceded her husband's taking it upon himself. The judge, who had not yet left the town, was struck with such an instance of mutual affection and generosity, in the breasts of people of so low a rank; and he saw the woman in private, and heard her relate the whole story; in consequence of which the reader will not wonder that he pardoned both, and that a life of industry and happiness in the generous couple succeeded this terrible event.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FLEA.

A DREAM.

THERE are seasons when the power of invention is suspended, and the mind sinks into a state of debility, from which it can no more recover itself, than a person who sleeps can by a voluntary effort awake. I was sitting in my study a few nights ago in these perplexing circumstances; and, after long rumination, and many ineffectual attempts to start a hint which I might work up for the amusement of my readers, I determined to go to bed, hoping that the morning would remove every impediment to study, and restore the vigour of my mind.

I was no sooner asleep, than I was relieved from my distress by means which, if I had been waking, would have increased it; and instead of impressing upon my mind a train of new ideas in a regular succession, would have filled it with astonishment and terror: for in dreams, whether they are produced by a power of the imagination to combine images which reason would separate, or whether the mind is passive, and receives impressions from some invisible agent, the memory seems to lie wholly torpid, and the understanding to be employed only about such objects as are then presented, without compar-

ing the present with the past. When we sleep, we often converse with a friend who is either absent or dead, without remembering that the grave or the ocean is between us. We float like a feather upon the wind; or we find ourselves this moment in England, and the next in India, without reflecting that the laws of nature are suspended, or inquiring how the scene could have been so suddenly shifted before us. We are familiar with prodigies; we accommodate ourselves to every event, however romantic; and we not only reason, but act, upon principles which are in the highest degree absurd and extravagant.

In that state, therefore, in which no prodigy could render me unfit to receive instruction, I imagined myself to be still sitting in my study, pensive and dispirited, and that I suddenly heard a small shrill voice pronounce these words: 'Take your pen; I will dictate an Essay.' I turned to see from whom this voice proceeded, but I could discover nothing: believing, therefore, that my good genius, or some favouring muse, was present, I immediately prepared to write, and the voice dictated the following narrative.

I was the eldest son of a country gentleman,

gentleman, who possessed a large estate; and, when I was about nineteen years of age, fell with my horse as I was hunting: my neck was dislocated by the fall; and, for want of immediate assistance, I died before I could be carried home; but found myself the next moment, with inexpressible grief and astonishment, under the shape of a mongrel Puppy, in the stable of an inn that was kept by a man who had been butler to my father, and had married the cook.

I was indeed greatly caressed; but my master, in order, as he said, to increase my beauty as well as my strength, soon disencumbered me of my ears and my tail. Besides the pain that I suffered in the operation, I experienced the disadvantages of this mutilation in a thousand instances: this, however, was but a small part of the calamity which in this state I was appointed to suffer.

My master had a son about four years old, who was yet a greater favourite than myself; and his passions having been always indulged as soon as they appeared, he was encouraged to gratify his resentment against any thing, whether animate or inanimate, that had offended him, by beating me; and when he did any mischief, (for of other faults little notice was taken) the father, the mother, or the maid, was sure to chastise me in his stead.

This treatment, from persons whom I had been accustomed to regard with contempt, and command with insolence, was not long to be borne; early one morning, therefore, I departed. I continued my journey till the afternoon without stopping, though it rained hard: about four o'clock I passed through a village; and perceiving a heap of shavings that were sheltered from the wet by the thatch of a house which some carpenters were repairing, I crept, as I thought, unnoticed, into the corner, and laid myself down upon them; but a man

who was planing a board observing that I was a strange dog, and of a mongrel breed, resolved to make himself and his companions merry at my expence. For this purpose, having made a hole about two inches diameter in a piece of deal, he suddenly caught me up, and putting the remainder of my tail through this diabolical engine, he made it fast by driving in a wedge with a heavy mallet, which, crushing the bone, put me to inexpressible torment. The moment he set me down, the wretches who had been spectators of this waggery burst into immoderate laughter at the awkward motions by which I expressed my misery, and my ridiculous attempt to run away from that which I could not but carry with me. They hooted after me till I was out of their sight: however, fear, pain, and confusion, still urging me forward with involuntary speed, I ran with such force between two pales that were not far enough asunder to admit my clog, that I left it, with the remainder of my tail, behind me. I then found myself in a farm-yard; and, fearing that I should be worried by the mastiff which I saw at a distance, I continued my flight; but some peasants, who were at work in a neighbouring barn, perceiving that I ran without being pursued, that my eyes were enflamed, and that my mouth was covered with foam, imagined that I was mad, and knocked out my brains with a flail.

Soon after I had quitted this maimed and persecuted carcase, I found myself under the wings of a Bullfinch, with three others that were just hatched. I now rejoiced in the hope of soaring beyond the reach of human barbarity, and becoming, like my mother, a denizen of the sky: but my mother, before I was perfectly fledged, was surprized in her nest by a school-boy, who grasped her so hard to prevent her escape, that she soon after died:

‘ he then took the nest, with all that
 ‘ it contained, which he deposited in
 ‘ a basket; where I presently lost my
 ‘ three companions in misfortune, by
 ‘ change of food and unskilful ma-
 ‘ nagement. I survived; and, soon
 ‘ after I could feed myself, I was
 ‘ taken by my tyrant’s mother, when
 ‘ she went to pay her rent, as a present
 ‘ to her landlord’s daughter; a young
 ‘ lady who was extremely beautiful,
 ‘ and in the eighteenth year of her
 ‘ age.

‘ My captivity now began to lose
 ‘ it’s terrors; I no longer dreaded the
 ‘ rude gripe of a boisterous urchin,
 ‘ whose fondness was scarce less dan-
 ‘ gerous than his resentment; who,
 ‘ in the zeal of his attachment to a
 ‘ new plaything, might neglect me
 ‘ till I perished with hunger; or who
 ‘ might wring off my neck, because
 ‘ he had some other use for the half-
 ‘ penny which should procure me
 ‘ food: the confinement of a cage be-
 ‘ came habitual; I was placed near a
 ‘ pleasant window; I was constantly
 ‘ fed by one of the finest hands in the
 ‘ world; and I imagined that I could
 ‘ suffer no misery under the patron-
 ‘ age of smiles and graces.

‘ Such was my situation, when a
 ‘ young lady from London made an
 ‘ afternoon’s visit to my mistress.
 ‘ She took an opportunity to caress
 ‘ me among her other favourites,
 ‘ which were a parrot, a monkey,
 ‘ and a lap-dog. She chirped; and
 ‘ holding out her finger to me, I
 ‘ hopped upon it; she stroked me,
 ‘ put my head to her cheek; and, to
 ‘ shew my sensibility of her favours,
 ‘ I began to sing. As soon as my
 ‘ song was over, she turned to my
 ‘ mistress, and told her, that the dear
 ‘ little creature might be made ab-
 ‘ solutely the sweetest bird in the
 ‘ world, only by putting out it’s
 ‘ eyes, and confining it in a less
 ‘ cage. To this horrid proposal my
 ‘ fair keeper agreed, upon being
 ‘ again assured that my song would
 ‘ be very greatly improved; and the
 ‘ next day performed herself the op-
 ‘ eration, as she had been directed,

‘ with the end of a hot knitting-nee-
 ‘ dle. My condition was now more
 ‘ easily to be conceived than express-
 ‘ ed: but I did not long suffer the
 ‘ mournful solitude of perpetual dark-
 ‘ ness; for a cat came one night in-
 ‘ to the room undiscovered, dragged
 ‘ me through the wires of the cage,
 ‘ and devoured me.

‘ I was not displeased to find my-
 ‘ self once more at large, delivered
 ‘ from blindness and captivity, and
 ‘ still able to sport upon the breeze
 ‘ in the form of a Cockchaffer. But
 ‘ I had scarce entered this new scene
 ‘ of existence, when a gentleman,
 ‘ in whose garden I was feasting
 ‘ on one of the leaves of a cherry-
 ‘ tree, caught me; and, turning to
 ‘ his son, a boy who had just been
 ‘ put into his first breeches—“ Here
 ‘ Tommy,” says he, “ is a bird for
 ‘ you.” The boy received me with
 ‘ a grin of horrid delight; and, as he
 ‘ had been taught, immediately im-
 ‘ paled me alive upon a corking-pin,
 ‘ to which a piece of thread was fasten-
 ‘ ed, and I was doomed to make my
 ‘ young master sport, by fluttering
 ‘ about in the agonies of death; and
 ‘ when I was quite exhausted, and
 ‘ could no longer use my wings, he
 ‘ was bid to tread upon me, for that
 ‘ I was now good for nothing; a com-
 ‘ mand with which he mercifully
 ‘ complied, and in a moment crush-
 ‘ ed me to atoms with his foot.

‘ From a Cockchaffer I transmi-
 ‘ grated into an Earthworm, and
 ‘ found myself at the bottom of a
 ‘ farmer’s dunghill. Under this
 ‘ change of circumstances, I comfort-
 ‘ ed myself by considering, that if
 ‘ I did not now mount upon the wind,
 ‘ and transport myself from place to
 ‘ place with a swiftness almost equal
 ‘ to thought, yet I was not likely
 ‘ either to please or to offend man-
 ‘ kind, both of which were equally
 ‘ fatal; and I hoped to spend my life
 ‘ in peace, by escaping the notice of
 ‘ the most cruel of all creatures.

‘ But I did not long enjoy the com-
 ‘ fort of these reflections. I was one
 ‘ morning disturbed by an unusual
 ‘ noise,

noise, and perceived the ground about me to shake. I immediately worked my way upward to discover the cause; and the moment I appeared above the surface, I was eagerly snatched up by a man who had stuck a dung-fork into the ground, and moved it backward and forward to produce the effect that had now happened. I was put into a broken pan with many other associates in misfortune, and soon after disposed of to one of those gentle swains who delight in angling. This person carried us the next morning to the brink of a river, where I presently saw him take out one of my companions, and whistling a tune, pass a barbed hook through the whole length of his body, entering it at the head, and bringing it out at the tail. The wretched animal writhed itself on the bloody hook in torture which cannot be conceived by man, nor felt by any creature that is not vital in every part. In this condition he was suspended in the water as a bait for fish, till he was, together with the hook on which he hung, swallowed by an eel. While I was beholding this dreadful spectacle, I made many reflections on the great inequality between the pleasure of catching the prey, and the anguish inflicted on the bait. But these reflections were presently after lost in the same agonies of which I had been a spectator.

'You will not have room in this paper to relate all that I suffered from the thoughtless barbarity of mankind, in a Cock, a Lobster, and a Pig: let it suffice to say, that I suffered the same kind of death with those who are broken upon the wheel; I was roasted alive before a slow fire; and was scourged to death with small cords, to gratify the wanton appetite of luxury, or contribute to the merriment of a rabble.'

Thus far I had written as amanuensis to an invisible dictator; when, my dream still continuing, I felt something tickle my wrist; and, turning my eye from the paper to see what it

was, I discovered a Flea, which I immediately caught and killed, by putting it into the candle. At the same instant the Flea vanished, and a young Lady of exquisite beauty stood before me. 'Thoughtless wretch!' said she, 'thou hast again changed the state of my existence, and exposed me to still greater calamities than any I have yet suffered. As a Flea I was thy monitor; and as a Flea I might have escaped thy cruelty, if I had not intended thy instruction. But now to be concealed is impossible; and it is therefore impossible to be safe. The eyes of desire are upon me; and to betray me to infamy and guilt, will be the toil of perseverance and the study of reason. But though man is still my enemy, though he assails me with more violence, and persists with more obstinacy, I have yet less power of resistance: there is a rebel in my own bosom, who will labour to give me up; whose influence is perpetual; and perpetual influence is not easily surmounted. Publish, however, what I have communicated; if any man shall be reclaimed from a criminal inattention to the felicity of inferior beings, and restrained from inflicting pain by considering the effect of his actions, I have not suffered in vain. But as I am now exposed not only to accidental and casual evils, as I am not only in danger from the frolics of levity, but from the designs of cunning, to atone for the injury which thou hast done me, warn the sex of every wile that is practised for their destruction, and deter men from the attempt, by displaying the aggravated guilt and shameless dissimulation of assuming an appearance of the most ardent and tender affection, only to overwhelm with unutterable distress the beauty whom love has made credulous, and innocence keeps unacquainted with suspicion.'

While I listened to this address, my heart throbbed with impatience; and the effort that I made to reply, awaked me.

CURIOUS PIECE OF CRITICISM.

THE Ode and the Song are two species of poesy, of all others, my most peculiar favourites. I call them two species of poesy, and, I think, with the greatest poetical and critical justice; for there is as much difference between an ode and a song, as between a high-heel'd and a low-heel'd shoe; or, indeed, as there is between a Whig and a Tory. The ode-writer mounts upon the withers, and, for fear of falling, holds fast by the mane; but the ballad-monger gets up behind, sits a degree lower, and, to save himself, clings close to the tail.

There are some poets, indeed, who are a sort of mules in verse, and are endowed with such excellent qualities, that they can intimately mix these two species together, and make of them a true and poetical hermaphrodite. A most animated and extraordinary instance of this sort we have in one of our poets of the last century; who, through his excessive modesty and abundant wealth, (two qualities inherent in poetry and poets) has endeavoured to conceal his merit, and avoid the praises he so eminently deserved. He has, by many of our critics, been compared to Horace, and by others mounted with Pindar; but I think he deserves a more exalted class than either; and, I am persuaded, that the public will be of my opinion, gentlemen, when they shall have read over the following stanzas.

JOLLITY.

AN ODE, OR SONG, OR BOTH.

There was a jovial butcher,
He liv'd at Northern-fall-gate,
He kept a stall
At Leadenhall,
And got drunk at the Boy at Aldgate.

He ran down Houndsditch reeling,
At Bedlam he was frighted,
He in Moorfields
Besh—t his heels,
And at Hoxton he was wiped.

Now, gentlemen, for the dignity of your science, (which I hold in the highest estimation) I shall endeavour to

point out critically, and according to the rules of art, the beauties, the graces, and elevated sentiments, in this much-admired piece.

Our incomparable author, agreeably to the laws prescribed by Aristotle, Dionysius, Longinus, and Quintilian, and pursuant to the great examples of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, begins his exordium in a simple manner; for here he wisely saw, that the plain style would be most prevalent. Nothing can be more easy—

There was a jovial butcher.

One would think, from the simplicity, natural ease, and elegance of that line, that the author intended only the history of his hero in manner of Thucydides, Livy, or any other trifling historian; for no one, from these words, would expect a Pindaric ode any more than an Epic poem. But in the next line, he artfully rises upon you:

He liv'd at Northern-fall-gate.

How expressive is this! — Here you learn, in one line, not only that the man lived, but the place where he lived, viz. at Northern-fall-gate. Hitherto we are peaceable enough, for Pegasus only trots; but now the poet is all on fire, and his steed foams at mouth—

He kept a stall
At Leadenhall,

And got drunk at the Boy at Aldgate.

And got drunk!—Aye, got drunk! why, that's an achievement we little expected: it surprizes us, and therefore is extremely agreeable; for the business of poetry is to instruct, to elevate, and surprize. And how amply is this effected? We are instructed, and that in few words, that—

He kept a stall
At Leadenhall.

We are elevated with the thoughts of his getting drunk, and extremely surprized that it was at the Boy at Aldgate: for who would have thought of his getting drunk there? Besides, at the

the time this ode was wrote, it was not customary for people to get drunk; and therefore the surprize was greater. Drunkenness was then considered as the province only of the nobleman, the knight, the squire, the lord of the manor, or the justice of peace: but now we have ladies of such elevated spirits, that they can get drunk as well as the best butcher of them all, which renders that incident in these our days less wonderful.

Our author's method is also much to be admired; for, after he has perfected his first stanza, he proceeds to the second; and pray what can be more natural than for the second to succeed the first?

He ran down Houndsditch reeling.

Homer is not more admired for the copiosity of his invention, the force of his imagination, the beauty of his similes, the harmony of his numbers, or the dignity of his diction, than for his extensive knowledge in nature, and the several arts and sciences; he was a philosopher, a divine, a mathematician, an historian, a geographer, and a warrior, as well as a poet. He understood every thing he has described; and therefore all his descriptions are animated and beautiful, just and rational, correspondent to the precepts of art and to the laws of Nature. But our author vastly exceeds Homer in his knowledge of Nature, and the mechanic laws, as may be demonstrated from this line—

He ran down Houndsditch reeling.

Any woman, who has got a sot to her husband, can tell you, that a drunken man will run up stairs when he can't walk even on a smooth pavement. A staggering man, like a reeling top, is secured from falling by increasing the velocity of his motion; and this is also illustrated and proved by a stumbling horse, who will always travel with most safety when kept up to a good pace, as our gentlemen that ride post can testify. But I appeal from the post-boy to Mr. Pope; who, in his essay on our science, has the two following lines—

' False steps but help them to renew the race;
' As, after stumbling, jades will mend their
' pace.'

It is, therefore, with great poetical justice and judgment, that our author precipitates his hero down Houndsditch, and brings him to Bedlam.

Here now is matter enough to have employed your little modern versifiers a month, who run into long commonplaces, and lay hold of every hint that presents itself. But seasonable silence has it's emphasis; our author only informs us, in a plain and simple manner, that—

At Bedlam he was frightened.

He would probably have given a description of that horrid place, where so many of his fraternity had made their miserable exits; but the catastrophe of his piece was at hand; the fate of his hero was determined, and a long suspension of it by any episode whatsoever would have been unnatural and offensive. He therefore, in imitation of Virgil, *Geor. iv. 457, &c.* declines all allurements of that sort, for the sake of uniformity and order; without which he knew his work might be an heap of shining materials, but not a beautiful and permanent edifice.

The catastrophe is preceded by the affright, and is made the consequence or effect of that cause, as you will perceive.

At Bedlam he was frightened;
He in Moorfields
Besh—t his heels,
And at Hoxton he was wiped.

The geography of the places where the action happened is strictly observed and arranged in their natural order: Houndsditch is the direct road from Aldgate to Bedlam, which is built in Moorfields; and as Hoxton is not more than half a mile to the right, it was very natural for him, and very prudent of him, to close the scene there: and, to prevent any disturbances by the contests of places for the birth of this great poet, we will, if you please, reader, assign that honour to Hoxton. This I think we may do with the greatest propriety

propriety and justice, for every man is partially prone to favour the place of his nativity, and his excessive fondness of his native place Hoxton, made him,

without doubt, bring the jovial butcher from Northern-fall-gate to enrich it with his burden.

HYPERCRITICUS.

HUMOROUS SPECIMEN OF ALLITERATION.

SIR,

PERCEIVING your desire to know how I pass my time in Pembrokeshire, I here present you with an account of my proceedings in a progress I lately made to a gentleman's house purely to procure a plan of it.

I proceeded in a party of pleasure with Mr. Pratt of Pickton Castle, Mr. Powell of Penally, and Mr. Pugh of Purley, to go and dine with Mr. Pritchard of Postmain; which was readily agreed to, and soon put in practice. However, I thought it a proper precaution to post away a person privately to Mr. Pritchard's, that he might provide for us; and we proceeded after him. The town where Mr. Pritchard lives is a poor, pitiful, paltry place, though his house is in the prettiest part of it, and is a prince's palace to the rest. His parlour is of a lofty pitch, and full of pictures of the prime pencils; he hath a pompous portico, or pavilion, prettily paved, leading to the parterre; from hence you have a prodigious prospect, particularly pointing towards Percilly Hill, where he propagates a parcel of Portuguese and Polish poultry. The name of his house is Prawfenden, which puzzled me most plaguily to pronounce properly. He received us very politely, and presented us with a plentiful dinner. At the upper-end of the table was a pike, with fried perch and plaice; at the lower end pickled pork, pease, and parsnips; in the middle a pigeon-pye, with puff-paste; on the one side a potatoe-pudding; and on the other side pigs pettytoes. The second course was a dish of pheasants, with poults and plovers, and a plate of preserved pine and pippins; another with pickled podd pepper;

another with prawns; another with pargamon for a provocative; with a pyramid of pears, peaches, plums, pippins, philbeards, and pistachios. After dinner there was a profusion of port and punch, which proved too powerful for poor Mr. Peter the parson of the parish; for it pleased his palate, and he poured it down by pints, which made him prate in a pedantic pragmatistical manner. This displeased Mr. Price the parliament-man, a profound politician; but he persisted, and made it a prolix preamble, which proved his principles prejudiced and partial against the present people in power. Mr. Price, who is a potent party-man, called him a popish parson, and said he prayed privately in his heart for the Pretender; and that he was a presumptuous priest, for preaching such stuff publicly. The parson puffed his pipe passively for some time, because Mr. Price was his patron; but at length, losing all patience, he plucked off Mr. Price's perriwig, and was preparing to push it with the point of the poker into the fire; upon which Mr. Price, perceiving a pewter piss-pot in the passage, presented the parson with the contents in his phizz, and gave him a pat on the pate, the percussion of which prostrated him plump on the pavement, and raised a protuberance on his pericranium. This put a period to our proceedings, and patched up a peace; for the parson was in a piteous plight, and had prudence enough to be prevailed upon to cry, '*Pecca-vi!*' with a '*Parce, precor!*' and in a plaintive posture to petition for pardon. Mr. Price, who was proud of his performance, pulled him out of the puddle, and protested he was sorry for what had

had passed in his passion, which was partly owing to the provocation given him from some of his preposterous propositions, which he prayed him never to presume to advance again in his presence. Mr. Pugh, who practises physic, prescribed phlebotomy and a poultice to the parson, but he preferred wetted brown paper to any plaister, and then placed himself in a proper position, that the power of the fire might penetrate his posteriors, and dry his purple plush breeches. This pother was succeeded by politics, as Mr. Pulteney, the patriot's patent for the peerage, the kings of Poland, Prussia, Prague, and the Palatine, Pandours and partizans, Portsmouth parades, and the presumption of the privateers who pick up prizes almost in our very ports, and places and pensions, pains and penalties. Next came on plays and poetry, the picture of Mr. Pope perched on a prostitute, and the price of the pit, pantomimes, prudes, and the pox, and the primate of Ireland, and printers, and preferments, pick-pockets and pointers; and the pranks of that prig the poet-laureat's progeny, though his papa is the perfect pattern of paternal piety. To be brief, I prophesy you think I am prolix. We parted at last, but had great difficulty in procuring a passage from Mr. Pritchard, for he had placed a padlock on the stable-door

on purpose to prevent us, and pretended his servant was gone out with the key; but, finding us peremptory, the key was produced, and we permitted to go. We pricked our palfreys a good pace, although it was as dark as pitch, which put me in pain, because I was purblind, lest we should ride plumb against the posts, which are prefixed to keep horse-passengers from going the path that is pitched with pebbles.

Mr. Price, who was our pilot, had a very providential escape, for his pad fell a prancing, and would not pass one step farther; which provoked him much, for he piques himself on his horsemanship. I proposed to him to dismount, which he did; and, peeping and peering about, found he was on the point of a perpendicular precipice, from which he might probably have fallen, had not his horse plunged in that particular manner. This put us all into a palpitation, and we plodded on the rest of the progression, *pian piano*, as the Italians say, or *pazz à pazz*, as the French phrase has it. I shall postpone several other particulars, till I have the pleasure of passing a day with you at Putney, which shall be as soon as possible. I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,
PLUTO CICERO.

To Mr. Peter Pettiward, at Putney,
(Penny-post paid.)

A HAPPY MARRIAGE,

NEGOTIATED BY A BILL OF EXCHANGE.

THERE was, some time since, a marriage negotiated by a bill of exchange, in the island of Jamaica; the circumstances of which are so whimsical, that, I believe, such of our readers as have not already heard it, will be diverted with the relation.

A merchant, originally come from London, having acquired a handsome fortune in that island, concluded with himself he could not be happy in the enjoyment of it, unless he shared it with a woman of merit; and, knowing none to his fancy, he resolved to write

to a worthy correspondent at London. He knew no other stile than that he used in his trade; therefore, treating affairs of love as he did his business, after giving his friend, in a letter, several commissions, and reserving this for the last, he went on thus—*Item*, Seeing that I have taken
' a resolution to marry, and that I do
' not find a suitable match for me
' here, do not fail to send, by next
' ship bound hither, a young woman,
' of the qualifications and form following. As for a portion, I demand
' none; let her be of an honest family;

' mily; between twenty and twenty-
 ' five years of age; of a middle sta-
 ' ture, and well-proportioned; her
 ' face agreeable, her temper mild,
 ' her character blameless, her health
 ' good, and her constitution strong
 ' enough to bear the change of the
 ' climate, that there may be no oc-
 ' casion to look out for a second,
 ' through lack of the first, soon after
 ' she comes to hand, which must be
 ' provided against as much as pos-
 ' sible, considering the great distance,
 ' and the dangers of the sea. If she
 ' arrives, and conditioned as above-
 ' said, with the present letter in-
 ' dorsed by you, or at least an at-
 ' tested copy thereof, that there may
 ' be no mistake or imposition, I here-
 ' by oblige and engage myself to sa-
 ' tisfy the said letter, by marrying
 ' the bearer at fifteen days sight. In
 ' witness whereof I subscribe this,
 ' &c.'

The London correspondent, who
 read over and over the odd article
 which put the future spouse on the
 same footing with a bale of goods,
 could not help admiring the prudent
 exactness of the merchant, and his
 laconic style, in enumerating the qua-
 lifications which he insisted on: he,
 however endeavoured to serve him to
 his mind; and, after many enquiries,
 found a lady fit for his purpose, in a
 young person of a reputable family,
 but no fortune, of good humour, and
 of a polite education, well-shaped, and
 more than tolerably handsome. He
 made the proposal to her, as his friend
 had directed; and the young gentle-
 woman, who had no subsistence but
 from a cross old aunt, who gave her a
 great deal of uneasiness, accepted it.
 A ship bound for Jamaica was then
 fitting out at Bristol; the gentlewoman
 went on board the same, together with
 the bales of goods, being well provided
 with all necessaries, and particularly
 with a certificate in due form, and in-
 dorsed by the correspondent. She was
 also included in the invoice, the last
 article of which ran thus—'Item, A
 ' maid of twenty-one years of age, of
 ' the quality, shape, and conditioned

' as per order; as appears by the affi-
 ' davits and certificates she has to pro-
 ' duce.' The writings which were
 thought necessary to so exact a man as
 the future husband, were, an extract of
 the parish register; a certificate of her
 character, signed by the curate; an
 attestation of her neighbours, setting
 forth, that she had, for the space of
 three years, lived with an old aunt,
 who was intolerably peevish, and had
 not, during all that time, given her
 said aunt the least occasion of com-
 plaint; and, lastly, the goodness of her
 constitution was certified, after con-
 sultation, by four eminent physicians.
 Before the gentlewoman's departure,
 the London correspondent sent several
 letters of advice, by other ships, to
 his friend; whereby he informed him,
 that, per such a ship, he sent him a
 young woman, of such an age, cha-
 racter, and condition; in a word,
 such as he desired to marry. The
 letters of advice, the bales, and the
 gentlewoman, came safe to the port;
 and the merchant, who happened to
 be one of the foremost on the pier, at
 the lady's landing, was charmed to see
 a handsome person, who having heard
 him called by his name, thus addressed
 him—'Sir, I have a bill of exchange
 ' upon you; and you know that it is not
 ' usual for people to carry a great deal
 ' of money about them in such a long
 ' voyage as I have now made; I beg
 ' the favour you will be pleased to
 ' pay it.' At the same time she gave
 him his correspondent's letter, on the
 back of which was written, 'The bear-
 ' er of this is the spouse you ordered
 ' me to send you.'—'Ha, Madam!' said the merchant, 'I never yet suf-
 ' fered my bills to be protested, and I
 ' swear this shall not be the first: I
 ' shall reckon myself the most fortu-
 ' nate of all men, if you will allow me
 ' to discharge it.'—'Yes, Sir,' re-
 ' plied she; 'and the more willingly,
 ' since I am apprized of your charac-
 ' ter. We had several persons of ho-
 ' nour on board, who knew you very
 ' well; and who, during my passage,
 ' have answered all the questions I
 ' asked them concerning you, in so ad-
 ' vantageous

'vantageous a manner, that they have raised in me a perfect esteem for you.' This interview was in a few days followed by the nuptials, which were very magnificent. The new-married couple

were satisfied with their happy union, made by a bill of exchange, which turned out one of the most fortunate that had happened in that island for many years.

SCHEME FOR A WHISTLING ACADEMY.

WE have often compassionated the great uneasiness numbers of young gentlemen at this day labour under, for want of knowing how to spend their time; which seems to hang heavy on their hands, being destitute of a proper employment. To see so many distressed mortals sauntering about from coffee-house to coffee-house, or from ale-house to ale-house, tiring themselves, and those about them, must certainly afford a melancholy prospect to every good-natured man living. Read, they cannot; to think, is a task more difficult. Unable, therefore, to be one moment alone, they run into any sort of company that first occurs; talking, without sense; laughing, without wit; and by this means become the ridicule of all their acquaintance. In this wretched state, despised by men, and made the laughing-stock of women, they have recourse to the bottle. With this they regale; and in a short time become the most whimsical, impertinent, and rattle-headed, fellows in the world.

If this species of mortals did not think themselves too wise, and too happy to stand in need of advice, or to wish a change in their condition, it would certainly be worth while to consider, if some easy accomplishment, suited to their capacities, might not be found out; the learning and practice of which might serve to render them supportable to themselves, and not altogether insupportable to those who are so unhappy as to fall into their bad company.

To answer both these good purposes, I can think of nothing so likely as their learning to *whistle*. It is an attainment perfectly suited to their genius, equal to their abilities, and,

in all likelihood, superior to any of their accomplishments. I would, therefore, advise these untutored gentlemen to apply themselves instantly to the making at least one acquisition, that may raise them to a level with something in the animal creation. If they could but *whistle* well, they might be able to converse with the blackbird and thrush, almost on an equality; an advantage they seldom enjoy in human conversation; unless a whore, a horse, or a laced coat, &c. happen to be the subject. Besides, their endeavouring to attain an accomplishment, that may serve as an innocent amusement, in the midst of a world where so many pernicious ones abound, will be an instance of their singular virtue, and supply the want of thought, which want they seem to labour under, in the most easy and natural way.

How happy had it been for young Hazard, if, instead of attempting what he is by no means equal to, namely, the art of gaming, he had applied himself to the attainment of this amusing science! He might then, with a merry heart, have been *whistling* for his diversion; whereas now, he may, in bitterness of soul, go *whistle* for his estate!

If some of those creatures, also, who call themselves poets, were wise enough to apply their talents to *whistling*, they might fairly pretend to some sort of harmony; but now they are not only destitute of that, but of every thing else that might atone for the want of it.

The description of Cymon, in that beautiful tale of Mr. Dryden, has ever been esteemed a natural and agreeable picture. There is something in him so undesigning, that one is as-

fured he must be possessed of an honest heart; and cannot help conceiving an affection for him, merely in seeing him walk, and hearing him *whistle*.

• He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought;
• And *whistled* as he went, for want of thought.

How harmless is his employment! how inoffensive his behaviour! Now I would fain see any of our sauntering fellows make so unexceptionable a figure as this honest clown. But these gentlemen's want of thought generally leads them into a thousand impertinences; and, instead of learn-

ing to *whistle*, they are frequently making ridiculous pretensions to taste, learning, or politics: and there is not a coffee-house in London but will furnish us with melancholy instances of this strange misapplication of talents.

To prevent such fatal mistakes for the future, I humbly propose that a *whistling* Academy be founded, for the use of such of the gentry, &c. whether young or old, as shall be judged properly qualified to be admitted members of this musical society.

H. W.

CHARACTERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. SAMUEL BUTLER,
AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

XVI.

AN ATHEIST

IS a bold disputant, that takes upon him to prove the hardest negative in the whole world, and from the impossibility of his attempt may be justly concluded not to understand it: for he that does not understand so much as the difficulty of his undertaking, can know nothing else of it; and he that will venture to comprehend that which is not within his reach, does not know so far as his own latitude, much less the extent of that which lies beyond it. He denies that to be which he finds by undeniable inference to be in all things; and, *because it is every where, would have it to be no where*; as if that old gingle were logically true in all things, because it is so in nothing. If a blind man should affirm, there is no such thing as light, and an owl no such thing as darkness, it would be hard to say, which is the verier owl of the two; and yet both would speak true, according to their own apprehensions and experience; but false, because it is of things beyond the reach of their capacities. He draws a map of Nature by his own fancy, and bounds her how he pleases, without regard to the position of the heavens, by which only her latitude is to be understood, and without which all his speculations are vain, idle, and con-

fused. Nothing but ignorance can produce a confidence bold enough to determine of the First Cause; *for all the inferior works of Nature are objects more fit for our wonder than curiosity; and she conceals the truth of things, that lie under our view, from us, to discourage us from attempting those that are more remote*. He commits as great an error in making Nature (which is nothing but the order and method by which all causes and effects in the world are governed) to be the First Cause, as if he should suppose the laws by which a prince governs, to be the prince himself.

XVII.

A TRANSLATOR

DYES an author, like an old stuff, into a new colour, but can never give it the beauty and lustre of the first tincture; as silks that are twice dyed lose their glosses, and never receive a fair colour. He is a small factor, that imports books of the growth of one language into another, but it seldom turns to account; for the commodity is perishable, and the finer it is, the worse it endures transportation; as the most delicate of Indian fruits are by no art to be brought over. Nevertheless he seldom fails of his purpose, which is to please himself, and give the world notice that he understands one language more than it

was

was aware of; and that done, he makes a saving return. He is a Truchman, that interprets between learned writers and gentle readers, and uses both how he pleases; for he commonly mistakes the one, and misinforms the other. If he does not perfectly understand the full meaning of his author as well as he did himself, he is but a copier, and therefore never comes near the mastery of the original; and his labours are like dishes of meat twice dressed, that become insipid, and lose the pleasant taste they had at first. He differs from an author as a fiddler does from a musician, that plays other men's compositions, but is not able to make any of his own. All his studies tend to the ruin of the interests of linguists; for by making those books common that were understood but by few in the original, he endeavours to make the rabble as wise as himself without taking pains, and prevents others from studying languages, to understand that which they may know as well without them. The ancients, who never writ any thing but what they stole and borrowed from others, (and who was the first inventor nobody knows) never used this way; but what they found for their purposes in other authors they disguised, so that it passed for their own: but to take whole books, and render them, as our translators do, they always forbore, out of more or less ingenuity, is a question; for they shewed more in making what they liked their own, and less in not acknowledging from whence they had it. And though the Romans by the laws of war laid claim to all things, both sacred and profane, of those nations whom they conquered; yet they never extended that privilege to their wit, but made that their own by another title of the same kind, and overcame their wit with wit.

XVIII.

A DROLE

PLAYS his part of wit readily at first sight, and sometimes better than with practice. He is excellent

at voluntary and prelude; but has no skill in composition. He will run divisions upon any ground very dextrously; but now and then mistakes a flat for a sharp. He has a great deal of wit, but it is not at his own disposing, nor can he command it when he pleases, unless it be in the humour. His fancy is counterchanged between jest and earnest; and the earnest lies always in the jest, and the jest in the earnest. He treats of all matters and persons by way of exercitation, without respect of things, time, place, or occasion; and assumes the liberty of a freeborn Englishman, as if he were called to the long-robe with long ears. He imposes a hard task upon himself as well as those he converses with, and more than either can bear without a convenient stock of confidence. His whole life is nothing but a merry-making, and his business the same with a fiddler's, to play to all companies where he comes, and take what they please to give him either of applause or dislike; for he can do little without some applauders, who by shewing him ground make him outdo his own expectation many times, and theirs too; for they that laugh on his side and cry him up, give credit to his confidence, and sometimes contribute more than half the wit by making it better than he meant. He is impregnable to all assaults but that of a greater impudence, which being stick-free, puts him like a rough fencer out of his play, and after passes upon him at pleasure; for when he is once routed, he never rallies again. He takes a view of a man as a skilful commander does of a town he would besiege, to discover the weakest places, where he may make his approaches with the least danger and most advantages; and when he finds himself mistaken, draws off his forces with admirable caution and consideration; for his business being only wit, he thinks there is very little of that shewn in exposing himself to any inconvenience.

LETTER

LETTER FROM AMBITION.

ADDRESSED TO NONSENSE.

HAH! hah! hah! And so, Mr. Nonsense, you really pretend to govern the universe with uncontrollable sway! Upon my word, you presume vastly, indeed. Must not I come in for a small share of this sub-lunary world! Know, presumptuous mortal, that all men are under my power. Is it not I who maintain such despotism in the hearts of princes? Are they not all under my influence? What occasions the overthrow of nations, but Ambition? I prompt the statesman to ascend the slippery path of power, from whence I can with ease precipitate him. The sacerdotal order are likewise subject to me: what glorious temptations do I hold out for them, in mitres, deaneries, and good fat livings! Even the Editors of that Miscellany which gave you an opportunity of asserting your falsehoods, and now enables me to expose them, must acknowledge my influence: are they not ambitious to please the public? and are not their correspondents ambitious to obtain the glittering Medals so liberally held up to their view?

But now for the antiquity of my family and connections. Before the creation of the world I was amongst the

Angels, where I espoused Pride from whom are descended a long race of immortals: our eldest sons are Envy and Cunning, who are indefatigable in reducing mankind under my authority. And shall such a being as Nonsense think to share, with his helpmate Folly, the entire monarchy of this earthly globe! Into what egregious mistakes has his silly spouse led him, poor man! since all the world knows that it was me, and me alone, who incited Alexander to conquer nations, though Nonsense might possibly extend his fame among the vanquished! I pervade the breasts of all, from the king to the peasant; the ladies, too, bow to my authority. I and my vicegerent Envy are even in alliance with Fashion: am I not found in the drawing-room, at the masquerade, and in all the beau-monde?

Recollect yourself, then, Mr. Nonsense, and you will perceive that you are yourself under my sway, together with your whole family. Deny these facts if you can: I here defy you to do it; therefore yield the superiority to me, or tremble at the consequence.

(Signed) AMBITION.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

FINDING myself universally complained of by the writers of the present age, and censured as the general cause of their dullness or ill-nature, suffer me to exculpate myself from so heavy a charge, and to expose their malevolence to the public. My name, Gentlemen, is NECESSITY; and time out of mind has confirmed me the parent of Invention. I have frequently discovered new worlds, improved upon arts and sciences, inspired even a Hollander with genius, and given Impudence her-

self some idea of humility and good-manners.

I have promoted frugality among the nobility of all nations, and taught industry to the citizens. I have swelled many a rebus-making noddle up to the dignity of a sixpenny pamphleteer; and spun a ten-line panegyric to the length of a two-shilling volume, and afterwards procured it the sanction of the Reviewers.

Yet, notwithstanding my intimate connection with the gentlemen of the quill, and notwithstanding they are

are particularly obliged to me for any little reputation they may enjoy, I am never mentioned by them without the visible appearance of dislike, and never introduced but as an excuse for invective, and a plea for stupidity.

There is not a single scribbler of them all, whom I set to writing, if he is allowed any merit, but takes the praise entirely to himself, and throws all the contempt or obloquy he meets with on poor Necessity.

But, though authors are more particularly ungrateful than any others, there is not a single class of men by which I am not in some measure vilified and abused. When the French King breaks a treaty with any other power, Necessity is urged in defence of the motive; and when the superior valour of the English forces puts his armies to the rout, Necessity is again pleaded to mitigate the disgrace. The

venality of a courtier, or the dishonesty of a citizen, are always sure of being attributed to me; and, in short, every depravity of inclination, every error in behaviour, and every meanness of heart, instead of being acknowledged by the owners, are good-naturedly collected, and laid on the shoulders of Necessity.

The ladies, also, are very liberal in favours of this nature. When a debt of honour has reduced a woman of quality to stop the mouth of her creditor by a resignation of her virtue, Necessity comes in for all the scandal, and Indiscretion constantly gets off with impunity.

Thus, Gentlemen, am I treated by all the world: publish my letter, therefore, to set this matter in a clear light, and you will greatly oblige your most obedient humble Servant,

NECESSITY.

SERMON ON THE WORD MALT.

PREACHED BY THE REV. MR. DODD, IN AN HOLLOW TREE.

THE Rev. Mr. Dodd, a very worthy minister, who lived a few miles from Cambridge, had rendered himself obnoxious to many of the Cantabs by frequently preaching against drunkenness; several of whom meeting him on a journey, they determined to make him preach in a hollow tree which was near the roadside. Accordingly, addressing him with great apparent politeness, they asked him if he had not lately preached much against drunkenness. On his replying in the affirmative, they insisted that he should now preach from a text of their choosing. In vain did he remonstrate on the unreasonableness of expecting him to give them a discourse without study, and in such a place; they were determined to take no denial, and the word MALT was given him by way of text; on which he immediately delivered himself as follows.

BELoved, let me crave your attention—I am a little man, come at a short warning, to preach a short ser-

mon from a small subject, in an unworthy pulpit, to a small congregation. Beloved, my text is MALT: I cannot divide it into words, it being but one; nor into syllables, it being but one: I must therefore of necessity divide it into letters, which I find to be these four, M—A—L—T.

M, my beloved, is Moral—A, is Allegorical—L, is Literal—T, is Theological. The Moral is set forth to teach you drunkards good-manners; therefore, M, Masters—A, All of you—L, Listen—T, to my Text. The Allegorical is when one thing is spoken, and another thing is meant. The thing spoken of is Malt: the thing meant is the Juice of Malt; which you Cantabs make—M, your Master—A, your Apparel—L, your Liberty—and T, your Trust. The Literal is, according to the Letter—M, Much—A, Ale—L, Little—T, Trust. The Theological is according to the effects that it works; and these I find to be of two kinds: first, in this world; secondly, in the world to come. The effects

effects that it works in this world are, in some—M, Murder—in others, A, Adultery—in all, L, Looseness of Life—and, in some, T, Treason. The effects that it works in the world to come—are, M, Misery—A, Anguish—L, Lamentation—and T, Torment. And so much for this time and text.

I shall improve this: first, by way of exhortation—M, Masters—A, All of you—L, Leave off—T, Tipling; or, secondly, by way of excommunica-

tion—M, Masters—A, All of you—L, Look for—T, Torment. Thirdly, by way of caution, take this: A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the alehouse benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbour's scoff, a walking swill-bowl, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man.

Now to, &c.

MAXIMS.

(Continued from Page 185.)

TO extract private libels from public satire, has ever been the office of malevolence and folly.

Wit and fine writing do not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn.

We attend to the conversation of a beautiful woman, not because we hear, but because we see her: there is much eloquence in a fine face and sparkling eyes.

He who would enjoy many friends, and live happy in the world, must often be deaf, dumb, and blind, to its vices and follies.

Though general satire is calculated to fit all mankind alike, there are none who imagine it so when it is applied to themselves.

Injuries are seldom forgotten; benefits are not often remembered.

Reproof is never more efficacious than when it comes tempered with good-humour.

Men are more likely to be praised into virtue, than to be rallied out of vice.

Without good-sense, good-manners, and politeness, there can be no social happiness.

Good-breeding, though it may originate from vanity, conciliates the love of all those who feel its influence.

If we read the ancient historians and poets, we shall find our complaint of the degeneracy of the times we live in

but ill-grounded: virtue and vice have ever been the same; the only alteration is in the mode and fashion of them.

It is not the light of the sun, but the shade, which points out to us the hour of the day.

Virtue, like the sun, retains its splendence, though frequently obscured by clouds.

Virtue dwells not on the tongue, but fixes its abode in the heart.

Misfortunes are often unavoidable; but they may be disarmed of their bitterness by virtue and sound philosophy.

Precept is the nurse of understanding.

A good conscience is not only the testimony of a good life, but the reward of it.

All men love Virtue; and yet, alas! how few take her to their bosoms!

Sin is its own tormentor: and the dread of vengeance will even overtake those who escape its stroke.

There is nothing more unworthy the dignity of human nature, than to insult the calamities of the unfortunate.

Travellers, who really go in search of improvement, will always increase in knowledge the farther they make their excursions from home: as a river increases its stream, the farther it flows from its source.

The belief of a particular Providence

dence is the most animating persuasion that the mind of man can embrace: it gives strength to our hopes, and firmness to our resolutions; it subdues the insolence of prosperity, and draws out the sting of affliction; like the golden branch to which Virgil's hero was directed, it affords the only secure passport through the regions of darkness and sorrow.

We should have less reason to complain of the inconstancy of friends, if we were in general more cautious how we formed connections; but the misfortune is, our friendships are apt to be too forward, and thus either fall off in the blossom, or never arrive at just maturity.

Counterfeit virtues are the most successful vices.

Society gives strength to our reason, as well as polish to our manners.

He who has not cultivated his reason when young, will be utterly unable to improve it when old.

No man suffers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceived by good.

The art of criticism, like the art of physick, has been frequently productive of much mischief; but it has been as often attended with great benefit to mankind.

If we would persuade, we must first learn to please.

The source of most of the ill habits of life arises from our unhappy affec-

tation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured.

When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex, and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis.

The chief concern of wise men is to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy; the employment of fools, to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

Nothing is so pernicious as wit, when it is not tempered with virtue and humanity.

The preservation of life should be only a secondary concern; the direction of it principal.

Nothing is so much admired, and so little understood, as wit.

Friendship improves happiness, and abates misery.

The countenance is frequently more expressive than the tongue.

The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, and those of a fool by his passions.

Men should dress, not to be fops, but to be respected.

There is nothing more unworthy of a man, or that argues a greater want of understanding, than wishing one's self younger: if we have lived well, we have lived long enough; if not, we have lived too long. A good actor merits applause, in whatever scene of the play he makes his exit.

HEREDITARY DISEASE OF A MENDICANT.

DINING lately with a convivial party, a few miles from town, the following adventure happened.

The cloth being removed, and the glass beginning to circulate, a man very slovenly as well as raggedly dressed, introduced himself cap in hand to the company. Surprized at the conduct of our host, in permitting such a person to intrude himself, we were about to call in the landlord for an explanation; when the man undertook to apologize for himself, and exculpate the people of the house,

who he declared had not seen him enter.

The singular impudence of the fellow, added to the peculiar stile of his address, so superior to that of the vulgar, excited our curiosity; and we were anxious to be informed of the motives that could induce a person of his athletic form, and youthful appearance, to submit to the humiliating and precarious profession of a common beggar.

'An hereditary disorder, gentlemen,' replied he, 'which has

'brought several of our family to their graves, even before they arrived at my age. I have myself been discharged as incurable from every hospital appropriated to my particular malady. This, gentlemen, obliges me to adopt this disagreeable method of supporting a miserable existence.'—'But your complaint?' replied one of the company. 'My delicacy, gentlemen,' returned the mendicant, 'will not permit me to disclose the nature of my disease in so public a manner; but if any gentleman will retire with me into another apartment, I doubt not that I shall give him such satisfaction, as cannot fail to operate in my favour.'

It was accordingly agreed that a wag of the faculty should attend him into the next room; who, returning in a few minutes, exclaimed, with much apparent concern—'Poor fel-

low! I do, indeed, recommend him as a real object of your benevolence; and shall begin with subscribing a shilling for his relief.' The fellow then went round with his hat, and the collection being pretty successful, he retired, uttering a thousand benedictions on the kind-hearted gentlemen. As soon as he was gone, some of the company became very importunate with the young surgeon respecting the man's complaint, which it was unanimously agreed he was now bound to reveal; and, as he was convinced that the fellow had by this time taken care to secure his retreat, he immediately informed us, that LAZINESS was the incurable disease which had afflicted this man from his infancy, that he gave him a shilling to open the subscription, and that, in fact, we were all bit!

MOMUS.

LETTER

FROM AN ATTORNEY ON HIS CIRCUIT, TO HIS MISTRESS IN TOWN.

MY DEAR CHARMER!

THE circuit is now at an end, and the judges and lawyers are on their return home; but no felon sentenced at the assizes to transportation could have been in a more wretched plight than your humble servant; for I can safely make affidavit, that each day that I behold not your lovely face, is to me a *Dies non*. Cupid the tip-staff has served me with an attachment from your bright eyes, more dreadful than a green wax process; he has taken my heart into custody, and will not accept of bail: unless you allow of my plea, I must be non-suited in a cause I have set my heart on. Why will you, while I pine in hopes of a speedy rejoinder, hang me up term after term, by frivolous delays, which tend only to gain time?

I filed my bill as of last Michaelmas term on the morrow of All Souls, in hopes ere this to have joined issue with you: it is now fifteen days from Easter-day; and, by your demur-

ring, I am as far from bringing my cause to an hearing, as before I commenced my suit. You still delay giving in your answer, which is absolutely against the practice of all the courts. I would willingly quit the fattest client there, to attend your business, would you but submit to a reference; and should prefer an attendance at the chambers to those of a master in chancery.

I stand in great need of an able counsel to move my suit while I am absent; that sly slut, Dolly your chamber-maid, has taken my fee, yet I fear betrays my cause; she is ever preferring some cross-bill which protracts matters, and yet I do not sue in *forma pauperis*, being ready and willing to infeof you in a good jointure, and to this I will bind myself, my heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, by a deed in which you shall nominate trustees.

To save expences, my clerk shall engross

engross it, and it shall be perused by your own lawyer; it being left as a quere, how vastly preferable the title of a Feme Covert is to that of a Spinster; but you still answer short to all my interlocutory interrogatories. If I could but once obtain a leading order to try my title, by even a jury of your own friends, I am certain I should obtain a verdict in my favour, and recover costs against you; for I have a good action for attendance, and loss of time, though upon the *Postea*, I do not think I could

find in my heart, to issue a *ca. sa.* against you, or put you into any other court, than that of Hymen.

You have equity in your own breast, and from thence I hope for relief; decree but for me, and the day of effoign shall be that of your own nuptials, and the eve of the lasting felicity of, dear creature,

Your humble supplicant,

And faithful orator,

PEREGRINE PARCHMENT.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY,

ADDRESSED TO MEN OF HONOUR.

I BRAHIM Shamduel, a Jew, from Amsterdam, just arrived in this city, hath, with infinite labour and many years study, invented, and professeth to teach a very safe and useful method of acquiring the *character of a man of honour*, by the art of confederacy, either without firing at all, or by a mock battle with powder only, as time, place, or other circumstances, may agree; for the utility of which curious secret, he appeals to Beau Mar-fight, Jack Miss-fire, Ben Bolt-ball, Jemmy Loud-roar, and several other respectable personages, who love to sleep in a whole skin, and would yet endeavour to pass on the world as brave fellows. His manner is equally safe, both as to law and surgeons mistakes, or any other disaster whatsoever, except perhaps the fingeing of a periwig, by the flashing in the pan, and sometimes a palpitation of the heart; which fluttering is soon removed by a few drops of sal-volatile in a glass of pump-water.

He hath also invented a very safe method of using the small-sword, or rapier and dagger, (which last was the true Gothic way of duelling) with the Dutch method called Snig or Snee.

His method for sharps, he acknowledges to owe to the hint given by Cervantes, of Basil's stratagem at Camacho's wedding in *Don Quixote*: to convey a bladder of blood near the breast, which a combatant (being first

prepared by a skilful master how to plant a thrust dextrously) is to tap. He also professes as much skill in surgery as the care of such bloody wounds require; and hath, at the request of some valiant duellists, by the application of a slight caustic, which gives no pain, imprinted a mark sufficient to deceive most people, which he can apply to both back and breast, to give the appearance of a wound quite through the body; he understands as well as any surgeon how to magnify the danger of his patient, having a catalogue of all the mortal wounds compleatly by heart, with the knowledge of every ill symptom, &c. for the cure of which kind of harmless pinkings, he hath often gained immortal honour; all which he promises to manage with as much secrecy as any person employed in the cure of a certain fashionable disease is obliged to use. He assures all high-mettled sparks, that by these methods of duelling, he hath conferred fame, reputation, honour, and bravery, on many a constitutional coward, whose friends, for these gallant actions, have, during their pretended illness, frequently bewailed their seemingly dangerous condition: for the better colour to which, he generally prescribes a mercurial course, in order to add a fallowness to their complexions, and eradicate ancient complaints. As his art is quite new, and very useful to society, he hopes no person will pretend

tend to build upon his hint, until he can monopolize his scheme by a patent. He is daily to be spoken with, from twelve to three, at the Olive Tree, near the Horse Guards; and is a low, thin visaged man, swarthy countenanced, wears a fierce cocked hat, a long brass hilted sword, and a blue coat, with several dozen of brass

buttons ungilt; his hair raven black, tied up in a bag.

N.B. He has several short dialogues ready penned, easily remembered, and very proper to introduce a quarrel; with copies of challenges, seconds accounts of rencounters, and surgeons certificates, calculated for the newspapers.

SELECT ANECDOTES, REPARTEES, AND BON-MOTS.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER VI.

I.

IN the reign of Charles II. a sailor having received his pay, resorted to a house of ill-fame in Wapping, where he laid all night, and had his whole substance taken from him. In the morning he vowed revenge against the first he should meet with, possessed of cash; and, accordingly, overtaking a gentleman in Stepney Fields, to whom he related his mishap, he insisted on having the loss made good. The gentleman for some time expostulated with him on the atrocity of such behaviour, but to no purpose; the tar was resolute, and the gentleman, dreading worse consequences, delivered his purse; but soon after had the sailor taken up, examined, and committed to Newgate; from whence Jack sent a shipmate with the following strange epistle to the king.

' KING CHARLES,

' ONE of thy subjects, the other night, robbed me of forty pounds, for which I robbed another of the same sum, who has inhumanly sent me to Newgate, and swears I shall be hanged; therefore, for thy own sake, save my life, or, by G—d, thou wilt lose one of the best seamen in thy navy. Thine,

' JACK SKIFFTON.'

His majesty, on the receipt of the letter, immediately wrote as follows:

' JACK SKIFFTON,

' FOR this time I'll save thee from the gallows; but if, hereafter, thou

' art guilty of the like, by G—d, I'll have thee hanged, though the best seaman in my navy. Thine,
' CHARLES REX.'

II.

SOME time after a late nobleman had abjured the Roman Catholic religion, he was sent ambassador to France, where he resided several years. Being one day at an entertainment, a noble duke, his near relation, rallying him on the score of religion, asked his lordship whether the ministers of state, or the ministers of the gospel, had the greatest share in his conversion. ' Good God, my lord duke!' replied the witty peer, ' how can you ask me such a question? Do you not know, that when I quitted the Roman Catholic religion, I left off confession.'

III.

COLONEL Bond, who had sat as one of the judges on the trial of King Charles the First, died a day or two before Cromwell; who, it was strongly reported, was likewise dead. ' No, no,' said a gentleman who had better information; ' he has only given Bond to the devil for his future appearance.'

IV.

As the late Earl of Chesterfield and another nobleman were stepping from their carriage, a great lamp fell from the centre of an iron arch before the house, missing the latter by about half an inch only. ' Good God, my lord,' says the peer, ' I was near being gone!'—' Why, yes,' replies the earl,

earl, very coolly; 'but there would certainly have been one comfort attending the accident, since you must infallibly have received extreme unction before you went.'

V.

AN Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, the Welshman insisted there was such noble housekeeping in Wales, that he had known more than a dozen cooks employed at one wedding-dinner. 'Aye,' replied the Englishman, 'that's likely enough, because every man toasted his own cheese.'

VI.

A CLOWN seeing the Archbishop of Cologne attended by a great number of soldiers, could not forbear laughing; on which the archbishop desired to know the reason of his mirth. 'Tis because I wonder,' said the clown, 'to see an archbishop followed by soldiers instead of parsons.'—'Friend,' answered the prelate, 'I am a duke as well as an archbishop: in my church I perform the office of an archbishop, with my clergy; but, in the field, I march like a duke, accompanied by my soldiers.'—'I understand your lordship,' replied the peasant; 'but pray tell me, when my Lord Duke goes to the devil, what will become of my Lord Archbishop?'

VII.

A MAN who had but one eye, met early in the morning a person who had a crooked back; 'Friend,' says he, 'you are loaded betimes.'—'True,' replied the other, 'it must be early, indeed; for I see you have got but one of your windows open.'

VIII.

A NEGRO in the island of St. Kitt's had so cruel a master, that he dreaded the very sight of him. After exercising a variety of tyrannical acts among his slaves, the planter at last died, and left his son heir to his estates. Some time after his death, a gentleman meeting the negro, asked him how his master behaved; 'I suppose,' says he, 'he's a chip of the old block.'

—'No, no,' says the negro, 'Maffa be all block himself.'

IX.

A LATE celebrated Irish counsellor, as remarkable for his brogue, as for his bon-mots, being retained against a young officer, who was indicted for a very gross assault, opened the cause in the following manner: 'My lord, I am counsel for the crown; and I am first to acquaint your lordship, that this soldier——' 'Stop, Sir!' says the military hero, 'I would have you know, Sir, I am an officer.'—'O! Sir, I beg your pardon,' says the counsellor, very dryly: 'Why, then, my lord, to speak more correctly, this officer, who is no soldier!'

X.

A FACETIOUS gentleman having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to enquire his name; and, being informed it was Russell, 'Pray,' says the gentleman, 'is your coat of arms the same as the duke of Bedford's?'—'Please your honour,' replied the porter, 'as to our arms, I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is a d—d deal of difference between our coats.'

XI.

A NOBLE lord observing to his friend, at the late exhibition of paintings at Somerset House, that Sir Joshua Reynolds, was unquestionably the greatest painter now living; 'True, my lord,' replied the gentleman: 'let who will cut a figure on canvas, Sir Joshua is sure to come off with flying colours.'

XII.

A SIMPLE fellow being arraigned at the bar, before the privilege of clergy was universally extended, the judge humanely ordered him to have a book in which he was desired to read. 'Read! bless your lordship!' replied the fellow: 'I can no more read than the Pope of Rome.'

XIII.

ARCHBISHOP King was extremely fond of a leg of mutton and capers, the last of which he always was at the trouble of preparing himself. A gentleman coming one day to dine with him,

him, found his grace sitting at his favourite amusement, and burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter.

'What is the matter?' said the bishop.
'I cannot help laughing,' replied the gentleman; 'for this is the first time I ever saw a bishop cutting capers.'

XIV.

A CANTAB having been affronted by the mayor, who was a butcher, resolved to take an opportunity of being even with him: accordingly, when it came to be his turn to preach before the corporation, in the prayer before the sermon he made use of the following expressions—'And since, O Lord! thou hast commanded us to pray for our enemies, herein we beseech thee for the right worshipful the mayor: give him the strength of Sampson, and the courage of David; that he may knock down sin like an ox, and cut the throat of iniquity like a sucking-calf; and let his horn be exalted above his brethren.'

XV.

A CARDINAL highly in the confidence of Pope Alexander the Sixth, told him one day, that it would be expedient to banish the physicians out of Rome, for they were entirely useless. 'No,' says the pope, 'they are quite the reverse; for without them the world would encrease so fast, that one could not live by another.'

XVI.

THE Duke of Newcastle being one day engaged in conversation with the late witty author of *Tristram Shandy*, and observing that men of genius were unfit to be employed, being generally incapable of business; the wit sarcastically replied—'They are not incapable, my lord duke, but above it; a sprightly, generous horse, is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.'

XVII.

A GENTLEMAN lately deceased, who was much employed by the no-

bility to superintend works of taste, having finished an expensive head-piece to a canal for a certain noble duke, after some short time it was discovered to leak; on which the dutchess expressing some disapprobation, the designer pertly replied—'I thought your Grace had known that it is the fashion of the times to run out.'

XVIII.

A GENTLEMAN asking Mr. Pitt at the close of the late Westminster election, if he did not think it astonishing how so many foxes tails could be collected as he saw in the hats of Mr. Fox's friends—'Where is the wonder?' replied the young statesman, with the utmost vivacity; 'do you not know that there has, within these six weeks, been at least one fox run down in every borough throughout the kingdom?'

XIX.

MR. Fox, on his late canvas, having accosted a tradesman, whom he solicited for his vote; the blunt elector replied—'I cannot give you my support; I admire your abilities, but d—n your principles!' Mr. Fox instantly retorted—'My friend, I applaud your sincerity, but d—n your manners!'

XX.

THE same gentleman having applied to a shopkeeper in Westminster for his vote and interest, the man produced a halter, with which he said he was ready to oblige him. The orator, without hesitation, replied—'I return you thanks, my friend, for your very polite offer; but I should be sorry to deprive you of so valuable a family-piece.'

XXI.

ONE of the king's soldiers, in the civil wars, being full of zeal and liquor, staggered against a church; and, clapping the wall of it repeatedly with his hand, hiccapped out: 'D—n you, you old b—h, never fear! I'll stand by you to the last!'

POETRY.

THE KNIGHTS;

OR,

BOTH RIGHT, AND BOTH WRONG.

A TALE.

BY THE REV. MR. MAJOR,

MASTER OF THE ACADEMY AT WOODSTOCK.

WHEN chivalry was all the taste,
And honour stamp'd each dauntless breast;

When falsehood was esteem'd a shame,
And heroes bled for virtuous fame;
To right the wrong'd, protect the weak,
And dry the tear on beauty's cheek;
Two bearded Knights, on milk-white steeds,
Equipp'd for tilts, and martial deeds,
Perchance met on a spacious plain,
Where stood a trophy to the slain:
A mighty shield, on one side white,
The other black as ebon night;
Emblem of spotless virtue's fall,
And death's dark triumph over all!

Both stopp'd to view this curious fight,
But view'd it in a different light:
'Bless me!' cries one, 'how white this shield!
'How bright it shines across the field!'—
'White!' says the other, 'no such thing;
'Tis blacker than the raven's wing!'—
'Recal your words, presumptuous youth;
'A knight should never jest with truth.'—
'Tis you who want to jest, not I:
'The shield is black!'—'By Heaven, you lie!
'Now, Truth, bear witness to my vow—
'I'll die, base knight, or make thee bow.'

While both with sudden passion storm'd,
And rage each angry face deform'd,
From wordy war, to blows they turn,
And with revenge and fury burn:
On either helm the sword descends,
Each trusty helm the head defends;
And, on th' impenetrable mail,
The founding strokes fall thick as hail.
They prance their couriers round and round,
Each hopes to give the lucky wound;
And each, convinc'd himself is right,
Maintains, with equal hope, the fight;
Nor doubts to make his rival own,
Success attends on Truth alone.

By chance, a clown, who pass'd that way,
At distance saw the doubtful fray;
Who, though he relish'd not hard blows,
Esteem'd it right to interpose.

'Good Sirs!' he cried, then made his bow,
Respectful, diffident, and low,
'I'm but a simple man, 'tis true!
'But wish to serve, and save you too;
'And he who's wrong'd, I'll take his part,
'With all my soul, and all my heart!'

The knights, by this time almost spent,
To honest Hodge attention lent:

For e'en the presence of a fool,
Will sometimes stubborn stomachs cool;
And when for trifles men fall out,
A trifle oft brings peace about.

Each, thinking Hodge must prove him right,
And justify his partial fight,
Made haste the matter to disclose,
That caus'd this war of words and blows;
And ask'd if black or white the shield,
That stood conspicuous on the field?
For passion still had kept them blind;
Passion, the shutters of the mind.
'Faith,' said the clown, and scratch'd his head,
'Your honours straight shall be obey'd:
'Tis neither white nor black, but both;
'And this is true, I'll take my oath.
'One side is black, the other white:
'Each saw it in a single light;
'But had you view'd the shield all round,
'Both would have right and wrong been found.'

The wondering knights like stuck-pigs star'd,
While Hodge the simple truth declar'd:
And each, ashamed of passion's sway,
Lifts up his eyes; when, bright as day,
The shield both black and white appear'd,
And both from falsehood's stain were clear'd.
They thank'd kind Hodge, and parted friends;
Resolv'd for wrath to make amends,
By looking twice ere once they fought,
And always aiding strength with thought.

Hence we this precious moral draw;
Find as the Medes or Persians law—
That he who only one side sees,
With erring judgment oft decrees;
And he who only one tale hears,
'Gainst half the truth oft shuts his ears.

THE PROGRESS OF PUPPYISM.

BY MR. COLLINGS.

ROUGH as his native clods, to town
Young Bruin came, a country clown;
His hair, that still defy'd the comb,
Stood like the bristles of a broom:
His coat, of cut, behind, before,
The same as that his father wore,
Was honest drab of Yorkshire growth,
With brazen buttons, and so forth;
The cuffs, pull'd lower down, betray'd
How worldly beauty blooms to fade;
His buckskin short, and eke too straight,
His toes turn'd in, a slouching gait;
With hobnails fortified his feet,
He struck a light along the street.

Now, station'd at a Ludgate door,
The Natty Prig succeeds the Boor;
Like spigot in a cask of beer,
The dawnings of a tail appear;
His locks with many a fiery twirl,
Assume a kind of stubborn curl:

He

He cleans his teeth, collects a grin,
While frequent soap manures his chin;
To angle ninety strains his feet,
And geometric trips the street,
Left stockings white receive a smear,
And none but worsted else to wear:
Now, soon as shut his evening shop,
He figures at a half-crown hop;
The ladies leering—well they may—
To see him wriggle it away;
For sure their little hearts must warm,
At so much youth, with such a form.
• What finewy legs and thighs!—O lack!
• And what a lovely breadth of back!

Now vegetates a nobler tail,
Of substance like his father's flail,
While flakes of powder down his waste,
Bespeak the man of growing taste.
His frock Balloon or Emperor's eye,
With narrow skirts, and collar high.
A button like a full-face'd moon,
Succeeds the coat of Yorkshire brown;
And now he struts among the belles,
At Dog and Duck, or Bagnigge Wells:
In boots, perhaps, to hide the dirt,
And justify a coarser shirt;
Or, as more Cynic bards suppose,
With stockings torn, and want of shoes.
But no such reasons I adduce,
Th' Equestrian is a dress of use;
Where folk may see, or think they see,
Me and my horse, my horse and me!
His hat, abridg'd from cock'd to round,
With velvet band, and velvet-bound,
Shall live, that fashion on the wane,
To be, perhaps, a square again,
With golden girdle and cockade,
Tho' hat decay, and binding fade.
And now the finish'd youth aspires
To breathe a critic's nobler fires:
The playhouse his nocturnal hobby,
A half-price lounge in the lobby;
He damns, by proxy, o'er his chop,
At Jupp's or Merryfield's old shop,
A piece at which he ne'er appear'd,
Or hawks the song he never heard:
And still to whores and knaves submits,
Presuming on the fate of Wits;
Till all his pence reduc'd to pills,
His thread-bare dress to doctors bills;
A dupe to those, and these unpaid,
The prodigal returns to trade,
Abjures the vanities of life,
And makes some ruin'd girl his wife.

THE AIR-BALLOON;

OR,

AEROSTATIC MACHINE.

A TALE.

IN a lone cottage, far from town,
Liv'd John, an honest, simple clown;
Dolly, his wife, and little Ned,
Were all the family he had.

Dolly was constant, John was true,
No variegated joys they knew:
In ignorance they pass'd their days,
Nor wish'd to learn more polish'd ways.
John went to plough at break of morn;
At night, Doll watch'd for his return,
And as she saw him homeward trot,
She took the bacon from the pot:
With no corroding cares oppress'd,
Content was still their constant guest.
One day, when Sol. to take a nap,
Was sinking into Thetis' lap,
The happy pair, their labour done,
Walk'd out to view the setting-sun:
As, arm in arm, they jogg'd together,
Admir'd the fields, and prais'd the weather;
A globe that hover'd over head,
Fill'd them with wonder and with dread.
• The moon is tumbled from the skies,
• And doomsday come!" John trembling cries.
Doll to his arms for safety flew,
And mutter'd all the prayers she knew.
While silent horror reign'd around,
The globe descended to the ground;
When, lo! a man, of stature tall,
Stepp'd briskly from the gilded ball:
He saw the couple at a stand,
And straight approach'd them, hat in hand.
John pluck'd up courage, now, to speak;
And, grasping fast his oaken stick—
• You thing that from the moon came forth,
• What business have you here on earth!
• In the name of all the devils in hell,
• The reason of your journey tell?
• For thou' you be so mighty civil
• I shrewdly think you are the devil!"
The traveller smil'd, and thus began—
• I, like yourself, am but a man.
• That globe, which you have call'd the moon,
• Is nothing but an Air-Balloon;
• And, as the night draws on apace,
• And I'm a stranger in this place,
• With your permission, I will stay
• Beneath your roof till break of day."
• Avail a bit, there!" John replies:
Then, archly pointing to the skies,
He hurried home, and lock'd the door;
His heart was steel, he'd hear no more,
But left the poor aerial knight
On the cold heath to pass the night.

SOUTHAMPTON.

J. L.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

A TALE.

BY MR. R. LLOYD.

THE very silliest things in life
Create the most material strife;
What scarce will suffer a debate,
Will oft produce the bitterest hate.
• It is,' you say—I say, • 'Tis not."
—Why, you grow warm—and I am hot.

Thus

Thus each alike with passion glows,
And words come first, and after blows.

Friend Jerkin had an income clear,
Some fifteen pounds, or more, a year;
And rented, on the farming plan,
Grounds at much greater sums per ann.
A man of consequence, no doubt,
'Mongst all his neighbours round about:
He was of frank and open mind,
Too honest to be much refin'd;
Would smoke his pipe, and tell his tale,
Sing a good song, and drink his ale.

His wife was of another mould;
Her age was neither young nor old;
Her features strong, but somewhat plain;
Her air not bad, but rather vain;
Her temper neither new nor strange,
A woman's—very apt to change:
What she most hated was conviction;
What she most lov'd, flat contradiction.

A charming housewife, ne'ertheless—
Tell me a thing she cou'd not dress:
Soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pyes;
Nought came amiss—she was so wise!
For she, bred twenty miles from town,
Had brought a world of breeding down,
And Cumberland had seldom seen
A farmer's wife with such a mien.
She could not bear the sound of dame;
No—Mistress Jerkin was her name.

She could harangue, with wond'rous grace,
On gowns and mobs, and caps and lace;
But, tho' she ne'er adorn'd his brows,
She had a vast contempt for spouse;
As being one who took no pride,
And was a deal too countrify'd.
Such were our couple, man and wife;
Such were their means and ways of life.

Once on a time, the season fair,
For exercise and chearful air,
It happen'd, in his morning's roam,
He kill'd his birds, and brought them home.
'Here, Cicely, take away my gun:
'How shall we have these starlings done?'
—'Done! what, my love?—Your wits are wild—
'Starlings, my dear! they're thrushes, child.'—
'Nay, now, but look, consider, wife,
'They're starlings.'—'No, upon my life!
'Sure I can judge as well as you;
'I know a thrush and starling too.'—
'Who was it shot them, you or I?'—
'They're starlings!'—'Thrushes!'—'Zounds,
you lye!'
'Pray, Sir, take back your dirty word,
'I scorn your language as your bird;
'It ought to make a husband blush,
'To treat a wife so 'bout a thrush.'—
'Thrush, Cicely!'—'Yes.'—'A starling!'—'No.'
The lye again, and then a blow.
Blows carry strong and quick conviction,
And mar the powers of contradiction.
Peace soon ensued, and all was well;
It were imprudence to rebel,
Or keep the ball up of debate,
Against these arguments of weight.

Vol. I.

A year roll'd on in perfect ease,
'Twas, 'As you like!' and, 'What you please!'
Till, in it's course and order due,
Came March the twentieth, fifty-two.
Quoth Cicely—'Ah, this charming life!
'No tumults now, no blows, no strife!
'What fools we were this day last year!
'Lord, how you beat me then, my dear!
'Sure it was idle and absurd,
'To wrangle so about a bird;
'A bird not worth a single rush—
'A starling.'—'No, my love, a thrush!
'That I'll maintain.'—'That I'll deny.—
'You're wrong, good husband.'—'Wife, you lye!'
Again the self-same wrangle rose,
Again the lye, again the blows.
Thus, every year, (true man and wife)
Ensues the same domestic strife:
Thus every year their quarrel ends,
They argue, fight, and bust, and friends;
'Tis starling, thrush, and thrush and starling;
'You dog!'—'You b—h!'—'My dear!'—'My
'darling!'

THE POWER OF INNOCENCE.

A TALE.

A Northern pair, we wave the name,
Rich, young, and not unknown to Fame,
When first the nuptial state they tried,
With poets gods in pleasure vied.
New to the mighty charm, they feel
A joy that all their looks reveal.
We love whate'er has power to please,
So Nature's ancient law decrees:
And thus the pair, while each had power
To bless the fond, s'quester'd hour,
With mutual love enrag'd glow,
And love in kind complacence show.

But when familiar charms no more
Inspire the bliss they gave before,
Each less delighting, less was lov'd,
Now this, now that, was disapprov'd;
Some trifling fault, which love conceal'd,
Indifference ev'ry day reveal'd:
Complacence flies; neglect succeeds;
Neglect, disdain and hatred breeds.
The wish to please forsakes the breast,
The wish to rule has each possess'd:
Perpetual war, that wish to gain,
They wage, alas! but wage in vain.
Now hope of conquest swells the heart
No more—at length content to part.

The rural feat, that sylvan shade,
Where first the nuptial vows were paid;
That feat attests the dire intent,
And hears the parting settlement.
This house, these fields, my lady's own,
Sir John must ride to town alone.
The chariot waits—they bid adieu;
But still the chariot waits in view.
Tom tires with waiting long in doubt,
And lights a pipe, and smokes it out.
'Mysterious! wherefore this delay?'
The sequel shall the cause display.

2 G

Oar

One lovely girl the lady bore,
 Dear pledge of joys she tastes no more;
 The father's, mother's darling, she,
 Now hush'd and prattled at their knee.
 Sir John, now rising to depart,
 Turn'd to the darling of his heart,
 And cried, with ardour in his eye—
 'Come, Betsy, bid mamma. 'Good bye.'
 The lady trembling, answer'd, 'No—'
 'Go, kiss papa, my Betsy, go.—'
 'Sir John, the child shall live with me.'—
 'The child herself shall chuse,' said he.
 Poor Betsy look'd at each by turns,
 And each the starting tear discerns.
 My lady asks, with doubt and fear,
 'Will you not live with me, my dear?'
 'Yes,' half resolv'd, replied the child;
 And, half suppress'd her tears, she smil'd.
 'Come, Betsy,' cried Sir John, 'you'll go'
 'And live with dear papa, I know.'
 'Yes,' Betsy cried—The lady then
 Address'd the wond'ring child again:
 'The time to live with both is o'er,
 'This day we part to meet no more:
 'Chuse, then—' here grief o'erflow'd her breast;
 And tears burst out, too long suppress'd.
 The child, who tears and chiding join'd,
 Suppos'd papa displeas'd, unkind;
 And tried, with all her little skill,
 To soothe his oft-repenting will.
 'Do,' cried the lipper, 'pappy! do'
 'Love dear mamma! mamma loves you!'
 Subdu'd the force of manly pride,
 No more his looks his heart believ'd;
 The tender transport forc'd its way;
 They both confess'd each other's sway;
 And, prompted by the social smart,
 Breast rush'd to breast, and heart to heart.
 Each clasp'd their Betsy, o'er and o'er,
 And Tom drove empty from the door.
 You who have passions for a tear,
 Give nature vent, and drop it here!

ANACREONTIC.

WHEN, on the bliss I long have known,
 The pale-fac'd tyrant dares to frown;
 Uplifted holds the mortal dart,
 And menaces my cheerful heart;
 The threaten'd stroke unmov'd I'll bear,
 Let not his empty glass appear:
 Or, if he fills it to the brim,
 I'll fairly drink it off to him;
 And, as the last red drop I view,
 Contented bid the world adieu!
 Then, lov'd companions! when no more
 I join the table's mirthful roar,
 But in the silent earth am left,
 Of friends, of liquor too, bereft;
 To my cold sod for once adjourn,
 (I will not ask you there to mourn;)
 But round my grave your liquor quaff,
 And gaily sing, and joke, and laugh:
 Nor let a tear escape the eye,
 Nor let the bosom heave a sigh;

Save only when excess of mirth
 Shall give the liquid crystal birth;
 Or the calm breast replete profound,
 To raise the fragrant cloud around.

H—.

BILLINGSGATE;

OR, THE

MODERN SCHOOL OF RHETORIC.

NEAR London Bridge once stood a gate,
 Belinus gave it name,
 Whence the green Nereids oysters bring;
 A place of public fame.

Here Eloquence has fix'd her seat;
 The nymphs here learn, by heart,
 In Mode and Figure still to speak,
 By modern rules of art.

To each fair Orat'ress this school
 It's Rhetoric strong affords;
 They double and redouble Tropes,
 With Finger, Fist, and Words.

Both Nerve and Strength, and Flow of Speech,
 With beauties ever new,
 Adorn the language of these nymphs,
 Who give to all their due.

O happy Seat of happy Nymphs!
 For many ages known;
 To thee each Rostrum's forc'd to yield,
 Each Forum in the town.

Let other Academies boast
 What Titles else they please;
 Thou shalt be call'd The Gate of Tongues,
 Of Tongues that never cease.

J. N—.

ELEGIAC EPISTLE TO A FRIEND,

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE KITTEN.

IN soothing accents, come, my friend,
 The loss of Tibby, O deplore!
 But first with sympathy attend,
 While I her various charms run o'er.

Her snow-white skin, and clean round face;
 Her upright ears, and sparkling eyes:
 The fairest of the mousing race,
 Tibby, the younger Tibby, dies!

How pleas'd I view'd her turn a chip,
 Or gaily wanton with a straw;
 The while no mouse that out dar'd slip,
 Could e'er escape her nimble paw.

Did she not even mew with grace,
 And purr most musically sweet?
 And, O! how clean she wash'd her face,
 And wip'd it with her velvet feet!

What

What could induce the cruel Fates
To snatch dear Tibby from my care!
And leave the most delicious cates,
For hungry rats and mice to share!

BASINGSTOKE.

E—.

MADAM, MY WIFE.

A NEW SONG.

BY MR. ALLEN, LEWES.

YE lovers of quiet, and conjugal joys;
Dread foes to contention, jars, tumult,
and noise;
Oh! fly from my dwelling, fly quickly for life!
Is't the plague? Ten times worse—'tis Madam,
my wife.

What din and confusion; what clack of a mill;
Or swift-rolling torrent, that falls from yon hill;
Or cannon's loud roar? None of these, by my life:
The noise that you hear is—from Madam, my
wife.

Hark! Murder's cry'd out; I am sure 'tis no
dream:

How dreadful the sound is! how shrill is the
scream!

Run, neighbours, with speed, seize the mur-
derer's knife!

Stop! stop! it is nothing—but Madam, my
wife.

Sure Bedlam's let loose! the fierce winds now
arise;

The loud thunder rolls, and disturbs all the skies;
The earth itself quakes; 'tis the element's strife;
'Tis nature's last pang: no—'tis Madam, my
wife.

O grant, ye kind gods! that these tumults may
cease,

Or waft me, with speed, to some island of peace;
Then with thanks—Hark! the noise of drum,
trumpet, and fire!

Whew! Crack! Stop my ears!—Oh, 'tis Ma-
dam, my wife.

VERSES,

ACCOMPANYING A TRIFLING PRESENT TO
A YOUNG LADY.

DOES Gratitude, or Love, command
This humble gift to court thy hand?
Or say what else it is?

* Both! both! an honest heart declares;
But Cupid, listening, vows—nay, swears—
The present's wholly his

BASINGSTOKE.

B—.

THE ORATORS.

TO wonder now at Balaam's ass, is weak;
Is there a day that asses do not speak?

E.

HOME NEWS

TO A CERTAIN POLITICIAN.

GREAT Friend to Kouli Khan! of Bri-
tain's right
Thou sole support! where supp'd thy wife last
night?

E.

IMPROMPTU.

ON HEARING MR. MINGAY IN THE COURT
OF KING'S BENCH.

SINCE so well, with one arm, Mingay
handles a cause,
How great, had he two, must have been his
applause!

H—.

EPIGRAM I.

WRITTEN IN THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

WHEN we've nothing to dread from the
law's sternest frowns,
How we laugh at the Barristers wigs, bands, and
gowns!

But no sooner we want them to sue or defend,
Than their laughter begins, and our mirth's at an
end.

H—.

EPIGRAM II.

ADDRESSED TO A VERY RIGID CRITIC, NOT
REMARKABLE FOR ELEGANCE OF STYLE
IN HIS OWN COMPOSITIONS.

SO well the critic's art you love,
You only read to disapprove;
And when you write, the style is such,
Others can never blame too much.

H—.

EPIGRAM III.

BY MR. COLLINGS.

FABIUS has Wit enough, to know it;
But wants a little more—to show it.

EPIGRAM IV.

RICH Gripe doth all his thoughts and
cunning bend,
To increase that wealth he wants the soul to
spend;

Poor shifter! doth his whole contrivance set,
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get.
How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's estate!
Kind Fate, and Fortune, blend them, if you
can;

And, of two wretches, make one happy man.

EPIGRAM V.

SUCH a liar as Peter, I never came nigh;
Put the truth in his mouth, it will come
out a lye.

E.

EPIGRAM VI.

BY LORD NUGENT.

THE gentle Pen, with look demure,
Awhile was thought a virgin pure;
But Pen, as ancient poets say,
Undid by night the work of day.

EPIGRAM VII.

BY MR. J. WALKER.

'MY wife's so very bad,' quoth Will,
'I fear she ne'er can hold it:
'She keeps her bed!'—'Mine's worse,' cried
Phil;
'The jade has just now sold it.'

EPIGRAM VIII.

A Lady sent lately for good Doctor Drug,
To come in an instant and glyster poor pug.
As the fair-one commanded, he came at a word,
And perform'd the grand office in tye-wig and
sword.
The affair being ended, so sweet and so nice,
He held out his hand, with—'You know,
'Ma'am, my price.'—
'Your price!' says the lady: 'why, Sir, he's a
'brother;
'And doctors, you know, take no fees of each
'other.'

EPIGRAM IX.

ON A BEAU'S ATTEMPTING TO SPEAK AT
COACH-MAKER'S HALL, DISGUISED IN A
WIG.

THE choice he made for his disguise,
Display'd one instance of his wit;
For who this simple fact denies—
The wig was made a *Block* to fit?

ORLANDO.

EPITAPH I.

ON A PARROT THAT WAS THROWN DOWN
THE NECESSARY BY A SERVANT.

BENEATH lie, int—d,
The remains of a bird,
Who submitted t' all-conqu'ring fate;
Whose master took care
To teach him to swear,
As his mistress had taught him to prate.

If complaint should be made
Of the place where he's laid,
Poor Betty was only in fault;

For Betty, to save
The expence of a grave,
Thought proper to chuse him a vault.

To enrich this sad tomb,
For ages to come,
His mistress, still kinder and kinder,
Declares, with a tear,
She'll never come here,
Without leaving something behind her.

EPITAPH II.

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

SLEEP soft in dust; wait the Almighty's
will:
Then rise, unchang'd, and be an Angel still.

EPITAPH III.

ON AN OLD SCOLD.

AFTER some threescore years of cater-
wauling,
Here lies a scold, stopp'd from above-ground
bawling.
Tho' ill she liv'd, I dare not read her doom;
But, sure, go where she will, she's troublesome.
I wish her, in revenge, among the blest;
For she'd as soon be d—'d, as be at rest.

EPITAPH IV.

ON A LOCK-SMITH.

A Zealous lock-smith died of late,
And silent stands at Heaven's gate;
The reason why he will not knock,
Is 'cause he means to pick the lock.

EPITAPH V.

ON A MISER.

READER! beware immoderate love of
pelf;
Here lies the worst of thieves—he robb'd him-
self.

E.

EXTEMPORE.

SINCE, while Britannia's sons agree,
The Gods pronounce them great and free,
What may not Britons hope?
When all, of every rank and station,
Allow ——— * merits *elevation*,
With Ribband—or with Rope.
H——.

* This blank may be filled up with any name the reader pleases, provided he be a very great
rogue, or a very honest man.



NUMBER VI.
E N I G M A S.

ENIGMA I.

FOR THE PRIZE MEDALS.

BY THE REV. MR. MAJOR.

HAIL! ye fam'd solvers of Enigmas deep,
From whom, in vain, the latent sense we
keep;

Whose wit sublime might oracles expound,
And tread with safety e'en on Delphic ground:
All hail! to you I come in slight disguise,
Stript of my mask, and open to your eyes.

The child of genius! I'm consign'd to fame,
By curious artists of no vulgar name;
The gay delight of laughing girls and boys,
In youth's blest'd prime attach'd to fleeting joys;
Fond of th' illusions Fancy's pencil draws,
And ever prone to view me with applause.

Averie to powerful Sol's profusive light,
I fly to tapers, and the reign of night;
Like Vice, suspicious of day's gairish eye,
In shades alone my boasted arts I try.
In close-shut room I take my passive stand;
Around me wait a gay expectant band,
Eager my pleasing mysteries to view,
And gaze with transport on the seats I shew.
By me display'd, before their wond'ring eyes,
The past, the present, and the future rise;
The haughty warrior, with his captive foe,
The proud, the poor, the mighty, and the low,
By me inform'd, they trace the virtuous deed,
Bright Honour's fame, and Bravery's well-earn'd
meed;

By me they learn the infamy and shame
That brands the villain's dark unhallow'd name;
While airs melodious wait my moral strain,
To charm beholders ears, and please the bloom-
ing train.

ENIGMA II.

BY MR. COLLINGS.

IN all the forms the painter's skill,
Th' historian's or the poet's quill,
Have e'er describ'd, and you rever'd,
My placid nature has appear'd:
A hero bold, a weeping love,
A lion fierce, a turtle-dove.

The lover's confidante am I;
And well on me he may rely;
The sacred trust I never broke,
Till forc'd by Ruin's fatal stroke.
To me the jovial soul consigns
His hallow'd store of fav'rite wines;
Estates to heirs I oft convey,
Or in a moment wait away:
And still, tenacious of your cause,
I guard your rights, and bind your laws.

ENIGMA III.

BY MR. N. D. HACKNEY.

I'M short, and I'm long; and, some think,
ev'ry where
May be found, on the earth, in the sea, and the air:
I'm high, and I'm low, I'm in ev'ry station,
I'm the principal bulwark and strength of the
nation;

The peers all possess me, I bless king and queen,
With beggars and gypsies I also am seen.
All mortals esteem me, and some e'en adore;
I'm parent of motion, of nature the core;
I'm the source of all joy, the true fountain of
pleasure;

I'm the basis of hope, and man's chiefest treasure;
Yet to some I'm a pest, and to others a pain,
To some I'm a loss, and to others a gain;
To some I'm a curse, and to others a blessing;
While many maintain that I'm not worth pos-
sessing;

Yetth'if, when I threaten to quit them, compell'd,
And prove their affected contentment to be vain,
But if I'm once gone, they no longer lament,
Though with me they lose pleasure, and wealth,
and content.

ENIGMA IV.

BY S. B. CHISLEHURST.

DEAR ladies, a Riddle to you I produce,
And beg you to find out my value and use:
I'm a strange kind of creature, neither thick,
square, nor round,
Nor yet in a book could my name e'er be found.

I'm

I'm the first, as a judge, yet for ever in liquor;
To the curate ne'er budge, but keep in with the
vicar.

My mother, in Ireland, keeps up the first place,
But in England she never has yet shewn her face.
My brother and I owe to Britain our birth,
Tho' we never have yet set our feet on the earth;
I am always in spirits, yet never in health;
I'm always in riches, but never in wealth;
I'm always distracted, yet never am mad;
I'm always ill-treated, but never am sad:
In short, I'm a paradox, find me who can;
I'm neither bird, beast, fish, female, or man.

ENIGMA V.

BY F. A.

INOFFENSIVE I seem; quite inactive's
my frame;
And, untouch'd, I keep the same:
Tho' entranced, I fain would conceal

A drubbing oft makes me the secret reveal;
And when 'tis obtain'd, prov's a blessing and
curf,
The handmaid of use, of destruction the nurse.
Without me, even life would be hardly enjoy'd;
Yet by me life itself is full often destroy'd.

From my name take a letter; and, lo! to your
fight,

A strange metamorphose now rises to light;
My nature quite alter'd, my form not the same;
My colour, too, vanish'd, and lost all my fame.
No longer with rage and destruction I burn,
From fury to mildness I instantly turn;
From hardness to softness—so alter'd the case—
Unblam'd, I salute e'en bright beauty's smooth
face:

Give ease to affliction, and mollify pain;
Nor a trace of my kinsman's harsh features re-
tain.

ENIGMA VI.

BY MR. T. WARING, LEICESTER.

HER annual produce rich Pomona yields,
And smiling Flora decks th' enamell'd
fields;

Chear'd by prolific dews, and sprinkling rains,
At once, they bless and beautify the plains.
Thus I appear, after soft sprinkling showers,
The borders smooth, and vivify the flowers:
My glowing bosom feels a gentle breeze,
And on rich lawns the cooling breeze I meet.
O'er Holland, too, I'm often known to roam;
And quit, for I'm a plain, my native home:
Yet neither sea nor wings have I to boast,
Nor, stranger than, e'er leave the British coast.

REBUSES AND PARADOXES.

REBUS I.

BY MERCUTIO.

TO three-fifths of what ruin too many who
love,
Add one-half of what skilful besiegers approve;
And a thing not unuseful will then meet your view,
Which is often unfeelingly trod on by you.

REBUS II.

BY RIGDUM FUNNIDOS.

TAKE three fourths of a cross, and a circle
compleat;
Then let two semicircles a perpendicular meet;
A triangle next set on it's two feet,
And add two semicircles, with a circle compleat:
Then you'll have what by some is esteem'd very
sweet,
Tho' it's scent forces delicate folks to retreat.

REBUS III.

BY CELIA.

A Part of a forest, and a part of a tree,
Give a town which few people of rank fail
to see;
Where mirth, wit, and wine, most abundantly
flow,
And party is banish'd, bless'd harmony's foe;

Where health spreads her sweets, and where na-
ture looks gay,
And the prince and the poet have worn life away.

REBUS IV.

BY MASTER JOHN DERISLEY.

A Ring and a wing, with three-fourths of a fog,
Will bring to your view, Sir, an obstinate
dog.

REBUS V.

BY MR. J. E. NOTTINGHAM.

A Tree, with a vowel annex'd, will unfold,
A thing not amiss when the weather is cold.

PARADOX I.

BY MR. J. MASON, LIVERPOOL.

IN twenty-one,
I prove there's none;
In twenty-seven! five—no more;
Altho', without tricks,
There's nine in six,
And yet in twenty-five but four.

PARADOX II.

BY MRS. S. E. SPENCER.

I Every hour grow old, each hour grow young;
Each minute I expire, each minute live:
I make the rich man well, pull down the strong;
Curse and blessings every day receive.

SOLUTIONS.

SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMAS.

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| 1. An Arm Chair. | 4. A Table. |
| 2. A Clothes Horse. | 5. A Sign. |
| 3. Ribbands. | 6. The word No. |

REBUSES.

- | | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| 1. Coalition. | 3. Icicles. |
| 2. Electors. | 4. A Carpenter. |

PARADOXES.

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. The word Monosyllable. | 2. Your own Name. |
|---------------------------|-------------------|

SELECT ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

1. BY MR. R. TATTAM.

HAIL, Mirth! thou ever-smiling fair,
To thee I now address my prayer:
Tune my song, assist my lays,
And the Muse shall sing thy praise.
Seated in thy jovial CHAIR,
Place me, heavenly Goddess, near:
On thy right, let Laughter sit;
On thy left, refined Wit;
Thus thy throne thy votaries grace,
Each in his accustomed place.
Let each face be wreath'd with smiles,
'Nods, and becks, and wanton wiles;
Let the festive joke go round:
Laughter, loud thy trumpet sound;
Reason, at a distance stand,
Gently waving thy sage wand.
Thus surrounded, oh! impart
All thy ardours to my heart.
If with thee I dare make free,
Guide my pen, sweet Liberty!
Every sportive number bring,
While I thus thy pleasures sing;
'And, if I give thee honour due,
'Mirth! admit me of thy crew!'

2. BY MISS ANNE AMELIA WELLS.

WHICH way inclines the public scale,
Or whether Fox or Pitt prevail,
But little need have I to care,
While I can boast my ELBOW-CHAIR.

I envy not, of Scotch renown,
The CHAIR that gave great George his crown;
The crown, in peace, long may he wear,
While I enjoy my ELBOW-CHAIR!

And, still be theirs the higher seat,
Whose worth alone has made them great;
The while be my more humble share,
The social smile, and ELBOW-CHAIR.

And when old age impairs each frame,
And faintly beams the vital flame;
Remov'd from scenes of former care,
May Virtue find an EASY-CHAIR!

3. A NEW SONG.

BY MR. G. M. W.

I Sing not of Venus or Bacchus divine,
Of Helicon spring, or libations of wine;
I have hit on a subject quite novel and rare,
Then join me in singing the praise of a CHAIR?
'Tis infancy's friend, and support of old age,
The glutton's asylum, and prop of the sage;
The soldier it often of courage disarms,
And the round-bellied justice receives in it's arms.
When a council's assembled, if dull the debate,
To the president often it's service is great;
For, charm'd by the sound, and reliev'd from all
care,
His worship may peacefully nod in his CHAIR.

4. BY ORLANDO.

TO be plain, my good Sir, I'm a humble
young cit;
And, believe me, so small my pretensions to wit,
That should I succeed, and a Medal obtain,
The world the Enigma would never explain.
When led to attempt it, the task I began,
And with speed o'er the works of the universe ran;
Till, my senses bewilder'd, I sunk in despair;
And, as good luck would have it, dropp'd into a
CHAIR.

5. BY MR. J. BECKETT, JUN. MARYBONE.

COME, my friends, your CHAIRS draw
nigher,
Round about our glowing fire!
Fill with sparkling wine each glass,
Briskly let the bumpers pass!
Raise your voices, join the song,
Jollity and joy prolong!
And, since life is but a day,
As the ancient fates say,
Let it, friends, O let it be,
A day of mirth, a day of glee!

6. AN EPIGRAM.

BY MR. J. M——X.

SAYS my lord to Sir Cecil—'Tis just as I
'fear'd;
'The election is lost, and sly Reynard is
'CHAIR'D!'
'I care not,' says Cecil, without the least heat,
'Who it is gets the CHAIR, so I've but the fear.'

Very ingenious Answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA were also received from Miss Sally Brock, Honiton; Mr. T. R. Cattle Yard; Mr. T. H. Mr. E. R. Sheffield; Mr. Francis Browne; A. Witting;

Witling; Mr. Charles Noad, Oxford Street; Mr. N. D. Hackney; Mr. John Smith, Rosemary Lane; M. G. Whitechapel; E. Brayley, Layhall Street; Mr. Joseph Douglas, Bruton Street; P. A——t; Mr. W. Ruther, Banbury; Mr. J. May, Spitalfields; Mr. John Almond, Bury Street; E. B. and A. R. Windfor; Trams; Rosalinda, Perfhore; B. S. Mrs. S. E. Spencer; Mr. E. T. Pilgrim; Mr. George Upton, Saxondale; Mr. G. G. R. Perfhore; Mr. John King, Upper Brianstone Street; M. T. Blackfriars; J. A. T. C. Mr. J. G. Jun. J. C. Vanity Square; Mr. John Draper, Enfield Highway; S. Hofmer, Clapton; S. Mr. T. Waring, Leicester; Mr. John Jones, North Row, Grosvenor Square; Eusebus, Chester; Mr. T. Orford, Beak Street; An Air Balloon in the Clouds; Master John Derisley, Croxton, Norfolk; J. T. Mansfield; Mr. James Wooller, Sheffield; M. H. and F. L. T. Mrs. D. Mafon, Idol Lane; Mr. John Smith; Mr. W. Stone, Bruton Street; E. Newton, Leicester; Mr. W. H. Mr. W. Ingman; and Clio, Reading.

MISCELLANEOUS ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS, TO THE SEVERAL ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

ANSWER TO ALL THE ENIGMAS.

BY MR. T. H.

A *Clothes Horse*, with *Ribbands*, a *Table*, and *Sign*,
Explain your Enigmas, if right I divine;
But, as Callow says No, he can't think it un-
fair,
If I wave all debate, and refer to the CHAIR.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA II.

BY MR. E. T. PILGRIM.

T HIS washing, how horrid the found to
my ear!
(The wash-tub and suds I ne'er covet to see)
And a *Clothes Horse*, by Jupiter Ammon I swear,
Is the worst horse in all the whole nation to me!

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS II. III. IV. V.

BY J. JONES, NORTH-ROW.

S I *GN*, *Table*, *Ribbands*, and *Clothes Horse*,
will do,
To answer Enigmas five, four, three, and two.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IV.

BY MR. E. T. PILGRIM.

T HE Wit's Magazine is a *Table* well spread,
Where the guests are all welcome, at six-
pence a head!

ANSWER TO REBUS III.

BY C. H.

A S an *Icele* frozen that bosom must be,
Who ne'er knew the sweets, gentle Cupid,
of thee!

Other ingenious Answers have been received from Mr. R. K. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; Mr. N. D. Hackney, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 6, Rebuses 1, 3, 4, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Mr. Francis Browne, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4; Mr. John Smith, to Enigmas 2, 3, 5, 6, Rebus 3, and Paradox 1; E. Brayley, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; Mr. W. Ruther, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6, Rebuses 1, 3, 4, and Paradox 2; Mr. J. Stock, Greenwich, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, Rebuses 1, 3, 4, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Mr. John Almond, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, Rebuses 1, 3, 4, and Paradox 1; Mrs. Welch, Newington, Surrey, to Enigma 2; E. B. and A. R. to Enigmas 2, 3; Z. C. Chilham, Kent, to Enigma 2, and Rebus 3; Rosalinda, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 6; Syphax, to Enigma 6; Mrs. S. E. Spencer, to Enigmas 2, 3; C. B. to Enigma 4, and Rebuses 3, 4; G. G. R. to Enigma 6; Mr. J. Rice, to Enigmas 2, 3, 5, and Rebuses 1, 4; Mr. John King, to Rebus 4; Mr. E. T. Pilgrim, to Enigma 3, and Rebus 3; M. Lara, Bury Street, to Rebuses 1, 3, and Paradox 1; P. J. G. to Rebus 3; J. A. T. C. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, and Paradox 1; Mr. J. G. Jun. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5; Mr. John Mafon, Liverpool, to Rebus 1; Squire Ball, to Rebuses 1, 3, 4; Mr. J. B. Syd. Coll. Cambridge, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, Rebuses 1, 3, and Paradox 1; Mr. John Draper, to Enigmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Paradox 2; A Young Correspondent, Jermyn Street, to Paradox 1; Mr. John May, Spitalfields, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 6, Rebuses 1, 3, and Paradoxes 1, 2; S. Hofmer, to Enigmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, Rebuses 1, 3, 4, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Mr. J. Beckett, Jun. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, Rebus 3, and Paradox 1; T. Waring, Leicester, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; Mr. J. Bennett, Chesterfield, to Rebuses 1, 3; Eusebus, to Enigmas 2, 3; R. Tattam, to Enigmas 2, 3, 6, and Rebuses 3, 4; Mr. T. Orford, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, Rebuses 1, 3, 4, and Paradox 1; An Air Balloon in the Clouds, to Enigmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Rebuses 1, 3, 4, and Paradox 1; Master John Derisley, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 6, Rebuses 1, 3, 4, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Mr. James Wooller, to Rebuses 1, 3; Mr. G. M. W. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, Rebuses 3, 4, and Paradox 2; Mr. J. Walker, Bartholomew Close, to Enigma 6; Mr. D. Mafon, to Rebus 3; Mr. John Smith, to Enigma 2; Mr. W. Stone, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, Rebuses 1, 3, 4, and Paradox 1; E. Newton, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 3, 4; Mr. W. Ingman, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5; and Clio, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, Rebus 1, and Paradox 1.—It is observable, that among our numerous ingenious Correspondents, not one solved MERCURIO's Rebus, No. 2.



THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.



JULY 1784.

With a large Quarto Engraving, representing GILPIN, on his celebrated Excursion, going farther than he intended; designed by Mr. S. COLLINGS, and engraved by Mr. SMITH, purposely for this Work.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
1. The Night-Walker. No. I. - - -	243	17. The Peasant's Simile for Cuckoldom	275
2. Character of a Modern Wife - - -	247	18. The Old Coquette. Imitated from	
3. Method of raising a Philosophical		Horace - - - - -	276
Tree in a Glass - - - - -	248	19. Proem. Imitated from the French	ibid.
4. The Speaking Dog. A Persian Story;		20. Verses from a Clergyman to a Lady	
translated from the French	249	who had sent him a Card of Com-	
5. Gradation from a Greenhorn to a		pliments written on the Ten of	
Blood - - - - -	250	Hearts - - - - -	ibid.
6. Dean Swift's Rules for Servants in		21. The Holiday - - - - -	ibid.
general - - - - -	253	22. Epigram I. - - - - -	ibid.
7. Adventures of a Loufe - - - - -	253	23. Epigram II. - - - - -	ibid.
8. Origin of Cunning. An Allegory	263	24. Epigram III. - - - - -	ibid.
9. Butler's Characters continued.		25. Epigram IV. - - - - -	ibid.
A Proud Man - - - - -	265	26. Epigram V. - - - - -	ibid.
An Obstinate Man - - - - -	266	27. Epitaph on a Sailor - - - - -	ibid.
A Sceptic - - - - -	ibid.	28. A Fragment of Chaucer - - - - -	ibid.
10. Maxims continued - - - - -	267	THE SPHINX.	
11. Select Anecdotes, Repartees, and Bon		29. Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	277
Mots; Ancient and Modern. No.		30. Rebuses - - - - -	278
VII. - - - - -	269	31. Solutions to Enigmas of last Month	ibid.
POETRY.		32. Ditto to Rebuses - - - - -	ibid.
12. Humorous Adventure of John Gilpin	271	33. Ditto to Paradoxes - - - - -	ibid.
13. An Ode to Mirth - - - - -	273	34. Select Answers to the Prize Enigma	ibid.
14. The Author's Recantation - - - - -	274	35. Miscellaneous Answers from Corre-	
15. The Merry World - - - - -	ibid.	spondents, to the several Enigmas,	
16. Verses addressed to the Rev. Mr.		&c. - - - - -	279
Mavor - - - - -	275	36. Mercutio's Answer to his own Rebus,	
		in No. V. - - - - -	280

L O N D O N :

Printed for HARRISON and Co. N^o 18, Paternoster-Row; by whom Letters to the EDITORS are received.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INDIANA is respectfully informed, that her *Characters* would have appeared in the present Number, and entitled her to the SILVER MEDAL for the best Prose Essay, if the Editor could have ventured to insert, from an Anonymous Correspondent, any Article where a Continuation is expected. In the mean time, if this Lady will transmit to the Editor her plan complete, or favour him with her real name and place of abode, accompanied by an express promise to continue the *Characters* as far as may be necessary, he will with great pleasure deliver the reward she so well merits, and which is reserved for that purpose.

Tabby in Elysium, translated from the German, came safe to hand, but the Editor has not yet been able to examine it.

The Fragment from *Cheapside* has merit, but the subject is neither humorous nor entertaining.

The Editor will be happy to see the Poetical Production mentioned by *Mr. Rainbolt*.

Mr. May's Epistle from Power to Ambition, will be inserted in our next.

Mr. J. Almond—Mr. T. Waring—T. L. T.—and some others—have neglected to send Solutions with their Enigmas, which are always expected.

The Letter signed *Love*, and the Essay on Mirth, are by no means ill-written, but the Authors have not made the most of their subjects.

The Paraphrase from Solomon's Song is not at all calculated for the *Wit's Magazine*. We shall be glad to hear from the ingenious Author on subjects consonant to our plan; but we cannot oblige an individual at the expence of the public in general, and of our own consistency.

The Editor is extremely sorry that *A. Witting* has had the trouble to write the Account of the Cavern in the East Indies; which, though curious, is not calculated for this Miscellany.

The Taylor and Conjuror is not so happily managed as might be expected from the ingenious author.

The Trial to please all is a laudable attempt; but the Author, who seems very capable of furnishing a good Essay, has been too tedious on the present occasion.

Mr. W. H.'s Song is not without ingenuity, but it is much too long for the subject.

The Editor will take an early opportunity of inserting the Tale which *Mr. T. C.* recommends.

The *Gentleman* who is mean enough to talk of paying Postage another time, must wait till that time before he can see his production's noticed.

Many articles are intended for insertion as soon as possible; and many more, for different reasons, can never have a place in our work: but, as we have often had occasion to remark, it is utterly impossible to acknowledge every article received. Correspondents in general, both in Prose and Verse, are recommended to make their productions as short and as correct as possible; and, where several pieces are sent by the same person, the name of the author should constantly be prefixed to each.

PRIZE MEDALS.

The first SILVER MEDAL, for the best *original* Prose Essay by a Correspondent, is reserved for *Indiana's* Answer to the proposal mentioned above—the second, for the best Poem, is adjudged to *Mr. J. CARR*, Stourbridge, for his excellent ODE to MIRTH—and the third and fourth, given to Two out of the Six best Answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA, fell to *Mr. W. FINCH* of Banbury in Oxfordshire; and *Mr. JOHN BECKETT*, JUN. Marybone—who are requested to transmit their orders for delivery to the Publishers, in the same hand-writing as their respective productions, signed with their real names and places of abode, that they may be printed in the next Number, for the satisfaction of subscribers in general.

☞ The FOUR MEDALS adjudged last month, have been forwarded to—

1. *Mr. JAMES BENNETT*, Chesterfield.
2. The Rev. *Mr. MAJOR*, Woodstock.
3. *Mr. R. TATTAM*, at the Prince of Wales's Military Academy, Norland House.
4. Miss *ANNE AMELIA WELLS*, No. 132, Fleet Street.

THE
WIT'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1784.

THE NIGHT-WALKER.

NUMBER I.

A Book with a bad title, like a woman with a bad face, has seldom any opportunity of manifesting its intrinsic worth; the disgust produced by an unfavourable exterior, usually preventing all desire for a very intimate acquaintance: so that those who have wisely said—"Give a dog an ill name, and hang him;" might have added, without the smallest risque of their reputation for sagacity, "Give a book an ill title, or a woman an ill face, and you may burn one, and drown the other." Now, though burning is esteemed the most honourable exit of written or printed paper among the Turks, and is certainly, among Christians, however ignominious at some times, at others far less dishonourable than the catastrophes which often attend the productions of modern authors, I am, I confess, not a little desirous, that this performance should escape even the very respectable employments of lighting pipes or singeing poultry, and have therefore christened it—"THE NIGHT-WALKER;" a name which, I humbly apprehend, should it have no other use, must at least excite the curiosity of my readers, and render them willing, if not desirous, to cultivate a farther acquaintance.

But though the Night-Walker is indisputably an alluring title, it is not altogether so certain that these words will not give different ideas to different persons.

The formal magistrate, for example, "In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd," may see, "with eye severe," in this my mystic appellation, a new victim to his hourly-increasing authority: "A Night-Walker!" will he exclaim, gravely taking his pipe from his

mouth; "I thought we had had enough of them here already: but we must enforce the laws; let me see how they stand.—Ho, ho! Stat. 5 Ed. 3. cap. 14. "Night-walkers are such persons as sleep by day, and walk by night; being oftentimes pilferers, or disturbers of the peace." Plague on these long, dry, tedious statutes; what says my old friend Burn! I don't know what we justices of the peace should do without him. Aye, aye, he's the man!—"Night-walkers that shall eves-drop men's houses; or shall cast men's gates, carts, or the like, into ponds; or commit other outrages or misdemeanors in the night; or shall be suspected to be pilferers, or otherwise to disturb the peace; or that be persons of ill-behaviour, or of evil fame or report generally; or that shall keep company with any such, or with any other suspicious person in the night; shall be compellable to find sureties for their good-behaviour." Let Mr. Night-walker take care of himself; or, egad! we shall soon lay him by the heels."

In the mean time, the poor, draggle-tailed, trembling, friendless culprit, who awaits his worship's omnipotent nod, whether she shall be remanded to Bridewell, or again turned into the street, if perchance her "lack-lustre eye" encounters my familiar name, will probably, unhappy creature! feel an added pang in her wretched bosom, lest my design should be calculated to increase the misery of her most miserable profession.

However, I hope I have nothing to dread from the magistrate; certain I am, that the most forlorn of all God's

creatures have now been read from me.

With great deference to his worship, and still greater to Dr. Burn, (or rather to Mr. Dalton, from whom the doctor has extracted what the justice has just quoted from him) I have the united authorities of Holt, Hale, and Blackstone, that no constable, or other peace-officer, can take up even a female Night-walker, on bare suspicion only of being of ill fame, "unless she be actually guilty of a breach of the peace, or some unlawful act." Had I not luckily been apprized of this security against the grasp of magisterial power, I might probably have abandoned an undertaking which, whatever may be its defects, is by no means intended to injure, should it fail to improve, or even to entertain, society. For though, in the prosecution of my design, I mean not to eves-drop men's houses; cast their gates, carts, or the like, into ponds; or commit other outrages or misdemeanors in the night: I cannot be quite certain that some busy hyper-critic, big with all the importance of a drunken night-constable, may not take it into his head to suspect me of being a pilferer, or a disturber of his or his friend's peace, should I even prove fortunate enough to escape the character of being a person of ill-behaviour, or of evil fame or report, generally; and still less can I assure myself, that I shall never fall into company with any such, or with any other suspicious person in the night.

It is true that, like many of my brother authors, the ingenious manufacturers of voyages and travels, histories and antiquities, I might very successfully describe scenes I never beheld, sitting snugly all the while in my easy-chair, and of course without the smallest personal hazard, had I not unfortunately chosen a subject in which I have no predecessor: for the learned and ingenious author of the Night Thoughts will hardly be considered in this light by the most lyncean critic. Thus compelled to look into Nature herself, instead of hunting for her faint resemblance in musty books not commonly

known, I have at least the comfort to reflect, that I shall often see things either not heretofore seen at all, or very differently described.

Having said quite enough about the title I have assumed, as the vehicle of what I propose to lay before the public, my readers will perhaps wish to see some account of the particular plan intended to be pursued; and many, no doubt, will be not a little anxious to know who and what I myself am: to the latter of these I shall only say, that I am a Man, and that "a Man is known by his Works;" and, to the former, that I at present know no more than themselves of what matter even the remainder of this my first paper will be composed. Observation and invention together will I hope enable me to produce something new and entertaining, relative to nocturnal transactions; my readers must hope so too; and Heaven grant that neither of us may be disappointed!

I had written thus far, and was really at some loss to proceed, when I discovered in myself a sensation which many of my readers will probably themselves experience before they get to the same place, and in a few minutes fell fast asleep.

As the singular dream which I had on this occasion seems to have arisen from the state of my mind on contemplating the nature of my design, I cannot better conclude this my first paper, than by giving it my readers in the best manner my recollection will enable me to arrange the strange and disjointed matter of which it was composed.

The first situation in which I remember to have conceived myself, after closing my eyes, was in the gallery of a most stupendous Air-balloon; appropriated, as I understood, for the use of authors; who might thus have an opportunity of viewing men and things, which was formerly thought necessary for persons of our very laudable profession, (though at present, like some other obsolete qualifications, either dispensed with or evaded;)

as well as that, on their more lofty ascent, they might take accurate observations of what was to be seen in the air.

As I happened to be one of the very few taken up from the ground-floor, I was dreadfully apprehensive that our perpendicular flight would exceed the orbit of the earth, and that we might possibly make a descent on the moon, or some other planet still less congenial to our nature. But I was quickly relieved from these fears, by the sudden and increasing accession of ponderosity: for, the machine being fastened to a long cable, it was only suffered to ascend gradually, till it should exceed the height of the most lofty edifices, when the rope was to be cut which should launch us into regions hitherto very imperfectly explored; and it was pleasant to observe how our numbers augmented as we rose.

A dozen well-dressed dramatists, and editors of newspapers, popped out at first-floor windows; and about the same number of writers for administration, and translators, waited the balloon's ascent to the second story: but I found it impossible to number the multitudes of ragged opposition adherents, poets, projectors, paragraph-mongers, editors of periodical miscellanies, and compilers of histories of England, voyages and travels, dictionaries of arts and sciences, commentaries on the Bible, Tyburn chronicles, lives and sufferings of martyrs, and books of cookery, religion, farriery, physic, and politics, who issued in swarms from the garret casements, and through the untiled roofs of tottering houses.

Never did I behold, never did I read of, any spectacle half so grotesque as that which now presented itself to my imagination; and while I stood contemplating the motley groupe, the rope was divided, and up we flew with prodigious velocity.

I now discovered that authors may easily soar too high, both for themselves and others: for, though the nobility, gentry, clergy, and other per-

sons in elevated situations, could tolerably well see what we were at, and were the longest discernible by us, the multitudinous vulgar beneath either never beheld us distinctly at all, or lost sight of us in an instant; and we, in the mean time, knew quite as little about them.

I was revolving this circumstance in my mind; and reflecting that, if we mounted higher, we should neither see nor be seen; when I found the machine descending rapidly to the earth, where there appeared to be a deep chasm, into which I was violently precipitated. I was at first too much interested in my own safety, to attend to the fate of my companions: but, at length, finding myself unhurt, and apparently out of danger, I began to look about me; when, to my great astonishment, I found myself surrounded by at least one-third of my old fellow-travellers; while the rest, from this material difference in the weight of the balloon, had again risen, and were instantly out of sight.

But, as it is the nature of man, sleeping or waking, not to be thoroughly satisfied with his situation, I soon began to perceive that we were now near as much too low as we had before been too high, for the purpose of making such general observations as should be profitable to ourselves or others: for, the higher and lower classes still continuing to maintain their respective stations, we could only reconnoitre the latter, without the smallest prospect of ever reaching the former; and, as neither are much addicted to looking down, we had very little hope of being greatly noticed by either.

In the midst of these reflections, darkness overspread the heavens; the assembled multitudes imperceptibly melted away; the distant thunder began to roar; and the clouds streamed with rain!

The storm now approached nearer; every discharge of the celestial artillery was announced by the most terrific flashes of lightning; and before I could reach a place of shelter, apparently

rently at no great distance, I fell surrounded by the electric fluid, and happily became insensible.

From this state of torpor I arose as from a sweet sleep. Hardly was I sensible of the horror which I had experienced. I was in a retired situation near the sea; the blue expanse was quite serene; the silver crescent of the night gleamed far over the gently-rising waves; all the celestial host, sparkling in their respective spheres, were silently pursuing their appointed course; and the rude breath of Æolus was not permitted to disturb the tranquil repose of wearied nature.

'Is this,' said I, recollecting the literary design in which I was engaged, 'a place or season for adventure! I must seek the less innocent abodes of men, or abandon my chimerical plan. What can this peaceful retreat, where honest Industry's unpil-
'lowed head rests till the sun's return, present to the most observant nocturnal perambulator? Even the watchful village-dog is not heard to bay the moon, when undisturbed; nor need poor chanticler be kept awake, in these enlightened days, to make "th' extravagant and erring spirit hie to his confine." Now witches
'now, on broomsticks mounted, darken the pure air, and scatter mildew o'er the blasted fields; nor, quitting these, ride the poor farmer's cattle while he sleeps, though charmed horseshoes fail to guard the door; and who has lately seen the sprightly
'fays, in rings to them immense, dance featly round, and tinge with deeper green the velvet turf?'

Immersed in this poetical reverie, and considering myself as awake, I felt in my pocket for the paper on which I remembered to have begun the Night-Walker, with the resolution of tearing it to atoms; when I heard behind me a confused noise of disorderly mirth, with the trampling of horses feet.

On lifting up my eyes to perceive from whence this intrusive sound proceeded, I found myself surrounded by a desperate gang of armed smugglers, who were come to this place for the

purpose of carrying away the cargo of a small vessel now in sight. The horror of my situation again relieved me, and I became for a short time insensible.

I then, in turns, found myself among sheep-stealers, house-breakers, deer-stealers, poachers, robbers of orchards and hen-roosts, and a variety of other rural depredators; till I began to think the country not greatly behind the metropolis itself in villainy.

I had now got into a stage-coach, on my way to the metropolis. We were attacked by a highwayman; the unhappy man perceived not that there was a guard on the box, and paid for his rashness by receiving in his body the contents of a blunderbuss.

I reached town. It was yet night; and, on quitting the inn, I was attacked in a bye-street by three resolute ruffians. I called out for assistance; they fired, and I fell.

I was now in the watch-house. I had been found drunk in the street; and, being incapable of speaking, from the wounds I had received, was carried down into the Black Hole, where I was laid among pickpockets and prostitutes. My anguish was again too great, and the scene changed.

It was quite dark. I was in a churchyard. The clock struck two. Three fellows masked, and with dark lanterns, entered the cemetery; two of them had sacks and spades; the third, who was the sexton, pointed out a fresh grave; and three human bodies, a mother and her twin-children, were in a few minutes taken from their coffins, and stripped of their shrouds by these diabolical wretches, who placed them in their infernal bags. My blood chilled at the sight! I shrieked with agony; and once more gained a temporary relief.

Almost instantaneously, I found myself among a jovial company: they were briskly plying the bottle, and the utmost hilarity prevailed. I still retained a faint remembrance of the last scene I had beheld, and was unable to partake of the general mirth. In a few minutes two men came into the room loaded:

loaded: they laid down their burdens; the universal joy seemed to increase; and I found that the society, which consisted of young surgeons, was assembled to receive the sacrilegious plunder of the abominable villains I had beheld in the church-yard. I seized the bottles from the table as fast as possible; and continued hurling them at the vile miscreants, till I was totally exhausted, and waked from ideal misery, to actual perturbation of mind.

It was a considerable time before I could sufficiently compose myself to contemplate coolly the variety of extraordinary situations in which sleep had involved me: nor could I well

convince myself that I was fairly awake, till I had penned down a slight memorandum of what I then recollected.

On considering the whole, however, with the full extent of my design, (and, I hope, when perfectly awake) I was quite satisfied that the NIGHT-WALKER, without greatly wandering from the title, might be rendered a very interesting performance, in the hands of an author who possessed common abilities, with the assistance of such learned friends as must naturally be disposed to promote so eligible a plan, by the communication of their valuable observations.

H—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following Character of a Modern Wife, I met with lately among other manuscripts of a deceased friend. The writer was a man whose situation in life gave him the best opportunities of observing human nature; and I think you will make no difficulty in honouring his memory with the publication of this. Should you receive my present communication with any marks of approbation, I intend to transmit you, occasionally, several other characters by the same hand. I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

CLERICUS.

CHARACTER OF A MODERN WIFE.

A Modern Wife is one who considers her husband only as an useful slave to her pleasures; and seldom takes the least notice of him, except when she has a favour to ask, or wishes to impose on him. She follows her own inclinations; despises all conjugal affection; laughs at her dupe; guards her settlement like the dragon in the garden of the Hesperides; and, should her good man be wise enough to see she does not love him, tears are always at hand to answer arguments; and the endearing terms, 'My dear! my life!' and 'My love!' are poured out in such melting accents, that he must be a monster of insensibility who is proof against their force. When the cares of the world assail him, and he becomes dull with the pressure of calamity, she immediately charges him with want of affection; and, by her

importunity, gives a poignancy to every pang, instead of partaking in his griefs. If she hears him traduced, she quietly endures it, without reply, or endeavouring to set people right; and if he happens to be injured by any one, so far from resenting it, she shews the warmth of her affection by contracting a more than usual intimacy with the person who has wronged him. She is infinitely above assailing his views in business, and shews the most sovereign indifference for his happiness or success. If he thrives in the world, she either takes care by a thousand extravagances to keep him humble, and prevent superfluity, or makes a private purse to secure her own independence. If he sinks, she stands aloof; and, instead of soothing his misfortunes, insults him with upbraidings for misconduct. In a word, she acts

as if she married him only to have an opportunity of tormenting him; and granted him a superiority over his rivals in her affection, merely to treat him with the greater contempt. Should the poor man take it into his head that her moral conduct has been none of the most unexceptionable, she becomes eloquent in avowing her immaculate innocence: and, in spite of all his senses, will convince him, or endeavour to convince him, that she never loved any one but him; that is, never cordially hated any other man, or thought him worthy of being plagued with her for life. She speaks in bass all day, but changes to treble at night; and, 'My dear!' and 'My love!' of

the morning, is the 'Brute!' and 'Monster!' of the day. She thinks it would sink her importance to repose the smallest confidence in him; and is as private respecting her current concerns, as she is cautious to conceal the names of those whom she really regards. Nevertheless, she will sometimes acknowledge her husband to be a good kind of a man; always taking care, however, to clothe his character with some degrading exception, which wipes away more than half his virtues. To conclude, she is prodigal in prosperity, a very fury in adversity, a toll-gate continually exacting pay, and the everlasting enemy of domestic peace and felicity.

METHOD

OF RAISING A PHILOSOPHICAL TREE IN A GLASS.

SOME time ago the following recipe having fallen into my hands, to make a philosophical tree in a glass, I was curious enough to try the success, which I beg leave to communicate to your ingenious correspondents.

'Take of the finest silver one ounce;
' aqua-fortis and mercury, of each
' four ounces; in this dissolve the silver in a phial; and, after you have
' put over it a pint of water, close
' the phial, and you will see a fine
' tree spring forth in branches, which
' will increase and grow thicker every
' day.'

Having followed these directions, the mixture began to ferment and heat the bottle so much, that I was in fear of it's breaking; but in a few hours the fermentation ceased, and the next day I found a blackish sediment at the bottom, from which I supposed the tree was to spring. I found it, however, appear the same for about a fortnight; when, having some of the same kind of mixture in another bottle, I accidentally dropped in some mercury, which soon became a blackish bush; and thence I concluded that the infusion was too strong.

I then put some of it, with more water, into another bottle, and found that the operation was what I had been taught to expect, and that it grew into a beautiful silver-tree. After this I laid aside the phials for some time; and when I examined them again, I found, from the sediment of the first liquor, (which was all the sediment I had preserved) a crystallization of a very hard nature, white, and somewhat transparent; but in the bottles with the trees, a kind of salt, resembling white sugar-candy.

Some time after this, in examining them again, I found the tree had on it several thin lamina, resembling tinsel, with a kind of blackish farina on the plant, which gave it a very pleasing appearance; and several times since I have tried the same experiment, and met with the like success.

I would now only beg leave to remark, to those who chuse to try this curious experiment, that their liquor must not be too strong, (lest it should grow in a cluster like my first;) for the weaker the liquor is, so as the mercury will but shoot, the more beautiful will be the tree produced.

E. B.

THE

THE SPEAKING DOG.

A PERSIAN STORY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

A King of Persia, who was in the sixty-third year of his age, grew so doatingly fond of one of his concubines, a fair Circassian, named Roxana, that he obliged himself, by a solemn oath, never to refuse her any thing she should request of him. The lady made her advantage of this monarch's weakness; and every day, by some new and extravagant demand, took occasion to gratify her ambition, her avarice, or her revenge. During the career of her power, a certain European merchant, who had sold her some jewels, in order to engage her interest and protection at court, made her a present of a beautiful little dog, which had been taught to dance, and play a thousand antic tricks. In a short time Roxana became as fond of her dog as the king was of her; only she lamented, that the little creature was not endowed with speech, and could not therefore make a proper reply to those endearing expressions she used as often as she caressed him. One of her eunuchs, then present, told her she need not grieve on this account; for he knew a philosopher, named Hali, then living in the suburbs of Ispahan, who could teach her dog to speak the Persian language as articulately as he spoke it himself; that he had learned this art from a Grecian sage, who had not only given speech to dogs, and other animals of his country, but had rendered them as learned and knowing as those great men among the ancients who had been bred in the schools of Athens. Hali was immediately sent for, made acquainted with his business, and required to attend the next morning to give the dog his first lesson. It was in vain for the poor man to remonstrate against the possibility of such an undertaking; he was answered, it was the king's command,

Vol. I.

and must not be disputed: that if he performed what was enjoined him, in the space of thirty days, he should be amply rewarded; if he failed, he should lose his head.

Hali, we may imagine, considered the king's command as the artifice of his enemies, and as a trap which they had laid for his life. He communicated his distress to his eldest son, a youth of nineteen, who had a ready wit and excellent parts, which had been well cultivated and improved by his wise father's instructions. He had, besides, a most engaging manner of address, a great sweetness of temper, and a beautiful person. Mirza (for that was the young man's name) burst into tears, when he heard the king's orders; but immediately recovering himself, he told his father he had thought of a certain method to divert the danger which threatened their family.

For this purpose he desired Hali to present him the next morning to the chief eunuch as his daughter, and as a person well instructed in her father's art, and who would engage, at the hazard of her own life, as well as his, to execute the king's injunction, and thereby merit his grace and favour. Hali looked upon his son with amazement; and persuading himself that he spoke by the inspiration of the Prophet, who had taken their house under his protection, he made no difficulty of complying with young Mirza's request.

Accordingly, next morning, Mirza, disguised in a virgin's habit, was conducted to the chief eunuch, and by him led into Roxana's apartment; where he performed his part so well, that, before the month expired, it was reported all over the seraglio that the philosopher's daughter had taught the little dog not only to speak, but to speak like a wise man, and answer pertinently

2 I

pertinently to every question. The king would needs be assured of the truth of this prodigy. He made a visit to his favourite; she confirmed the report; and the dog being presented to him, was commanded to give a proof of his extraordinary talents by answering respectfully whatever the king should be pleased to ask him.

The monarch seated himself on a sofa, and taking the dog in his arms, gently stroked his head, (and he stroked it, and she stroked it; and she stroked it, and he stroked it*) and then he proposed this question; 'Say, thou pretty animal, who am I?' After a short silence, Roxana entreated the king to tell her if he was not highly delighted with the answer which the little beast had made him, and whether he could ever have believed the thing if he had not heard it. The king protested he had not heard a word; at which Roxana seemed much concerned; and looking earnestly in the king's face, demanded again, if his Majesty had not heard the dog answer him in the words following: 'You are the son of the sun, the lieutenant of the prophets, and the king of kings; you are dreaded by your enemies, adored by your subjects, and passionately beloved by my fair mistress.'

The King of Persia rose up amazed and confounded; but still insisting he did not hear the dog speak, Roxana lifted up her hands, and thus ad-

ressed herself to Mahomet—'Thou messenger of God, protect and defend the king; increase his honour, lengthen his life, preserve his understanding, and open his ears; and, O never—never let him feel the infirmities of old age!' Then the dog being ordered to speak a little louder, she begged the king to make a second trial, which he did with great success; for he now declared he heard the little creature distinctly utter every word, just as Roxana had before repeated.

This occasioned an universal joy in the seraglio. Nothing was talked of for some days but the speaking dog. His answer to the king was written in letters of gold, and preserved in the archives of the empire. The pretended daughter of Hali was dismissed with a noble reward, and her father was soon afterwards promoted to one of the best governments in Persia.

The author of this tale concludes it with the following reflection. Old age very seldom proves a blessing to great men, especially to those who have any share in the government of the world. The Persian monarch, who ruled so many nations, and esteemed himself a favourite of the gods, and the first man in the universe, was not permitted the use of his eyes or his ears. He was the dupe of his slave, and the jest of his whole court; but no one durst tell him so, and he died without knowing it.

GRADATION FROM A GREENHORN TO A BLOOD.

THOUGH the characters of men have, perhaps, been essentially the same in all ages, yet their external appearance has changed with other peculiarities of time and place, and they have been distinguished by different names as new modes of expression have prevailed: a periodical wri-

ter, therefore, who catches the picture of evanescent life, and shews the deformity of follies which in a few years will be so changed as not to be known, should be careful to express the character when he describes the appearance, and to connect it with the name by which it then happens to be called.

* I have translated this parenthesis word for word. It seems to have some allegorical sense which I do not comprehend. The gentlemen who are learned in the doctrine of inuendos may probably discover the author's meaning.

You have frequently used the terms Buck and Blood, and have given some account of the characters which are thus denominated; but you have not considered them as the last stages of a regular progression, nor taken any notice of those which precede them. Their dependance upon each other is, indeed, so little known, that many suppose them to be distinct and collateral classes, formed by persons of opposite interests, tastes, capacities, and dispositions: the scale, however, consists of eight degrees; Greenhorn, Jemmy, Jeffamy, Smart, Honest Fellow, Joyous Spirit, Buck, and Blood. As I have myself passed through the whole series, I shall explain each station by a short account of my life, remarking the periods when my character changed it's denomination, and the particular incidents by which the change was produced.

My father was a wealthy farmer in Yorkshire; and when I was near eighteen years of age, he brought me to London, and put me apprentice to a considerable shopkeeper in the city. There was an awkward modest simplicity in my manner, and a reverence of religion and virtue in my conversation. The novelty of the scene that was now placed before me, in which there were innumerable objects that I never conceived to exist, rendered me attentive and credulous; peculiarities which, without a provincial accent, a flouch in my gait, a long lank head of hair, and an unfashionable suit of drab-coloured cloth, would have denominated me a Greenhorn, or, in other words, a country put very green.

Green, then, I continued, even in externals, near two years; and in this state I was the object of universal contempt and derision: but being at length wearied with merriment and insult, I was very sedulous to assume the manners and appearance of those who, in the same station, were better treated. I had already improved greatly in my speech; and my father having allowed me thirty pounds a year for apparel and pocket-money, the greater part of which I had saved, I bespoke a suit of

baths of an eminent city-taylor, with several waistcoats and breeches, and two frocks for a change; I cut off my hair, and procured a brown bob perwig of Wilding, just of the same colour, with a single row of curls round the bottom, which I wore very nicely combed, and without powder: my hat, which had been cocked with great exactness in an equilateral triangle, I discarded, and purchased one of a more fashionable size, the fore-corner of which projected near two inches farther than those on each side, and was moulded into the shape of a spout: I also furnished myself with a change of white-thread stockings, took care that my pumps were varnished every morning with the new German blacking ball; and when I went out, carried in my hand a little switch, which, as it had been long appendant to the character that I had just assumed, has taken the same name, and is called a Jemmy.

I soon perceived the advantage of this transformation. My manner had not, indeed, kept pace with my dress; I was still modest and diffident, temperate and sober, and consequently still subject to ridicule: but I was now admitted into company, from which I had before been excluded by the rusticity of my appearance; I was raillied and encouraged by turns; and I was instructed both by precept and example. Some offers were made of carrying me to a house of private entertainment, which then I absolutely refused; but I soon found the way into the play-house, to see the two last acts and the farce: here I learned that by breaches of chastity no man was thought to incur either guilt or shame; but that, on the contrary, they were essentially necessary to the character of a fine gentleman. I soon copied the original, which I found to be universally admired, in my morals; and made some farther approaches to it in my dress: I suffered my hair to grow long enough to comb back over the foretop of my wig, which, when I sallied forth to my evening amusement, I changed to a queue; I tied the collar of my shirt

with half an ell of black ribband, which appeared under my neckcloth; the fore-corner of my hat was considerably elevated and shortened, so that it no longer resembled a spout, but the corner of a minced-pye; my waistcoat was edged with a narrow lace, my stockings were silk, and I never appeared without a pair of clean gloves. My address, from it's native masculine plainness, was converted to an excess of softness and civility, especially when I spoke to the ladies. I had before made some progress in learning to swear; I had proceeded by fegs, faith, pox, plague, 'pon my life, 'pon my soul, rat it, and zookers, to zanns and the devil. I now advanced to by Jove, 'fore ged, geds curse it, and demme: but I still uttered these interjections in a tremulous tone, and my pronunciation was feminine and vicious. I was sensible of my defects, and therefore applied with great diligence to remove them. I frequently practised alone, but it was a long time before I could swear so much to my own satisfaction in company, as by myself. My labour, however, was not without it's reward; it recommended me to the notice of the ladies, and procured me the gentle appellation of Jessamy.

I now learned, among other Grown Gentlemen, to dance, which greatly enlarged my acquaintance. I entered into a subscription for country-dances once a week at a tavern, where each gentleman engaged to bring a partner: at the same time I made considerable advances in swearing; I could pronounce damme with a tolerable air and accent, give the vowel it's full sound, and look with confidence in the face of the person to whom I spoke. About this time my father's elder brother died, and left me an estate of near five hundred pounds per annum. I now bought out the remainder of my time; and this sudden accession of wealth and independence gave me immediately an air of greater confidence and freedom. I laid out near one hundred and fifty pounds in cloaths, though I was obliged to go into mourning: I employed a court-taylor to make them

up; I exchanged my queue for a bag; I put on a sword, which, in appearance at least, was a Toledo; and in proportion as I knew my dress to be elegant, I was less solicitous to be neat. My acquaintance now increased every hour; I was attended, flattered, and caressed; was often invited to entertainments, supped every night at a tavern, and went home in a chair; was taken notice of in public places, and was universally confessed to be improved into a Smart.

There were some intervals in which I found it necessary to abstain from wenching; and in these, at whatever risque, I applied myself to the bottle: a habit of drinking came insensibly upon me, and I was soon able to walk home with a bottle and a pint. I had learned a sufficient number of fashionable toasts, and got by heart several topping and several bawdy songs, some of which I ventured to roar out with a friend hanging on my arm as we scoured the street after our nocturnal revel. I now laboured with indefatigable industry to increase these acquisitions: I enlarged my stock of healths; made great progress in singing, joking, and story-telling; swore well; could make a company of staunch toppers drunk; always collected the reckoning, and was the last man that departed. My face began to be covered with red pimples, and my eyes to be weak; I became daily more negligent of my dress, and more blunt in my manner; I professed myself a foe to starters and milkops, declared that there was no enjoyment equal to that of a bottle and a friend, and soon gained the appellation of an Honest Fellow.

By this distinction I was animated to attempt yet greater excellence; I learned several feats of mimicry of the under-players, could take off known characters, tell a staring story, and humbug with so much skill as sometimes to take-in a knowing one. I was so successful in the practice of these arts, to which, indeed, I applied myself with unwearied diligence and assiduity, that I kept my company

roaring

roaring with applause, till their voices sunk by degrees, and they were no longer able to laugh, because they were no longer able either to hear or to see. I had now ascended another scale in the climax; and was acknowledged, by all who knew me, to be a Joyous Spirit.

After all these topics of merriment were exhausted, and I had repeated my tricks, my stories, my jokes, and my songs, till they grew insipid, I became mischievous; and was continually devising and executing Frolicks, to the unspeakable delight of my companions, and the injury of others. For many of them I was prosecuted, and frequently obliged to pay large damages: but I bore all these losses with an air of jovial indifference; I pushed on in my career; I was more desperate in proportion as I had less to lose; and being deterred from no mischief by the dread of its consequences, I was said to run at all, and complimented with the name of Buck.

My estate was at length mortgaged for more than it was worth; my creditors were importunate; I became negligent of myself and of others; I made a desperate effort at the gaming-table, and lost the last sum that I could raise; my estate was seized by the mortgagee; I learned to pack cards and to cog a die; became a bully to whores; passed my nights in a brothel, the street, or the watch-house; was utterly insensible of shame, and lived upon the town as a beast of prey in a forest. Thus I reached the summit of modern glory; and had just acquired the distinction of a Blood, when I was arrested for an old debt of three hundred pounds, and thrown into the King's Bench prison.

These characters, Sir, though they

are distinct, yet do not at all differ, otherwise than as shades of the same colour; and though they are stages of a regular progression, yet the whole progress is not made by every individual: some are so soon initiated in the mysteries of the town, that they are never publicly known in their Greenhorn state; others fix long in the Jemmyhood, others are Jessamys at four-score, and some stagnate in each of the higher stages for life. But I request that they may never hereafter be confounded either by you or your correspondents. Of the Blood your brother adventurer, Mr. Wildgoose, though he assumes the character, does not seem to have a just and precise idea as distinct from the Buck, in which class he should be placed, and will probably die; for he seems determined to shoot himself just at the time when his circumstances will enable him to assume the higher distinction.

But the retrospect upon life, which this letter has made necessary, covers me with confusion, and aggravates despair. I cannot but reflect that, among all these characters, I have never assumed that of a Man. Man is a Reasonable Being, which he ceases to be who disguises his body with ridiculous fopperies, or degrades his mind by detestable brutality. These thoughts would have been of great use to me if they had occurred seven years ago. If they are of use to you, I hope you will send me a small gratuity for my labour, to alleviate the misery of hunger and nakedness: but, dear Sir, let your bounty be speedy, lest I perish before it arrive.

I am your humble Servant,
NOMENTANUS.

KING'S BENCH,
COMMON-SIDE.

DEAN SWIFT'S RULES FOR SERVANTS IN GENERAL.

WHEN your master or lady calls a servant by name, if that servant be not in the way, none of you are to answer, for then there will be no end of your drudgery: and masters

themselves allow, that if a servant comes when he is called, it is sufficient.

When you have done a fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself

yourself as if you were the injured person; this will immediately put your master or lady off their mettle.

If you see your master wronged by any of your fellow-servants, be sure to conceal it, for fear of being called a tell-tale: however, there is one exception in case of a favourite servant, who is justly hated by the whole family; who therefore are bound in prudence to lay all the faults they can upon the favourite.

The cook, the butler, the groom, the market-man, and every other servant who is concerned in the expences of the family, should act as if his master's whole estate ought to be applied to that servant's particular business. For instance, if the cook computes his master's estate to be a thousand pounds a year, he reasonably concludes, that a thousand pounds a year will afford meat enough, and therefore he need not be sparing; the butler makes the same judgment, so may the groom and the coachman; and thus every branch of expence will be filled to your master's honour.

When you are chid before company, (which with submission to our masters and ladies is an unmannerly practice) it often happens that some stranger will have the good nature to drop a word in your excuse; in such a case you will have a good title to justify yourself, and may rightly conclude, that, whenever he chides you afterwards on other occasions, he may be in the wrong; in which opinion you will be the better confirmed by stating the case to your fellow-servants in your own way, who will certainly decide in your favour: therefore, as I have said before, whenever you are chidden, complain as if you were injured.

It often happens, that servants sent on messages are apt to stay out somewhat longer than the message requires, perhaps two, four, six, or eight hours, or some such trifle; for the temptation to be sure was great, and flesh and blood cannot always resist: when you return, the master storms, the lady scolds; stripping, cudgelling, and

turning off, is the word. But here you ought to be provided with a set of excuses, enough to serve on all occasions; for instance, your uncle came fourscore miles to town this morning on purpose to see you, and goes back by break of day to-morrow: a brother-servant, that borrowed money of you when he was out of place, was running away to Ireland: you were taking leave of an old fellow-servant, who was shipping for Barbadoes: your father sent a cow to you to sell, and you could not get a chapman till nine at night: you were taking leave of a dear cousin, who is to be hanged next Saturday: you wrenched your foot against a stone, and were forced to stay three hours in a shop, before you could stir a step: some nastiness was thrown on you out of a garret-window, and you were ashamed to come home before you were cleaned, and the smell went off: you were pressed for the sea-service, and carried before a justice of peace, who kept you three hours before he examined you, and you got off with much a-do: a bailiff by mistake seized you for a debtor, and kept you the whole evening in a spunging-house: you were told your master had gone to a tavern, and came to some mischance, and your grief was so great that you enquired for his honour in an hundred taverns between Pall Mall and Temple Bar.

Take all tradesmen's parts against your master; and when you are sent to buy any thing, never offer to cheapen it, but generously pay the full demand. This is highly to your master's honour; and may be some shillings in your pocket; and you are to consider, if your master hath paid too much, he can better afford the loss than a poor tradesman.

Never submit to stir a finger in any business, but that for which you were particularly hired. For example, if the groom be drunk, or absent, and the butler be ordered to shut the stable door, the answer is ready, 'An please your honour, I don't understand horses.' If a corner of the hanging wants a single nail to fasten it, and
the

the footman be directed to tack it up, he may say he doth not understand that sort of work, but his honour may send for the upholsterer.

Masters and ladies are usually quarrelling with the servants for not shutting the doors after them: for neither masters nor ladies consider, that those doors must be open before they can be shut, and that the labour is double to open and shut the doors; therefore the best, the shortest, and easiest way, is to do neither. But if you are so often teased to shut the door, that you cannot easily forget it, then give the door such a clap as you go out, as will shake the whole room, and make every thing rattle in it, to put your master and lady in mind that you observe their directions.

If you find yourself to grow into favour with your master or lady, take some opportunity, in a very mild way, to give them warning; and when they ask the reason, and seem loth to part with you, answer that you would rather live with them than any body else, but a poor servant is not to be blamed if he strives to better himself; that service is no inheritance, that your work is great, and your wages very small. Upon which, if your master hath any generosity, he will add five or ten shillings a quarter rather than let you go; but if you are balked, and have no mind to go off, get some fellow-servant to tell your master that he hath prevailed upon you to stay.

Whatever good bits you can pilfer in the day, save them to junket with your fellow-servants at night; and take in the butler, provided he will give you drink.

Write your own name, and your sweetheart's, with the smoak of a candle, on the roof of the kitchen, or the servants-hall, to shew your learning.

If you are a young fightly fellow, whenever you whisper your mistress at the table, run your nose full in her cheek; or, if your breath be good, breathe full in her face: this I have

known to have had very good consequences in some families.

Never come till you have been called three or four times; for none but dogs will come at the first whistle: and when the master calls, 'Who's there?' no servant is bound to come; for Who's There is nobody's name.

When you have broken all your earthen drinking vessels below stairs, (which is usually done in a week) the copper-pot will do as well; it can boil milk, heat porridge, hold small-beer, or, in case of necessity, serve for a jorden; therefore apply it indifferently to all these uses; but never wash or scour it, for fear of taking off the tin.

Although you are allowed knives for the servants-hall at meals, yet you ought to spare them, and make use only of your master's.

Let it be a constant rule, that no chair, stool, or table, in the servants-hall, or the kitchen, shall have above three legs, which hath been the ancient and constant practice in all the families I ever knew, and is said to be founded upon two reasons; first, to shew that servants are ever in a tottering condition; secondly, it was thought a point of humility, that the servants chairs and tables should have at least one leg fewer than those of their masters. I grant there hath been an exception to this rule with regard to the cook, who by old custom was allowed an easy-chair to sleep in after dinner; and yet I have seldom seen them with above three legs. Now this epidemical lameness of servants chairs is by philosophers imputed to two causes, which are observed to make the greatest revolutions in states and empires; I mean love and war. A stool, a chair, or a table, is the first weapon taken up in a general romping or skirmish; and after a peace, the chairs, if they be not very strong, are apt to suffer in the conduct of an amour, the cook being usually fat and heavy, and the butler a little in drink.

I could never endure to see maid-servants

servants so ungenteel as to walk the streets with their petticoats pinned up; it is a foolish excuse to alledge, their petticoats will be dirty, when they have so easy a remedy as to walk three or four times down a clean pair of stairs after they come home.

When you stop to tattle with some crony servant in the same street, leave your own street-door open, that you may get in without knocking when you come back; otherwise your mistress may know you are gone out, and you must be chidden.

I do most earnestly exhort you all to unanimity and concord: but mistake me not; you may quarrel with each other as much as you please, only always bear in mind, that you have a common enemy, which is your master and lady, and you have a common cause to defend. Believe an old practitioner; whoever, out of malice to a fellow-servant, carries a tale to his master, shall be ruined by a general confederacy against him.

The general place of rendezvous for all the servants, both in winter and summer, is the kitchen; there the grand affairs of the family ought to be consulted; whether they concern the stable, the dairy, the pantry, the laundry, the cellar, the nursery, the dining-room, or my lady's chamber: there, as in your own proper element, you can laugh, and squall, and romp, in full security.

When any servant comes home drunk, and cannot appear, you must all join in telling your master, that he is gone to bed very sick; upon which your lady will be so good-natured as to order some comfortable thing for the poor man or maid.

When your master and lady go abroad together to dinner, or on a visit for the evening, you need leave only one servant in the house, unless you have a black-guard boy to answer at the door, and attend the children, if there be any. Who is to stay at home is to be determined by short and long cuts, and the stayer at home may be comforted by a visit from a sweetheart, without danger of being

caught together. These opportunities must never be missed, because they come but sometimes; and all is safe enough while there is a servant in the house.

When your master or lady comes home, and wants a servant who happens to be abroad, your answer must be, that he had but just that minute stepped out, being sent for by a cousin who was dying.

If your master calls you by name, and you happen to answer at the fourth call, you need not hurry yourself; and if you be chidden for staying, you may lawfully say, you came no sooner because you did not know what you were called for.

When you are chidden for a fault, as you go out of the room and down stairs, mutter loud enough to be plainly heard; this will make him believe you are innocent.

Whoever comes to visit your master or lady when they are abroad, never burden your memory with the person's name, for indeed you have too many other things to remember: besides, it is a porter's business, and your master's fault he does not keep one; and who can remember names? and you will certainly mistake them, and you can neither write nor read.

If it be possible, never tell a lie to your master or lady, unless you have some hopes that they cannot find it out in less than half an hour. When a servant is turned off, all his faults must be told, although most of them were never known by his master or lady; and all mischiefs done by others, charge to him. [Instance them.] And when they ask any of you, why you never acquainted them before? the answer is, 'Sir,' or 'Madam, really I was afraid it would make you angry; and besides, perhaps, you might think it was malice in me.' Where there are little masters and misses in a house, they are usually great impediments to the diversions of the servants; the only remedy is to bribe them with Goody Goodies, that they may not tell tales to papa and mamma.

I advise you of the servants, whose master

master lives in the country, and who expect vales, always to stand rank and file when a stranger is taking his leave; so that he must of necessity pass between you, and he must have more confidence, or less money than usual, if any of you let him escape; and according as he behaves himself, remember to treat him the next time he comes.

If you are sent with ready-money to buy any thing at a shop, and happen at that time to be out of pocket, sink the money, and take up the goods on your master's account. This is for the honour of your master and yourself; for he becomes a man of credit at your recommendation.

When your lady sends for you up to her chamber to give you any orders, be sure to stand at the door, and keep it open, fiddling with the lock all the while she is talking to you, and keep the button in your hand, for fear you should forget to shut the door after you.

If your master or lady happen once in their lives to accuse you wrongfully, you are a happy servant; for you have nothing more to do, than for every fault you commit while you are in their service to put them in mind of that false accusation, and protest yourself equally innocent in the present case.

When you have a mind to leave your master, and are too bashful to break the matter for fear of offending him, the best way is to grow rude and saucy of a sudden, and beyond your usual behaviour, till he finds it necessary to turn you off; and when you are gone, to revenge yourself, give him and his lady such a character to all your brother-servants who are out of place, that none will venture to offer their service.

Some nice ladies, who are afraid of catching cold, having observed that the maids and fellows below-stairs often forget to shut the door after them, as they come in, or go out into the back-yards, have contrived that a pulley and a rope, with a large piece of lead at the end, should be so fixed, as to make the door shut of itself, and require a strong

hand to open it, which is an immense toil to servants, whose business may force them to go in and out fifty times in a morning: but ingenuity can do much; for prudent servants have found out an effectual remedy against this insupportable grievance, by tying up the pulley in such a manner, that the weight of lead shall have no effect; however, as to my own part, I would rather chuse to keep the door always open by laying a heavy stone at the bottom of it.

The servants candlesticks are generally broken, for nothing can last for ever. But you may find out many expedients; you may conveniently stick your candle in a bottle, or with a lump of butter against the wainscot, in a powder-horn, or in an old shoe, or in a cleft-stick, or in the barrel of a pistol, or upon it's own grease on a table, in a coffee-cup, or a drinking-glass, a horn-cann, a tea-pot, a twisted napkin, a mustard pot, an inkhorn, a marrow-bone, a piece of dough, or you may cut a hole in the loaf, and stick it there.

When you invite the neighbouring servants to junket with you at home in an evening, teach them a peculiar way of tapping or scraping at the kitchen-window, which you may hear, but not your master or lady, whom you must take care not to disturb or frighten at such unseasonable hours.

Lay all faults upon a lap-dog, or favourite cat, a monkey, a parrot, a child; or on the servant who was last turned off: by this rule you will excuse yourself, do no hurt to any body else, and save your master or lady from the trouble and vexation of chiding.

When you want proper instruments for any work you are about, use all expedients you can invent, rather than leave your work undone. For instance, if the poker be out of the way, or broken, stir the fire with the tongs; if the tongs be not at hand, use the muzzle of the bellows, the wrong end of the fire-shovel, the handle of the fire-brush, the end of a mop, or your master's cane. If you want paper to singe a fowl, tear the first book you see about the house. Wipe your shoes, for want of a clout, with the bottom of a curtain, or a da-

mask napkin. Strip your livery-lace for garters. If the butler wants a jorden, he may use the great silver cup.

There are several ways of putting out candles, and you ought to be instructed in them all: you may run the candle-end against the wainscot, which puts the snuff out immediately: you may lay it on the ground, and tread the snuff out with your foot: you may hold it upside-down, until it is choaked with it's own grease: or cram it into the socket of the candlestick: you may whirl it round in your hand till it goes out: when you go to bed, after you have made water, you may dip the candle-end into the chamber-pot: you may spit on your finger and thumb, and pinch the snuff till it goes out. The cook may run the candle's nose into the meal-tub, or the groom into a vessel of oats, or a lock of hay, or a heap of litter: the house-maid may put out her candle by running it against a looking-glass, which nothing cleans so well as candle-snuff: but the quickest and best of all methods is, to blow it out with your breath, which leaves the candle clear, and readier to be lighted.

There is nothing so pernicious in a family as a tell-tale, against whom it must be the principal business of you all to unite; whatever office he serves

in, take all opportunities to spoil the business he is about, and to cross him in every thing. For instance, if the butler be a tell-tale, break his glasses whenever he leaves the pantry-door open; or lock the cat or the mastiff in it, who will do as well: mislay a fork or a spoon, so as he may never find it. If it be the cook, whenever she turns her back, throw a lump of foot, or a handful of salt, in the pot, or smoaking coals into the dripping-pan, or daub the roast-meat with the back of the chimney, or hide the key of the jack. If a footman be suspected, let the cook daub the back of his new livery; or when he is going up with a dish of soup, let her follow him softly with a ladle-full, and dribble it all the way up stairs to the dining-room, and then let the house-maid make such a noise, that her lady may hear it. The waiting-maid is very likely to be guilty of this fault in hopes to ingratiate herself: in this case the landress must be sure to tear her smocks in the washing, and yet wash them but half; and, when she complains, tell all the house that she sweats so much, and her flesh is so nasty, that she fouls a smock more in one hour, than the kitchen-maid doth in a week.

ADVENTURES OF A LOUSE.

A Few nights ago, after I came home from the tavern, I took up the last number of the Wit's Magazine, which at present is deposited in my chamber, and happened to read the narrative of a Flea. After I fell asleep, I imagined the book still to lie open before me, and that at the bottom of the page I saw not a Flea but a LOUSE, who addressed me with such solemnity of accent, that it brought to my mind some orations which I had formerly heard in Saint Stephen's Chapel.

'Sir,' said he, 'it has been remarked by those who have enriched themselves from the mines of knowledge by deep researches and laborious study, that sublunary be-

ings are all mortal, and that life is a state of perpetual peril and inquietude: such, indeed, hitherto, has been my experience; and yet I do not remember that I have brought calamity upon myself by any uncommon deviations either from virtue or prudence.

'I was hatched in the head of a boy about eight years old, who was placed under the care of a parish nurse, and educated at the charity-school. In this place, as in a populous city, I soon obtained a settlement; and, as our state of adolescence is short, had in a few months a numerous family. This, indeed, was the happiest period of my life; I suffered little apprehension from the comb

comb or the razor, and foresaw no misfortune, except that our country should be overstocked, and we should be compelled to wander, like the Barbarians of the North, in search of another. But it happened that the lord of our soil, in an evil hour, went with some of his companions to Highgate. Just at the top of the hill was a stage and a mountebank, where several feats of wit and humour were performed by a gentleman with a gridiron upon his back, who assisted the doctor in his vocation. We were presently in the midst of the crowd, and soon after upon the stage; which the boy was persuaded to ascend, that, by a sudden stroke of conjuration, a great quantity of gold might be conveyed under his hat. Under his hat, however, the dextrous, but mischievous operator, having imperceptibly conveyed a rotten egg, clapped his hand smartly upon it, and shewed the *aurum potabile* running down on each side, to the unspeakable delight of the beholders, but to the great disappointment of the boy, and the total ruin of our community.

It is impossible to describe the confusion and distress which this accident instantly produced among us: we were at once buried in a quag, intolerably noisome, and insuperably viscid: those who had been overturned in it's passage, found it impossible to recover their situation; and the few who, happening to lie near the borders of the suffusion, had with the utmost efforts of their strength crawled to those parts which it had not reached, laboured in vain to free themselves from shackles which every moment became more strong as the substance which formed them grew more hard, and threatened in a short time totally to deprive them of all power of motion. I was myself among this number, and cannot even now recollect my situation without shuddering at my danger. In the mean time the candidate for enchanted gold, who in

the search of pleasure had found only dirt and hunger, weariness and disappointment, reflecting that his stolen holiday was at an end, returned forlorn and disconsolate to his nurse. The nose of this good woman was soon offended by an unfavoury smell, and it was not long before she discovered whence it proceeded. A few questions, and a good thump on the back, brought the whole secret to light; and the delinquent, that he might be at once purified and punished, was carried to the next pump, where his head was held under the spout till he had received the discipline of a pickpocket. He was indeed very near being drowned; but his sufferings were nothing in comparison of ours. We were overwhelmed with a second inundation; the cataracts, which burst upon us with a noise tenfold more dreadful than thunder, swept us by hundreds before them, and the few that remained would not have had strength to keep their hold against the impetuosity of the torrent, if it had continued a few minutes longer. I was still among those that escaped; and after we had a little recovered from our fright, we found that, if we had lost our friends, we were released from the viscous duration which our own strength could never have broken. We were also delivered from the dread of an emigration and a famine; and taking comfort in these reflections, we were enabled to reconcile ourselves, without murmuring, to the fate of those who had perished.

But the series of misfortunes which I have been doomed to suffer, without respite, was now begun. The next day was Holy Thursday; and the stupendous being, who, without labour, carried the ruins of our state in procession to the bounds of his parish, thought fit to break his wand into a cudgel as soon as he came home. This he was impatient to use; and in an engagement with an adversary, who

‘ had armed himself with the like
‘ weapon, he received a stroke upon
‘ his head, by which my favourite
‘ wife and three children, the whole
‘ remains of my family, were crushed
‘ to atoms in a moment. I was my-
‘ self so near, as to be thrown down
‘ by the concussion of the blow; and
‘ the boy immediately scratching his
‘ head to alleviate the smart, was
‘ within a hair of destroying me with
‘ his nail.

‘ I was so terrified at this accident,
‘ that I crept down to the nape of
‘ his neck, where I continued all the
‘ rest of the day; and at night, when
‘ he retired to eat his crust of bread
‘ in the chimney-corner, I concluded
‘ that I should at least be safe till the
‘ morning, and therefore began my
‘ repast, which the dangers and mis-
‘ fortunes of the day had prevented.
‘ Whether, having long fasted, my
‘ bite was more keen than usual, or
‘ whether I had made my attack in
‘ a more sensible part, I cannot tell;
‘ but the boy suddenly thrust up his
‘ fingers with so much speed and
‘ dexterity, that he laid hold of me,
‘ and aimed with all his force to
‘ throw me into the fire: in this sa-
‘ vage attempt he would certainly
‘ have succeeded, if I had not stuck
‘ between his finger and his nail,
‘ and fell short upon some linen that
‘ was hanging to dry.

‘ The woman, who took in wash-
‘ ing, was employed by a laundress
‘ of some distinction; and it hap-
‘ pened that I had fallen on the shift-
‘ sleeve of a celebrated toast, who
‘ frequently made her appearance at
‘ court. I concealed myself with
‘ great caution in the plaits, and the
‘ next night had the honour to ac-
‘ company her into the drawing-
‘ room, where she was surrounded
‘ by rival beauties, from whom she
‘ attracted every eye, and stood with
‘ the utmost composure of mind and
‘ countenance in the centre of ad-
‘ miration and desire. In this situa-
‘ tion I became impatient of con-
‘ finement; and, after several efforts,
‘ made my way out by her tucker,

‘ hoping to have passed on under her
‘ handkerchief to her head: but in
‘ this hope I was disappointed, for
‘ handkerchief she had none. I was
‘ not, however, willing to go back;
‘ and as my station was the principal
‘ object of the whole circle, I was
‘ soon discovered by those who stood
‘ near. They gazed at me with eager
‘ attention, and sometimes turned
‘ towards each other with very intel-
‘ ligent looks; but of this the lady
‘ took no notice, as it was the com-
‘ mon effect of that profusion of
‘ beauty which she had been used to
‘ pour upon every eye: the emotion,
‘ however, at length increased till she
‘ observed it, and glancing her eye
‘ downward with a secret exultation,
‘ she discovered the cause. Pride in-
‘ stantly covered those cheeks with
‘ blushes which modesty had for-
‘ saken; and as I was now become
‘ sensible of my danger, I was hast-
‘ ing to retreat. At this instant a
‘ young nobleman, who perceived
‘ that the lady was become sensible
‘ of her disgrace, and who, perhaps,
‘ thought that it might be deemed
‘ an indecorum to approach the place
‘ where I stood with his hand in a
‘ public assembly, stooped down, and
‘ holding up his hat to his face, di-
‘ rected so violent a blast towards
‘ me from his mouth, that I vanished
‘ before it like an atom in a whirl-
‘ wind, and the next moment found
‘ myself in the toupee of a battered
‘ beau, whose attention was engros-
‘ sed by the widow of a rich citizen,
‘ with whose plumb he hoped to pay
‘ his debts and procure a new mis-
‘ tress.

‘ In this place the hair was so thin,
‘ that it scarce afforded me shelter;
‘ except a single row of curls on each
‘ side, where the powder and grease
‘ were insuperable obstacles to my
‘ progress: here, however, I con-
‘ tinued near a week, but it was in
‘ every respect a dreadful situation.
‘ I lived in perpetual solitude and
‘ danger, secluded from my species,
‘ and exposed to the cursed claws of
‘ the valet, who persecuted me every
‘ morning

‘ morning and every night. In the
 ‘ morning, it was with the utmost
 ‘ difficulty that I escaped from being
 ‘ kneaded up in a lump of pomat-
 ‘ um, or squeezed to death between
 ‘ the burning forceps of a crisping-
 ‘ iron; and at night, after I had with
 ‘ the utmost vigilance and dexterity
 ‘ evaded the comb, I was still lia-
 ‘ ble to be thrust through the body
 ‘ with a pin.

‘ I frequently meditated my escape,
 ‘ and formed many projects to effect
 ‘ it, which I afterwards abandoned
 ‘ either as dangerous or impractica-
 ‘ ble. I observed that the valet had
 ‘ a much better head of hair than his
 ‘ master, and that he sometimes wore
 ‘ the same bag; into the bag, there-
 ‘ fore, one evening, I descended with
 ‘ great circumspection, and was re-
 ‘ moved with it; nor was it long be-
 ‘ fore my utmost expectations were
 ‘ answered, for the valet tied on my
 ‘ dormitory to his own hair the very
 ‘ next morning, and I gained a new
 ‘ settlement.

‘ But the bag was not the only part
 ‘ of the master’s dress which was oc-
 ‘ casionally appropriated by the ser-
 ‘ vant; who being soon after my ex-
 ‘ ploit detected in wearing a laced
 ‘ frock before it had been left off,
 ‘ was turned away at a minute’s
 ‘ warning; and despairing to obtain
 ‘ a character, returned to the occu-
 ‘ pation in which he had been bred,
 ‘ and became journeyman to a bar-
 ‘ ber in the city; who, upon seeing
 ‘ a specimen of his skill to dress hair
 ‘ *a-la mode de la cour*, was willing to
 ‘ receive him without a scrupulous
 ‘ examination of his morals.

‘ This change in the situation of
 ‘ my patron was of great advantage
 ‘ to me; for I began to have more
 ‘ company and less disturbance. But
 ‘ among other persons whom he at-
 ‘ tended every morning to shave,
 ‘ was an elderly gentleman of great
 ‘ repute for natural knowledge; a
 ‘ fellow of many foreign societies,
 ‘ and a profound adept in experi-
 ‘ mental philosophy. This gentle-
 ‘ man having conceived a design to

‘ repeat Leuenhoeck’s experiments
 ‘ upon the increase of our species,
 ‘ enquired of the proprietor of my
 ‘ dwelling if he could help him to a
 ‘ subject. The man was at first startled
 ‘ at the question; but it was no sooner
 ‘ comprehended, than he pulled out
 ‘ an ivory comb, and produced my-
 ‘ self and two associates, one of whom
 ‘ died soon after of the hurt he re-
 ‘ ceived.

‘ The sage received us with thanks,
 ‘ and very carefully conveyed us in-
 ‘ to his stocking, where, though it
 ‘ was not a situation perfectly agree-
 ‘ able to our nature, we produced a
 ‘ numerous progeny. Here, how-
 ‘ ever, I suffered new calamity, and
 ‘ was exposed to new danger. The
 ‘ philosopher, whom a sedentary and
 ‘ recluse life had rendered extremely
 ‘ susceptible of cold, would often sit
 ‘ with his shins so near the fire, that
 ‘ we were almost scorched to death
 ‘ before we could get round to the
 ‘ calf for shelter. He was also sub-
 ‘ ject to frequent abstractions of mind;
 ‘ and at these times many of us have
 ‘ been miserably destroyed by his
 ‘ broth or his tea; which he would
 ‘ hold so much on one side, that it
 ‘ would run over the vessel, and over-
 ‘ flow us with a scalding deluge from
 ‘ his knee to his ankle: nor was this
 ‘ all; for when he felt the smart, he
 ‘ would rub the part with his hand,
 ‘ without reflecting upon his nursery,
 ‘ till he had crushed great part of
 ‘ those that had escaped. Still, how-
 ‘ ever, it was my fortune to survive
 ‘ for new adventures.

‘ The philosopher, among other vi-
 ‘ sitants whose curiosity he was pleas-
 ‘ ed to gratify, was sometimes fa-
 ‘ voured with the company of la-
 ‘ dies; for the entertainment of a
 ‘ lady it was my misfortune to be one
 ‘ morning taken from my family
 ‘ when I least suspected it, and se-
 ‘ cured in the apparatus of a solar
 ‘ microscope. After I had contri-
 ‘ buted to their astonishment and di-
 ‘ version near an hour, I was left with
 ‘ the utmost inhumanity and ingra-
 ‘ titude to perish of hunger, immured
 ‘ between

' between the two pieces of iinglass
 ' through which I had been exhib-
 ' ited. In this condition I remained
 ' three days and three nights; and
 ' should certainly have perished in
 ' the fourth, if a boy about seven
 ' years old, who was carelessly left
 ' alone in the room, had not poked
 ' his finger through the hole in which
 ' I was confined, and once more set
 ' me at liberty. I was, however,
 ' extremely weak; and the window
 ' being open, I was blown into the
 ' street, and fell on the uncovered
 ' periwig of a doctor of physic, who
 ' had just alighted to visit a patient.
 ' This was the first time I had ever
 ' entered a periwig; a situation which
 ' I scarce less deprecated than the mi-
 ' croscope: I found it a desolate wil-
 ' derness, without inhabitants and
 ' without bounds. I continued to
 ' traverse it with incredible labour;
 ' but I knew not in what direction,
 ' and despaired of being ever restored
 ' either to food or rest. My spirits
 ' were at length exhausted, my gripe
 ' relaxed, and I fell, almost in a state
 ' of insensibility, from the verge of
 ' the labyrinth in which I had been
 ' bewildered, into the head of a pa-
 ' tient in the hospital; over whom,
 ' after my fall, I could just perceive
 ' the doctor leaning to look at his
 ' tongue.

' By the warmth and nourishment
 ' which this place afforded me, I soon
 ' revived. I rejoiced at my deliver-
 ' ance, and thought I had nothing
 ' to fear but the death of the patient
 ' in whose head I had taken shelter.

' I was, however, soon convinced
 ' of my mistake; for, among other
 ' patients in the same ward, was a
 ' child about six years old, who hav-
 ' ing been put in for a rupture, had
 ' fallen into the jaundice. For this
 ' disease the nurse, in the absence of
 ' the physician, prescribed a certain
 ' number of my species to be admi-
 ' nistered alive in a spoonful of milk.
 ' A collection was immediately made,
 ' and I was numbered among the
 ' unhappy victims which ignorance

' and inhumanity had thus devoted
 ' to destruction: I was immersed in
 ' the potion, and saw myself approach
 ' the horrid jaws that I expected
 ' would the next moment close over
 ' me; not but that, in this dreadful
 ' moment, I had some languid hope
 ' of passing the gulph unhurt, and
 ' finding a settlement at the bottom.
 ' My fate, however, was otherwise
 ' determined, for the child, in a fit
 ' of frowardness and anger, dashed
 ' the spoon out of the hand of the
 ' nurse; and after incredible fatigue
 ' I recovered the station to which I
 ' had descended from the doctor's
 ' wig.

' I was once more congratulating
 ' myself on an escape almost miracu-
 ' lous, when I was alarmed by the
 ' appearance of a barber, with all the
 ' dreadful apparatus of his trade. I
 ' soon found that the person whose
 ' head I had chosen for an asylum was
 ' become delirious, and that the hair
 ' was by the physician's order to be
 ' removed for a blister.

' Here my courage totally failed,
 ' and all my hope forsook me. It
 ' happened, however, that though I
 ' was entangled in the suds, yet I
 ' was deposited unhurt upon the ope-
 ' rator's shaving-cloth; from whence,
 ' as he was shaving you this night, I
 ' gained your shoulder, and have this
 ' moment crawled out from the plait
 ' of your stock, which you have just
 ' taken off and laid upon this table.
 ' Whether this event be fortunate or
 ' unfortunate, time only can disco-
 ' ver: but I still hope to find some
 ' dwelling where no comb shall ever
 ' enter, and no nails shall ever scratch;
 ' which neither pincers nor razor
 ' shall approach; where I shall pass
 ' the remainder of life in perfect se-
 ' curity and repose, amidst the smiles
 ' of society, and the profusion of
 ' plenty.'

At this hope, so extravagant and ri-
 diculous, uttered with such solemnity
 of diction and manner, I burst into a
 fit of immoderate laughter that awaked
 me: but my mirth was instantly re-
 pressed

pressed by reflecting that the life of man is not less exposed to evil; and that all his expectations of security and happiness in temporal possessions,

are equally chimerical and absurd. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,
DORMITOR.

ORIGIN OF CUNNING.

AN ALLEGORY.

SOON after the expiration of that golden age, in which perpetual and spontaneous plenty precluded all temptation to violence and fraud, Apollo, the god of wisdom, of eloquence and music, became enamoured of one of the nymphs who graced the train of Diana. The nymph, whose name time has not preserved with her story, was at first inflexible; but the suit which her chastity refused, her vanity still continued to permit: and thus, though wisdom, eloquence, and music, were ineffectual, yet perseverance prevailed. The pride of virtue was imperceptibly softened; and the sense of guilt had been so often lost in the anticipation of delight, that it did not always return: to this delight there remained no obstacle but the fear of shame; and the fear of shame, as desire perpetually increased, was at last surmounted.

Apollo perceived and pursued his advantage; and the nymph silently consented to an assignation: the place was a grotto far sequestered from the path of the traveller, and the time was midnight.

When nature no longer lavished her bounty upon idleness, and the fruits of the earth were bestowed only upon labour; when the harvest and the vintage ceased to be common, and the bounds of property were set up; many vices under human forms became inhabitants of the earth, and associated with mankind. Of some the external appearance was pleasing, and their qualities were not immediately discovered. Among these vices was Envy: Envy, indeed, was never lovely; but she was then young, nor was the malignity of her mind yet expressed in her person.

As Apollo was enamoured of the nymph, Envy was enamoured of Apollo: she watched his descent, therefore, with all the impatience of desire; and though she knew her own passion to be hopeless, yet the discovery of his addresses to another distracted her with jealousy: she was always busied to procure intelligence which could only increase her torment; and was perpetually contemplating the happiness which she despaired to enjoy.

It happened that the assignation of the lovers was overheard by Echo, and by Echo repeated to Envy. This intelligence roused her to a yet keener sensibility of misery: to intercept the happiness of a rival, was the first object of her wish; and the next moment she conceived a design of securing that happiness to herself. To effect both these purposes, a thousand projects had been by turns contrived, examined, and rejected; her mind was more violently agitated, in proportion as the time drew more near; and after all the toil of thinking had ended in despair, an expedient suddenly started into her mind, which she perceived at once to be simple and easy; she wondered how it had been before overlooked, and resolved immediately to put it in execution.

It was within one hour of midnight, when the nymph took her way to the grotto. She was now pale with remorse, and now flushed with shame; she hesitated; her bosom again beat with anticipated delight; she trembled, and went forward. Envy perceived her at a distance, and cast round her a thick cloud, which scarce the beams of Phœbus himself could have dissipated. The nymph looked round for the grotto, but suddenly perceived

perceived herself to be involved in impenetrable darkness; she could discover neither the sky above her, nor the ground on which she stood: she stood short, terrified and astonished; desire was chilled in her veins, and she shuddered at the temerity of her purpose.

In this dreadful moment she had no hope of deliverance, but from the power whose laws she had been about to violate; and she, therefore, addressed this prayer to Diana: 'Chaste queen of irreproachable delight! who, though my mind had renounced thy influence, hast yet by this omen preserved me from corporal dishonour! O guide me in safety through the terrors of this guilty night! Let me once more be permitted to pursue the chase at thy side; and to mingle with the happy virgins, whom Cheerfulness, the daughter of Innocence, assumes at thy bower!' As she uttered this prayer, she hastily turned about; and the moment she made an effort to go back, her prayer was granted; the gloom that surrounded her was dissipated; and she again perceived the mild radiance of her queen tremble upon the foliage of the trees, and chequer the path before her with a silver light. She now sprang forward, impelled by that joy which her deliverance had inspired: her speed was no longer restrained by the timidity of guilt; the solitary way was repassed in a moment; and her desire to return had been so ardent, that she could scarce believe it to be accomplished.

In the mean time, Envy had entered the grotto, and was expecting Apollo: she heard him approach with a tumult of passions, in which pain was predominant; and she received him in silence and confusion, which otherwise she would have found it difficult to feign.

When the momentary transport, which she had thus obtained, was at an end, she perceived that it had been too dearly purchased with safety: she reflected upon her situation with ter-

ror; and wished, too late, that the nymph, whose pleasure she had intercepted, had received it in her stead, as it would have been more than counterbalanced by a small proportion of her pain: her pain was not, however, produced by regretting the loss of innocence, but by anticipating the punishment of guilt.

Apollo, who knew not how wretched and malignant a being he had clasped to his bosom, whispered a thousand tender sentiments, and urged her to reply. Envy was still silent; but knowing that she could not in these circumstances continue long undetected, she suddenly collected all her forces, and sprung from him, hoping to have escaped unknown in the darkness of the night: but just as she reached the entrance of the grotto, he again caught her in his arms. Envy shrieked in the anguish of despair; and the god himself started back with astonishment: he would not, however, quit his hold of the fugitive; and Diana, that she might not lose an opportunity to punish incontinence, darted her rays directly upon the place. Apollo discovered the features of Envy, and turned from her with abhorrence. After a moment's recollection, looking again sternly upon her, 'Loathed and detested as thou art,' said he, 'I cannot destroy thee, for thou art immortal as the felicity of Heaven; and I wish not to destroy thee, for immortality is thy curse. But may my arms again embrace thee, and may thy bosom be again pressed to mine, if thy power thus to prophase the delights of love end not this moment for ever: henceforth thy face shall be deformed with the characteristics of want and age, and snakes, instead of hair, shall be the covering of thy head; thy breasts shall be lengthened to thy waist, and thy skin shall be suffused with gall.' While he was yet speaking, the freshness of youth faded from her cheeks; her eyes sunk inward; her tresses, that flowed in loose ringlets upon her shoulders, were suddenly

ly contracted; and wreathing themselves in various contortions, abroad of serpents hissed round her head; her flesh became flaccid, her skin appeared shrivelled and yellow, and her whole form expressed at once malignity and wretchedness.

Thus changed, she fled from the presence of Apollo: but she carried with her not a memorial of her crime only, but of that pleasure which her punishment had rendered it impossible to repeat. A child, which she regarded as at once her glory and her shame, was at length born, and afterwards known among mankind by the name of Cunning.

In Cunning, the qualities both of the father and the mother, as far as

they are compatible, are united. As the progeny of Envy, he regards whatever is amiable and good with malignity; the end that he proposes, therefore, is always the gratification of vice: but he inherits so much of his father's wisdom, that he frequently pursues that end by the most effectual means.

All, therefore, whom Wisdom would disdain to counsel, apply to Cunning. But of the votaries to Cunning, even those who succeed are disappointed: they do, indeed, frequently obtain the immediate object of their wish; but they are still restless and unsatisfied; as the statesman, after he has gratified his ambition, still sighs in vain for felicity.

CHARACTERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. SAMUEL BUTLER,

AUTHOR OF *NUDIERAS*.

XIX.

A PROUD MAN

IS a fool in fermentation, that swells and boils over like a porridge-pot. He sets out his feathers like an owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with a tumour and inflammation of self-conceit, that renders every part of him stiff and uneasy. He has given himself sympathetic love-powder, that works upon him to dotage, and has transformed him into his own mistress. He is his own gallant, and makes most passionate addresses to his own dear perfections. He commits idolatry to himself, and worships his own image; though there is no soul living of his church but himself, yet he believes as the church believes, and maintains his faith with the obstinacy of a fanatic. He is his own favourite, and advances himself not only above his merit, but all mankind; is both Damon and Pythias to his own dear self, and values his crony above his soul. He gives placet to no man but himself, and that with very great distance to all others, whom he esteems not worthy to approach him. He be-

VOL I.

lieves whatsoever he has receives a value in being his; as a horse in a nobleman's stable will bear a greater price than in a common market. He is so proud, that he is as hard to be acquainted with himself as with others; for he is very apt to forget who he is, and knows himself only superficially; therefore he treats himself civilly as a stranger, with ceremony and compliment, but admits of no privacy. He strives to look bigger than himself, as well as others; and is no better than his own parasite and flatterer. A little flood will make a shallow torrent swell above its banks, and rage, and foam, and yield a roaring noise, while a deep silent stream glides quietly on; so a vain-glorious, insolent, proud man, swells with a little frail prosperity, grows big and loud, and overflows his bounds, and when he sinks, leaves mud and dirt behind him. His carriage is as glorious and haughty, as if he were advanced upon men's shoulders, or tumbled over their heads like Knipperdolling. He fancies himself a Colosse; and so he is, for his head holds no proportion to his body, and his foundation

is lesser than his upper-stories. We can naturally take no view of ourselves, unless we look downwards, to teach us how humble admirers we ought to be of our own values. The lighter and less solid his materials are, the more room they take up, and make him swell the bigger; as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more close and solid parts.

xx.

THE OBSTINATE MAN

DOES not hold opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possessed with an error, 'tis like the devil, not to be cast out but with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning man, he never loses, though it do but help to sink him the sooner. His ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impregnable both by art and nature, and will hold out to the last, though it has nothing but rubbish to defend. It is as dark as pitch, and sticks as fast to any thing it lays hold on. His scull is so thick, that it is proof against any reason, and never cracks but on the wrong side, just opposite to that against which the impression is made, which surgeons say does happen very frequently. The slighter and more inconsistent his opinions are, the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves: for opinions that are false ought to be held with more strictness and assurance than those that are true, otherwise they will be apt to betray their owners before they are aware. If he takes to religion, he has faith enough to save a hundred wiser men than himself, if it were right; but it is too much to be good; and though he deny supererogation, and utterly disclaim any overplus of merits, yet he allows superabundant belief; and if the violence of faith will carry the kingdom of Heaven, he stands fair for it. He delights most of all to differ in things indifferent, no matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in proportion to his weak judgment; and he will rather suffer self-martyrdom than part with the

least scruple of his freehold; for it is impossible to dye his dark ignorance into a lighter colour. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can understand his but himself. His wits are like a sack, which the French proverb says is tied faster before it is full than when it is; and his opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast though they have no rooting. His understanding is hardened like Pharaoh's heart, and is proof against all sorts of judgments whatsoever.

xxi.

A SCEPTIC

IS a critic that deals in wholesale; he never censures but in gross, as being the most thriving and easy trade of wit: for the discovery of particular errors in knowledge requires deeper insight, has more of difficult subtlety, and less of glory; as it is easier by much to cry down a science than understand it, and more brave to appear above it, than skilful in it. He has a natural inclination and ambition to knowledge; but being unfortunate in a temper of wit not capable of it, derives his glory from the remedy of his defects, (as do men their bravery from their nakedness;) and undervaluing that which he cannot attain to, would make his necessity appear a virtue, and his ignorance the choice of his judgment. Much of this proceeds from his envy, which is so impatient of seeing any man exceed him in that which he would gladly pretend to, that, with Cæsar, he had rather destroy the commonwealth of letters, than endure another to be greater than himself in it. If it be his misfortune to be engaged in an argument, his constant method is catechism; for he will be sure to ask questions only, and put others to answer, a game at which the dullest idiot may play with the wisest in the world, and be too hard for him; and when with his pedigree of questions, that beget one another, he has driven you as far as the wit of man can reach, because you can go no further, he will conclude you have not moved at all.

all. As if you should tell him of the siege of Troy, and do not begin (as Horace's poetaster did) with the hatching of Castor and Pollux, he will not believe you can say any thing

of Hector and Ajax. He is a worse tyrant than Caligula wished himself; for in denying reason, sense, and demonstration, he cuts off all the best heads of mankind at a blow.

MAXIMS.

(Continued from Page 225.)

A Little negligence can spoil us, but great industry is necessary to improve us.

A man should direct all his studies and endeavours at making himself easy now, and happy hereafter.

The mind that hath any propensity to devotion, naturally flies to it in affliction.

Justice seems most agreeable to the nature of God, and mercy to that of man.

There is nothing more odious, nor indeed more ridiculous, than a rigid, severe temper, in a worthless man.

Those who live above their present circumstances are in great danger of soon living much below them.

Nothing can be more unjust, or ridiculous, than to be angry with others because they are not of our opinion.

The inquisitive are the funnels of conversation; they do not take in any thing for their own use, but merely to pass it to others.

Modesty is as well a guard as an ornament to virtue.

Thrift, diligence, and method in business, are three necessary qualifications to make a man rich.

It is far from greatness of spirit to persist in error; perfection is not the attribute of man.

The court hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is; the city hypocrite more virtuous.

A friend exaggerates a man's virtues; an enemy aggravates his crimes.

It is below the character of men of humanity and good manners to be capable of mirth while there is any one of the company in pain.

To a worthy man the best perquisites of a place are the advantages which it gives him of doing good.

A man who defers doing what ought to be done, is guilty of injustice so long as he defers it.

The dispatch of a good office is very often as beneficial as the good office itself.

It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them.

There is nothing more difficult than the art of making advice agreeable.

We should ever be careful not to polish ourselves out of our veracity, nor to refine our behaviour to the prejudice of our virtue.

There cannot be a greater instance of a weak and pusillanimous temper than for a man to pass his whole life in opposition to his own sentiments, not daring to be what he thinks he ought to be.

Virtue is a good of so noble a kind, that it grows by communication; it so little resembles earthly riches, that the more hands it is lodged in, the greater is every man's stock.

Imitation is a kind of artless flattery, and mightily favours the powerful principle of self-love.

It is with knowledge as with wealth; the pleasure of which lies more in making endless additions, than in making a review of our old store.

Our happiness, in this world, proceeds from the suppression of our desires; but, in the next, it will be derived from the gratification of them.

Pride obstructs gratitude; for the man who hardly ever thinks he receives a favour, will not be likely to think of acknowledging or repaying one.

Virtue is the brightest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis

of greatness; vice begins in error, and ends in ignominy.

Irregular desires will produce licentious practices.

Those who would govern their actions by the laws of virtue, must regulate their thoughts by those of reason.

He who considers how soon he must close his life, will find nothing of so much importance as to close it well.

Every man who proposes to grow eminent by learning, should carry in his mind at once the difficulty of excellence and the force of industry; remembering that fame is not conferred but as the recompence of labour; and that labour, vigorously continued, has not often failed of it's reward.

An idle and thoughtless resignation to chance, without any struggle against calamity, or endeavour after advantage, is below the dignity of a reasonable being.

He who would pass the better part of life with honour and decency, must when he is young consider that he shall one day be old; and remember, when he is old, that he has once been young. In youth he must lay up knowledge for his support when the power of acting shall forsake him; and in age forbear to animadvert with rigour on faults which experience alone can correct.

Death increases our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad.

Frugality is the daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, and the parent of Liberty.

The traveller that resolutely follows a rough and winding path, will sooner reach the end of his journey, than he who is always changing his direction, and wastes the hours of daylight in looking for smoother ground and shorter passages.

Benefits which cannot be repaid, and obligations which cannot be discharged, are commonly found to increase affection; they excite gratitude indeed, and heighten veneration, but commonly take away that easy freedom

and familiarity of intercourse, without which, though there may be fidelity, and zeal, and admiration, there cannot be friendship.

To dread no eye, and to suspect no tongue, is granted only to invariable virtue.

The wisest and best men may deviate from known and acknowledged duties, by inadvertency or surprize.

Nothing is more unjust than to judge of man on too short an acquaintance, or too slight inspection.

The duties of life are commensurate to it's duration; and every day brings it's task, which, if neglected, is doubled on the morrow.

Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue, than to happiness.

Differences are never so effectually lulled to sleep, as by some general calamity; an enemy unites all those to whom he threatens danger.

He who suffers not his faculties to lie torpid, has a chance, whatever be his employment, of doing good to his fellow-creatures.

Dead counsellors are most instructive; because they are at once patiently and reverently attended to.

If Virtue could be seen, (said Tully) she must be loved; and we may add, that if Truth could be heard, she must be obeyed.

The gratification of curiosity rather frees us from uneasiness, than confers pleasure; we are more pained by ignorance, than delighted by instruction.

The necessity of doing something, and the fear of undertaking much, sinks men into triflers.

The greatest human virtue bears no proportion to human vanity.

None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood: few can be assiduous without servility, and none can be servile without corruption.

He who once indulges idle fears will never be at rest.

He who never extends his view beyond the praises or rewards of men, will be dejected by neglect and envy, or infatuated by honours and applauses.

It is the duty of every man to endeavour that something may be added by industry to the hereditary aggregate of knowledge and happiness.

Nothing has so much exposed men of learning to contempt and ridicule, as their ignorance of things which are known to all but themselves.

The dependant who cultivates delicacy in himself very little consults his own tranquillity.

The antidotes with which philosophy has medicated the cup of life, though they cannot give it salubrity and sweetness, have at least allayed its bitterness, and tempered its malignity.

He who never was acquainted with adversity has seen the world but on one side, and is ignorant of half the scenes of nature.

Truth is scarcely ever to be heard, but from those who can have no interest in concealing it.

Letters are intended as resemblances of conversation; and the chief excellences of conversation are good-humour and good-breeding.

The man who would become eminent in knowledge, must first search books, and next contemplate nature.

Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present.

Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret, but because it shews us that we are known to others as well as to ourselves; and the officious monitor is persecuted with hatred, not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes that superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we desired to conceal.

The ascents of honour, however steep, never appear inaccessible.

We rate ourselves by our fortunes, rather than our virtues; and exorbitant claims are quickly produced by imaginary merit.

Let it be constantly remembered, that whoever envies another, confesses his superiority; and let those be reformed by their pride, who have lost their virtue.

SELECT ANECDOTES, REPARTEES, AND BON-MOTS.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER VII.

I.

M. Dorffling, who had served his apprenticeship to a taylor at Tangermunde, having a desire to see Berlin, came to a passage of the Elbe; but, being unable to pay the ferryman, he could not get carried over. This circumstance so chagrined him, that he threw his knapsack into the river, cursed the pitiful trade of a poor taylor, and returned to Tangermunde, where he enlisted as a private soldier. His gallant behaviour soon procuring him the esteem of his officers, they mentioned him to the Elector, Frederick William, who saw him in every part of the field where glory was likely to be acquired; and, finding him a man of great natural sense, advanced him to the highest employments. The courtiers, however, envying his good fortune, used frequently to observe, that Marshal Dorff-

ling would always retain the air of a taylor. 'True,' said he, on being informed of this circumstance, 'I was a taylor, and have cut out cloth; but now,' clapping his hand to his sword, 'I have an instrument in my hand, with which I will cut off the ears of any man who dares to affront me.'

II.

Dr. South, when he resided at Caversham in Oxfordshire, was called out of bed on a cold winter's morning by his clerk, to marry a couple who were then waiting for him. The doctor hurried up, and went thither to church; but, seeing only an old man of seventy, with a woman about the same age, and his clerk, he asked the latter, in a pet, where the bridegroom and bride were, and what that man and woman wanted. The old man replying, that they came there

there to be married, the doctor looked sternly at him, and exclaimed, 'Married!'—'Yes, married!' said the old man, hastily; 'better marry, than do worse.'—'Go, get you gone, you filly old fools!' said the doctor; 'get home, and do your worst.' And then hobbled out of church in a great passion with his clerk for calling him out of bed on such a ridiculous errand.

III.

'How many cuckolds, without including thee,' said a citizen's wife to her husband, 'dost thou reckon in our street?'—'How do ye mean,' angrily replied he, 'without including me?'—'Well, dear,' replied the wife, 'if that does not please thee, how many dost thou think there are, including thee?'

IV.

As the Earl of Lauderdale was one day walking through the woods of his fine seat at Hatton, he discovered a man with a fowling-piece hunting for game, and resolved to disarm him. His lordship accordingly called to him, 'Sir, how dare you shoot in my grounds? Give me your gun.' The man replied, 'My lord, I will not give you my gun.'—'Sir,' returned the earl, 'I will take it from you, then.' The aggressor, who had been a soldier, now replied with great firmness, 'My lord, you may attempt to disgrace me; but, by God! I will shoot you, rather than suffer you to succeed.'—The earl looking steadfastly at the man's eyes, and seeing him determined, was struck with his uncommon spirit; and, putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out some silver, saying, 'Here, take this; you are a brave fellow!' The man, whose sensibility was awakened by the earl's generosity, now burst into tears; and, throwing down his piece, said—'Your lordship may do what you please.' The earl then desired him to take up his gun; begging that he would not for the future shoot in any one's

grounds without a licence, but that his own were quite at his service.

V.

At the time when Sir Richard Steele was preparing his great-room in York Buildings for public orations, he happened to be pretty much behind-hand in his payments to the workmen; and, coming one day among them, to see what progress they made, he ordered the carpenter to get into the rostrum, and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard. The fellow mounted; and, scratching his poll, told Sir Richard that he knew not what to say, for he was no orator. 'Oh,' cries the knight, 'no matter for that; speak any thing that comes uppermost.'—'Why, then, Sir Richard,' says the fellow, 'here have we been working for your honour these six months, and cannot get one penny of money. Pray, Sir, when do you design to pay us?'—'Very well, very well,' said Sir Richard, 'pray, come down; I have heard quite enough; I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't much admire your subject.'

VI.

A BOOBY of a country squire, who made an *honest woman* of his father's chamber-maid, bolted into the room when she was in labour, and blubbering over her with great tenderness, fobbed out that he was sorry she felt so much pain *on his account*.—'Don't make thyself uneasy, love,' said the wife, 'I can't bear to see thee fret, for I'm sure it was not *thy fault*.'

VII.

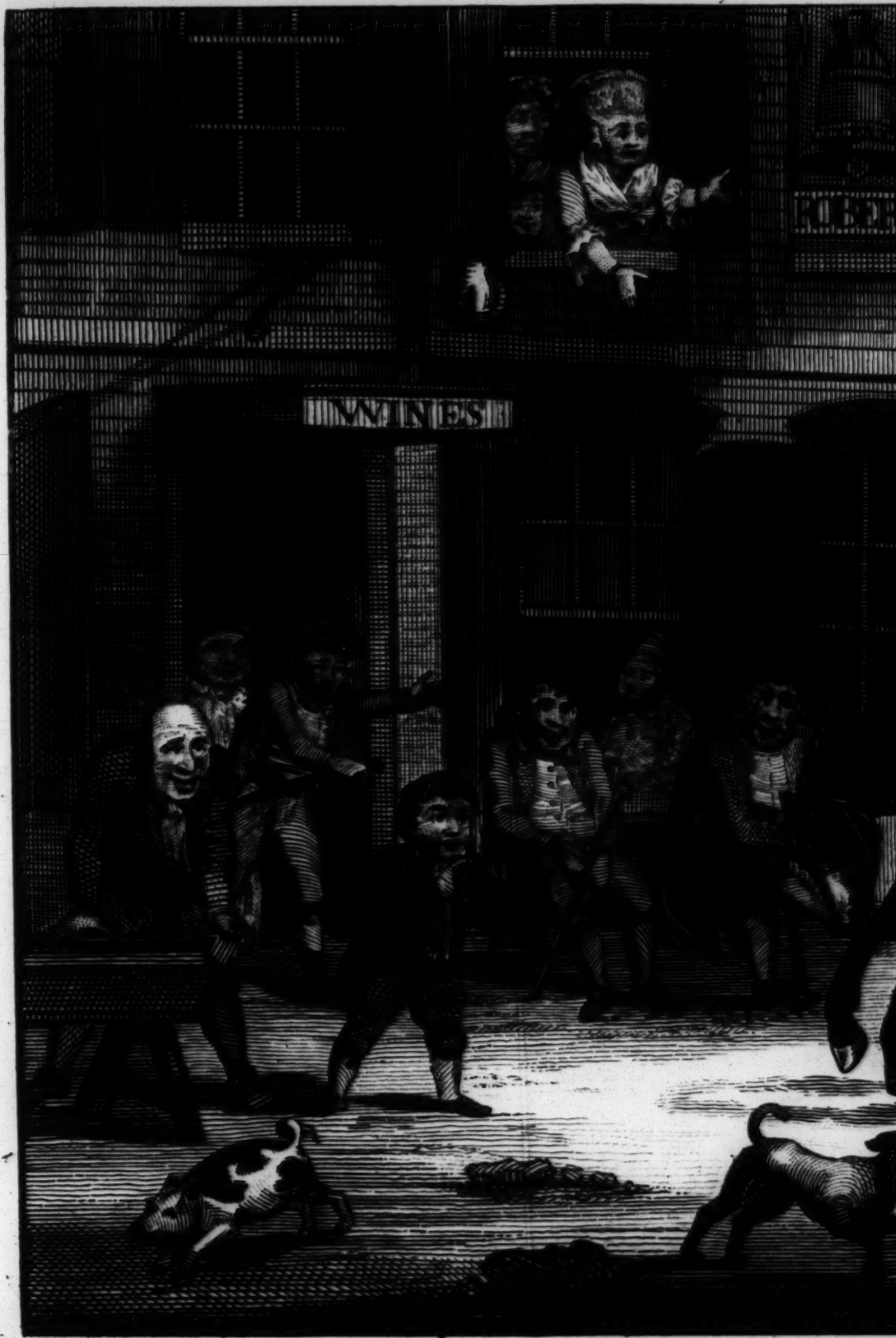
As a nobleman was receiving from Louis XIII. the investiture of the Order of the Holy Ghost, and was saying, as is usual on that occasion, 'Domine, non sum dignus;' (that is, 'Lord, I am unworthy of the honour;') 'I know that well enough,' replied the king; 'but I could not resist the importunity of my cousin, Cardinal Richlieu, who begged me to give it you.'

t
l
n
,
-
e
g
,
o
t
e
l,
d
or
e
k
,
ys
k-
s,
o-
e-
ry
y,
te
ak
't

ho
's
m
b-
er-
he
-
,
ee
ot

om
or-
y-
o-
is,
,')
ed
he
nal
e it

Y.



Collings del.

GILPIN GOING FARTHER

Published as the Act directs. by Harri



Smith sculp.

ER THAN HE INTENDED.

by Harrison & C^o August 1. 1784.

P O E T R Y.

THE ENTERTAINING AND FACETIOUS
HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

TO THE TUNE OF—'CHEVY CHACE.'

JOHN Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear—
'Though wedded we have been
'These twice ten tedious years, yet we
'No holiday have seen.

'To-morrow is our wedding-day,
'And we will then repair
'Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
'All in a chaise and pair.

'My sister and my sister's child,
'Myself and children three,
'Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
'On horseback after we.'

He soon reply'd—'I do admire
'Of womankind but one;
'And you are she, my dearest dear,
'Therefore it shall be done.

'I am a linen-draper bold,
'As all the world does know;
'And my good friend, the callender,
'Will lend his horse to go.'

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin—'That's well said;
'And, for that wine is dear,
'We will be furnish'd with our own,
'Which is so bright and clear.'

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was staid,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls; and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin, at his horse's side,
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For fiddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his face, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would grieve him still much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty scream'd into his ears—
'The wine is left behind!

'Good lack!' quoth he; 'yet bring it me,
'My leathern belt likewise,
'In which I bear my trusty sword
'When I do exercise.'

Now Mistress Gilpin—careful soul!—
Had two stone-bottles found,
To hold the liquor which she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had two curling ears,
Through which the belt he drew;
He hung one bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well-brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

'So fair and softly,' John did cry,
But John he cry'd in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon
In spite of curb or rein.

So stooping down, as he needs must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The horse, who never had before
Been handled in this kind,
Affrighted fled; and, as he flew,
Left all the world behind.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay;
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As has been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And ev'ry soul cry'd out, 'Well done!'—
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he!
His fame soon spread around—
'He carries weight!—he rides a race!—
'Tis for a thousand pound!'

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How, in a trice, the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain, behind his back,
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
And made his horse's flanks to smoke,
As he had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern-girdle braced;
For still the bottle-necks were left
Both dangling at his waist.

Thus, all through merry Islington,
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way;
Just like unto a trundling-mop,
Or a wild-goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

'Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house!'
They all at once did cry;
'The dinner waits, and we are tired!—
Said Gilpin—'So am I!'

But, ah! his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And fore against his will,
Till at his friend's, the callender's,
His horse at last stood still.

The callender, surpriz'd to see
His friend in such a trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him—

'What news, what news?—the tidings tell;
'Make haste and tell me all!
'Say, why bare-headed you are come,
'Or why you come at all?'

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke;
And thus unto the callender,
In merry strains, he spoke—

'I came because your horse would come;
'And, if I well forbode,
'My hat and wig will soon be here;
'They are upon the road.'

The callender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in:

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that droop'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear;
Each comely in it's kind.

He held them up; and, in his turn,
Thus shew'd his ready wit—
'My head is twice as big as yours,
'They therefore needs must fit.

'But let me scrape the dirt away
'That hangs about your face;
'And stop and eat—for well you may
'Be in a hungry case!'

Said John—'It is my wedding-day;
'And folks would gape and stare,
'If wife should dine at Edmonton,
'And I should dine at Ware.'

Then, speaking to his horse, he said,
'I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
'You shall go back for mine.'

Ah! luckless word and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spoke, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear:

Whereat his horse did snort, as if
He heard a lion roar;
And gallop'd off, with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin—and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first:
For why?—They were too big.

Now Gilpin's wife, when she had seen
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
'This shall be yours, when you bring back
'My husband safe and well.'

The youth did ride, and soon they met;
He tried to stop John's horse
By seizing fast the flowing rein,
But only made things worse:

For, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
He thereby frightened Gilpin's horse,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin—and away
Went post-boy at his heels;
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumber of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They rais'd the hue-and-cry.

'Stop thief!—stop thief!—a highwayman!'
Not one of them was mute;
So they, and all that pass'd that way,
Soon join'd in the pursuit.

But all the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space;
The men still thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race:

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he first got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing—'Long live the king;
'And Gilpin, long live he;
'And when he next does ride abroad,
'May I be there to see!'

AN ODE TO MIRTH.

BY MR. CARR.

HENCE, lethargic Melancholy!
Seek the empty courts of Folly!
Hence! with all thy gloomy train,
Sullen Grief, and restless Pain,
Pensive Sorrow's hollow groan,
Plaintive Trouble's piercing moan,
Low Suspicion, busy Care,
Anguish fell, and black Despair;
Hence, to dark Tartarian shade!
Fly, nor dare this breast invade!

Hither, fairest! hither, fly!
Goddess of the sparkling eye,
Rosy Mirth! and, with thy train,
Come! and gladden all the plain.
Haste, the powers of bliss display;
Lead the dance, and wake the lay!
Joys, disdaining measure, give;
Come, and teach me how to live!
Charm me with thy jocund lay;
Youthful smiler, come away!

Shield me, Heaven! what bright'ning shade
Trips fantastic o'er the glade?
Hah! 'tis she! gay Mirth descending,
Round her jovial train attending!
Laughing youth, disdaining care;
Bright Hygeia, bland and fair;

VOL. I.

Soft Delight, and young Desire;
Love's and Friendship's ambient fire;
Rose-lipp'd Joy, and Peace serene;
Play and gambol round their queen.

Now, as round they social sit,
Brilliant, smiling, young-ey'd Wit,
Careless flings his sprightly dart,
Guileless, at the willing heart.
Humour, now, with mirthful lore,
Sets the table on a roar.

Hark! he bids Iberia's knight,
Trim him for the vent'rous fight;
Shake his lance, and set his shield,
And hurry, dreadful, to the field!
See, his voice all care beguiles!
Grim fac'd Melancholy smiles;
Sullen Grief, and Care, look gay;
Sorrow hears her plaints away;
Sable-vested Woe, in peace,
Wond'ring, finds her troubles cease;
'Terror sinks from palsied Fear;
Drowsy Midnight starts to hear;
Discontent no more complains;
Pleasure universal reigns!

Thine, heart-easing Mirth! be thine,
O'er the woes of life to shine!
Gild the gloom that shadows here,
Cherish Hope, and soften Care!
Give the storms of life to cease,
And smile our troubles into peace!
Never may thy votary
Dwell an hour estrang'd from thee!
Ne'er his vagrant footsteps stray
From thy flower-bespangl'd way!

See where Stour meandering flows;
Onward still he ceaseless goes:
Wave succeeding wave, they keep
Ever wandering to the deep.
Emblem this of Life's fair prime
Hast'ning down the steep of Time:
Soon, too soon, it steals away;
What, O what! can bribe it's stay?
Titles, stars, nor scepter'd things,
Toys of infants, and of kings!

Let who will to courts repair,
I shall never visit there;
Never strike the vocal strings
To the pageant pomp of kings;
Never songs of triumph raise
To the blood-stain'd hero's praise;
Never tread the purple ground,
Where the brazen trumpet's sound,
And the murderous cannon's breath,
Drown the heavy groan of Death!

Cease, then, cease! to urge my flight
Up Ambition's dangerous height!
Whisper not of rising fame,
Nor with gold my breast inflame!
What is fame?—A transient bubble!
Gold?—A fleeting, shining trouble!
These no more shall give me pain,
All elusive as they're vain:
Other joys I'll now pursue;
All ye gay deceits, adieu!

All I ask of Heaven to give,
Is with thee, O Mirth! to live:

z M

Anda

And, where Stour's meandering maze
Thro' the sedgy valley strays,
Careless pipe my native strains,
To blooming nymphs and jovial swains;
While, around, their antic feet,
Deftly to my measures beat;
And my blooming Stella smiles
Sweet approvement of my toils.

Come, then, Mirth! for I am thine;
Make thy social pleasures mine!
Let thy thrilling joys impart
All their raptures to my heart!
Thou, my careless footsteps lead,
O'er the lawn, and o'er the mead!
Or, with thee, in blooming bowers,
Hear the gay, ambrosial Hours,
'Happy! happy youth!' still cry,
'Thus to live, and thus to die!'
STOURBRIDGE.

THE AUTHOR'S RECANTATION.

BY THE REV. MR. MAJOR.

THRICE blest'd the man! on whom the
muses smile,
'To smooth the rugged path, and pain beguile!
'Thrice blest'd the man! whom sacred science
'fires,
'Pure taste corrects, and literature inspires!
'Thrice blest'd the man! who, true to Honour's
'laws,
'Lives as she dictates, and supports her cause;
'Who scorns to flatter, worthless fools to please,
'And spends his days in innocence and ease!'

Thus, to the Lyre, with artless voice I sung,
And thus I form'd the lay, when time was young:
Now, late repentant, other themes I chuse,
Despise all literature, abjure the muse;
To Lethe's streams ill-fated verse consign'd,
Renounce th' ingenuous feelings of the mind;
Learn to detest the arts I once ador'd,
And join the senseless crew, the Dunciad hord.

A fated victim to thy altar bound,
Let all thy priests, O Dullness! shout around.
Prepare the leaden crown, the poppy wreath;
Thro' all my soul thy dark contagion breathe:
So shall thy votaries deem me fit to rise;
And, as they smoke their pipes, proclaim me wise;
So shall the club where folly reigns supreme,
O'er opiate liquors celebrate my name.

How blest'd the man! whom Dullness calls her
own,
To whom the charms of taste are all unknown;
Who never felt the thirst of letter'd praise,
Or tried by mental powers himself to raise!
Who, like the beasts, one steady tenor keeps,
And, just as nature prompts, eats, drinks, and
sleeps.

But woe to him! who courts the olive-crown,
And grasps the phantom of a learn'd renown!
Transcendant blockheads prey upon his heart,
Fell Envy shoots her most venom'd dart,

Black Malice foams, and foul-mouth'd Slander
bites;

All, all, attack the wretched man who writes!
O had my friends, from whom my sorrows flow,
But kept my notions, like my fortune, low!
O had I scorn'd the charms of classic lore,
And learn'd o'er books of trade and news to pore,
Imbib'd ideas suited to my purse,
I ne'er had felt this literary curse!

But partial fondness sent me to the schools;
Ten years I spent subservient to their rules:
No haughty pedant my young deeds displeas'd,
No rival injur'd, and no parent teas'd;
Free from the lash, I spent those happy days,
And sought no pleasure but the voice of praise.
Full oft from sleep the lazy hours I stole,
To view the stars in brilliant order roll;
Full oft to science gave the longest night,
And still unwearied saw the morning light.
Strong emulation fir'd my youthful breast,
And ardent hope in bliss the future dress'd;
The deathless wreath my temples ach'd to wear,
And high to soar above detraction's air.

The charm is burst, and vanish'd is the dream;
Who, now, the friends of literature esteem!
Who once regards the head, or minds the heart,
Unless set off by patronage and art!
Who, in the wealthy, sees the fool or ass;
And who dares censure him who's well to pass!
Vice gathers strength, like snow-balls rolling on;
While Virtue stands unshelter'd, and alone.

Unhappy fate! to every dunce a prey;
Affail'd, pursu'd, by all who bark or bray;
Traduc'd, belied, on Rancour's tenters torn,
Oppress'd by ills too heavy to be borne,
In fortune injur'd, and in fame ill-paid,
And guiltless doom'd to wither in the shade!
Who thus would fare, that safely might be free,
Thrice blest, thrice great Stupidity, with thee!

I come, I come! obedient to thy will;
O shield me, then, from every letter'd ill!
A humble suppliant at thy shrine I stand,
Thy leaden fasces trembling in my hand;
Thee, mighty power! I chuse to be my guide:
To you, ye drones, I claim to be allied!
Let every tongue a proselyte proclaim:
So shall I rise in fortune and in fame;
No rival spite me, and no dunce revile,
But every face with approbation smile!
The doctor'd buzzard, and the college owl,
Who, wrapp'd in Dullness, all on Genius scowl,
The Man of Titles, and the Man of Place,
Survey my labours with complacent grace!
Since all for business, power, and trust, are fit;
All but the Man of Genius and of Wit.

THE MERRY WORLD.

EXAMINE Nature's work around,
The whole machine is dance and sound:
The Spheres above move round and sing,
The Planets run a constant ring;
The Winds sonorous music make,
Angels themselves the trumpet shake.

The

The Feather'd Tribe, that fly between
The upper and the lower scene,
Out-sing Italians softest throats,
And charm the world with various notes;
The warbling Larks are all Corelli's,
And Nightingales are Farinelli's:
These merry birds, without castration,
Play best of tunes with modulation.

The lower class of cattle-kind,
The Lamb, the Calf, the Colt, the Hind,
In frisking motions run and skip;
The Fish, for sport, rebound and leap:
Rivers in dancing circles flow,
And trill soft Music as they go;
The Sea itself leads up a Dance,
When high spring-tides the waves advance;
Then, falling back, at ebb withdraws,
Still keeping time to Nature's laws.

Nay, Men in upright figure wrought,
By reason and religion taught;
Men, who in upper stations shine,
In this great Opera combine:
The Pleader, eloquently hung,
Displays the Music of his tongue;
Poets, whose numbers run in rhyme,
Measure their lines by Feet and Time.

Physicians, too, who understand
To take man's Fiddle-case in hand,
Study to keep our strings in plight,
And make the blood dance round and right.
In both the Seats where Learning grows,
Scholars a Music-club compose;
Lovers, to gain fair ladies hearts,
In Songs and Dances play their parts.

The wisest Statesmen call a dance;
Break off, or close, with Spain or France.
The Hautboy, Drum, and Trumpet sound,
As shifting politics go round:
If War, the Drums to battle beat;
If Peace, the Trumpets blow retreat.
'Tis all a turn of various fates,
Balance to hold and govern states.

Next, they themselves, on gaudy days,
When Stars and Garters form a blaze,
Like Satellites to mighty Jove,
Around the throne in order move;
And, deck'd with crimson, blue, and green,
Attendance Dance on King and Queen.

Epaminondas, Theban lord,
A noted hero on record,
If old biographers say true,
Was Dancer and Musician too.
Our greater Marlbro' danc'd at court,
In Charles's reign, with graceful port;
The artful steps, the bold advance,
Taught him to lead and conquer France.
Till Sons of Discord music stopp'd,
And Europe in confusion dropp'd.

The Royal Psalmist's harp and tongue
Melodious Hymns divinely sung;
Cathedral Priests, where Organs play,
In Treble, Bass, and Tenor, pray:
At feasts they Satiates call,
The Priests of old perform'd a Ball;
Honour'd the day with table-treat,
And finely danc'd, and stoutly eat.

* See Mr. Mavor's Ode to Nature, written in Whichwood Forest, published in Mr. Harrison's Collection of Poems.

Whole nations seem contriv'd, by birth,
To hold a constant run of Mirth:
This humour mov'd the merry Greek,
And Italy is all a Squeak;
In former days, the poet's land,
Where Virgil play'd the Mantuan Swan;
Where Horace, (oh, delightful name!)
In Odes, tun'd up the Lyric Game;
A country still of Music Grounds,
Made up of Harmony and Sounds.

What's ancient Wales, and modish France;
But Singing, Carols, and a Dance?
Taffies on Harps and Fiddles play,
Or sing, 'O'er the hills and far away!'
Dapper Monfieurs by nature skip,
And swim a Louvre as they trip.

Thus Art and Nature run the rig,
In one perpetual merry Jig;
And, since the world is one great Ball,
Let's cheerful be, till Death shall call.

VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. MR. MAYOR.

BY MR. RICHARD HART.

MAVOR, to thee these artless lines I send,
The votive offering of an unknown friend;
A friend that oft, at midnight's lonely hour,
When the scar'd owl shriek'd from his ivy bower,
With rapturous glance has turn'd thy tuneful
page,

That mourns the folly of a thoughtless age;
That speaks sincere, and destitute of art,
The sacred dictates of a feeling heart.

Oft, in gay Fancy's dream, with thee I've stray'd
Thro' the dun umbrage of high Whichwood's
shade*;

Seen the rough genius of the grove descend,
And hold sweet converse with his Druid-friend;
Loud as the thunder's blast, heard him proclaim,
In never-dying notes, his Mavor's fame,
Whilst Woodcock's bowers re-echo'd Mavor's
name.

O for those powers that bind with strong con-
troul,

In captive fetters, the rapt poet's soul!
These magic powers that to thy strains belong,
Pervade thy numbers, and inspire thy song!
Then, emulative of thy brighter blaze,
My hands a trophy to thy worth should raise;
On every part inscribe thy honour'd name,
A monument to Mavor, and to Fame.

EXETER.

THE PEASANT'S SIMILE

FOR CUCKOLDOM.

THOSE folks, (quoth Hodge) men Cuck-
olds call,
Three beasts will represent them all.
See, yonder, in that plat of grass,
My shaggy Goat; my Ram, my Ass;
Old Greybeard bears behind his Horns,
And the reproach he sets not scorn;

Giddy in vain from Scandal flies,
His Horns hang ever in his eyes:
But Jack the greatest wretch appears,
Who takes for horns his lopping ears.

THE OLD COQUETTE.

IMITATED FROM HORACE.

BY MR. COLLINGS.

A Truce with your infamous labours, old Bet;
Good God! turn'd of fifty, and still a coquette!

Your dear, precious soul, rather study to save,
Than think of new victories—think of your grave;

Nor intrude on the girls with your Gothic flirtations,
Still spreading a cloud o'er their gay constellations.

'Tis Chloe's to sport in the pale of fifteen;
But from her years to yours count the season between.

Your daughter more decently rattles away,
In a crowd of gallants, at the Ball or the Play:
'Tis a youth of her age her soft bosom has fir'd;
And she sports like a kid or Baccante inspir'd.

Not the rich folding train, nor the plummy balloon,
Becomes an old woman whom lovers disown;

All music is discord attun'd to thy tongue;
Thee nor roses, perfumes, nor cosmetics, wash young;

Not wine, purple wine, that enlivens the gay,
Can avail an old woman so wrinkled and grey.

PROEM.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THO' in his offspring many a fault appears,
For two alone the partial parent fears!
Good, ghostly critics, grant him absolution,
They only lie in Plan and Execution.

H—.

VERSES,

FROM A CLERGYMAN TO A LADY WHO HAD
SENT HIM A CARD OF COMPLIMENTS,
WRITTEN ON THE TEN OF HEARTS.

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear,
Old English services are more sincere.

You send Ten hearts; the tithe is only mine:
Give me but One, and burn the other Nine.

THE HOLIDAY.

JACK will not work; and Nell puts on her pinnars:
The ancient saints make many modern sinners.

EPIGRAM I.

BY LORD NUGENT.

I Lov'd thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow,
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

EPIGRAM II.

UPON some hasty errand Tom was sent,
And met his parish-curate as he went;
But, just like what he was, a sorry clown,
It seems he past him with a cover'd crown.
The gown-man stopp'd; and, turning, sternly said—

'I doubt, my lad, you're far worse taught than
'fed!'—

'Why, aye!' says Tom, still jogging on, 'that's
'true:

'Thank God, he feeds me! but I'm taught
'by you.'

EPIGRAM III.

YOU ask me, dear Chloe, to write in your praise,
Tho' fiction, you know, must preside o'er my lays;
Then bless me, sweet girl, with one night in your arms,
That your virtue poetic may equal your charms.

H—.

EPIGRAM IV.

JACK boasts he knows the world: most dreadful news,
That all the world haunt taverns, or the stews!

EPIGRAM V.

GOLD in Gripe's pocket is, and on Strut's coat:
How strange that neither should be worth a groat!

EPITAPH ON A SAILOR.

BENEATH this briar-invested grave,
Repose the limbs of Jack the Brave;
Who many a cann of liquor quaff'd,
Before he launch'd his brittle raft;
And many an adverse tempest bore,
Ere yet he reach'd the farther shore.
But now no more he shifts the sail,
To strive with fortune's fickle gale;
Nor gold, nor slip, invite his soul,
To pass the line, or reach the pole;
For, moor'd in Death's calm, tranquil bay,
He peaceful sleeps till Judgment-day.

M—.

A FRAGMENT OF CHAUCER.

RIGHT wele of lerned clerkis is it sed,
That womenhude for mannys' use is made;
But naughty man liketh not one, or to,
He lusteth aye unthirftily for mo;
And whom he whilome cherished, when tied
By holy church, he cannot abide.
Like unto dog which lighteth of a bone,
His tail he waggeth, glad therefore v-grown,
But thilke same bone if to his tail thou tye,
Pardie, he fearing it away doth fly.

THE



NUMBER VII.
ENIGMAS.

ENIGMA I.

FOR THE PRIZE MEDALS.

BY THE EDITOR.

PROUD man! whom groaning Nature fears,
Where'er thy despot front appears,
Hear me, a thing of little size,
Thy boasted power supreme despise!
In vain thy vengeful breast may burn;
Thou, too, shalt tremble, in thy turn:
For, lo! I come, with rapid pace,
To stain the honours of thy race;
And oftener far can make thee yield,
Than swords in the embattled field.
Vaunt not thy courage, man; for, know,
Valour could never ward my blow:
And, swift as lightning, I impart
Destruction to the stoutest heart;
While those I'm chiefly prone to spare,
Are towards children, and the fair.

'What can this be!' you well may say,
'That dreads not our unbounded sway?'
'Is man not made the lord of all,
'Who people the terraqueous ball;
'And shall a thing of trifling size
'His power supreme with threats despise!
'Let the bold rebel once appear,
'We'll quickly give him cause for fear.'

Yes, cruel monsters! in my youth,
I trembling feel the too-sad truth;
Condemn'd, tho' innocent, to know
The last extreme of human woe:
But soon, collected, firm I stand,
And passive bear th' inflicting hand;
Then fast in prison I am bound,
Till some more dreaded victim's found.
Not long a captive I remain;
And, once enlarg'd, begin my reign:
With Freedom bleis'd, outstrip the wind,
And leave my fetters all behind.

ENIGMA II.

BY MRS. S. E. SPENCER.

BEHOLD, ye beauteous nymphs, in masque-
rade,
A friend who oft has lent your bosoms aid.

Without me, lovers seldom would declare
Their vows of fondness to the favourite fair;
Without me, sailors ne'er would cross the sea;
No generals fight, were they depriv'd of me:
Yet, strange to tell, tho' of such powers possess'd,
Mortals there are who chace me from the breast;
Tho' thro' my smiles life's choicest joys are given,
And tho' I promise endless bliss in Heaven.

ENIGMA III.

BY MRS. E. LOCKYER.

IN eastern climes, where ancient Nilus laves
The neighb'ring plains with it's nutritious
waves,

I first appear'd on earth, and there began
To execute my vengeance upon man,
Whom I oppress'd with wide-destroying hand,
Nor could all earthly aid my power withstand.
Six letters form my name; but, what is strange,
In losing two I suffer little change:
The difference only this; when fix I had,
Where'er my quick-destroying hand I laid,
The mortal wretch was well, was sick, was dead. }
Possess'd of only four, I cannot kill,
Yet I remain Man's sore tormentor still;
And, what's more strange, tho' I've two letters less,
Yet I in syllables receive increase.
Let this suffice, I dare not tell you more;
Guess the six letters, and you'll know the four.

ENIGMA IV.

BY A WITLING.

NOTHING I am, yet to all things belong,
Into the midst of thickest crowds I throng.
My being's due to Phœbus' clearest light,
Yet does not vanish at th' approach of night.
On mightiest kings I due attendance pay,
And with the same respect the slave obey.
No Proteus e'er more various shapes put on,
I still comply with what I wait upon.
My motion various as my shape appears,
With youth I run, but walk with feeble years;
With speed of lightning thro' the air I rove,
Yet, with the snail, I scarcely seem to move.
Object of sense I am, tho' but of one;
And, what is strange, I ne'er appear alone.

ENIGMA

ENIGMA V.

BY MR. J. C.

IN the British dominions I never have been,
Yet each day in London am constantly seen:
In Holland I frequently take much delight,
Of each yard and quarter two-thirds is my right;
Yet so loving am I, that the girls I ne'er hinder,
They take what they please, and consume it to
tinder.

Some call me a dullard, the last in the school,
But in learning I'm head, where I always bear
rule.

Thus, tho' letters I love, I am ne'er such an ass,
As to scribble my name on each window I pass:
To visit me should it e'er enter your head,
In ill health you may find me, tho' never in bed:
I ne'er gave offence to mankind in my life,
Was never in debt, in noise, riot, or strife.

Then how hard is my lot, when I've brought up
my bail,

Without hope of release, to be kept in a jail!

ENIGMA VI.

BY MR. G. M. W.

INNUMERABLE are my race,
And various are my charms;
Altho' no head, I have a face,
And hands, tho' void of arms.

My face is on my body plac'd,
And without feet I go;
With precious gems I oft am grac'd,
And make a brilliant show.

Yet such misfortunes me attend,
As cannot be surpass'd;
I'm chain'd and tortur'd by my friend,
And into prison cast.

Quick motions thro' my bowels run,
Till oft they strain or crack:
From morning, till the setting sun,
My guts are on the rack.

REBUSES.

REBUS I.

BY MR. G. M. W.

TO one add what oft in epistles appear;
To these join two fives, and place one in
the rear,
With the half of what people in company do;
And a town near the ocean will then meet your
view.

REBUS II.

BY MR. J. E. SYD. COLL. CAMBRIDGE.

TO one thousand and one join a quarter of
nine;
Then affix just one-fourth of a medical wine;
These properly chosen, and rightly combin'd,
A medical herb you will instantly find.

REBUS III.

BY MR. J. BECKETT, JUN.

THREE-fourths of an esculent grain,
And half of the name of a woman;
Give what every mortal would gain,
And what are refused by no man.

REBUS IV.

BY MERCUTIO.

FIND an article us'd much by persons at
play;
Then divide into quarters, and take three away:
Prefix, now, what oft drooping nature restores;
And a swift-fading beauty, whose loss none de-
plores,
Will immediately and quite reveal'd to the sight,
Which has often perceiv'd it before with delight.

SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMAS.

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| 1. A Magic Lanthorn. | 4. Letter I. |
| 2. A Seal. | 5. Flint. |
| 3. Life. | 6. A Box Iron. |

REBUSES.

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 1. A Carpet. | 4. An Opinionist. |
| 2. TOBACCO. | 5. Fire. |
| 3. Woodstock. | |

PARADOXES.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------|
| 1. Numeral Letters in the words. | 2. Time. |
|----------------------------------|----------|

SELECT ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

I. BY MR. J. BECKETT, JUN.

MARYBONE.

HAIL! ye sons of mirth and glee;
Ever jovial, ever free!
Quit awhile the flowing bowl,
Cordial holder of the soul,

And join with me, in cheerful lays,
To chant the MAGIC LANTHORN's praise;
See, O see! against the wall,
Now, Devil, pull! now, Baker, haul!"
Alas! the devil gains the day;
See the baker borne away!
In hell the cheating baker lays;
Then chant the MAGIC LANTHORN's praise.
Cheats

Cheats of every kind may view,
Bakers, butchers, statesmen too,
Their future certain fate in thee.
Let superior Honesty
His ever-trusty voice then raise,
And chant the MAGIC LANTHORN's praise.

2. BY MR. W. FINCH.

GOOD Mavor, accusom'd, in smooth flow-
ing rhymes,
At once to instruct, please, and censure, the times;
Say, what is this book, which with pleasure all
handle,
But a good MAGIC LANTHORN, with Wit for
it's candle?
As there dear Variety's taught to appear,
So that old rule of pleasing is well preserv'd here.
Here, in lieu of their Punches, et cætera, we view,
With pleasure, more rational Tattam and you;
The Editor poignant, yet void of ill-nature,
And Collings, as pleasing in pencil as satire.
In a point yet unnam'd the resemblance well
meets,
Both Lanthorns display their effects upon sheets.

3. BY INDIANA.

(INCLUDING ENIGMAS II. III. IV.)

FOND Damon's fate, to crown his joy,
Gave him a lovely, blooming boy,
Whose beauteous face, and heavenly mind,
Declar'd him of th' angelic kind:
No trifling joys his youth amuse,
Nor giddy arts his time abuse;
A MAGIC LANTHORN's plac'd in sight,
And Reason owns th' instructive light.
' Behold, my son, here science glows,
' Her various arts she'll here disclose!
Attentive sat the curious youth,
Who wish'd to pierce the veil of Truth.
Life first appear'd so gaily dress'd,
In every scene was joy express'd.
' I seize the fleeting good!' he cries;
The phantom in a moment flies.
And as, when the Almighty Jove
To Cadmus' daughter whisper'd love,

Very ingenious Answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA were also received from Mr. T. Rainbolt; Mr. Lemoine; Mr. Francis Browne; Mr. R. Tattam; Mr. J. Stock, Poplar; Mr. George Lumley; No Poet; R. Priestley; Mr. John Almond, Bury Street; Mr. W. Ruher, Banbury; Mr. L. Alexander, Whitechapel; Mr. W. Stone, Bruton Street; M. A. H. Miss H. A. Mrs. E. Almond; Z. Z. Mrs. E. Lockyer, Ruby Street; Mr. John Jones, North Row; Mr. E. T. Pilgrim, Budge Row; Mr. Edward Brayley; Mr. R. Hart, Exeter; Simon Grudgewater; The Poetical Cobler of New Bond Street; Mr. David Levi; Mr. John Smith, Rosemary Lane; Mr. Joseph May, Spitalfields; Mr. John King, Upper Bryanstone Street; Mr. Philip Hoffe, Compton; Mr. Thomas Addison, Leicester; Mr. James Bennett, Chesterfield; Mr. T. Waring, Leicester; E. Newton, Leicester; J. A. T. C. Mr. T. Orford; and Mr. G. B. New Bond Street.

MISCELLANEOUS ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS, TO THE SEVERAL ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA III.

BY MR. J. BECKETT, JUN.

WHILE some, who single pass their lives,
Think *Life* their greatest blessing;
Others who're pair'd with scolding wives;
Think *Life* not worth possessing.

And while he blest'd the fair Semele,
Transform'd Cachtette to a *Seal*,
With wonder struck the fair one's eyes;
So stood the youth, with like surprize:
' Ah me!' he cried, in sad despair,
' Life is a bubble, Science air!'

4. BY MISS SALLY BROCK, NONITON.

JUST arriv'd to this town, from de city of
Londre;
A LANTERN MAGIQUE, for to make you all
vondre;
Vere you'll see de whole varld in de moment of
time,
From ten in de morning, till de evening at nine.
Dere's a mill, vich does grind all de oid vomans
soon;
Dey go in quite decrepit, dey come out in deir
bloom.
Dere's Vauxhall to be seen, and de Cit and his
Wife;
And a grande Air-Balloon, dat's as big as de life.
So, ladies and gents, you must quickly come here,
For you'll nottee de like dis ren toufand year.

5. BY MR. G. M. W.

IN vain your mystic riddle guessing,
Careless on my couch I lay;
Balmy sleep my eyes possessing,
Visions brought in bright array.
Apollo thus, in pleasing measure,
Sung the dictates of his mind:
' A MAGIC LANTHORN is the treasure
' Vainly you attempt to find.'
Pleas'd, before his shrine I bended,
Breathing forth Apollo's praise;
While the Medal, high suspended,
Chear'd me with it's beaming rays.

VI. BY A. Z.

MY dear Mr. Mavor,
So kind is the favour,
Your MAGICAL LANTHORN to show,
That a bishop, or dean,
I wish you had been,
Tho' an Arch-bishop's more á propos!

ANSWER TO THE SAME.

BY MR. E. T. PILGRIM.

QUITE free from strife I pass'd my *Life*,
Until I took to me a wife;
But now my *Life* is nought but strife;
So Heaven, I hope, will take my wife!

ANSWER

ANSWER TO ENIGMA V.

BY MR. FRANCIS BROWNE.

SURE this Enigma is a *Flint*;
Which, by contraction's chang'd to *Lint*;
Or else the very devil's in't.

ANSWER TO REBUS II.

TO RIGDUM FUNNIDOS.

BY MR. E. T. PILGRIM.

WITH your crosses and circles, one's
head you would crack-o;
And all for the sake of a whiff of *Tobacco*!

ANSWER TO REBUS III.

BY MR. W. HOLLAND.

FOR Henry's Fair, and Blenheim House, re-
nown'd,
With greater honour *Woodstock* now is crown'd;
For Celia there, the queen of beauty reigns,
Of nymphs the envy, and the pride of swains.

ANSWER TO PARADOX I.

BY MR. P. HOFFE.

IN *Twenty-one*
I perceive none;
In *Twenty-seven*, no more;
And, without tricks,
Find ix in Six,
Tho' in *Twenty-five* but iv.

ANSWER TO PARADOX II.

BY MR. T. WARING, LEICESTER.

IMPROVE your *Time*, the moral's good:
'Tis what few do; but what all should.

ANSWER TO PARADOX II.

BY MR. W. STONE, BRUTON STREET.

THOUGH at grey glutton *Time* I've full
oft made my scot,
He now puts me in mind that it's *time* to leave off.

Other ingenious Answers have been received from Mr. N. D. Hackney, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 6, Rebuses 2, 3, 4, 5, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Mr. Francis Browne, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 6, Rebuses 2, 3, 4, 5, and Paradox 1; J. Stock, Poplar, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 5, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Miss Sally Brock, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 6, Rebuses 4, 5, and Paradox 1; P. I. G. to Enigma 4; No Poet, to Rebuses 3, 5; Mr. J. Walker, Bartholomew Close, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Rebuses 2, 5, and Paradox 1; W. B. Worcester, to Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 5; Mr. Lemoine, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5; Mr. John Almond, to Enigmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 4, 5, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Mr. W. Rutherford, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; Mr. L. Alexander, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5; Mr. W. Stone, to Enigmas 2, 4, Rebuses 2, 4, 5, and Paradox 1; Mr. Lara, Bury Street, to Rebuses 2, 4, 5, and Paradox 1; Mr. J. Woollen, Sheffield, to Enigmas 3, 4, and Rebuses 2, 5; Mr. E. Almond, to Enigma 6, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Mr. E. Lockyer, to Enigmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 4, 5, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Master John Derisley, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 6, Rebuses 2, 3, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Mr. R. Tattam, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, Rebus 2, and Paradox 1; Mr. John Jones, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 4, 5, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Indiana, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4; A Sailor, to Rebuses 2, 5; Mr. J. Foster, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, Rebuses 2, 5, and Paradox 2; Mr. J. Rice, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, Rebuses 2, 5, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Mr. E. Rich, to Paradox 1; Mrs. S. E. Spencer, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; Mrs. Welch, Newington, Surrey, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4; L. Stains, Leicester, to Enigmas 3, 4, and Rebus 5; J. D. to Enigmas 2, 4, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 4, 5; Mr. W. Holland, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, Rebuses 1, 2, 4, 5, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Mr. S. T. to Enigmas 3, 4; Mr. E. T. Pilgrim, to Enigmas 2, 4, Rebuses 2, 3, 5, and Paradoxes 1, 2; J. Beckett, Jun. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 4, 5, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Mr. Edward Brayley, to Rebuses 2, 5; Simon Grudgewater, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 5, and Paradoxes 1, 2; the Poetical Cobler, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 4, 5, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Mr. G. M. W. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, Rebuses 2, 5, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Mr. John Smith, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, Rebuses 2, 5, and Paradox 1; Mr. John King, to Rebus 5; Mr. Philip Hoffe, to Enigmas 2, 3, 6, and Rebus 5; Mr. T. Addison, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 2, 3, 4, 5; Mr. James Bennett, to Enigmas 2, 4, and Rebuses 4, 5; Mr. T. Waring, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Rebuses 2, 3, 4, 5, and Paradox 2; Ophelia, Bristol, to Rebuses 2, 3, and Paradox 1; E. Newton, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Rebuses 2, 3, 4, 5, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Mr. John Savage, Thetford, Norfolk, to Enigmas 3, 4, Rebus 5, and Paradoxes 1, 2; J. A. T. C. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; Mr. T. Orford, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 4, 5, and Paradoxes 1, 2; Mr. G. B. to Enigmas 2, 4; and a Young Correspondent, to Enigmas 3, 4, and Rebuses 2, 5. — N. B. As two ingenious Correspondents have expressed a desire to see how *MERCUTIO* makes out his Rebus in No. V. on the word *ELECTORS*, that Gentleman has written the following Answer for their satisfaction.

To all but the first and the last of a *horse*,
Prefix only the first and the last of a *cow*;
The word *elevation* then take in due course,
And *electors*, believe me, are easily got.

MERCUTIO

With a large Quarto Engraving, representing The BATTLE OF THE UMBRELLAS;
designed by COLLINGS, and engraved by THOMAS, purposely for this Work.

	Page		Page
1. The Night-Walker. No. II. - - -	283	by Park, Lincolnshire, which had	
2. The Battle of Umbrellas - - -	286	for some time covered an Em-	
3. Characters, sketched by Indiana -	288	mets Nest - - - - -	309
4. Happiness and Philosophy. An Al-		16. Select Anecdotes, Repartees, and Bon	
legorical Essay - - - - -	291	Mots; Ancient and Modern. No.	
5. Character of a Modern Neighbour -	293	VIII. - - - - -	310
6. Expedition to the Moon - - -	294		
7. The Man of Honour - - -	295	POETRY.	
8. A Sermon, occasioned by the Death of		17. A Modern Love-Letter, addressed to	
Mr. Proctor, Minister of Giffing,		the wealthy Miss H——, Staf-	
by the Rev. Mr. Moor, Minister		fordshire - - - - -	313
of Burston in Norfolk - - -	298	18. Verses, addressed to a Lady, on re-	
9. A Letter from Mrs. Mary Midnight,		ceiving a Present of a Cat - -	ibid.
to the Society of Antiquarians;		19. The Decision. A Tale - - -	ibid.
giving them an Account of a very		20. Dialogue between a Beau's Head and	
curious Petrification found near Pen-		his Heels - - - - -	314
zance, in the County of Cornwall	299	21. Air, imitated from the French - -	315
10. A Letter from Farmer Trueman's		22. The Batchelor's Choice - - -	ibid.
Dog Towzer, to Squire Heavyside's		23. The Looking-Glass and Orange Tree	ibid.
Dog Ponto, in Relation to the Act		24. The Loyal Pair - - - - -	316
said to be preparing to lay a Tax on		25. Description of Holland, by the Au-	
that useful Animal - - - -	300	thor of Hudibras - - - - -	ibid.
11. A Journey from Paris, in a Letter		26. Epigram I. By the same - - -	ibid.
from a Country Squire to his Papa	302	27. Epigram II. - - - - -	ibid.
12. Butler's Characters continued.		28. Epigram III. - - - - -	ibid.
A Catholic - - - - -	304	29. Epigram IV. - - - - -	ibid.
A Quaker - - - - -	ibid.	30. Epigram V. - - - - -	ibid.
A Fanatic - - - - -	305	31. Epigram VI. - - - - -	ibid.
13. Curious Essay on that celebrated		32. Epitaph I. - - - - -	ibid.
Musical Instrument the Cat-call	306	33. Epitaph II. - - - - -	ibid.
14. Love-Letter from a Country School-			
Master to the Lady of his Affec-		THE SPHINX.	
tions - - - - -	308	34. Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	317
15. Letter from the Princess Pismarilla		35. Rebuses - - - - -	318
to her Friend Granaria; describing		36. Solutions to Enigmas of last Month	319
the melancholy Consequences of a		37. Ditto to Rebuses - - - - -	ibid.
Tile's being kicked up in Ormes-		38. Select Answers to the Prize Enigma	ibid.

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No 18, Paternoster-Row; by whom Letters to the EDITORS are received.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. *W. Holland's* Letter from Dullness to Nonsense has some merit; but, that we may not have too much of Nonsense, nothing more on that subject can be inserted, except *Mr. May's* Epistle from Power, which was accidentally mislaid till too late for the present number.

The Tale called the Parson Detected, about which the Author is desirous to be informed, cannot be admitted into the Wit's Magazine.

We shall always be happy to receive the judicious selections of *Mr. Crawler*.

The Work mentioned by *Mr. Hart* has been many Months published.

Capt. John Clarke's Enigma on the Wit's Magazine, is both ingenious and elegant; but the Editor would not escape the charge of arrogance, were he to insert such an Eulogy on his own Work.

We shall be glad to receive *Mr. Tattam's* Anecdotes.

The Editor never recollects to have seen the Work mentioned by *Mrs. Quayle*.

Several ingenious Productions received this Month are intended for insertion in our next: such Originals as have hitherto come to hand, and are then omitted, will probably never find their way into our Miscellany.

The numerous Correspondents, who expressed their wish to be supplied with COLOURED PRINTS, independent of the Work, may see, on referring to the Cover of this Number, that the Publishers are now ready to accommodate them.

PRIZE MEDALS.

The *first* SILVER MEDAL, for the best *original* Prose Essay by a Correspondent, is adjudged to the Author of HAPPINESS and PHILOSOPHY, signed *W. R.*—the *second*, for the best Poetical Production, is again the due of the very ingenious *Mr. Carr*, of Stourbridge—and the *third* and *fourth*, given by lot to Two out of the Six best Answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA, fell to *Mr. Allen*, Lewes; and *Jack*—who are requested to transmit their orders for delivery to the Publishers, in the same hand-writing as their respective productions, signed with their real names and places of abode, that they may be printed in the next Number, for the satisfaction of subscribers in general.

☞ The FOUR MEDALS adjudged last month, have been forwarded to—

1. *Mrs. Thomas*, No. 42, Southampton Buildings, Holborn; Author of the Characters by INDIANA, sent last Month, and inserted in the present Number.
2. *Mr. John Carr*, Stourbridge, Worcestershire.
3. *Mr. W. Finch*, Banbury, Oxfordshire.
4. *Mr. John Beckett*, Junr. No. 11, Portman Street, Portman Square, Marybone.

THE
WIT'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1784.

THE NIGHT-WALKER.

NUMBER II.

ON my arrival in town——‘From whence?’ cries one reader. ‘In what manner?’ demands another. Why are these questions so hastily asked, my good friends? I am afraid we are all more or less tinctured with prepossession; and, in spite of our boasted refinement and liberality, few of us are wholly divested of prejudice. If I tell you that I came from the wildest and most romantic mountains of North Wales, or the bleakest and least civilized Highlands of Scotland—and this with no other store than an almost empty wallet at my back, begging my bread during a long and painful journey to the metropolis—will you expect such a person to be capable of giving you much entertainment? You will forget, in all probability, that even the most inhospitable parts of Cambria and Caledonia have produced bards whose names will be remembered when even those of some British laureats may possibly be forgotten. However, I am neither a Welshman, nor a Scotchman—though if my mother, from accident or necessity, had first given me to the world in Wales, in Scotland, or even in Siberia, I trust I should still have been a Man—neither did I come to London on foot, on horseback, in a stage-coach, or in a waggon.

‘But how did you come, and from whence?’

What have these circumstances to do with the business! Pray, let me have no unnecessary interruptions; ceremonies, and other impertinences, swallow up three-fourths of our time, our ease, and our happiness.

If you please, we will now begin again: but remember, that the places

of our birth, our situations or professions in life, are of no importance; for where is the country, or what is the situation or profession in life, which has never produced a Man?

On my arrival in town, as I had often heard it remarked that no place in the universe so greatly abounds with fine women, I thought I could not better employ myself, for the first evening, than by taking a peep at them: so true is that observation which either has or ought to have been made by some great philosopher—that all men most eagerly seek what they like best.

I had walked but a few paces down St. James's Street, when a spruce little lads, with a small caravan before her, addressed me in tones of the most perfect simplicity; and begged, as she was a stranger to that part of the town, I would direct her to Berkeley Square.

It instantly struck me that the young rogue might possibly be less innocent than her voice and demeanor seemed to indicate. ‘If she be the child of ‘misfortune, or of infamy,’ said a thought which shot swift as lightning across my mind, ‘what have I to fear! May I not, in either case, ‘endeavour to serve her; without ‘the possibility of danger to myself!——‘But she is beautiful as an angel,’ said the quick returning idea—my right-hand gently pressing her passive fingers—while the left, placed beneath her elbow, sustained the little trembler's arm—our eyes encountering each other's through the lace of her bonnet—and beauty leads to desire, and desire to gratification, and

‘the gratification of desire is sin.’
 —‘I won’t think of that now!’—
 ‘But it is dangerous.’—‘I won’t
 think of that neither!’—And I
 answered her in a moment.

‘My love! I am myself a stranger;
 and “if the blind lead the blind—”
 But, I recollect, I have something in
 my pocket which may be of ser-
 vice.’ And, taking out a plan of
 London and it’s Environs, by the light
 of a link-boy’s torch, I in about five
 minutes found that Berkley Square
 was not far distant. It did not then oc-
 cur to me, that the boy himself might
 have directed me better in less than
 half the time.—MEM. He might,
 however, purposely have directed me
 wrong; this being a species of wit not
 unfrequently practised.

‘Your honour will remember the
 poor link-boy!’ said the smutty-vi-
 faced lank lad, as he stood cap in hand
 at my elbow. I searched my pocket,
 and found I had not less than a shil-
 ling. I thought it too much. ‘If I had
 either halfpence or a sixpence, I
 would give them to you, with all
 my heart; but I have no change,
 and must think of you some other
 time.’—‘God bless your honour!
 I thank you as much as if you did.’
 —The generosity of this speech
 struck me; and, as the boy scampered
 off hastily, with a twirl of his link,
 I called after him, determined to give
 him the shilling. But, though he
 could not be out of hearing, he neg-
 lected to return, and was in an in-
 stant out of sight.

As I turned about to escort my fair
 charge—‘Lord, Sir!’ said she, with
 a concern which seemed to bespeak
 some shocking disaster, ‘the link-
 boy has burnt your coat!’ I took
 up the flap, and found it terribly
 scorched: and, on applying to my
 pocket to wipe my fingers, I per-
 ceived that the young dog had like-
 wise stripped me of my handkerchief
 and gloves.

I shall certainly *remember* the poor
 link-boy!

‘It is no matter?’ said I: ‘but, had
 this been my only coat, I might,

like many a worthy person, have been
 obliged to appear in tatters, through
 the villainy of one for whom I felt
 too much.’

‘Very true!’ sighed the little charm-
 er; and, after a short pause, with a
 still deeper sigh she repeated—‘Very
 true!’—hastily drawing her hand-
 kerchief from her pocket, and apply-
 ing it to her face.—What would
 I have given for my own!

‘Thou shalt tell me thy story by
 and by: but let me first endeavour
 to prove myself worthy of the com-
 munication. Indeed, indeed, if I
 know my own heart, the desire to
 hear it originates not in an idle cu-
 riosity. If thou art, as I fear, the
 daughter of Affliction, my tears shall
 sympathize thy past misfortunes,
 nor shall my purse or my advice be
 wanting to shield thee from future
 evil!’—This I spoke not; but
 the obligation it included was as ful-
 ly ratified, as if it had been engrossed
 on parchment, and signed, sealed,
 and delivered, in the presence of a
 dozen witnesses.

‘Fear me not, my love!’ said I, as
 she hesitated in giving me her arm,
 over which I gently placed my own:
 ‘Fear me not! I may chance to
 protect you from the insults of
 others—from me you have no-
 thing to dread! I will, if you
 please, attend you to the place where
 you are going; and, if you meant
 to return unaccompanied, as I think
 it too late for you to go far alone, I
 could with afterwards to wait on
 you home.’

‘I will not trouble you, Sir.’

‘Then, my dear love, you must
 not refuse me the pleasure of see-
 ing you safe!’

‘I dare say, Sir, you are a gentle-
 man.’

‘I am a man!—But if, while I of-
 fered you my protection, I were ca-
 pable of meditating any thing in-
 jurious to your happiness, I should
 not only cease to be so, but should
 become a most cruel monster!’

A sigh, evidently checked, heaved
 her bosom; and, as she hastily averted
 her

her head, a tear dropped on my hand. I raised it gently to my lips—and again I missed my handkerchief.

This was the only answer she made me—and we moved slowly on towards Berkley Square.

‘ Shall you stay long where you are going, my love?’

‘ I hope not, Sir. I am only to leave a few things with Lady —, who ordered them yesterday, and desired them to be taken home this evening.’

‘ Lady —! What, the widow of the late Sir — —?’

‘ I can’t tell, Sir; but my mistress knows her very well—and she says she is a mighty good sort of a lady.’

‘ And she particularly desired to have the things taken home in the evening?’

‘ Yes, Sir; this evening.’

As I was no stranger to the character of Lady —, I instantly perceived the snare which had been laid for this young creature, and was resolved to save her from destruction.

We had now reached the square; and enquiring of a chairman which was Lady —’s house, he pointed it out to us immediately.

‘ There can be no real necessity for your staying long,’ said I, as she knocked softly at the door, ‘ and I will wait in the square till you come out. Let not any thing detain you—’ I was about particularly to enforce, when the door opened. She entered, and it was immediately shut.

Fearful of alarming so young a creature, by the communication of what I suspected, I had omitted to give her such cautions as might best have defeated the success of Lady —’s machinations. But the door was no sooner closed, which left my young charge in the sole power of her enemy, than I regretted that I had been induced, by motives of false delicacy, to neglect fortifying her mind against every extremity.

I continued to walk within sight of the house about ten minutes—my impatience began to be intolerable—and,

the more I reflected, the more I found reason to blame myself for suffering her to enter, unsuspectingly—or at all, alone—the house of so dangerous a woman.

My apprehensions every moment increased. I took out my watch—she had not been in quite a quarter of an hour—I persuaded myself that it was down—I held it close to my ear—‘ It certainly beats; but perhaps it is too slow!’—I wound it up—another minute was not elapsed. I now listened at the door, and thought I heard a bustle within.—Instinctively I seized the knocker; and, deafened by the noise I made, had hardly recollected myself when I was admitted into the hall.

‘ Where is the young lady,’ said I, ‘ who came here about half an hour ago?’

‘ She is just gone, Sir,’ replied the footman who let me in.

‘ Gone!’ echoed I; ‘ it is impossible: from the moment she entered this door, I have not had my eye off it.’

‘ I can’t help that, Sir; the young woman is gone, I assure you.’

‘ Insolent villain!—But, shew me to your mistress.’

‘ My lady is not at home, Sir.’

‘ Prevaricating scoundrel,’ said I, ‘ you shall suffer for your impertinence!’ And, lifting up my cane, I beat him till he roared.

The noise brought together all the servants. In a few minutes I was overpowered; and, the alarm being given in the square, I was presently surrounded by half a dozen guardians of the night, who hurried me to the adjoining watch-house.

The nocturnal dispenser of justice, who sat in magisterial state, at the upper-end of the room, demanded to know what offence I was charged with.

‘ Let me,’ said I—interrupting my clamorous accusers—‘ have but a single moment to recollect myself, and I am not without the hope that I shall be able thoroughly to justify my conduct.’

H—.

THE

THE BATTLE OF UMBRELLAS.

ON my return, a few Sundays ago, from the Chapel Royal, at St. James's, the weather being fine, I determined to take a turn or two in the Mall. The Park was uncommonly crowded, and the heat excessive. Fat citizens, with their equally unweildy spouses, moved leisurely down the walks, like their own coal-barges with the tide; while spruce masters, and slim misses, stationed in their front, were every moment reminded that they would not be able to walk quite so fast when they came to be their age. Pert clerks and shopmen, journeymen hair-dressers and tailors, footmen and apprentices, in spite of their hebdomadal finery, were displaying, as they tripped along, by their affectation and awkwardness, their respective professions; accompanied by a pretty equal proportion of milliners and mantua-makers, waiting-women and nursery maids, cooks and scullions, who were by no means behind-hand in dress or deportment. Young and old, ugly and handsome, crooked and straight, short and tall, little and big, were all huddled together, laughing, talking, whispering, staring, and ogling, in one grand assemblage of happy mortals met to keep holiday.

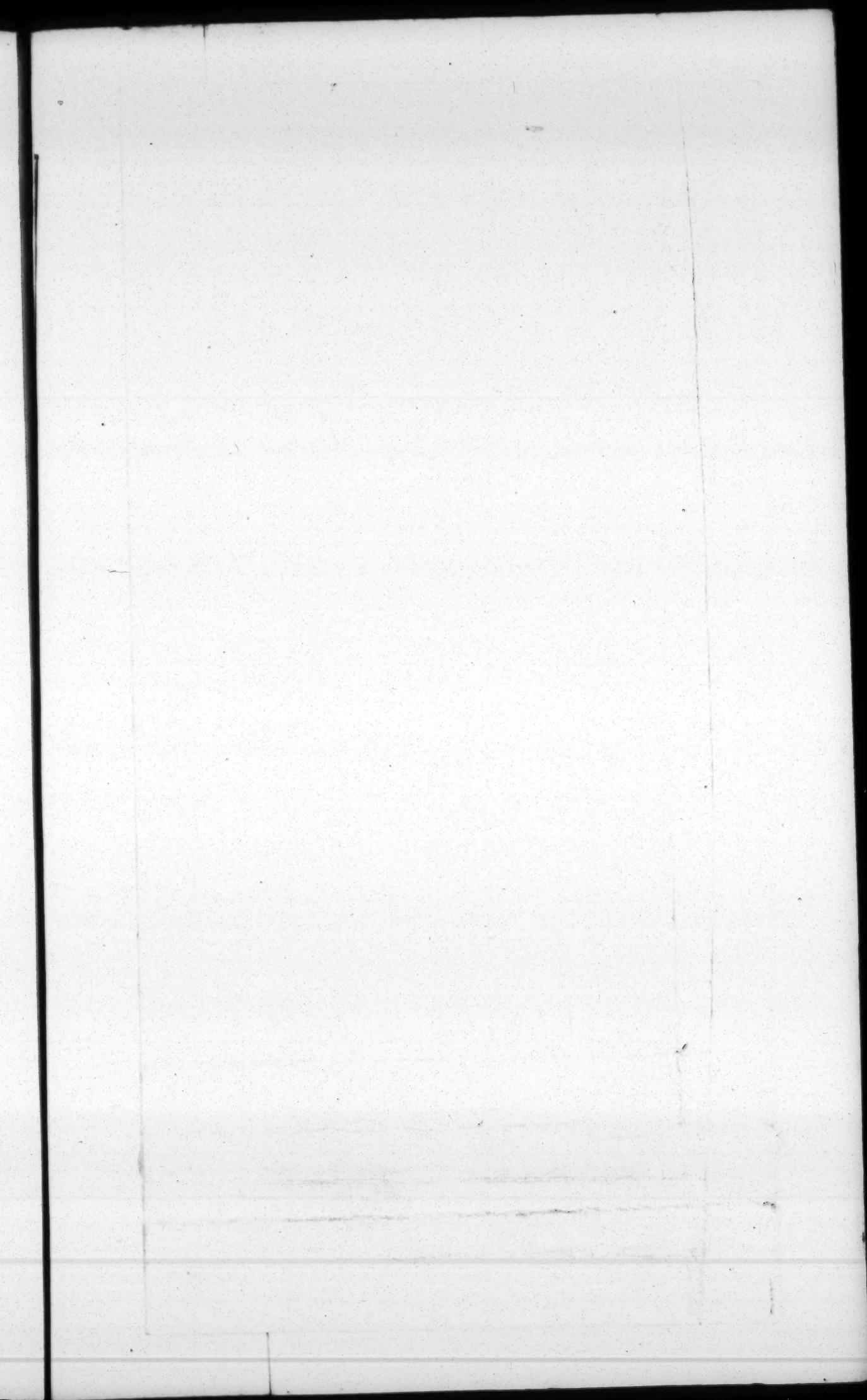
I am, I hope, too much of the philanthropist, not to be myself happy at seeing so many fellow-creatures so; and I really was much mortified, on perceiving, before I had walked more than half an hour, that an envious cloud, not contented with obscuring the sun, so that the gay colours of my cheerful friends could not appear to the best advantage, was preparing to discharge such a shower as menaced terrible havoc to the sabbatical suits of the numerous sons and daughters of pleasure. For my own part, I had on only an old black coat, and was therefore very little concerned about myself: however, I immediately took my stand against the widest-spreading tree near me, where I was abundantly recompensed for the slight inconvenience I sustained.

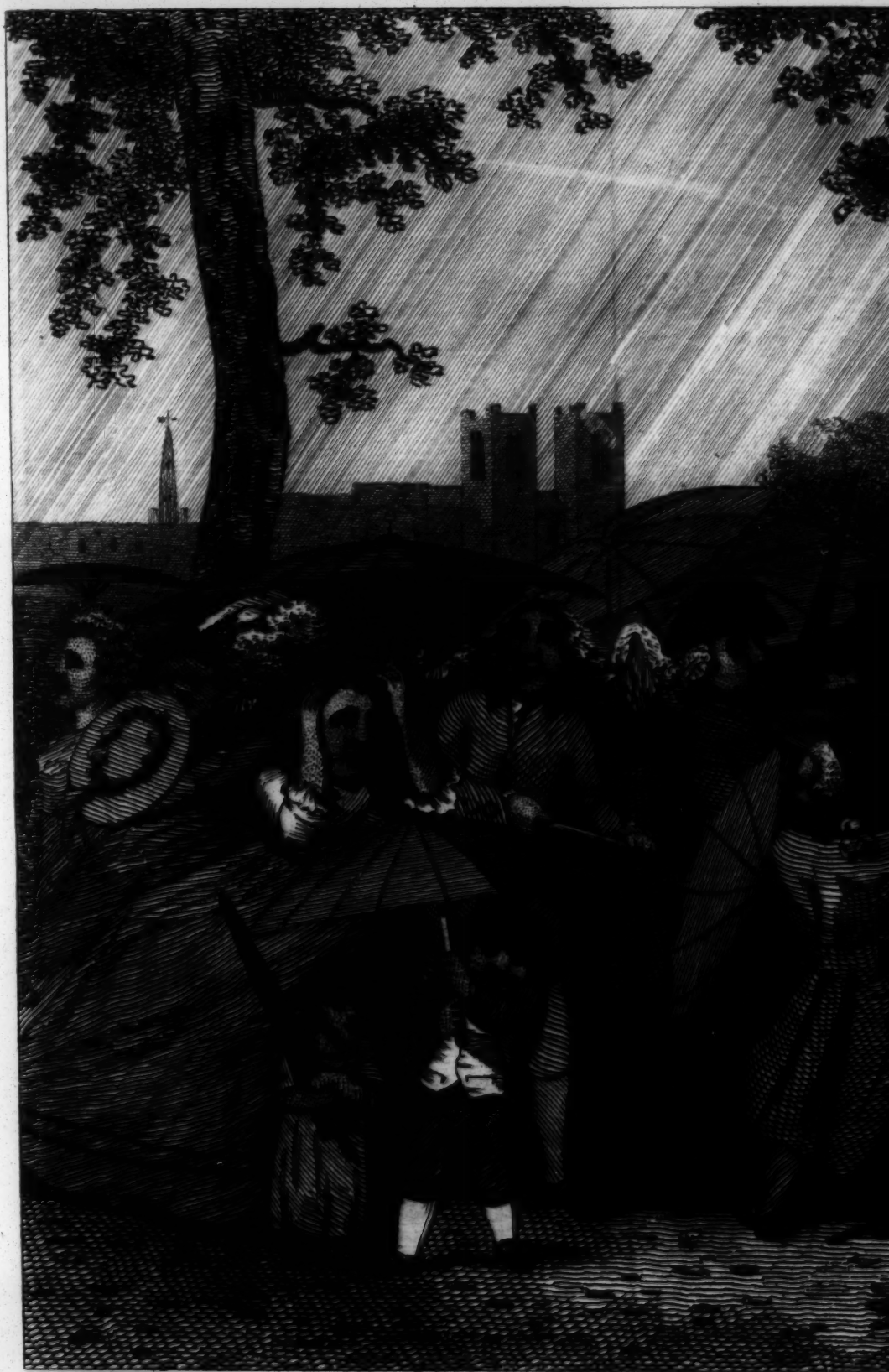
In a moment my ears were assailed with a noise, which somewhat resembled that of ascending sky-rockets; but still more, perhaps, the sound which accompanies the military evolution of returning the ram-rod: for, as the company was very numerous, and almost every person was provided with a large umbrella, the rattling was inconceivable; and, to continue my metaphor, the Park began to assume the appearance of a small encampment. But, though the irregularity of their motions gave more idea of a new-raised regiment of militia, than of an army qualified to take the field, a very severe general engagement instantaneously commenced, which was for some time maintained with much obstinacy.

In the hurry of elevating their tents, many of the tallest had taken off the hats and wigs of their male surrounders; and no inconsiderable quantity of the bonnets, caps, and even tates, of their female ones: while, in return, they were themselves annoyed by those of the less lofty; several of which were planted beneath their chins, sometimes high enough to scratch their noses, and not unfrequently in their eyes.

It is easy to conceive that very few of the parties thus incommoded would be disposed tamely to bear what was at once deemed an injury and an indignity: the tall stout ones accordingly resented slight accidents, by the heaviest blows they could lay on the heads of the aggressors below them; while the shorter and less robust were obliged to content themselves with the adoption of big words, which frequently, however, proved the harbingers of lusty blows. So that, in fact, the machines which had been intended to preserve them from the rain, were converted into weapons, as well offensive as defensive; till most of them were rendered as incapable of longer preserving the cloaths as of defending the heads of their owners.

In short, before tranquillity could
be





Collings del.

THE BATTLE OF

Published as the Act Directs, by Harrison



Thomas Sculp.

E OF UMBRELLAS.

Harrison & Co. N° 18. Paternoster Row. Sep. 1. 1784.

be perfectly restored, the walks were strewn with tattered oil-skin and varnished silk; and many of those who had so lately appeared with smiling faces, were now become true Knights of the Woeful Countenance, with scratched features, broken heads, bald pates, and dishevelled hair; while the gaudy colours of both males and females were all over covered with grease and powder; which, added to the plentiful sprinkling of their garments during the conflict, must have made a plentiful harvest for milliners, mantua-makers, tailors, and scowerers: so that, though the sun quickly dispersed the audacious cloud that had insolently obscured his splendor, the latter had abundantly gratified it's resentment by driving away the numerous gaudy butterflies who had come out to flutter in his radiant beams; and, in little more than a quarter of an hour, though the weather grew again fine, the Mall was almost empty.

Though this tragi-comic spectacle really called forth the exertion of my isible faculties, and of course gave me a momentary satisfaction; I was soon sorry, on reflection, for the accident which had produced such poignant mortification, and in some cases, probably, such irreparable injury, to so many others.

This led me into a train of reflections, as I walked home, on the only means of avoiding similar disasters in future: and I shall conclude with imparting the result of my deliberation, for the benefit of all those who carry Umbrellas; which, at present, is every body.

In the first place, I found, that while these necessary machines are made on the construction now used, it will be next to impossible, in crowded places, whatever care the owner may take, always to avoid striking the nose of a by-stander with his elbows, or disarranging hats, caps, or periwigs, with the Umbrella itself; and, having lately seen the unpleasant effects produced by such accidents, I soon concluded that it would be absolutely ne-

cessary to abandon the present method of making them. I now employed all my wonderful sagacity to contrive a machine which should avoid this inconvenience, without (as is sometimes thought to be the case with modern inventions) falling into others of still greater magnitude. This prodigious task I have at length happily accomplished; and should certainly have transmitted a model to the Royal Society, or at least to the Society in the Adelphi, if I had not been advised that my machine is not sufficiently complicated in the design, and expensive in the execution, to deserve the attention of those learned and ingenious bodies. I am an enemy to monopolies; and therefore, though I might doubtless secure a princely fortune by procuring a patent for my discovery, I am determined generously to lay it open to the public.

My contrivance, then, gentle reader, is simply this: instead of carrying a large dangling bag of oilskin, at the end of a long stick, in the hand, or the more supportable burden of a short smaller one under the arm; I advise that, in future, a stout piece of cane be inserted, by all tailors and mantua-makers, in the back seams of the gentlemen's coats, and of the ladies gowns; at the top of which may be placed the intended canopy, folded in a variety of ornamental forms, to be thrown up, and lowered instantaneously, by applying the thumb to a brass knob in the middle of the small of the back, communicating with a proper spring affixed to the cane. For the better formation of these machines, I would advise gentlemen and ladies carefully to examine the figures and descriptions of the Glums and Gawries in the famous History of PETER WILKINS: where the manufacturers of Air-Balloons, and other aerial adventurers, may also find many curious particulars relative to the art of Flying, well worthy of their attention.

In short, to say nothing of the wonderful beauty which my new invention will add to the human figure, by
the

the accession of such a graceful appendage behind; the use it will have of obliging every one to walk perfectly upright, and the awkward incumbrance of which it will relieve them, are circumstances which must render it's adoption universal. It is true that, with respect to very diminutive, as well as to deformed persons, my remedy is not quite compleat: their machines will certainly continue in some degree to incommode the lofty; and little people, it is to be feared, must still submit to be occasionally kicked by great ones. However, the grievance, and of course the consequence, may perhaps be in some degree lessened, if those whose backs are unfortunately loaded with such protuberances as will by no means allow of a straight cane's being placed down them, (as well as short people in general) procure their machine to be made like the head of a single-horse chaise, and conveniently deposited on their shoulders.

These hints will doubtless soon be improved by the ingenious operators to whom the manufacture of them is now consigned; and it only remains

that, like other projectors, (to secure the reputation of an inventor, and escape the character of being a mere alterer of the plans of others) I give this my original invention a new name. Indeed, as the word Umbrella was only at first intended to signify a shade for the complexion against the heat of the sun, and the machine is in our northern climate used merely to guard the cloaths against the depredations of the rain, a more expressive appellation might certainly have been found: for my own part, I shall content myself with the plain, but expressive title, of Rain-Repeller; leaving those who make up the machine from my plan, to please their own fancies, and gratify their respective vanities, by calling it either Mr. Buckram's New-invented portable and ornamental Rain-repeller; or, Mrs. Paduasay's New-invented, elastic, portable, and ornamental Rain-repeller; as they may think most likely to promote their own interest, and of course the most successfully to fleece their fashionable customers.

H—.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.

A RETENTIVE memory, and some observation, have furnished the Characters I now send you. 'Read men, not books,' was an early lesson inculcated by a fond parent. The world is an ample field, where the judgment may be constantly exercised or suspended. If my efforts can afford amusement only for a moment, I am amply repaid: but let not the snarling critic carp at a woman's attempt; let him judge with coolness, and condemn with candour.

CHARACTERS.

SKETCHED BY INDIANA.

I.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

'VIVE la Bagatelle!' is my future motto; and I resign all gravity to the sober cynic, and grey-bearded monitor. I admire your idea of turning historian. I agree with you, that the study is at once pleasing and instructive, and may casually answer many important purposes: nay, I was

once so far prejudiced in it's favour, as to apprehend, with a certain celebrated modern writer, that the greatest motives to virtue might be extracted from the writings of historians; but subsequent experience, and a knowledge of the lives and principles of many history-readers, have made me doubt the validity of this assertion; and the more I reflect on what I have myself read, the less inclined I am to believe

lieve that the most virtuous characters in history become objects of imitation. People in general, who are engaged in the study, either content themselves solely with the amusement; or, if possessed of a talent for refinement, extract something which may indeed be absolutely necessary to particular ends, but little consistent with the most virtuous conduct.

Leave history, and laugh with me; and at me, if you please.

Yesterday I paid my bridal visit to Clara. Matrimony has made a change; and, had not Mr. Burton and his two sisters appeared, I might have sat biting my fan, and looking ridiculously grave.

To give you a perfect idea of this curious trio, advert to the family portraits of my aunts Dinah and Ruth. Their dress corresponded exactly; admitting the youngest a profusion of gauze (rendered yellow by the ruthless tooth of Time) which decorated a crimson tabby sacque, a full contrast to the elder lady's white one; whose only pre-eminence over her sister arose from one shoulder's refusing to countenance the other by a few inches. Imagine, between these two tall spare figures, a thin little man, with a wonderful length of chin; the head mechanically placed more to the left than right; a gait which would excite laughter in the most rigid muscles: add to this, a spare head of hair, tortured to the extreme of the fashion, and Mr. Burton stands before you—a wit, critic, and poet; loquacious, vain, and sometimes pert; ever presuming; and, with all his peculiarities, much sought after: an happy inclination to laugh with those who laugh at him; and join in stemming the torrent of ridicule, by first discovering it's source. The character is generally known.

II.

A FRAGMENT.

‘WHAT ultimate satisfaction do I derive,’ said Charles Gregory, ‘from a review of my past life, the retrospection of which once gave me the most lively sorrow! Now ’tis past, and I exult at the glorious victory I have gained over myself.

VOL. I

‘You, my dear friend, who have hitherto trod life's thorny path unhurt, do not conceive how difficult it is to climb the precipice, or how ill the search after happiness is repaid.’

‘It is true,’ replied Beville, ‘I have never yet felt the iron hand of misfortune in so eminent a degree as entirely to crush my hopes: yet, Charles, I have suffered; nor is happiness the lot of humanity. A well-grounded hope, a sincere dependence, on an infinite Power, has ever enabled me to endure the lesser evils of life. But tell me, if the recollection is not painful, what are the particular events which have marked your life, and which occasioned the reflection that escaped you?’

Charles hesitated not; but began.

‘My father, a man of eminence in a genteel profession, was rapidly acquiring a fortune sufficient to have ushered his children into life with elegance and affluence, when a fatal disorder, and an unforeseen calamity, left him little more than the remembrance of what he had been, and what we might reasonably have expected. I was originally educated for the church; but, taking a foolish dislike, at an age when incapable of judging for myself, I discontinued my studies, and remained for some time inactive; till advised by several friends to try physic. I found the study pleasing, but detested the practice. I quitted the university, and gained my father's consent to go into the army; which was always my wish, and his aversion. At his death, which happened soon after, I found myself in the midst of a gay city, surrounded with pleasures, but without the means of enjoying them. I was naturally extravagant, and soon dissipated the trifle my father had left me. From an ill-timed generosity, and perhaps too ready an ear to disreits, I became the dupe of every knave; and, though partly convinced of my weakness, I constantly erred from the purest intention—and felt the certain consequence.

‘I am diffident of entertaining gene-

'ral ideas of human nature, lest they
 ' should induce a conduct highly in-
 ' jurious to society, and give me an
 ' acidity of disposition to be dreaded.
 ' I at length disposed of my commis-
 ' sion, discharged my debts, and retir-
 ' ed to an old friend of my father;
 ' who received me with pleasure, and
 ' used every effort to obtain me some
 ' situation which might secure my
 ' future happiness. But, averse to
 ' business, I declined every proposal,
 ' and gave my imagination it's full
 ' scope; fatally indulging a romantic
 ' turn for theatrical amusements: nor,
 ' though I am ashamed to confess it, is
 ' my first fondness yet abated.

' My friend's death once more in-
 ' duced me to become an adventurer,
 ' and disturbed the calm I had for
 ' some time enjoyed in a retreat ren-
 ' dered lovely by nature and art. He
 ' left me an hundred a year, with a
 ' valuable library; and I again visited
 ' the metropolis. But my indolence,
 ' and a love of pleasure, continually
 ' embarrassed me. I was to-day pen-
 ' nyless and wretched, to-morrow rich
 ' and profligate. Necessity, at length,
 ' induced me to try my literary ta-
 ' lents, and I soon finished an opera.
 ' Flushed with the idea of success, I
 ' flew to one of the managers; for-
 ' getting that I was now about to
 ' tread the path of disappointment,
 ' which so many had trod before me.
 ' I had no powerful friend to whisper
 ' in the ear of the theatrical monarch;
 ' who gave me a specimen of his pre-
 ' decessor Cibber's treatment, and
 ' dismissed me. I now determined to
 ' wait on a gentleman, whose abilities
 ' render him justly admired. This fa-
 ' vourite of Thalia received me with
 ' the most winning politeness, and
 ' gave me the kindest assurances. My
 ' attendance was regular at his levee;
 ' where my patience was exhausted by
 ' his indolence, and the constant an-
 ' swer of—"Let me have the honour
 ' of seeing you to-morrow, but to-day
 ' I have an immensity of business!" My
 ' creditors, in the mean time, heard
 ' the word "To-morrow!" too often,
 ' to rest satisfied; and the bitterness of
 ' poverty stared me in the face. I now

' fold off every moveable I was posses-
 ' sed of, and satisfied their clamours.
 ' Often have I sat pensive at home, till
 ' necessity has driven me to wander I
 ' knew not whither! My hand has
 ' mechanically descended into my
 ' pocket, and the void has distracted
 ' me. Yet the world knew not my
 ' wants! My pride forbade my associ-
 ' ating with those who would have
 ' discovered them.

' The manager was absent from
 ' town. I wrote. I addressed him in
 ' every language but that of want;
 ' being well aware, that managers,
 ' as well as booksellers, have a mar-
 ' vellous antipathy to poverty.

' My arrogant stile, I presume, in-
 ' duced him to return the piece;
 ' and, though I found it marked for
 ' trifling alterations, my impetuous
 ' temper declined any farther at-
 ' tempt, and I gave up the idea.

' I now applied myself to the study of
 ' the law. But what availed my most in-
 ' tense application! I had few friends,
 ' confined connections, and could not
 ' obtain a single trial of my abilities.

' My distresses once more urged me
 ' to turn my back on London, and try
 ' my success with a relation of my mo-
 ' ther. At L——, I unfortunately met
 ' with a company of players; and, mad-
 ' ly infatuated with the idea of per-
 ' forming, I offered my services, and
 ' was gladly accepted. My attempt
 ' was crowned with applause; and here
 ' I continued a month, experiencing the
 ' various vicissitudes attendant on the
 ' life of a stroller. A trifling dispute
 ' induced me to leave them; and I
 ' pursued my way to Ireland.

' But here the busy tongue of rumour
 ' had gone before me; and my uncle,
 ' proud and petulant, revolted at the
 ' idea of acknowledging an itinerant
 ' player; but advised a voyage to the
 ' East Indies, and promised to equip
 ' me for the expedition. I gladly as-
 ' sented; and the various hardships I
 ' met with, taught me the value of that
 ' happiness I had vainly been in pur-
 ' suit of.

' By an intense application to the du-
 ' ties of my profession, I soon began to
 ' feel the pleasing hope of securing an
 ' independence;

independence; which my uncle soon realized, by leaving the world, and making me his heir.

On my return to England, I had the happiness of becoming acquainted with you; and now mature reflection has shewn me the fallacy of those ideas I once entertained, and I congratulate myself on my victory. My knowledge of mankind is founded on feeling proof, and I now behold them with universal benevolence.

In my younger years, from a superficial view of human nature, I regarded that side only which men of liberal opinions too often overlook. Entering early into life with confined ideas, and indiscriminately mixing with the good or bad of society, my taste became vitiated, and my mo-

vals depraved. An habitual inclination for gambling, and a love of adventure, joined to chimerical notions, proved the source of those miseries I experienced.

Beville thanked his friend, and complimented him on this manly and ingenuous declaration of his sentiments.

Dull and uninteresting as this relation may appear, let the giddy unthinking youth peruse it: let him reflect as Gregory has done; and he will find that the human heart, if not rendered callous by vice, is ever capable of amendment; and that the sad effects of youthful errors may not unfrequently be remedied by a due attention to those virtues which honour humanity.

HAPPINESS AND PHILOSOPHY,

AN ALLEGORICAL ESSAY.

FAR distant from the tumultuous scenes of a busy world, and in the lonely retirement of rural solitude and seclusion, dwells Happiness, the daughter of Piety. The majestic elegance of her form as far surpasses our ideas of gracefulness, dignity, and love, as the splendor of her birth exceeds the lowliness of the earth-born. Her complexion is as the rosy blushings of the morn, tinged with it's crimson radiance the spotless delicacy of new-fallen snow; and her skin is softer than the tenderest fleece of the flock that gambol in the vallies. The movements of her soul are as serene as she is fair; and the gently-winding stream, unruffled by the softest evening zephyr, flows not more equal than the tranquil progress of her passions.

The name of this beautiful virgin has been long wafted on the wings of fame: millions have bowed at her shrine, and sighed for her in vain. Among the world of crouching suppliants, appeared Philosophy, a youth whose form was as the cedar, and his heart as the branches thereof: he had long been the diligent and inseparable pupil and companion of aged Science; he had long listened to this old man's

precepts with awful and respectful veneration, and imbibed the wisdom which he uttered with unceasing attention and delight; but his generous breast, filled as it was with the treasures of learned and venerable lore, became still more expanded for the reception of those softer impressions which began now to diffuse themselves through his soul; and it is not to be wondered at that he should also become enamoured of this captivating fair.

The dictates of Science began now to lose their ascendancy over the youth, and the principles of his ancient preceptor to grow tasteless and insipid. Restless and uneasy, he sighed in silence and anxiety; and the secret whispers of his unhappy bosom boded to him the difficulty of obtaining the enchanting object of his desires. His humility represented to his imagination the presumption of hoping to possess what thousands had unsuccessfully aspired to; yet the ascendancy of his affections, and the consciousness of a wretched existence, while they remained unindulged, lighted up some gleamings of success, and inspired him with the determination to address himself, with the profoundest

profoundest diffidence and respect, to the lovely and amiable nymph Happiness.

With a heart heavy laden and oppressed, the dejected youth bade adieu to the seminaries of instruction. 'Alas!' said he, as he departed, 'how much have I been mistaken in believing that content would attend my progress through the mazes of sublimary wisdom; and that tranquillity would crown the accumulations of hard-earned knowledge: a ray of truth now breaks in upon my understanding, and discovers the dark and melancholy void, which ever will subsist in my bosom, till that heaven-born fair, in quest of whom I go, benignly condescends to cheer and illumine it with the radiance of her smiles!'

Such were the reflections of Philosophy, as he journeyed towards the obscure and solitary mansions of Happiness. The gloomy depressions of doubt, and the vivid exaltations of hope, as they successively actuated his meditations, exhibited their influence in alternate vibrations through his trembling frame. Slow were his footsteps as he approached the sacred habitation; and enlarged were the emotions of his soul, as he in silence contemplated the awful solemnity of the scene. Not a single zephyr disturbed the placid serenity of rural silence; all was calm, save the feelings which agitated the breast of Philosophy: poignant, however, as they were, he was not insensible of the alleviations of delight with which he was relieved, while he contemplated the still and tranquil realms of happiness. He wandered through these groves of solitude in silence, and meditated, with wonder and amazement, on the sentiments they inspired; sentiments which, till then, were new to him, and which all the literary hoardings of his life were incapable of suggesting.

The youth thus musing on the dignified and sublime simplicity of all around him, his heart began to dilate itself with the expansions of hitherto unfelt devotion; when, on a sudden,

the glooms of solitude were enlightened, the oppressions of his mind were abated, and the divine form whom he had been seeking appeared in all her native loveliness. Overpowered by the influence of such an assemblage of charms, he fell upon the earth; and, as soon as he was capable of utterance, with suppliant and uplifted eyes—'Ah!' said he, 'fairest of the creation! divine object of my prayers and wishes! behold, prostrate before you, an humble and ardent admirer of that supreme perfection with the presence of which I am now blessed! Behold one who dares, with timid and distressing fears, to indulge a gleam of hope; and yet possesses no other basis for such an aspiring presumption, than the fervency of his desires to render himself, in some remote degree, worthy of your generous and condescending approbation.'

The virgin viewing him with an eye of complacency and dignity, from the benevolence of her soul, replied—'The sincerity of your professions, O Philosophy! I do not hesitate to believe; nor do I blush to own that I am not insensible of the pretensions to which your virtues entitle you: but, alas! the power of rewarding them is beyond my reach. I have an aged and venerable parent, whose sacred purity and tenderness, whose celestial mildness and benevolence, are neglected and forgotten by unthinking mortals; yet, ungrateful as they are, such is her extreme affection for them, that I, her eldest daughter, am destined to him alone who can devote his life in subservience to her merciful and indulgent commands. Her name is Piety; she resides beyond the rising of that verdant mount; and, if the object is still thought worthy of perseverance, remember, that it is she alone whose patronage is necessary to propitiate your hopes for the possession of Happiness. Till then, farewell!'

W. R——.

CHARACTER

CHARACTER OF A MODERN NEIGHBOUR.

A Modern neighbour is like a spring trap, ready to catch you for every trespass, either accidental or intended. He smiles in your face; and yet, for a shilling, would cut your throat. He is always extremely civil, while you have a good tap, and make him welcome to taste it; but, no sooner is your barrel empty, than he discontinues his visits. If you ask him to eat a bit of mutton at your table, every thing is choice, excellent, and so-forth; but no sooner does he meet any of his companions, than he either censures you for extravagance, or taxes you with meanness, and makes your family and domestic œconomy the objects of his ridicule and animadversion.

A modern neighbour will see your servants defraud you, your enemies traduce you, and your credit and interest sinking in the world, without putting you on your guard, or giving you the least intimation of what he has heard, provided he thinks you are unacquainted with it: but he no sooner knows that you are no stranger to the business, than he approaches you with looks of affected condolence; expresses his concern for your misfortune; says he always feared it would happen so; and assures you that he often wished to inform you of what every body but yourself knew, only he was apprehensive you would have regarded him as a busy-body, and one who concerned himself with other people's affairs—a character he had always despised. In your presence he will throw out his hypocritical cant, and endeavour to convince you how much he has your interest at heart; but no sooner is your back turned, than he laughs at the fool who gave credit to his assertions, and joins the voice of malevolence, and the censure of ignorance. Of all things he seems most fearful you should do too well in the world, or have too much business; and, if you are really deserving of success, and likely to obtain it, he sets all engines to work, to fix some stigma on your conduct, nor ever loses an opportunity of detracting from your industry or your integrity.

Should your most inveterate enemy propagate any falshood to your preju-

dice, no sooner does a modern neighbour get hold of it, than he industriously circulates the aspersions, to prevent it's being lost; and, in every public company, starts the subject, with feigned expressions of sorrow, and cautions against implicitly believing it—though he takes care, at the same time, to intimate that it comes from extraordinary good authority. If your moral or religious character, your temper or your education, happen to be the topics of conversation; with an expressive motion of his head, or significant wink, he gives his associates to understand, that these things are now-a-day but little regarded, and that, if a man has but money, he is every thing that the world esteems. This doctrine, he is fully convinced, is literally true in modern times; and therefore, that you may not get the start of him in esteem, he exerts every effort to keep you poor.

Should you be attacked behind your back in the most virulent manner, though he makes a feint of defending you, he nevertheless thinks this a favourable opportunity of enumerating all your failings and misfortunes, from your birth to the present moment; and concludes with saying he believes you mean well, but that you are misled by your passions, governed by your wife, or ill-advised by pretended friends.

All this, however, is done under the mask of good neighbourhood; and, to vilify you to the world, and expose every little foible or oversight he may have a better opportunity of observing than others, is only acting like a man who wishes you well from all his heart, and who would do any thing to serve you. In a word, a modern neighbour is a perpetual mask; internally false, but externally fair: a raven, hovering over your carcase, from the hopes of some spoil; a sea-gull, that will hunt you, were it only for your dung; and the very reverse, in every respect, of what you would wish him to be, and he affects to appear.

CLERICUS.

EXPEDITION TO THE MOON.

M. Lunardi, Member of the Academy Royal, in Nubibus, finding the good people of England so extremely troubled with that terrible disease which some have denominated the Malady of the Moon, as to confirm a belief he has long entertained, that they were originally natives of that planet, (an hypothesis which he has very good theory to support;) and that what the world has been ill-natured enough to call '*an incessant aiming at things above their sphere,*' is in fact only the workings of that innate patriotism which has ever been considered as the peculiar distinction of superior minds; has, at vast labour and expence, completed an Aerostatic Machine, at once elegant and capacious, for the accommodation of those passengers to the Moon, whose minds are sufficiently purged from the gross habits contracted on '*this dirty planet of ours;*' or, in it's own language, who are sufficiently *mad* to justify such a translation.

The vehicle is constructed on the most extensive principle of universal convenience; M. Lunardi having paid particular attention to the ease and comfort of his several guests, in suiting their apartments to their various constitutions.

As it is generally allowed that there are, at present, more genuine lunatics among the politicians than any other body of people, M. Lunardi has fitted up the whole internal area of his globe for their sole reception; thereby providing a sufficient quantity of inflammable matter, or gaz, at all times to work it, without subjecting himself or his passengers to the uncertainty and delay attending the management of other aerostatic machines, and frequently the absolute failure of similar expeditions on the continent.

As the spacious car suspended at the bottom of the balloon, and ap-

propriated to ballast, must necessarily partake of more gross and earthly matter, he has filled this part of his machine with several thousand volumes of modern wit and learning; an article of no great value, should there be occasion to lighten the vehicle.

An extensive platform on the extreme top, furnished with every requisite for sailing, such as masts, rigging, &c. he reserves entirely for that most wonderful philosopher Mr. Katterfelto, with his black cat, and her nine kittens; who are supposed to be capable of subsisting longer on air alone than any animals, camelions and poets not excepted, that ever were exhibited in these or any other kingdoms.

M. Lunardi having lately seen a list of the performers at a recent popular celebration, and therein finding a vast number of names which were never so much as heard of in the musical world, and of course concluding that some of these persons must have dropped from the moon; takes this opportunity to inform such of them as may be disposed to return, that he has fitted up an elegant orchestra, with Eolian harps and hand-organs, to amuse themselves on their voyage; at the moderate price of one Abbey ticket.

A numerous company of poets being expected, and M. Lunardi being necessitated to take them, if at all, at very reduced prices, he humbly requests those gentlemen to dispose of themselves in the various apartments where there may be room, as much to the ease and accommodation of the other passengers as may be consistent with their own; at the same time, to engage on their honour, not to break forth into any violent sallies of imagination—through the same regard to safety as we advise ladies to keep their seats in a boat.

As the present Lunites are a people of happy constitution, both in body

body and mind, which M. Lunardi would not be by any means instrumental in disturbing, he begs to be excused from taking in any gentleman of the law or of the faculty.

Tickets for the expedition, from five shillings to five guineas each, (according to the places taken) may be had of M. Lunardi, at the sign of the Moon-Rakers, in Blow-Bladder Street, where the machine remains for the inspection of those gentleman who mean to become passengers. Gentlemen of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and of the two Universities, on paying advanced prices, may be accommodat-

ed with optical and other instruments for making observations; with nets for catching non-descript insects, &c. on their passage.

The refreshments of whipt-syllabub, cates, ambrosia, and ether, are provided gratis.

The Aerostatic Machine, which began flying on the first of April, will set out for the winter season every Monday noon, from the best and most central situation in the metropolis; viz. the middle of Moorfields, exactly between Bethlem and St. Luke's Hospitals.

C—.

THE MAN OF HONOUR.

THOSE who attack the fundamental laws of virtue and morality, urge the uncertainty of them, and alledge their variations in different countries, and even in different ages in the same countries. 'Morality,' say they, 'is local, and consequently an imaginary thing; since what is rejected in one climate as a vice, is practised in another as a virtue.' And, according to them, the voice of nature speaks as many different languages as there are nations in the world.

The dangers and ill consequences of this doctrine are obvious; but, surely, the falsity of it is not less so: and the most charitable opinion one can entertain of those who propagate it is, that they mistake fashion and custom for nature and reason. The invariable laws of justice and morality are the first and universal emanations of human reason, while unprejudiced and uncorrupted; and we may as well say that sickness is the natural state of the body, as that injustice and immorality are the natural situation of the mind. We contract most of the distempers of the one by the irregularity of our appetites, and of the other by yielding to the impetuosity of our passions; but, in both cases, reason, when consulted, speaks a different language.

I admit, that the prevailing customs and fashions of most countries

are not founded upon reason; and, on the contrary, are too frequently repugnant to it: but then the reasonable people of those countries condemn and abhor them, though it may be they too wittingly comply with, or at least have not courage openly enough to oppose them.

The people of rank and distinction, in every country, are properly called the people of fashion; because, in truth, they settle the fashion. Instead of subjecting themselves to the laws, they take measure of their own appetites and passions, and then make laws to fit them; which laws, though neither founded in justice, nor enacted by a legal authority, too often prevail over and insult both justice and authority. This is Fashion!

In this light I have often considered the word Honour in it's fashionable acceptation in this country; and must confess, that, were that the universal meaning of it throughout this kingdom, it would very much confirm the doctrine I endeavour to confute; and would be so contrary to that honour which reason, justice, and common-sense, point out, that I should not wonder if it inclined people to call in question the very existence of honour itself.

The character of a Man of Honour, as received in the beau monde, is something so very singular, that it deserves a particular examination; and though
easier

easier observed than described, I shall endeavour to give my readers a description of it, illustrated with some original pieces, which have luckily fallen into my hands.

A Man of Honour is one who peremptorily affirms himself to be so; and who will cut any body's throat that questions it, though upon the best grounds: he is infinitely above the restraints which the laws of God or man lay upon vulgar minds, and knows no other ties than those of Honour; of which word he is to be the sole expounder. He must strictly adhere to a party denomination, though he may be utterly regardless of it's principles. His expence should exceed his income considerably; not for the necessaries, but for the superfluities of life; that the debts he contracts may do him Honour. There should be a haughtiness and insolence in his deportment, which is supposed to result from conscious Honour. If he be choleric, and wrong-headed into the bargain, with a good deal of animal courage, he acquires the glorious character of a man of nice and jealous Honour: and, if all these qualifications are duly seasoned with the genteel vices, the Man of Honour is compleat; any thing his wife, children, servants, or tradesmen, may think to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Belville is allowed to be a man of the most consummate Honour that this or any age ever produced. The men are proud of his acquaintance, and the women of his protection; his party glories in being countenanced by him, and his Honour is frequently quoted as a sanction for their conduct. But some original letters, which I shall give my readers, will let them more intimately into the particulars of so shining a character, than mere description would do.

He had run out a considerable fortune by a life of pleasure, particularly by gaming; and, being delicately scrupulous in points of Honour, he writ the following letter to his attorney, after an ill run at play.

' SIR,

' I Had a damned tumble last night
' at hazard, and must raise a
' thousand within a week: get it me
' upon any terms; for I would rather
' suffer the greatest incumbrance upon
' my fortune, than the least blemish
' upon my Honour. As for those clamorous
' rascals the tradesmen, insist
' upon my privilege, and keep them
' off as long as possible: we may
' chance to ruin some of them before
' they can bring us to trial.

' Your, &c.

' BELVILLE.

' TO MR. GOOSETREE, ATTORNEY,
' IN FURNIVAL'S INN.'

But, lest the endeavours of Mr. Goosetree should prove ineffectual, Belville, from the same principle of Honour, resolved, at all events, to secure that sum collaterally; and therefore wrote the following letter to the First Minister—

' SIR,

' I Was applied to yesterday in your
' name by * * * to vote for the
' great point which is to come into
' our House to-morrow; but as it was
' extremely contrary to my opinion
' and principles, I gave him no explicit
' answer, but took some time
' to consider of it. I have therefore
' the honour now to acquaint you,
' that I am determined to give my
' concurrence to this affair; but must
' desire, at the same time, that you
' will immediately send * * * to me,
' with the fifteen hundred pounds he
' offered me yesterday, and for which
' I have a pressing occasion this morning.
' I am persuaded you know me
' too well to scruple this payment beforehand,
' and that you will not be
' the first person that ever questioned
' the Honour of, Sir, your most faithful
' humble servant,

BELVILLE.

I find another letter of the same date, to a lady, who appears to be the wife of his most intimate friend.

' MY

‘ MY DEAR,

‘ I Have just now received yours, and am very sorry for the uneasiness your husband's behaviour has given you of late; though I cannot be of your opinion, that he suspects our connection. We have been bred up together from children, and have lived in the strictest friendship ever since; so that I dare say he would as soon suspect me of a design to murder, as wrong him this way: and, you know, it is to that confidence and security of his that I owe the happiness that I enjoy. However, in all events, be convinced that you are in the hands of a man of honour, who will not suffer you to be ill used; and should my friend proceed to any disagreeable extremities with you, depend upon it I'll cut the cuckold's throat for him. ‘ Yours, most tenderly.

‘ B—.’

The fourth and last letter is to a friend, who had, probably, as high notions of honour as himself, by the nature of the affair in which he requires his assistance.

‘ DEAR CHARLES,

‘ PR'YTHEE come to me immediately, to serve me in an affair of honour. You must know, I told a damned lye last night in a mixed company, and a formal odd dog, in a manner insinuated that I did so; upon which I whispered him to be in Hyde Park this morning, and to bring a friend with him, if he had such a thing in the world. The booby was hardly worth my repentment; but you know my delicacy where honour is concerned.

‘ Yours,

‘ BELVILLE.’

It appears, from these authentic pieces, that Mr. Belville, filled with the noblest sentiments of honour, paid all debts but his just ones; kept his word scrupulously in the flagitious sale of his conscience to a minister; was ready to protect, at the expence

of his friend's life, his friend's wife, whom, by the opportunities that friendship had given him, he had corrupted; and punished truth with death, when it intimated, however justly, the want of it in himself.

This person of refined honour, conscious of his own merit and virtue, is a most unmerciful censor of the lesser vices and failings of others; and lavishly bestows the epithets of Scoundrel and Rascal upon all those who, in a subordinate rank of life, seem to aspire to any genteel degree of immorality. An awkward country gentleman, who sells his silent vote cheap, is with him a sad dog. The industrious tradesmen are a pack of cheating rascals, who should be better regulated, and not suffered to impose upon people of condition; and servants are a parcel of idle scoundrels, that ought to be used ill, and not paid their wages, in order to check their insolence.

It is not to be imagined how pernicious the example of such a creature is to society: he is admired, and consequently imitated; he not only immediately corrupts his own circle of acquaintance, but the contagion spreads itself to infinity; as circles in water produce one another, though gradually less marked out, in proportion as they are remoter from the cause of the first.

To such practice, and such examples in higher life, may justly be imputed the general corruption and immorality which prevail through this kingdom: but when such is the force of fashion, and when the examples of people of the first rank in a country are so prevalent as to dignify vice and immorality, in spite of all laws, divine and human, how popular might they make virtue, if they would exert their power in it's cause? And how must they, in their cooler moments, reproach themselves, when they come to reflect that, by their fatal examples, they have beggared, corrupted, and, it may be, enslaved, a whole nation!

A SERMON,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. PROCTOR, MINISTER OF GISSING,
BY THE REV. MR. MOOR, MINISTER OF BURSTON IN NORFOLK.

'Fight the good fight, &c.' 1 Tim. vi. 12.

BELOVED, we are met together to solemnize the funeral of Mr. Proctor: his father's name was Mr. Thomas Proctor, of the second family; his brother's name also was Mr. Thomas Proctor; he lived some time at Burstton Hall in Norfolk, and was high constable of Difs hundred: this man's name was Mr. Robert Proctor, and his wife's was Mrs. Buxton, late wife of Mr. Matthew Buxton; she came from Helsdon Hal', beyond Norwich.

He was a good husband, and she was a good housewife; and they two got money: she brought a thousand pounds with her for her portion.

But now, beloved, I shall make it clear, by demonstrative arguments. First, He was a good man, and that in several respects; he was a loving man to his neighbours, a charitable man to the poor, a favourable man in his tythes, and a good landlord to his tenants: there sits one Mr. Spurgeon can tell what a great sum of money he forgave him upon his death-bed; it was fourscore pounds. Now, beloved, was not this a good man, and a man of God, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich. This is the first argument.

Secondly, To prove this man to be a good man, and a man of God; in the time of his sickness, which was long and tedious, he sent for Mr. Cole, minister of Shimpling, to pray for him. He was not a self-ended man, to be prayed for himself only; no, beloved, he desired him to pray for all his relations and acquaintance; for Mr. Buxton's worship, and for all Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any; and to Mr. Cole's prayers he devoutly said, 'Amen, amen, amen!' Was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good wo-

man? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Then he sent for Mr. Gibbs to pray for him; when he came and prayed for him, for all his friends, and relations and acquaintance; for Mr. Buxton's worship, for Mrs. Buxton's worship, and for all Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any; and to Mr. Gibb's prayers he likewise devoutly said, 'Amen, amen, amen!' Was not this a good man, and a man of God think you, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Then he sent for me, and I came and prayed for this good man Mr. Proctor; for all his friends, relations, and acquaintance; for Mr. Buxton's worship, for Mrs. Buxton's worship, and for Mr. Buxton's children, against it should please God to send him any: and to my prayers he devoutly said, 'Amen, amen, amen!' Was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Thirdly, and lastly, beloved, I come to a clear demonstrative argument, to prove this man to be a good man, and a man of God, and that is this: there was one Thomas Proctor, a very poor beggar-boy; he came into this country upon the back of a dun cow; it was not a black cow, nor a brindled cow, nor a brown cow; no, beloved, it was a dun cow: well, beloved, this poor boy came a begging to this good man's door; he did not do as some would have done, give him a small alms and send him away; or chide him, and make him a pass, and send him to his own country; no, beloved, he took him into his own house, and bound him an apprentice to a gunsmith in Norwich; after his time was out, took him home again, and married

married him to a kinswoman of his wife's, one Mrs. Christian Robertson, here present, there she sits; she was a very good fortune, and to her this good man gave a considerable jointure: by her he had three daughters; this good man took home the eldest, brought her up to woman's estate, married her to a very honourable gentleman, Mr. Buxton, here present, there he sits; gave him a vast portion with her, and the remainder of his estate he gave his two daughters. Now was not this a good man, and a man of God, think you, and his wife a good woman? and she came from Helsdon Hall, beyond Norwich.

Beloved, you may remember, some time since, I preached at the funeral of Mrs. Proctor, at which time I troubled you with many of her transcendent virtues: but your memories perhaps may fail you; and therefore I shall now remind you of one or two of them.

The first is, she was a good knitter as any in the county of Norfolk: when her husband and family were in bed and asleep, she would get a cushion, clap herself down by the fire, and sit and knit; but, beloved, she was no prodigal woman, but a sparing woman; for, to spare candle, she would stir up the coals with her knitting-pins; and by that light she would sit and knit, and make as good work as

many other women by day-light. Beloved, I have a pair of stockings upon my legs that were knit in the same manner; and they are the best stockings that ever I wore in my life.

Secondly, she was the best maker of toast in drink that ever I eat in my life; and they were brown toasts too; for when I used to go in a morning, she would ask me to eat a toast, which I was very willing to do, because she had such an artificial way of toasting it, no ways slack nor burning it; besides, she had such a pretty way of grating nutmeg, dipping it in the beer, and such a piece of rare cheese, that I must needs say they were the best toasts that ever I eat in my life.

Well, beloved, the days are short, and many of you have a great way to your habitations; and therefore I hasten to a conclusion.

I think I have sufficiently proved this man to be a good man, and his wife a good woman: but, fearing your memories should fail you, I shall repeat the particulars; viz.

1. His love to his neighbour.
2. His charity to the poor.
3. His favourableness in his tythes.
4. His goodness to his tenants.
5. His devotion in his prayers, in saying Amen to the prayers of Mr. Cole, Mr. Gibbs, and myself.

A LETTER

FROM MRS. MARY MIDNIGHT, TO THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIANS;
GIVING THEM AN ACCOUNT OF A VERY CURIOUS PETRIFICATION
FOUND NEAR PENZANCE, IN THE COUNTY OF CORNWALL.

GENTLEMEN,

SUPERFLUOUS and absurd would an apology be from me to you, for any address which I can make to you; since doubtless I have a right to your acquaintance, and a property in your protection, being myself a most extraordinary piece of venerable antiquity. But should I wave this privilege, the singular curiosity I am about to present you, in the formation of which, nature, time, and art, have been employed, would sufficiently plead my

excuse. As my worthy friend Mr. Powallis, of Penzance, was taking an evening's walk in the fields, he accidentally trod upon something which, having all the appearance of an human excrement, made him immediately congratulate himself upon his good luck; but upon a stricter scrutiny it appeared to be a pebble, which both in shape and colour perfectly resembled what he at first took it for. He carried it home to his lady, who at first

fight cried out—' My dear, you have brought home a ——' mentioning a word which I am sorry should ever drop from a woman of her decency and discretion. However, upon handling it, she was pacified; and diverted herself by now and then depositing it in the parlour, to the confusion of the housemaid; and sometimes dropping it in company, for the entertainment and astonishment of her friends. At length a gentleman, who was an excellent antiquarian, and likewise profoundly learned in minerals and fossils, happened to pay Mr. Powallis a visit; and, upon inspection, declared with transport, that it was the greatest curiosity in Europe. ' This,' says he, ' is really ' and *bonâ fide* a petrified excrement; ' and, as it was found in the fields, is a ' valuable monument of ancient simplicity; when our fathers (how unlike ' the effeminacy of our moderns!) used ' to *do their business* in the most pastoral and unaffected manner; and, as ' the divine Milton sings—

" Every shepherd laid his tail
" Under the hawthorn in the vale."

This gentleman is now in possession of the petrification, which he obtained from Mr. Powallis, who (because he was his very intimate friend) let him have it at the easy expence of fifty pounds. I wish, gentlemen of the society, it was mine to bestow; I declare I should not hesitate a moment about the disposal of it: but, as it is, you will be content with a description of it, which I shall attempt in as brief a manner as I may. This rarity, then, which you may either call an artificial piece of nature, or a natural piece of art, is about seven inches long, and about three and a half diameter; (I mean in the centre) for, towards the end, it is taper; and is, as

a certain poet says by a lady's shape—

' Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.'

It resembles a rainbow in it's curvature, but not in colour; for in that respect it is uniform to a surprizing exactness, which Dr. Bolus assures us is a strong proof that the ancients lived upon a milk and vegetable diet, and were free from those luxurious compositions that discolour the excrements of this degenerate age. Mr. Fondledust (who, though he has not the honour to be of your society, is yet a man of great penetration and curiosity) declares, he is absolutely certain that in a few years study he could find out the age, condition, sex, situation, country, and constitution, of the person who generously bequeathed this remarkable relic to posterity. Nay, he still goes farther, and most confidently (though I think somewhat rashly) declares, that he can find out whether it is a Jewish, Pagan, or Mahometan business. I intended to have given you a figure of this petrification; but my engraver is such a coxcomb, that he refused the job; and swore he would not draw the picture of a damned —— for any man; speaking disrespectfully of that thing which with us is in such esteem, that, by the courtesy of the kingdom, it has obtained the order of knighthood, under the style and title of Sir Reverence. Now, gentlemen, having laid before you this matter in as plain and succinct a manner as I was capable of, I humbly take my leave; but not without most sincerely promising you, that if anything of this sort should occur to me hereafter, I will not fail to communicate it to you, as a testimony of that esteem with which I remain

Your most humble Servant,

M. MIDNIGHT.

A LETTER

FROM FARMER TRUEMAN'S DOG TOWZER, TO SQUIRE HEAVISIDE'S DOG PONTO, IN RELATION TO THE ACT SAID TO BE PREPARING TO LAY A TAX ON THAT USEFUL ANIMAL.

DEAR PONTO,

I Went home with Phillis, the parson's speckled bitch, last Tuesday; and, to my great amazement, I heard

the doctor declare, that there is actually a scheme on foot to tax us poor dogs; the consequence of which will be,

be, that three parts in four of our species will be knocked on the head. I profess I am not in any dread for myself, nor for you, my dear Ponto; for our usefulness will preserve us, since men (though they are by far the most ungrateful of all other animals) seldom chuse to destroy what is of real benefit to them. I am not, therefore, alarmed out of any selfish view: no, it is a noble spirit of patriotism that inflames me; and, though I say it, there is not a dog in the nation that will fight more desperately, or bark louder, in a good cause, than your old friend Towzer. Let your sneaking puppies follow low mercenary views; let them wag their tails at every scoundrel, and nuzzle in dunghills for half a bone; I am a British mastiff, and scorn such paltry actions. I will venture to say, that almighty love itself cannot make me do a little thing; and though I like a pretty bitch as well as another dog, yet it is not in the power of the most charming of that bewitching sex, either by day to make me kill a neighbour's sheep, or by night to desert my post, and leave my master's house unguarded. 'But why all these professions of honesty to me,' my Ponto will say, 'who have had long experience of Towzer's worth and integrity?' True; but at this conjuncture it is highly requisite that thou shouldst think the best of me, since I am about to engage thee in an affair, the seriousness and importance of which cannot be too strictly attended to; and the greater opinion thou hast of the proposer, with the more alacrity wilt thou enter upon the affair.

One must be a stupid dog indeed, not to know that, notwithstanding our almost innumerable taxes, the ministry want money damnably. Therefore this act will certainly take place, unless we can start some other scheme, from which more cole may be expected. Such a scheme I have in my head, but I am sensible is not to be brought to bear without your assistance.

Thy intimacy with Miss Biddy's

lap-dog will forward thee in the way that I shall chalk out to thee. Thou must engage Shock to communicate my proposals to his fair mistress, and at the same time back them with his interest; and if she stands our friend, we have nothing to fear; for Sir Nathan Nimbletongue, the member for the county, is her slave; and she has a pair of eyes that would dazzle a Roman senate into blindness to the common cause, and corrupt the integrity of a Cato. I have inclosed a copy of the scheme; and rest ever thine, most affectionately,

TOWZER.

TOWZER'S SCHEME FOR A POLL-TAX ON THAT PART OF THE HUMAN SPECIES, WHO ARE DISTINGUISHED BY THE APPELLATIONS OF SAD DOGS, LAZY DOGS, AND PUPPIES.

1. The family of the Sad Dogs has ever been reckoned, without controversy, the most ancient and most numerous of any in the kingdom; if, therefore, they were taxed at the easy rate of one shilling per head, they would bring in to the government annually at least four hundred thousand pounds sterling.

2. The Lazy Dogs are those expletives of nature, which seem only formed to devour her works, and prevent her from being burdensome to herself with her own exuberancy; and would, at sixpence a head, produce the same sum at least.

3. And lastly, the Puppies; that is to say, the numerous tribe of Fops, Coxcombs, Witlings, Pedants, Poetasters, Criticasters, and Grammaticasters, with many more of that strain, would, at threepence a Puppy, bring in at an average the same sum. So there will be one million two hundred pounds sterling by these means redound from a soil which has hitherto brought forth nothing; but has been buried in the weeds of corruption, and the dearth of barrenness.

A JOURNEY

A JOURNEY FROM PARIS,

IN A LETTER FROM A COUNTRY SQUIRE TO HIS PAPA.

EVER-HONOURED SIR, MON PERE,

AFTER my humble duty remembered to you, hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing; this is for to let you know, that we left Dover last Tuesday was three weeks, to sail upon the main ocean sea; and having a bloody strong gale of wind, we got to Calais in four hours: but I did not half like it, for I was most consumed sea-sick; and our Dick was so abominatious bad, that I thought he would be *vivat Rex*, and died upon the spot; he had a growling and grumbling in his grisking, and muted and cast to that degree, as if he would have brought up his very pluck and harilet. We had no sooner landed, but we were hurried to the governor's, and then to the custom-house, where we had a mortal deal of trouble with my portmantle; and Dick had like to have lost the bag where was all my clean linen and old shoes. And, as neither Dick nor I understood then one word of French, we had like to have been bamboozled: but by the help of a well-spoken English gentleman, a very handsome-bodied person in the face, (whom I found was a drawer at the Silver Lion there) we got out of the scrape; and he very civilly carried us to the house where he had the honour to serve. There we lived in clover; and there I found two English travellers going to Paris; the one a humming young spendthrift, with a blue purple scarlet coat on, all bedizened with lace, a filly puppy! that could neither play at putt nor all-fours; but wanted me, forsooth, to play at quadrille, which I knew no more of than the Pope of Rome: so I smelt the lay, and shunn'd him. The other was an Oxford scholar just come from Cambridge, a mere ninny: his first question was, if I was acquainted with the Classics; and I, in return,

asked him if he was acquainted in Essex; and let him know you was of the Quorum, and that I was your son and heir; but as for the family of the Classics, I was sure there was no such in our county, nor none of any note: upon this he grinned, and turned away upon his heel, and so I found the fellow was a fool. And I was glad I was got sheere of him; and resolved to keep no English gentlemen company; because, first and foremost, they spend their money at no rate, and I do not desire such conversation, because I know it argifies nothing, and their pretences to friendship is nothing but blandation. And I resolving to live within compass, (do you see, Sir!) designed to go to Paris in the waggon. But when I called for a reckoning, (blood and thunder!) I may say there was the devil to pay: but as the saying is, *necessitas non habet leggs*; so I paid it with as good a will as if I had swallowed a hedge-hog.

We set out early one morning in company only with three Frenchmen, (very clever gentlemen indeed;) one of them spoke pretty good, bad English, and had been footman to a half-pay officer; the second was a rope-dancer; and the third taught dogs to set and the like; but surely they were the most complaisant gentlemen that ever were born or christened. Whatever I said, they said so too; if I sneezed, they bowed; if I laughed, they did the same; if I yawned, they stretched their jaws; and so-forth. We were ten days in getting to Paris, and passed through many towns and cities; but I knew better than to puzzle my brains to remember their names; which would argifie nothing at all, if so be I came for improvement, and the like of that. My fellow-travellers were so mortal civil to me, that

I could

I could do no less than to bear their expences; however, I lost nothing by it, for in return they taught me French as fast as hops, so that by the time I got to Paris, I could say, *we monseer* and *non mounseer*, as well as the best of them, and so could our Dick too. But they all said, that they never knew any body that ever learned so much in a short time; and I am of the same mind too, though I say it, that should not say it, and that's a proud word; but mum for that—*trace* is Latin for a candle.

At Paris, by advice of my friend the footman, I took lodgings at a friend's of his, at a fix souze ordinary up two pair of stairs in a back lane, because of cheap living. For thinks I to myself, as I am here only to see fashions, I may as well do that out of a window up two pair of stairs, as out of a parlour; and to save charges Dick lies with me, but is dismally afraid of spirits and of things walking, because he cannot speak a bit of Latin: and, for my own part, I resolve (as the saying is) to keep only the best of company; so I found a sufficient number of very polite gentlemen that lodged in the same house; that is to say, two journeymen taylors, (natives of Ireland) two Italian fiddlers, and the chief toad-eater to a very noted mountebank! But sure, and sure! had you but seen how they all honoured, bowed to, and complimented me, you would have taken your corporal oath that they were men of quality, and knew that I was somebody.

I have been at court but once: and I will insure you, I will never go twice; for I think in my heart, that it is as fine a sight to see our quarter-seffions. But it seems my merit could not be hid there; for I am told by one that heard it from the king's corn-cutter, that he was informed by one of the pages in waiting, that he thinks he heard the cardinal say, as how as he almost thought that I was some-

body of distinction, if the truth was known, and the like of that.

I must not forget to tell you, that they are all here either Papishes or Roman Catholics; and I like them at no price: so that when I have seen fashions one week more, I design to return from beyond sea, in order, Sir, to make you a grandfather, if I live and do well, as the saying is. The whole city have their eye upon me, especially the ladies, who I am told are all in love with me; and every one says, I am vastly improved by travelling, and that I am so witty, and so wise, that they never saw the peer of me in all their born days; and as I have now seen the world, I hope the gentlemen of the county will be so wise as to put me up for one at the next election. So no more at present, but my love to Tom Jackson, and Goodman Hickumbottom, and to the parson, and his aunt, which is all from, dear papa, your ever-loving son till death,

W. BOOBYKIN.

P. S. Here is a vast cunning man lives at the very next door; he professes for a luidore (as they call it) to learn me to make spells and charms, and love-powders, and will teach me to raise the devil into the bargain; which I think may be of great use to me at elections, and in fox-hunting, and so-forth: and as I have a capacity for any witty thing, I have a huge mind to learn; and he says, if I will turn Papish, he will give me the true receipt to make the philosopher's stone, that will turn every thing I touch to gold, and silver, and money, and the like; but I shall beg his diversion for that, for I han't a mind to be damned at present; and I hope I never shall, if I live and do well, and so-forth, as the saying is.

CHARACTERS.

CHARACTERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. SAMUEL BUTLER,

AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

XXII.

A CATHOLIC

SAYS his prayers often, but never prays, and worships the cross more than Christ. He prefers his church merely for the antiquity of it, and cares not how sound or rotten it be, so it be but old. He takes a liking to it as some do to old cheese, only for the blue rottenness of it. If he had lived in the primitive times, he had never been a Christian; for the antiquity of the Pagan and Jewish religion would have had the same power over him against the Christian, as the old Roman has against the modern Reformation. The weaker vessel he is, the better and more zealous member he always proves of his church; for religion, like wine, is not so apt to leak in a leathern boraccio as a great cask, and is better preserved in a small bottle stopped with a light cork, than a vessel of greater capacity, where the spirits being more and stronger, are the more apt to fret. He allows of all holy cheats, and is content to be deluded in a true, orthodox, and infallible way. He believes the Pope to be infallible, because he has deceived all the world, but was never deceived himself; which was grown so notorious, that nothing less than an article of faith in the church could make a plaister big enough for the sore. His faith is too big for his charity, and too unwieldy to work miracles; but is able to believe more than all the saints in Heaven ever made. He worships saints in effigy, as Dutchmen hang absent malefactors; and has so weak a memory, that he is apt to forget his patrons, unless their pictures prevent him. He loves to see what he prays to, that he may not mistake one saint for another; and his beads and crucifix are the tools of his devotion, without which it can do nothing.

Nothing staggers his faith of the Pope's infallibility so much, as that he did not make away the Scriptures, when they were in his power, rather than those that believed in them, which he knows not how to understand to be no error. The less he understands of his religion, the more violent he is in it; which, being the perpetual condition of all those that are deluded, is a great argument that he is mistaken. His religion is of no force without ceremonies; like a loadstone, that draws a greater weight through a piece of iron than when it is naked of itself. His prayers are a kind of crambe that used to kill schoolmasters; and he values them by number, not weight.

XXIII.

A QUAKER

IS a scoundrel saint, of an order without founder, vow, or rule; for he will not swear, nor be tied to any thing, but his own humour. He is the link-boy of the sectaries; and talks much of his light, but puts it under a bushel, for nobody can see it but himself. His religion is but the cold fit of an ague, and his zeal of a contrary temper to that of all others, yet produces the same effects; as cold iron in Greenland, they say, burns as well as hot; which makes him delight, like a salamander, to live in the fire of persecution. He works out his salvation, not with fear, but confidence, and trembling. His profession is but a kind of winter-religion; and the original of it as uncertain as the hatching of woodcocks, for no man can tell from whence it came. He vapours much of the light within him, but no such thing appears, unless he means as he is light-headed. He believes he takes up the cross in being cross to all mankind. He delights in persecution, as some old extravagant

travagant fornicators find a litchery in being whipt; and has no ambition but to go to Heaven in what he calls a fiery chariot; that is, a woodmonger's faggot-cart. You may perceive he has a crack in his scull by the flat twang of his nose, and the great care he takes to keep his hat on, lest his sickly brains, if he have any, should take cold at it. He believes his doctrine to be heavenly, because it agrees perfectly with the *Motus Trepidationis*. All his hopes are in the Turks over-running of Christendom, because he has heard they count fools and madmen saints; and doubts not to pass muster with them for great abilities that way. This makes him believe he can convert the Turk, though he could do no good on the Pope, or the Presbyterian. Nothing comes so near his quaking liturgy, as the papistical possessions of the devil, with which it conforms in discipline exact. His church, or rather chapel, is built upon a flat sand, without superior or inferior in it, and not upon a rock, which is never found without great inequalities. Next demoniacs, he most resembles the reprobate, who are said to be condemned to weeping and gnashing of teeth. There was a botcher of their church that renounced his trade and turned preacher, because he held it superstitious to sit cross-legged. His devotion is but a kind of spiritual palsy, that proceeds from a distemper in the brain, where the nerves are rooted. They abhor the Church of England, but conform exactly with those primitive fathers of their church, that heretofore gave answers at the devil's oracles; in which they observed the very same ceremony of quaking and gaping now practised by our modern enthusiasts at their exercisims, rather than exercises of devotion. He sucks in the air like a pair of bellows, and blows his inward light with it, till he dung fire, as cattle do in Lincolnshire. The general ignorance of their whole party make it appear that, whatsoever their zeal may be, it is not according to knowledge.

XXIV.

A FANATIC.

SAINT Paul was thought by Festus to be mad with too much learning; but the Fanatics of our times are mad with too little. He chuses himself one of the Elect, and packs a committee of his own party to judge the twelve tribes of Israel. The apostles in the primitive church worked miracles to confirm and propagate their doctrine; but he thinks to confirm his by working at his trade. He assumes a privilege to impress what text of Scripture he pleases for his own use, and leaves those that make against him for the use of the wicked. His religion, that tends only to faction and sedition, is neither fit for peace nor war, but times of a condition between both; like the sails of a ship, that will not endure a storm, and are of no use at all in a calm. He believes it has enough of the primitive christian; if it be but persecuted as that was, no matter for the piety or doctrine of it: as if there were nothing required to prove the truth of a religion but the punishment of the professors of it; like the old mathematicians, that were never believed to be profoundly knowing in their profession, until they had run through all punishments, and just scaped the fork. He is all for suffering for religion, but nothing for acting; for he accounts good works no better than encroachments upon the merits of free believing, and a good life the most troublesome and unthrifty way to Heaven. He canonizes himself a saint in his own life-time, as the more sure and certain way, and less troublesome to others. He outgrows ordinances, as an apprentice that has served out his time does his indentures; and, being a freeman, supposes himself at liberty to set up what religion he pleases. He calls his own supposed abilities gifts, and disposes of himself like a foundation designed to pious uses; although, like others of the same kind, they are always diverted to other purposes. He owes

all his gifts to his ignorance, as beggars do the alms they receive to their poverty. They are such as the fairies are said to drop in men's shoes, and when they are discovered to give them over and confer no more; for when his gifts are discovered they vanish, and come to nothing. He is but a

puppet-faint, that moves he knows not how, and his ignorance is the dull leaden weight that puts all his parts in motion. His outward man is a faint, and his inward man a reprobate; for he carries his vices in his heart, and his religion in his face.

CURIOUS ESSAY

ON THAT CELEBRATED MUSICAL INSTRUMENT THE CAT-CALL.

I Made a visit the other morning to a friend in the Temple, and found him engaged with an ingenious mechanic, who is the maker of a certain little musical instrument, which of late is carried in the pockets of all men of wit and pleasure about town. He gave me to understand, that this expence was owing to an accident which happened to him the night before; for, it being his chance to pass through Temple-Bar at a time when the multitude were giving the discipline of the kennel to one of those beasts of prey commonly stiled Informers, an artist, known among the vulgar by the name of a pick-pocket, found the means of diving to the bottom of one of his pockets, and conveyed from thence the following moveables, the goods of Frank Townly, Esq. of the Middle Temple.

A Letter-Case, and Etwees, finely wrought and gilt—in which were no bank-notes; but it contained four subscription-receipts for books not yet printed, and which perhaps never will be printed; with two milliners, and three taylors bills, the receipts torn off; and a billet-doux from a celebrated toast of Covent-Garden.

A Smelling Bottle, and Pocket-Mirror.

And two Cat-calls; the one a bass, the other a treble.

It was the last of these losses which my friend was about to supply. There were a great many of them lying on the table, some in pinchbeck, others in silver. The artist had employed the utmost of his skill in adorning them; on one side was the Comic

Mask, and Tragic Buffon, curiously engraved; on the other, a Felonious Critic, snatching the laurel from a poor poet's brow. The workmanship exceeded the materials.

While I was viewing all the wonders of this little tube, (the terror of the poet and the player) a thousand reflections arose in my mind. I thought on the cruel palpitations it might cause in the hearts of many unfortunate adventurers for fame, as yet unborn.

Being in the midst of my cogitations, my friend the Templar, taking one of them in his hand, and looking round it, repeated the following verses—

' Pretty tube, of mighty power,
' Charmer of an idle hour! &c.

When he had finished his soliloquy, I applied the instrument to my lips; and, giving it breath, it sent forth the most harsh, unmusical sound, that had ever wounded my ears. My friend smiled to see me frightened at my own noise; and, taking it from me, was so good as to give me a solo on it himself, which he performed with a skill not to be acquired without great practice. This flourish of his was answered with the like harmony by a couple of cats, who were met on an affair of gallantry, on the top of a house facing the window where we sat.

After the most curious examination I could make of this instrument, I do not think I ever saw any thing like it.

It differs very much from the Tibia of the ancients, as may be seen by several antique basso-relievos in Italy, where that instrument appears perfect to this day: nor has it any resemblance to the Calamus, or shepherd's pipe of Arcadia;

Arcadia; one of which I myself saw in the cabinet of that learned antiquary, Signor Cosme Bagatello of Padua. Besides, had it been in use among the ancients, it could not have escaped the observation of the German literati; and we should have seen two or three folios written on the subject, by the sages of a nation who have supplied the commonwealth of learning with such loads of lumber. From all which I conclude it must be of modern invention.

What confirms me more in this opinion is, that Pancirollus has not mentioned it in his *Treatise De Rebus Inventis et Deperditis*; I take it, therefore, that the invention of it is later than the use of the compass, gunpowder, or printing. Be that as it may, Frank Townly is of opinion that it may be of infinite utility to our country; and he told me that this little tube, placed in judicious hands, would contribute more towards reforming the stage, and introducing a good taste in dramatic poetry, than all the book criticisms in the world; and that a good critic ought no more to be without his Cat-call, than a soldier without his sword.

The artist who made it was all this while very attentive. He began to put on a look of importance; and told us, that perhaps it might come at first from outlandish countries, but it was quite a different thing from what it was when he first knew it—for that we can improve, though we cannot invent; that he himself had sat up night and day to try experiments upon it; and that, by long study, he had so enlarged it's compass, that it now took in three notes more of the gamut than ever it had done before: as operas were now all the ton, he did not doubt that some great master would soon compose for it; and he hoped to get a patent to be the sole maker of it, for he had a sister who was a servant to the kept-mistress of a man in power, by whose interest he hoped to procure it; when he was sure he should soon get an estate by it.

There being a new play in the bills for that night, Townly asked me to ac-

company him and some other acquaintances. We went at the proper hour, and placed ourselves in the centre of the pit, amidst a sort of people who come to that place, not to shew their cloaths, but to improve their understandings: it is they who set a value on works of this nature, and from their opinion the public pronounces a thing to be either good or bad.

I believe the author might design it for a comedy, but it was of that kind which the French call *assoupissant*. However, all due attention was paid to it for the space of two acts. Townly, at length, finding nothing in it to keep up his attention, began to tune his flagellet; which, like the sound of the last trumpet, roused the whole audience from that quiet slumber into which they had been laid by the scenes on the stage. He led the orchestra all that night; and I will do him the justice to say, he never sounded in the wrong place. He was accompanied by such a number of others, in various keys, that it became a concerto-grosso: I will not say it was quite so sweet as the music of the spheres, and yet I suspected that a party from the Italian opera in the Haymarket had thrust themselves into this concert, in hopes to revive their sinking opera again by damming all plays; for methought I could plainly distinguish some of Farinelli's notes, as well as certain graces of Gafferelli, not to mention a squeak in imitation of Strada.

But commend me to a certain critic in the gallery, who damned the play with a yawn. This person kept his fire to the last: whether he had been really asleep, and waked from some dream, or only pretended it, he fetched a yawn, or rather a groan, making night hideous, and so scared the whole audience, that it put an end to the concert below.

But I should have taken notice before, that some sparks behind the scenes, (I wish I knew them!) were for compelling us to like the play by force of arms, and threatened to bring the guards on the stage, to bully us out of applause. On which I

did not think it inconsistent either with my age or gravity, to hiss for the good of my country; and I became almost reconciled to the squalling of the Cat-call, when I heard it's music exerted in the cause of liberty: nor was I less pleased with the spirit of an audience who would not give up their opinions to critics who were to dispute the rules of the drama with bayonets fixed to the ends of their muskets; for, had I been in the place of that logician who disputed with a Roman emperor, I should not, like him, have yielded because his Imperial Majesty commanded fifty legions.

Though I am an enemy to every thing which looks like tyranny, either in criticism or in politics, I could wish, I own, that some method less tumultuous could be found out, of giving our judgments on the works of the ingenious; I would not have the seat of Wit, and the empire of the Muses, disturbed with noise and confusion.

As I have considered this affair with all the attention which a matter of such importance deserves, I will, by virtue of that authority, which I vested in myself when I assumed the character of a public writer, offer some regulations for a more orderly judgment to be stamped on the works of our dramatic authors.

I therefore humbly propose, that a certain number of critics, from our several inns of courts, shall meet in the Temple Hall, to consider and draw up proper rules and directions for the use of the Cat-call the first night of every new play.

That they shall have power to send for persons, papers, and records.

That they shall appoint some person, duly qualified, to compose for the said instrument.

That the composition shall consist of three select pieces of music, different in their kind.

That the first shall be played at the end of the prologue, and at no other time; and shall be understood to be for the entertainment of the upper-gallery.

That the second shall never be played but when an actor commits some flagrant fault.

That neither of these shall be taken to reflect in the least on the poet.

That the third shall be played at the end, and only when the play merits to be damned.

That no person shall be allowed to assist in this concert who has not read Horace.

That no gentleman of the University be allowed to sound a Cat-call till he has been two years in town.

That Frank Townly, or some other critic of equal lungs, be appointed to lead the orchestra, and likewise to beat time.

That ladies be allowed to use Cat-calls, if they please; or, rather, a tibicina, or, small flagellet, of a more curious workmanship, and of a sweeter tone, to be made on purpose for their use.

That this last instrument shall be tied, with a silver or gold ribband, to the sticks of their fans.

That the critics in the pit, out of respect, shall be silent when the ladies begin to sound.

That all expressions which are offensive to modesty or good-manners, be left wholly to the censure of the ladies.

That no lady, under the degree of a toast, be appointed to lead the female orchestra.

That the critic in the gallery have full liberty to yawn when the play is over, provided he does not like it: any thing contained in these orders to the contrary notwithstanding.

A LOVE LETTER

FROM A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER TO THE LADY OF HIS AFFECTIONS.

DEAR MADAM,

IF there be yet no *proposition* towards a *conjunction* with you, be pleased to accept of this *interjection*

of my pretences: for I do *pronouns ad verbum*, that I desire to be *adjective* to you in all *cases*; for *positively* I declare

clare that, *comparatively* speaking, I should be *superlatively* happy might I engender with you in all moods and tenses. I hope you will not think me so *singular*, as not to desire to have the *plural number* in my family; or that I am too *masculine*, to be *neuter* in regard to the *fæminine*: wherefore, dear Madam, let us have our affections in *common of two*. Far be it from you to *decline* this *conjugation*, though I am not the *first person*, nor the *second*, nor the *third*, that have solicited you to be *subjunctive* to his love. I presume you will not be in the *imperative*, whilst I pass from the *optative* to the *potential*; and that you will permit me to make a *conjunction*

of my *Propria quæ Mari-bus*, with your *As in Præsenti*; this will make a *participle* of happiness, if you please *actively* to give your voice to be *passive* herein: be you but *supine*, and I'll be *deponent*. Thus you will find it the *optative* part of my soul to be a lawful *concord* with the *genitive*; my whole income shall be a *dative* to you for the *present*: nothing shall be *accusative* against you for the *future*; and your dear name shall ever be my *vocative*, till Death, the great *ablative* of all things, part us. I am, dear Madam,

Your most obsequious adorer,

PAUL PEDAGOGUE.

LETTER

FROM THE PRINCESS FISMERILLA, TO HER FRIEND GRANARIA; DESCRIBING THE MELANCHOLY CONSEQUENCES OF A TILE'S BEING KICKED UP IN ORMESBY PARK, LINCOLNSHIRE, WHICH HAD FOR SOME TIME COVERED AN EMMETS NEST.

OUR whole state is in the utmost confusion; and our distresses are so great, that I have neither leisure nor spirits enough to give you a full account of them. However, I must send you such a one as I can; that it may induce you the sooner to come and visit one whom you have always loved, and who never wanted a friend to console with so much as on this melancholy occasion.

You know how happily our whole nation used to live under the king my father; and have often admired with me that firm covering which Providence had laid all over our capital; and which, next to my father's wise and mild administration, was the greatest cause of the general happiness of all our people.

By day, when that globe of fire in the heavens, which ripens the corn for us, was too violent, and scorched all the neighbouring nations of emmets, we had a safe retirement, where we were neither dazzled with its light, nor tormented with the too great heat of its beams. By night, when the clouds thickened, and streamed down in little rivers, our covering was only

made the more smooth by it, and none of its moisture ever penetrated into our houses or granaries. Our people always went out cheerfully to work; and, if they found the heats too violent, or saw a shower drawing together in the clouds, had each his grotto to retire to under this red piece of rock, that extended itself over all our habitations. There was not then any people so happy as we were; and now, alas! there is scarce so miserable a people on the face of the whole earth, as we are become at one blow.

On the first day of the last full-moon, (which, you know, is our great festival, as falling in the midst of the labouring half of the year) as I was retired to my morning devotions, on a sudden I thought I saw all that part of the red rock which was over my apartment trembling, and in agitation; when in an instant other parts of it appeared over my head, and then others, till at last it left my apartments, and the whole city, quite exposed to the air. All this was done almost in an instant; in much less time than I have been speaking of it to you. The king my father was then in council

council with the chiefs of the city, and found himself exposed all at once to the glaring light of the day, as well as all the rest of us.

It is impossible as yet to tell all the damage that has been done. The walls of the Grand House for the Infants are tumbled in; and great numbers of the little innocents perished under the rubbish. The Eggary has fared yet worse: our Storehouses, and great part of the grain in them, are destroyed. In one word, almost all our houses, and the palace itself, is nothing but one heap of ruins. The heavy rains which fell that afternoon, and all the next night, have completed our misfortunes; and we have scarce enough left alive to bury the dead.

It is thought by most, that the occasion of this great calamity to our nation was an earthquake; for it must, they say, have required some general disorder in nature to move so vast and so extended a rock as that was over us. Others say, it was one of those prodigious monsters, which Providence (out of it's goodness to us) allows but two legs to walk about upon, that they may not crush yet more regiments of our people than they daily do.

The guards, who were on duty when this accident happened, were all destroyed except one, who is very much wounded, and now lies dangerously ill. He has a violent delirious fever; but says, between whiles, that, just before this happened, one of these monsters actually drew towards the city; and that he saw him suddenly raise up one of those vast columns which support him, and drive away the whole rock before him with the end of it. How true his account may be, Heaven only knows; but, surely, it is not unlike the character of those pests of the whole animal world, who were certainly formed by the Evil Principle, and who seem to be the only creatures on the face of the whole earth which delight in doing mischief to others without any view of doing good to themselves.

Whatever was the cause of our sufferings, never was there a people more distressed than we are. Come, therefore, as soon as you possibly can, to comfort your afflicted friend, who could scarce write thus much for tears; and who yet has not told you the half of our misfortunes.

PISMERILLA.

SELECT ANECDOTES, REPORTEES, AND BON-MOTS,
ANCIENT AND MODERN.
NUMBER VIII.

I.
THE Marquis Della Scalas, an Italian nobleman, having invited the neighbouring gentry to a grand entertainment, where all the delicacies of the season were provided; some of the company arrived very early, for the purpose of paying their respects to his Excellency. Soon after which, the Major-Domo, entering the dining-room in a great hurry, told the marquis that there was a most wonderful fisherman below, who had brought one of the finest fish in all Italy; for which, however, he demanded a most extravagant price. 'Regard not his price,' cried the marquis; 'pay him the money directly.'—'So I would,' please your highness, but he refuses

'to take any money.'—'What, then, would the fellow have?'—'An hundred strokes of the strappado on his bare shoulders, my lord; he says he will not bate a single blow.' On this the whole company ran down stairs, to see so singular a man. 'A fine fish!' cried the Marquis: 'What is your demand, my friend?'—'Not a quatrini, my lord,' answered the fisherman: 'I will not take money. If your lordship wishes to have the fish, you must order me a hundred lashes of the strappado on my naked back; otherwise I shall apply elsewhere.'—'Rather than lose the fish,' said the marquis, 'we must e'en let this fellow have his humour.—Here!' cried he, to one of his grooms, 'discharge

' charge this honest man's demands; but don't lay on too hard; don't hurt the poor devil very much!' The fisherman then stripped, and the groom prepared to execute his lordship's orders. 'Now, my friend,' said the fisherman, 'keep an exact account, I beseech you; for I don't desire a single stroke more than my due.' The whole company were astonished at the amazing fortitude with which the man submitted to the operation, till he had received the fiftieth lash; when, addressing himself to the servant—'Hold, my friend,' cried the fisherman: 'I have now had my full share of the prize.'—'Your share!' exclaimed the marquis; 'what is the meaning of all this?'—'My lord,' returned the fisherman, 'I have a partner, to whom my honour is engaged that he shall have his full half of whatever I receive for the fish; and your lordship, I dare venture to say, will by and by own that it would be a thousand pities to defraud him of a single stroke.'—'And pray, honest friend,' said the marquis, 'who is this partner?'—'Your porter, my lord,' answered the fisherman; 'who keeps the outer-gate, and refused to admit me, unless I would promise him half what I should obtain for the fish.'—'Ho! ho!' exclaimed the marquis, laughing very heartily, 'by the blessing of Heaven, he shall have double his demand in full tale!' The porter was accordingly sent for; and, being stripped to the skin, two grooms were directed to lay on with all their might till he had fairly received what he was so well entitled to. The marquis then ordered his steward to pay the fisherman twenty sequins; desiring him to call annually for the like sum, as a recompense for the friendly service he had rendered him.

II.

PHILIP II. having been told that a certain physician had publicly defamed him, and was imprisoned for it, sent his prime-minister to enquire if he had done him any injury. To which the physician replied—'Never, in all my life.'

This report being made to the king, he ordered the doctor to be immediately set at liberty. The premier, surprized at this conduct, begged to know his Majesty's motive. 'I do it,' said the King, 'because the man must be a fool: for no one else would so outrageously abuse a person who had never injured him; and why should I punish an idiot?'

III.

As the late Duke of Bedford was one day on horseback, not far from Wooburn Abbey, in company with some gentlemen, his Grace observed four labourers making a hearty meal in the open field. Struck with a sudden whim, he rode up to the honest rustics, and asked them if they thought themselves perfectly happy? Three of them replied that, confining their wants to what God pleased to send them, they had not a wish in the world. But the fourth frankly confessed, that one thing was wanting to his felicity; namely, the recovery of a spot of ground, a house, and a mili, which had been in the possession of his family for a long succession of years, and which his father had imprudently disposed of. 'And if you had this inheritance,' said the Duke, 'would you then be fully contented?'—'As much so,' replied the rustic, 'as it is possible for man to be!'—'What is it worth?' resumed his Grace. 'I could purchase it,' returned the countryman, 'for ninety guineas.'—'Let this honest fellow have to that amount,' said the Duke, turning to his steward; 'I shall then have the satisfaction to reflect that I have at least rendered one man happy.'

IV.

WHEN the renowned Admiral Had-dock was dying, he begged to see his son, to whom he thus delivered himself—'Notwithstanding my rank in life, and public services for so many years, I shall leave you only a small fortune; but, my dear boy, it is honestly got, and will wear well: there are no seamen's wages or provisions in it; nor is there one single penny of dirty money.'

v.

As the late Mr. Rich, whose abilities as a Harlequin are universally known, was one evening returning home from the playhouse in a hackney-coach, he ordered the coachman to drive him to the Sun, then a famous tavern in Clare-Market. Just as the coach passed one of the windows of the tavern, Rich, who perceived it to be open, dextrously threw himself out of the coach-window into the room. The coachman, who saw nothing of this transaction, drew up, descended from his box, opened the coach-door, and let down the step; then, taking off his hat, he waited for some time, expecting his fare to alight; but, at length, looking into the coach, and seeing it empty, he bestowed a few hearty curses on the rascal who had bilked him, remounted his box, turned about, and was returning to the stand; when Rich, who had watched his opportunity, threw himself into the coach, looked out, asked the fellow where the devil he was driving, and desired him to turn about. The coachman, almost petrified with fear, instantly obeyed, and once more drew up to the door of the tavern. Rich now got out; and, after reproaching the fellow with stupidity, tendered him his money. 'No, God bless your honour,' said the coachman, 'my master has ordered me to take no money to-night.'—'Pshaw!' said Rich; 'your master's a fool; here's a shilling for yourself!'—'No, no,' said the coachman, who by that time had remounted his box, 'that won't do: I know you too well, for all your shoes—and so, Mr. Devil, for once you're outwitted!'

vi.

THE late Lady Tyrawley, who was very short-sighted, being on a christening visit, her ladyship waited below-stairs a considerable time, with much impatience to see the child, which was to be brought down to her. The footman, in the mean time, entered the apartment with a coal-scuttle; who approaching the fire, near which her ladyship was seated, she immediately rose, and being extremely de-

firous of complimenting the family with a thousand common-place observations on the bantling, run on in the following manner, with great volubility—'La! it is the sweetest creature I ever beheld! my Lord Duke's nose! my Lady Dutchess's eyes and mouth!—Dear nurse, this is an universal joy; for sure no mother ever had so sweet a creature!' The company stared; and her ladyship, who did not discover her error, called for her chair, congratulated herself on having paid her visit, and returned home full of the praises of his Grace's delightful baby.

vii.

WHEN Edward I. was lying at Aulst Clive, he invited Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, then at Beachly, on the opposite shore, to a conference about matters in dispute between them; which the latter refusing, Edward passed over to him. This act of condescension so affected Llewellyn, that he leaped into the water to meet him; and, embracing the boat—'Most wise king!' said the generous Briton, 'your humility has conquered my pride, and your wisdom triumphed over my folly: ascend that neck which I have exalted against you, and enter into that country to which your virtue has this day entitled you!' Then taking King Edward on his shoulders, according to the custom of those times, he made him sit on his robes, and did him homage.

viii.

A MASTER of Arts being reduced to extreme poverty, begged some relief of a locksmith who was at work in his shop. The smith asked him why he had not learned some art to get his living by, rather than thus to go about begging. 'Alas!' replied the scholar, 'I am a Master of seven.'—'Of seven!' replied the locksmith; 'they must be sorry ones indeed, then, since they are not all able to keep you: for my part, I have only one, as you see, which maintains seven of us; myself, my wife, and five children.'

POETRY.

A MODERN LOVE LETTER.

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED
TO THE WEALTHY MISS H—,
STAFFORDSHIRE.

BY MR. CARR.

DEAR MADAM,

I Hope you with care will read over
These lines, which are come from a very
true lover:
Who for you, at this moment he's writing, doth feel
More pain than a Frenchman when broke on the
wheel.
From the moment I saw you, all happiness fled;
And, if not soon relieved, shall no doubt soon be
dead:
For my bosom, believe me, is scorch'd all to tinder;
And my heart, on my honour, is burnt to a cinder.
My head, more confus'd than Charybdis and
Scylla,
Of sense is bereft, as this letter can tell ye;
And my memory, O strange! is become such a
short one,
There's nothing it thinks on, but you—and your
fortune.
But, ah! such perfection your beauty can boast,
No wonder my heart felt it's power, and is lost.
Not Venus, when smiling the waves she forsook,
Tho' a goddess, could boast a more heart-witching
look.
Your cheeks are two roses, your lips are vermillion,
Your love-darting looks conquer all that they
smile on.
And no wonder such brightness should beam
from those eyes,
Which are form'd of the two richest stars from
the skies.
But, to sum up at once all your heart-killing
charms;
'Tis heaven—or better—to lie in your arms.
Your mansion, too; la! what a prospect is there!
What gay spreading landscapes! what health-
giving air!
What flower-spangled banks! where a monarch
might lie,
While soft-flowing Stour murmur'd carelessly by!
Rich meadows, where plenty profusion bestows!
And shades, where the Graces and Loves might
repose!
In short, 'tis a seat all together divine;
And, by heaven, I ne'er shall have peace—till
it's mine!
But think not, dear Madam, your riches alone
Have attracted my heart, and confirm'd it your
own:
Ah, no! 'tis your person which chiefly I prize;
Yet who but a madman would riches despise?
By me they are valued, I frankly confess;
And they say you've ten thousand—I hope not
much less.
Yet content, in a cottage, a cave, or a wood,
With you I would live upon love—if I could:

VOL. I.

But I fear such thin diet might turn out un-
healthy,
So acknowledge I've no great dislike to be wealthy.
Permit me, then, Madam, in person to come,
And hear from those fate speaking lips all my
doom.

When sighing and panting I lie at your feet,
Vows numerous as sun-beams my tongue shall
repeat;
And if to my hopes your fortune proves equal,
A fond, faithful lover, you'll find in the sequel.

VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, ON RECEIVING
A PRESENT OF A CAT.

BY THE SAME.

AH, gentle Lydia! how could'st thou
A poet's wants bid Tabby share:
For, sure, thy mind Compassion drew,
And Pity stamp'd her image there!

How, then, consign to foodless days,
The gentlest of the purring kind;
Since want and hunger are the bays,
The cheerless bays, that poets find!

While Dulness Wealth and Plenty cheer,
And Folly's empty brow adorn;
Unnotic'd Genius drops the tear,
And pensive Merit sighs forlorn.

No tasteful viands crown my board,
No turnspit in my chimney toils:
Nor mouse, nor rat, these walls afford;
They fly, like friends, where Fortune smiles.

Ah! then, demurest of thy race!
In vain thy searchful eyes shall prowl;
While Disappointment clouds the place,
And Gorgon Hunger's terrors scowl.

But what my cupboard shall deny,
The generous Muse will freely give;
And, tho' of hunger thou must die,
Bright in my verse thy name shall live.

THE DECISION.

A TALE.

CLARISSA, sprightly once and gay,
Now sigh'd the tedious hours away:
She mourn'd the kindest husband gone,
The husband much—but more the man.
Dark weeds conceal'd the fair from view;
Yet mightily became her, too!
She veil'd her pretty blubber'd face,
And wept her dear—with such a grace!
But, lo! young Florimond appears,
To dry the joyless widow's tears;
His suit she heard with warm disdain,
Protested all his hopes were vain:

2 R

Her

Her hands she wrung, her robe she rent,
And wept, and 'wonder'd what he meant!
Yet thro' the drop that drown'd her eye,
'Tis said, there shone a spark of joy;
And sage diviners could foretel,
That Florimond might yet do well.

A scruple now disturb'd her head,
'Whether it were a sin to wed?'
Queries and doubts her brain possess'd,
And busy Conscience broke her rest:
So, to resolve this knotty case,
She seeks the curate of the place.
'A Casuist?'—Deep—'Of judgment sound?'
Yes! fam'd for parts—the parish round.

Clarissa, with the rising sun,
Approach'd her friend, and thus begun—
'Full sixty times hath yonder light
'Arose, as oft hath sunk in night,
'Since the lamented hour that gave
'My faithful comfort to the grave:
'And, sure, no second love shall e'er
'Efface that image, still so dear!
'Clarissa, to his memory just,
'For ever shall revere his dust.
'Yet cruel Prudence may require
'What else were foreign to Desire;
'And, midst a weight of cares, you know,
'What can a helpless woman do?
'My heedless servants slight my call;
'My farmers break, my houses fall:
'And Florimond, with winning air,
'Tells me they want a husband's care.
'What does my learned Doctor say?'—
'Why, marry, sure—without delay.'—
'But should the lover prove unkind,
'A tyrant o'er a tender mind,
'How hard my lot, condemn'd to mingle
'Tears with my cup?'—'Why, then, live single.'
'Yet what if an obdurate fair
'Should drive a lover to despair?
'You know the foolish freaks of men;
'I dread the thought!'—'Nay, take him, then!'
'But should he squander my estate,
'And pawn my jewels, rings, and plate;
'And witless I, by folly led,
'Be turn'd adrift to beg my bread?'
The Doctor, vers'd in womankind,
Perceiv'd the workings of her mind.

'Madam,' he cries, 'when truth we seek,
'All argument is often weak:
'When reasons weigh on either part,
'Opinion vainly tries her art;
'So, till descending Truth prevails,
'She sits suspended o'er the scales.
'A way more speedy shall be tried;
'A tongue shall speak that never ly'd.
'Know, Madam, then, my parish-bell
'Is famous for advising well;
'Whatever the point in question be,
'It hits the matter to a T:
'Thus, as it dictates by its tone,
'You sure must wed—or lie alone.'

Now tow'rd the church in haste they go.
'The widow cheartful?'—But so, so!
Yet vows, whatever the answer given,
She piously will yield to Heaven.

The Doctor, too, exhorts the fair,
To listen and decide with care.
And now, the mystery to unfold,
He turn'd the key, the bell he toll'd.
Our widow mus'd, and knit her brow—
'Well, Madam, pray what think ye now?'
(Here first she sobb'd, and wip'd her eye,
Then labour'd out a doleful sigh.)
'Think, Doctor? Why, the case is plain;
'Alas! I find resistance vain!—
'Ah, Florimond! and must I yield?
'In Heaven, 'tis said, our doom is seal'd.
'Yet not by choice—by fate I'm won;
'The will of Heaven be ever done!
'The bell ordains thee to my bed;
'For, hark! it fairly bids me "wed!"—
'Dear Doctor, then, (I speak with sorrow)
'Be sure you be at home to-morrow.'

Think you the simple tale too long?
Then hear the moral of my song:
The moral, to no sex confin'd,
Regards alike all human kind.

Sly passion, and distemper'd sense,
Usurp the form of evidence;
And truth and falsehood, good and ill,
Receive their tincture from the will.
Man boasts his reason's power in vain;
The pageant drags a hidden chain:
A varied shape each object wears,
Just as he wishes, hopes, or fears;
His deepest thought, his vaunted rule,
Is Passion's slave, or Folly's fool.
'Tis hence we blindly can approve
The very faults of those we love;
'Tis hence we blindly can debate
The noblest deeds of those we hate.
Abroad thus works perverted will;
At home our views are darker still:
And actions deem'd absurd in thee,
Are prudent, wife, and just, in me.
Self-love adores her own caprice,
Still deifies each darling vice;
And, by the colour of a name,
Removes at once the guilt and shame.
The Prodigal is generous, free;
The Miser boasts æconomy:
Gay, the Debauch'd; the Proud is great;
The bold Oppressor hates a Cheat;
The fawning Slave obliges all;
And mad Revenge is Honour's call.

Thus Passion shoots thro' every part;
The brain is tainted with the heart:
Weak Judgment falls before Temptation;
And Reason—is but Inclination.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A BEAU'S HEAD AND HIS HEELS.

HEAD.

COME, take up your burden, ye dogs!
and away;
I intend to walk up to the Baron to-day*.

HEELS.

Your legs, Sir, are now in such slender repair,
We beg that your honour may go in a chair.

* The Baron in Hyde Park.

HEAD.

HEAD.

Ye insolent dogs! do you dare to refuse
So little a walk, in a new pair of shoes?
My legs, too, methinks, might have gratefully
gone,
Since a new pair of calves I this morning put on.

HEELS.

Do you call us ungrateful? the favours you
prize,
Were design'd not to gratify us, but your eyes.
Is the footman oblig'd to his lordship or grace,
Who, to feed his own pride, has equipp'd him
in lace?
We think we have very good cause to complain,
That you are thus exalted without any brain;
As our merits are equal, we justly may plead
A title sometimes to walk on our head.

HEAD.

Very fine! at this rate all the beaux in the town
Would fairly, like tumblers, be tum'd upside-
down:

But when I'm dissected, to shew you my brains,
May all the world cry, 'He's a fool for his pains!'
But if I may argue—Pray, Sir, who takes snuff,
Who ogles, who smiles? I think titles enough.
Can you sing? can you laugh? can you speak? can
you see?

Or what can you do, silly dogs! without me?
And to shew you how much your ambition's my
scoff,

When next you rebel, I'll e'en shake you off;
Tho' I stand not without you, I'm sure I can sit,
In Parliament, too, tho' bereft of my feet.

HEELS.

Do you twit us with that? You have reason,
we hear;
We danc'd with the wives, or you had not been
there:

But, to dash you at once, let us tell you; 'tis said,
That some have sat there without any Head.

HEAD.

Gad's curse! and that's true: so, a word in
your ear—

To oblige you for once—Here, boy, call a chair!
Let us henceforth together, like wise men agree;
I'll strive to set you off, while you set off me.
In the next place, I'll sit very light on each
shoulder;

For, nature revers'd, I grow lighter as older.
When you dance a minuet, I'll smile my best;
And do you cut a caper, when I cut a jest.

AIR,

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MR. COLLIN ROOPE.

GO, fragrant flowers, forsake your clay-cold
bed;

Thrive in the sunshine of Lisetta's eye:
Live in it's beam, beneath it's lustre fade;
Bloom on her breast, and in her bosom die.

There, from those charms unwilling to remove;
O let each flow'ret—emblematic wreath—

Live it's short hour, expressive of my love,
That fades to fall, nor languishes till death.

Emblem of youth! in beauty's charms array'd,
Blush like the morn, and close with closing day;
Then, radiant wreath! go teach the lovely maid—
Since life is short, 'tis wisdom to be gay.

THE BATCHELOR'S CHOICE.

IF e'er I quit the single life,
Be this the model of my wife:
A beauty, without art, compleat;
Who from her toilet, simply neat,
The golden tissue can despise,
And wear no brilliants but her eyes;
Soft blended in her eye, should meet
Desiring Love, and sparkling Wit;
And, in her dimpled smiles, be seen
A modest with a cheerful mien.
As pauses find in music place,
Her speech let proper Silence grace.
Her conversation ever free
From censure, as from levity.
An undissembled innocence;
Not apt to give, or take offence:
Nor fond of compliments, nor rude;
Not a coquette, nor yet a prude.
Averse to wanton serenade,
Nor pleas'd with midnight masquerade;
The virtues that her sex adorn,
By Honour guarded, not by Scorn.
Not superstitious, nor prophane;
But in religion greatly plain.
To such a virgin, such a wife,
I give my love, I give my life!

THE

LOOKING-GLASS AND ORANGE-TREE.

BY MRS. C—KS.

IN an apartment, where expence
Appear'd in full magnificence,
A Looking-Glass, of neatest taste,
Within the middle pannel plac'd,
Gather'd from Sol's meridian blaze
Th' assemblage of his scatter'd rays,
And shot, in borrow'd splendor bright,
Across the room a flood of light.
High on a stand of sattin-wood,
An Orange-Tree obliquely stood;
Whom thus, of fancied power possess'd,
The self-conceited Glass address'd.—
'By my kind influence, behold
'How fair thy tender buds unfold;
'Which, but for my all-soft'ning ray,
'Their beauties never would display!
'Should not such gay expanded bloom,
'Such pleasing verdure, high perfume,
'Thy mind with grateful rapture raise,
'To render some return of praise;
'Such as may speak both love and awe,
'Lest I my influence withdraw?'—
'Nought can thy judgment more misguide
'Than pride,' the Orange-Tree replied:
'But for that passion, thou wouldst know
'I nothing to thy influence owe.

2 R 2

' ALL

' All the perfections which you name,
 ' From yonder Glorious Orb I claim,
 ' The same whose partial beams I see
 ' Shine with such radiance on thee;
 ' And but for whose imparting light,
 ' Thou hadst remain'd as dark as night:
 ' Then scorn not the advice I give,
 ' With gratitude those beams receive;
 ' But think not any merit thine,
 ' Who only by reflection shine.
 ' If to thy happy lot 'tis given,
 ' To be the instrument of Heaven,
 ' Reflect, that thou can'st nought dispense,
 ' But that which thou receiv'st from thence.'

THE LOYAL PAIR.

BY MR. T. Y.—

' I'll list for a soldier,' says Robin to Sue,
 ' To avoid these eternal disputes!—
 ' Aye, aye,' cries the termagant, ' do, Robin, do!
 ' I'll raise, the mean while, fresh recruits.'

DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

A Country that draws fifty foot of water,
 In which men live, as in the hold of nature;
 And when the sea does in upon them break,
 And drown a province, does but spring a lake;
 That always ply the pump, and never think
 They can be safe, but at the rate they sink;
 That live, as if they had been run aground,
 And, when they die, are cast away and drown'd;
 That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey
 Upon the goods all nations fleets convey,
 And, when their merchants are blown up and
 crackt,
 Whole towns are cast away in storms, and wreckt;
 That feed, like Cannibals, on other fishes,
 And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes:
 A land, that rides at anchor, and is moor'd;
 In which they do not live, but go aboard.

EPIGRAM I.

ON A CLUB OF SOTS..

BY THE SAME.

THE jolly members of a toping club,
 Like pipestaves, are but hoop'd into a tub;
 And in a close confederacy link,
 For nothing else, but only to hold drink.

EPIGRAM II.

NO wonder that science, and learning pro-
 found,
 In Oxford and Cambridge so greatly abound;
 When such numbers take thither a little each
 day,
 And we meet with so few who bring any away.

H—.

EPIGRAM III.

BY MR. COLLIN ROOPE.

NAY, pr'ythee don't rage,
 Thou philosopher sage,
 Nor that Nature's no vacuum, swear;
 Poor Doraïne dull!
 You forgot your own-scurr;
 There's a terrible vacuum there!

EPIGRAM IV.

PHOEBUS and Ned are like two buckets grown;
 Always, when one is up, the other's down.

E.

EPIGRAM V.

BLUSTER ne'er stirs his hat—swears by his
 Maker:
 Strange mongrel cur!—like and unlike a Quaker.

E.

EPIGRAM VI.

HOW many good laws have our Parliament
 made!
 And how many of breaking them make a mere
 jest?
 Let us then have one more—that all laws be obey'd;
 And, happily, this may be broke, like the rest.

EPITAPH I.

HERE lies interred
 A friend to both sexes;
 Who, from a strict obedience
 To the Fundamental Laws of Nature,
 Dedicated himself entirely
 To the use of his superiors.
 Framed for the good of the public,
 He proved
 A useful subject to the King,
 A constant support to the Constitution,
 And
 An unwearied benefactor to every
 Body.
 He was so well acquainted
 With the affairs of the House of Commons,
 And so necessary in their operations,
 That there was no motion made
 To which he was not
 Privy.
 He was easy of access to all:
 And, though his chief companions
 Were of a loose disposition,
 The most modest ladies
 Scrupled not to visit him
 On any urgent occasion,
 So great were his good offices.
 In short,
 He relieved the poor and needy,
 And
 The rich he sent empty away.

EPITAPH II.

HERE lies my wife!—Reader, enough is said:
 Good only must be spoken of the dead.

H—.



NUMBER VIII.
E N I G M A S.

ENIGMA I.

FOR THE PRIZE MEDALS.

BY MR. ALLEN.

WITH labour pains, and many a heav-
ing throw,
Forth I am brought into this world of woe,
Perfect in form, and never after grow.
To travel then I'm sent: what tongue can tell
The lands I visit, or with whom I dwell?
Welcome to all, my presence all commend:
A king's companion, and a beggar's friend.
Tradefirmen I aid; and, though I am no scribe,
Am not the last of the accomptant tribe:
Though many families like mine are found,
Greater and less, we still the most abound.
To seem like us, (th' incautious to ensnare)
What numbers travel! but of such beware.
Yet, strange to tell, though grief nor care I know,
Pale is my face, with arms across I go.
What need of more! few words will serve the wife;
Describe me aptly, and you gain the Prize.

ENIGMA II.

BY MR. COLLIN ROOPE.

IF, to the head of all that taste have known
To be exalted, and to claim a crown;
If to have mortals subject to my sway,
Bend when I move, and as I nod obey;
If this be majesty, I dare command
The head that bows, and the obsequious hand:
Strange, unaccustom'd dignity I claim,
And ought to bear a king's, a monarch's name.
Yet not alone material realms I rule,
My power confutes the philosophic fool;
The range of all th' ideal world is mine;
And mortals grand sensorium I confine;
Man's feat of sense, ambitious, I controul;
Bind the free thought, and circumscribe the soul.
Know, too, ye fair! I guard from heat and harm,
Youth's crimson bloom, and beauty's transient
charm;

Veil the bright eye, the soft emotion shade,
And hide the blushes of the lovely maid.
Yet, tho' along the Caledonian plain
Lost is my empire, and decay'd my reign;
Where my blue substitute usurps the place,
And lends the lass a wild, romantic grace;
Still my vast reign conception's flight defies:
Thought's ample source within it's boundary lies;
Light, life, and power, within it's verge you'll
find,
And every wish that actuates mankind.

ENIGMA III.

BY DR. JAMES WILLIAMS.

WHILE youth fills my veins, I may of-
ten be seen
In some deep muddy pond, or far off on the
green;
And peaceful remain in my own native soil,
Where I live without care, and am fed without
tear;
Till, at length, from my tranquil abode I am
torn,
By the tyrant, whose power all Nature must
mourn:
Since, no sooner has man mark'd a thing may
conduce
To his pleasure, his interest, his whim, or his use,
Than the creature is seiz'd; and, regardless of
pain,
Is in tortures preserv'd, or less cruelly slain.
For me, when I'm snatch'd from a parent's fond
side,
In a furnace I'm plac'd till my juices are dried;
When my bowels, now shrunk to mere skin by
the heat,
Are dragg'd from my body, and trod under feet:
And tho' my poor carcase so mangled is found,
Scarce an atom remains that has not felt a wound,
No balsam's applied my deep wounds to restore,
But in poison they're drench'd till, alas! I'm no
more.

ENIGMA

ENIGMA IV.

BY MISS CECIL.

MY origin from earth I drew;
 Beauteous my form, and graceful too:
 But as to parents, I had none,
 Tho' flesh and blood, and skin and bone;
 Or yet was living any elf,
 In the wide world, like to myself.
 Rural my lodging, and my fare,
 I mostly dwelt in open air.
 The choicest fruits I daily eat,
 But never saw or heard of meat.
 The limped stream, that bubbled by,
 Serv'd for my drink, when I was dry.

Now list, I pray, whilst I disclose,
 How first I from oblivion rose.

My shape and make were passing strange;
 I've undergone a wond'rous change:
 Bent like a bow I first appear'd,
 And neither saw, had taste, or heard;
 And if I never had, 'tis clear,
 I'd sav'd some millions many a tear.
 Yet ne'er could man arrive at Heaven,
 Unless thro' me the means had risen:
 Strange contradiction, then, to say,
 To sure perdition I'm the way!
 Strange it must seem, 'tis yet most clear;
 Tho' yet more strange I shall appear.

Not by progressive, slow degrees,
 My form attain'd such power to please;
 Nor yet my mind; tho' both compleat,
 Both fram'd most exquisitely sweet.
 In one short hour I gain'd full height;
 Earth gaz'd, enraptur'd, at the sight!
 For ne'er before had earth, sea, air,
 Beheld a creature half so fair.
 My soul adorn'd with every grace,
 With blooming loveliness my face,
 The day that gave me birth I walk'd,
 The hour I breath'd familiar talk'd;
 And, ere that day reach'd evening-tide,
 The setting sun had hail'd me bride.

More might be said; but, ere this line,
 My name, my person, you divine:

So thin the veil spun by these rhimes,
 You've doubtless guess'd me twenty times.

ENIGMA V.

BY MRS. SPENCER.

BEHOLD a slave, who all commands obeys,
 And acts as oft as may his master please.
 My genius, all allow, is clear and bright,
 And I assist to give each guest delight.
 The clergy keep me closely as their keys,
 And wind me this or that way as they please.
 Yet such my art, such magic tricks I show,
 I raise up powerful spirits from below:
 In different hues they strike the gazer's sight;
 Whist all admire them, and confess my might.
 I deck the sideboards of the rich and great,
 But seldom dwell with those of mean estate.
 Twice every day do I a hunting go,
 And always seize my hapless, destin'd foe;
 Tho' some, when all my art and force I use,
 Before they yield, to lose a limb will chuse.
 Yet fatal proves, at last, alas! my end;
 For break I must, since I refuse to bend.

ENIGMA VI.

BY MR. ALEXANDER.

I Have two bodies to your view display'd,
 Both of one substance regularly made:
 Alike in form, with one food only fed;
 Nor is that food or fish, flesh, fowl, or bread.
 When once united, they are both supplied
 With food, which lasts till they are both destroy'd.
 When one has much, the other's share is small:
 Sometimes both have alike; alternate, none at all.
 Like mighty states, I've many ups and downs,
 But mostly rest when gloomy midnight frowns.
 Like desperate thieves, my bodies are confin'd;
 Yet pain I feel not, for I have no mind.
 Oft I deceive, yet never had a tongue;
 And blameless, too, I am, whenever wrong.
 What I do tell should be by all much priz'd,
 Instead of which it is by most despis'd.
 When I'm o'erthrown, by man's superior power,
 Unnumber'd thousands fall within an hour.

REBUSES.

REBUS I.

BY MR. T. CRAWTER.

TO a semi-circle add a circle,
 The same again repeat;
 To all these add a triangle,
 And then you'll have a treat.

REBUS II.

BY MR. G. M. W.

TO the half of nineteen, and two-thirds of
 an ace,
 Just one-half a disease with care you must place;
 When this you have done, take three-fourths of
 ten,
 And you'll have what enlivens both women and
 men.

REBUS III.

BY MR. S. HOSMER.

PLACE the half of a hundred before and
 behind
 The mother of him who died first of mankind;
 And, direct or reverse, you each way may descry
 What Death will assuredly make you and I.

REBUS IV.

BY MR. W. HOLLAND.

TO nothing add ten, with three-fifths of two
 score,
 And let them be join'd by five hundred more;
 These, rightly combin'd, will give you the name
 Of a city, not least in the annals of fame.

SOLUTIONS.

SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMAS.

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------|
| 1. A Bullet. | 4. A Shadow. |
| 2. Hope. | 5. Letter L. |
| 3. The Plague—Ague. | 6. A Watch. |

REBUSES.

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. Ipswich. | 3. Riches. |
| 2. Mint. | 4. Rainbow. |

SELECT ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

1. BY JACK.

(IN REMARKS ON DEAN SWIFT'S DIRECTIONS FOR SERVANTS; AND INCLUDING ANSWERS TO ALL THE OTHER ENIGMAS.)

MR. Editor, I am a servant, yet I'll make a shift
To answer your Enigma, and the Rules by Dean Swift.

Tho' I'm no poet, to the Muses a stranger,
I'll exert myself now our profession's in danger:
Such rules for servants could never be Dean Swift's intention,

It was some stupid fool or coxcomb's invention.
If any one who keeps servants from guilt is found free,

I'll find him a servant as guiltless as he.
If a servant does murder, robs, or sets houses on fire,

Is rogue, whore, slut, sloven, glutton, drunkard,
or liar,
Grant servants are devils; (and well some of them may)

There are many, who keep them, worse devils than they.

If you think servants to reform, now Dean Swift is in his grave,

Begin with his highness, and work down to the slave;
For, whilst the spring stinks, sweet the water can't be:

Begin with my master and mistress, and then come to me.

All who despise servants, I hope will keep no more;
Let my lady go for her gallant, and my lord for his whore.

When Madam gets up in the morn, let her to herself say—

'I'll not be at home, to any creature this day.'
And when the dunning tradesmen for their money come,

Let her answer the door herself, and say—'I'm not at home.'

So I hope these hints given may be well understood:

If bad servants are plenty, few masters are good.
Yet there are some good masters; there's a Journal to be seen

Of one, in Page 60, the second Magazine.

Great men do great ills, which are oft-times look'd o'er;

Poor men commit faults, which are oft-times made more:

But where's great men's power when laid in the grave;

Will their dust have command o'er the dust of the slave?

And, sooner or later, we shall certainly all fall,
By old age, by the *Plague*, the sword, or *Musquet-Ball*.

If this book be your musquet, freely let your *BULLETS* go;

Wound the rich, proud, and tyrant, the coxcomb, and beau.

I'll not lose my *Hope* of Heaven, to flatter the great;

For life's but a *Shadow*, we all plainly see it:
And since 'tis no more, let's learn to live well;

Then in our last days we shall be in no fear of *L*.
Pray look at your *Watches*, see how time doth fly;

That, whilst you live here, you may learn how to die:

For if we are not ready, great will be our disaster;
There the tyrant's no more—*JACK*'s as good as his Master.

2. BY MR. ALLEN, LEWES.

HA K K! hark! the martial trumpets sound;
The neighing chargers spurn the ground:

See! upon yon embattled plain,

The hostile ranks, (a gallant train!)

Advance to war! shouts rend the sky;

The gaudy banners wave on high:

The drum, too, beats, dispelling fear;

Helm moves to helm, and spear to spear.

They charge! the murdering cannons roar;

Discord now reigns, and wild uproar.

With lightning's speed the *BULLETS* fly;

The warriors fall, they groan, they die.

The bleeding hero bites the ground!—

Hark! hark! the martial trumpets sound:

3. BY MR. T. BECKETT, JUN.

LET the trembling coward fear
Danger, ere it doth appear;

We, the sons of warlike Mars,

Fear nor death, nor wounds, nor scars:

And curs'd be he who dreads to fall,

By *BULLET*, or by cannon-ball!

Hear the brazen trumpet's throat;

Hear it's soul inspiring note!

Where's the soldier now, around,

But burns with glory to be crown'd;

Or bravely in the action fall,

By *BULLET*, or by cannon-ball.

Let the meagre sons of France,

With their triple force advance;

Or the haughty Dons of Spain

Bring their gold-bespangled train;

Britons soon shall speed their fall,

By *BULLET*, or by cannon-ball.

4. BY MISS SALLY BROCK.
TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,

SO well you've play'd your part,
You've fir'd a **SHOT** quite thro' my heart;
I'm smitten, Sir, beyond redemption,
So venture now to ask a question—
Could you approve a country wife?
Then take, O take me, Sir! for life.
If you incline to what I've said,
I'll strive to match the **NUT-BROWN MAID**.
'Yes—Yes—I'll never contradict,
'But bear whatever you inflict.'

But now my breast beats strange alarms,
And fears you're in some rival's arms;
Who, with her Siren tongue and voice,
May rob me of my favourite choice!
Should that be true, I so much dread,
Let your wing'd **BULLET** pierce my head.

5. BY MR. G. M. W.

VAINLY, like a stately tower,
Man may raise his despot head;
A little **BULLET** scorns his power,
A small circumference of lead.

Transient praise, and martial glory,
Rank the Hero with the great;

Yet rumour tells, in future story,
A little **BULLET** seal'd his fate.

Glowing for the fancied laurel,
The Duellist maintains his name;
At length he falls in private quarrel,
And a **BULLET** stains his fame.

Bowing down with sad contrition,
The Suicide for pardon prays:
Then, with placid, mild submission,
By a **BULLET** ends his days.

6. BY MR. FRANCIS BROWNE.

ONE day simple Hodge, long our object of
fun,
To shew us his valour, took out the old gun;
And said, if we'd step to the garden a minute,
We should hear the report of the charge that was
in it;

And, that the explosion might not appear small,
He put in two more charges of powder and **BALL**:
Then drawing the trigger, it went off with a crack,
That level'd poor Roger quite flat on his back.
To afford him assistance all speedily run,
When Hodge cries, 'For God's sake! keep off
'from the gun:

'Since one bounce has nearly depriv'd me of
'breath,

'The two that remain are infallibly death!'

Very ingenious Answers to the **PRIZE ENIGMA** were also received from Mr. Philip Hoffe, Compton; Mr. J. Rice; Comus; Mr. R. Tattam; Mr. W. Holland, St. John's Street; Mr. John King; Mr. John Smith; Mr. Joseph May, Spitalfields. Mr. W. Stone, Bruton Street; Mrs. Spencer; Mr. G. R. Charlotte Street; Mr. T. Y. Mr. T. Cawter; Mr. N. D. Hackney; Mr. W. Hutton; Mr. Richard Hart, Exeter; A Bacchanalian; Mr. J. B. Syd. Coll. Cambridge; Mr. J. Smith, Rosemary Lane; Mr. T. H. Mr. W. Minshull, Chester; Egomet Ipse; Tom the Quaker; Mr. John Almond, Bury Street; Mrs. Welch, Newington; Mr. Nicholas Vincent, Guildford; Mrs. M. G. Whitechapel; Mr. B. T. Benningfield; Master John Derisley, Croxton; Mr. T. D. Mr. W. H. Tom Blunt, Bracknell; Observator; C. Kentish; Hope; Mr. J. Stock, Greenwich; A Young Correspondent, Jermyn Street; Mr. W. Elley, New Quebec Street, Portman Square; and Mr. J. G. Jun.

A Variety of most ingenious **MISCELLANEOUS ANSWERS** to the several **ENIGMAS** and **REBUSES** were this Month received, all of which the uncommon length of the best Answers to the **PRIZE ENIGMA**, obliges us to omit inserting, for want of room: viz. from Mr. Francis Browne, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3; Mr. P. Hoffe, to Enigmas 3, 5, 6, and Rebuses 2, 3; Mr. J. Rice, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3; Mr. W. Holland, to Enigma 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. H. Bennet, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5; Mr. John King, to Enigma 2; Mr. John Smith, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; Mr. Joseph May, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6; Mrs. Woolaston, Poplar, to Enigma 4; Mr. J. Beckett, to Enigmas 2, 3, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3; Mr. W. Stone, to Enigmas 2, 3, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3; Mr. T. Lane, to Enigma 3; Mrs. Spencer, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6; Mr. George Menforth, to Enigma 6; Mr. Crauter, to Enigmas 2, 3, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3; Mr. N. D. Hackney, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3; Mr. James Woollen, Sheffield, to Enigmas 3, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2; Mr. W. C. near Salisbury, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5; Mr. John Mason, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, and Rebus 2; Mr. J. B. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3; A. X. B. to Rebuses 1, 2, 3; Mr. G. M. W. to Enigmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and Rebuses 2, 3; Mr. John Smith, Rosemary Lane, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 2, 3; Mr. T. H. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; Mr. W. Minshull, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2; Mr. John Almond, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3; Mr. John Foster, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3; Mr. B. Sigston, of Oulton, near Leeds, to Enigmas 2, 5; A. Savoyard, to Enigmas 2, 3, 6, and Rebuses 2, 3; Mr. W. Banbury, to Enigma 3; Mr. J. S. Greenwich, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 3; Mr. G. S—n, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebus 2; Mr. W. D. to Enigma 5, and Rebus 2; Miss Sally Brock, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebus 2; Maria, to Rebus 2; Mr. R. Priestley, to Enigmas 5, 6; Master John Derisley, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; Mr. W. H. to Rebuses 1, 2, 3; Mr. Joseph Douglas, to Enigmas 3, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3; Observator, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 2, 3; Mr. J. Stock, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3; Mr. John Webb, Haverhill, Suffolk, to Enigma 3; A Young Correspondent, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3; Mr. W. Elley, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3; and Mr. J. G. Jun. to Enigmas 2, 3, 5, 6, and Rebuses 2, 3.

THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.



SEPTEMBER 1784.

With a large Quarto Engraving, representing The PATIENT'S PAROXYSM; or, DOCTOR OUTWITTED; designed and engraved purposely for this Work.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
1. The Night-Walker. No. III. - - -	323	15. The Lover's Recantation - - -	351
2. Essay on Modern Wisdom. By two of the most popular Personages in Great Britain - - -	325	16. Anacreontic - - - - -	352
3. Character of A. Hare, Esq. a very extraordinary Country Gentleman - - -	327	17. The Ladle - - - - -	353
4. A Punning Epistle from Poly Honey- combe, in Town; to Rosina, in the Country: Including the Titles of most modern Dramatic Pieces - - -	329	18. The Test of Patience; or, the Hogs in the Parson's Cellar - - - -	354
5. Letter from Common Honesty to Common Sense - - - - -	330	19. The Country Justice - - - -	355
6. Extraordinary Account of a Stranger, lately arrived at a Sea-port Town in Dorsetshire - - - - -	335	20. Female Loquacity. From Rabelais -	ibid.
7. A Humorous Last Will - - - - -	337	21. Verses accompanying a young Lady's Profile cut in Paper - - - -	ibid.
8. Butler's Characters continued. A Ranter - - - - -	338	22. Verses written in a Lady's Pocket- book - - - - -	ibid.
An Anabaptist - - - - -	339	23. Epigram I. - - - - -	ibid.
A Popish Priest - - - - -	340	24. Epigram II. By Jack - - - -	356
9. A Recruiting Serjeant's Speech to the Mob - - - - -	341	25. Epigram III. - - - - -	ibid.
10. Thoughts on various Subjects. By Dean Swift - - - - -	342	26. Epigram IV. - - - - -	ibid.
11. Letter from Power. Addressed to Ambition - - - - -	347	27. Epigram V. - - - - -	ibid.
12. The humble Petition of the Worship- ful Company of Poets and News- writers. Addressed to the Right Honourable W. P. Esq. - - -	348	28. Epigram VI. - - - - -	ibid.
13. Select Anecdotes, Repartees, and Bon Mots; Ancient and Modern. No. IX. - - - - -	ibid.	29. Epigram VII. - - - - -	ibid.
		30. Epigram VIII. - - - - -	ibid.
		31. Epitaph I. On a Glutton who had a remarkable wide Mouth - -	ibid.
		32. Epitaph II. On a Pin-maker - -	ibid.
		33. Epitaph III. - - - - -	ibid.
		34. Epitaph IV. On Mr. Joseph Crump, a Musician of Worcester - -	ibid.
		35. Epitaph V. - - - - -	ibid.
		THE SPHINX.	
		36. Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	357
		37. Rebuses - - - - -	358
		38. Paradoxes, &c. - - - - -	ibid.
		39. Solutions to Enigmas of last Month -	359
		40. Ditto to Rebuses - - - - -	ibid.
		41. Select Answers to the Prize Enigma -	ibid.
		42. Miscellaneous answers from Corre- spondents to the several Enigmas and Rebuses - - - - -	360

POETRY.

14. The Patient's Paroxysm; or, Doctor Outwitted - - - - -	351
---	-----

L O N D O N :

Printed for HARRISON and Co. N^o 18, Paternoster-Row; by whom Letters to the EDITORS are received.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IF the truly ingenious *Mr. W. Dore*, of Ipswich, turns to our last general List of Answers to Correspondents, he will see, in the article addressed to *Capt. John Clarke*, the only reason which can possibly be urged against the insertion of his most elegant Poem. It may seem unnecessary to add, that the Editor is very desirous to receive his future communications on any other subject.

The Song called the True Blues, has a considerable degree of merit, and can hardly fail of pleasing the cheerful Society for which it was composed; but much of the humour would be lost out of that jovial circle.

The Tale sent by *Mr. A. S. of Wellingborough*, and that by *Juvenis*, are both meant to be inserted in our next.

We are astonished that the Author of so well-written a production as the moral Essay on Contentment, could send such a grave performance for insertion in a miscellany of wit and entertainment. It wants little more than a Text from Scripture, to make it a seriously respectable Discourse for the pulpit.

The Eastern Fragment on the same subject, though far from contemptible, possesses too much mediocrity to merit a place in the Wit's Magazine.

We shall be glad of the other communications mentioned by our valuable correspondent *Jack*, who forgot to send the Answer with his Enigma.

Mrs. Woodcock also neglected to send the Solution with her Enigma, on which account it could not be inserted.

The favours of *Rigdum Funnidos* came too late for insertion in our present Number.

A continuation of *Indiana's Characters* is received.

Many curious Articles intended for insertion are still unavoidably deferred.

It is become necessary to caution our Correspondents, that no Letters addressed to the Editor of the Wit's Magazine can in future be opened, unless Post Paid; and that such as are not so directed, and come charged to the Publishers, will be returned to the General Post-office as intended frauds.

PRIZE MEDALS.

The *first* SILVER MEDAL, for the best *original* Prose Essay by a Correspondent, is adjudged to the Author of the Essay on MODERN WISDOM—the *second*, for the best Poetical Production, is once more decreed to *Mr. Carr*, of Stourbridge—and the *third* and *fourth*, given by lot to Two out of the Six best Answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA, fell to *W. H.* of Banbury; and a YOUNG CORRESPONDENT—who are requested to transmit their orders for delivery to the Publishers, in the same handwriting as their respective productions, signed with their real names and places of abode, that they may be printed in the next Number, for the satisfaction of subscribers in general.

✍ The FOUR MEDALS adjudged last month, have been forwarded to—

1. *Mr. WILLIAM ROBERTS*, Horkesley Park, Essex.
2. *Mr. JOHN CARR*, Stourbridge, Worcestershire.
3. *Mr. JOHN HARRIS*, Eltham, Kent.
4. *Mr. ALLEN*, Lewes, Sussex.

THE
WIT's MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1784.

THE NIGHT-WALKER.

NUMBER III.

THE constable of the night, though not quite unconscious of the dignity of his office, was a far more civilized being than most of his brethren: and, as he soon found that I had only been guilty of a slight assault, he very prudently obliged the watchmen to return to their respective stations, and took upon himself the charge of securing my appearance before a magistrate next morning, if he should fail to effect a reconciliation.

All but the constable, the prosecutor, and myself, being now retired, I entered into the particulars of the whole affair, exactly as it had happened; and ended with expressions of regret, that I had been hurried by passion to commit an outrage which reason must condemn. However, I still peremptorily demanded to know what was become of the young creature in whose fate I had interested myself; and, taking a couple of guineas from my purse, which I gave as a peace-offering to the footman, I assured him that they should be increased to twenty the moment I recovered her by his means.

Money has often been censured as an incentive to evil, but it is generally the possessor's own fault if he makes it not much more conducive to good.

The gold had no sooner saluted the palm of my stern prosecutor, than its radiance dissipated the gloom which had before clouded his countenance. He looked wistfully at it—turned it over—and found it felt heavy in the hand. Convinced that it was genuine, by the united testimonies of appearance and weight, his heart began to dilate; and the affecting story of my amiable little charge; which all the eloquence I possessed had been insufficient to en-

force effectually during the relation, now rushed into his enlarged bosom, and he was overwhelmed with sensibility.

Talk not of the rhetoric of the mouth, ye weak dupes of it's power: how far more persuasive is the melodious sound which proceeds from the the continued collision of guinea upon guinea, than all the boasted arguments of the most convincing speaker! Patience herself might sometimes be so exhausted, in attending to a long verbal harangue, however flowery, as to be caught napping; but who ever went to sleep, or even felt the smallest inclination to indulge in somnolency, while the most protracted continuation of Sterling harmony greeted his delighted ears? Even orators themselves willingly become dumb, to listen to it's enchanting voice, and tacitly acknowledge it's superior eloquence.

I was about to return my purse to my pocket, when I perceived that the poor constable was in a situation, if not of actual terror, at least of apparent concern, that brought to my idea what I have read respecting the fascination of the rattle-snake, when any little animal gets within the attraction of it's terrific eye: in short, to drop the metaphor—which I find will by no means apply in all it's parts, were I weak enough to pursue it—the constable's eyes had been rivetted to my purse, by the magnetism of the metal it contained; which they followed with a reluctant languor, in it's retreat from their sight.

' Shall I give pain to his heart, who
' has assisted in producing an event
' which may lead to the felicity of my
' own?'

Forbid it, Generosity—forbid it
2 S 2 Feeling—

Feeling—forbid it, Gratitude—forbid it, even, Duty! It is a debt of honour, and ought to be paid on demand.

I took out a guinea; and, putting it into his hand; the lustre which it had drawn from his eyes while it was in my possession, miraculously returned, and his features bore the marks of gratitude and pleasure.

'This was quite unnecessary, Sir!' said the constable, as he put the guinea in his pocket.

'I think otherwise, my good friend,' said I. 'Not to have disgraced your office, is alone some merit in a minister of justice, if I have been rightly informed; and you have almost been a peace-maker, as well as a peace-preserver! I must, therefore, insist that you likewise drink my health.' And I added half a crown to the guinea.

'That I certainly will, a hundred time over!' said he; with an earnestness which fully satisfied me he would not be worse than his word.

This, I knew, was my time; and I now repeated my original question to the footman, in a more persuasive form.

'Tell me, my good friend, where is the dear young creature concealed, whom I saw enter your house?'

'Upon my word, Sir, I told you the truth at first. She is gone with my lady to —— House.'

'How is this possible!' exclaimed I. 'Did I not walk before the door from the moment she entered?—Trifle not with me; for, by Heaven——'

The footman withdrew nimbly behind the constable.

'Your honour is so passionate, that you won't let one speak!—The chariot waited for them in —— Street, and they went out at the back-door.'

I perceived my error.—Impatience should not be employed to unravel the intricate clue which leads through the labyrinth of Truth.

'How far distant is the place you mentioned?'

'Only about three miles from Tyburn Turnpike; and, if your honour pleases, I'll call a coach, and go with you directly. To say the truth, I don't much like her lady-

ship's ways; and, if you will stan my friend, as your honour was saying, I won't serve her another hour.'

As we were near the stand, a coach was immediately ordered; and the footman, having directed the coachman where to drive, was about to get up behind, when I called to him, and desired him to ride with me: adding, with particular emphasis, that an honest man was company for a king.

Having by these means secured the heart of my companion, I felt the pleasing hope of yet saving from contamination the virtue which I had engaged myself to protect: and, as we rode along, he gave me such an account of her ladyship as abundantly convinced me that she was not at all injured by the current reports of her infamy.

When we drew near —— House, I consulted him on the best means of obtaining a peaceable admission; which, I suspected, would be no easy matter, without his assistance. I had before taken every opportunity of expatiating on the unpardonable turpitude of seducing friendless innocence, and I now asked him if he would cheerfully assist me, even at the hazard of his own life, in recovering this young creature. He assured me that nothing should on his part be wanting: nor did he doubt of success, as only the coachman, the housekeeper, and one woman servant, were ever there on these occasions; the old fellows—that was his expression—always sending away their own carriages, that their servants might know nothing of the business, though they seldom failed to hear all the particulars the very next time they saw any of her ladyship's family.

A dark lane led up to this detestable mansion; and my companion advised that we should be set down when we approached within about two hundred yards of the house.

The footman rung softly at the gate—no one approached. I seized the handle, and rung a louder.

—'Who

—'Who is there?' said a rough voice within.

'It is only me, Mike!' replied the footman, 'and I must speak to her ladyship directly.'

The door opened.

'What is your business, Sir?' said Michael, addressing himself to me.

'The gentleman,' hastily replied my companion, 'wants to see her ladyship.'

'I won't let any gentleman in to-night. He must come again in the morning.'

'But the gentleman is a friend of mine, Mike.'

'O! that alters the case.—Walk in, Sir, if you please; I did not know you was one of us.'

'Well, Harry,' said his friend Michael, in a half whisper—turning from me, as we both entered—'here

'are rare doings!—Lord! Lord! where does our mistress think of going when she dies? we have had fine work with the young girl I brought down! Such screaming and crying; it's enough to melt any one's heart to hear them. Dolly fell a crying in the kitchen, and vows she won't stay another day in such a wicked house; and, upon my soul! Harry, the tears once or twice came up into the corners of my eyes, though I believe I have not shed one these thirty years! But his Grace is just come; and so, I suppose, it will be soon all over with her!'

At this last expression I sprung forward.

'Lead me on, friend Harry!' exclaimed I; 'there is no time to lose.'

H—.

AN ESSAY ON MODERN WISDOM.

BY TWO OF THE MOST POPULAR PERSONAGES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

READER, before you proceed, we advise you to look at our names as hereunder signed, when you will undoubtedly find that we have a little deviated from the general rule, by affixing a true title to our production. We should not have acted with such inconsistency to our character, but from a laudable desire to change the fashion, of having every new publication stamped with falsehood on the very face—the vehicle in which we now appear before you, we mean as a grand exception.

And here it may be necessary to assign a reason for our appearing in print; the true cause of which is, because so many false pretenders to universal sway have lately forced themselves into notice. Avaunt, Ambition and Nonsense! no longer plume yourselves on being the monarchs of human beings. We seek not to establish our sovereignty by an appeal to our ancestors; neither do we wish to obtain a servile homage by claiming an alliance to the wisdom of the ancients. But on matter of fact alone we are determined to stand or fall.

Let the Reverend Father in God, the fat Dean, and the greedy Pluralist, think of their present situations in life: no merit, but a mechanical or sonorous articulation of *Hic, hæc, hoc*, —*Propria qui Maribus*—and that of espousing the cast-off lady of a dissipated peer; (doubtless, to prevent the farther contamination of her virtue!) Let them think of the thousands they enjoy, and the honour of being drawn by animals of sagacity, perhaps, superior to themselves! Let them but think of this, and they will own us to be the only cause of their exaltation. Look at the list of needy curates; their virtuous wives and large families; their preaching and praying three times a day; their labouring with foot as well as with tongue; and they will acknowledge that their situation is owing entirely to us.

Examine the list of generals, admirals, captains, and other officers, whose bravery is discernible only in their scarlet, or blue and buff, enjoying the sweets of human life! Observe the hardy veteran, with nothing but scars, and three apprenticeships of toil,

toil, with plenty of heart-courage to recommend him, living on the scanty pittance of an abused charity!

The hardy sons of Neptune must not be forgot! Surely no one will say that these disciples of Mars can deny our power!

Recollect the number of citizens, burgessees, freeholders, and others, who on a dissolution of the grand senate of the nation, enjoy present pay, large promises, and good living, from the honourable and generous dispositions of those with whom they entrust their dearest rights: surely, on this momentous occasion, we have the grand command.

Look at every tradesman in the kingdom, and you will find language truly morose and insulting, with behaviour in every respect the most ungenteel and contemptuous, to a stranger who would deal honestly with them, when not arrayed agreeable to our command; while, with their eyes almost open, they become the dupes of sharpers—and a numerous tribe they are—when arrayed as our true soldiers.

Observe our votaries, when marshalled in their best array: one-horse chaises, saddle-horses, and other Sunday appendages; such as hair-dressers, shoe-blacks, street-sweepers, nose-gay-danglers, jemmy-tartar-traffickers, &c. Notice the churches, chapels, meetings, and tabernacles; and you will find a majority of them also at our service. Visit tea-gardens, where gentle swains, and dying maids—

Together walk, among the trees and fountains,
Till they suppose themselves on heavenly mountains.

And farther, we trust, our veracity will by no means be called in question, when we assert our dominion over all the sons and daughters of nocturnal pleasure. Taverns are opened, as houses of rendezvous for our subjects, in all parts of the metropolis; where, if a sober man should happen to associate, he is presently bantered out of his reason, and is soon made a naturalized citizen of our empire: and,

with respect to female influence, there we have hand, heart, and every thing else, prostrate at our feet. Antiquated virgins, supposed virgins, barefaced strumpets, ladies of easy virtue, wives, and old dowagers: these have for many years been marshalled under our banner. We give them great liberties, and extraordinary charters; because they enlist a great number of veterans, who always stand ready in our cause, armed with red port, Madeira, punch, porter, cards, dice, &c. &c. &c.

Messrs. Reason and Common Sense, two of our outlawed subjects, having long vainly endeavoured, by treasonable publications, and other seditious methods, to gain from their allegiance many of our lawful subjects, lately had recourse to the following stratagem.

Having first signified, with considerable plausibility, their desire of a coalition with us—mark the word coalition, truly fashionable—we kindly granted them an interview at a congress which we held expressly for this purpose. We summoned to this business 73 tavern-keepers, 72 swindlers, 515 lawyers, 14 counsellors, 1 judge, 17 bailiffs, 52 lady-abbesses, 796 of their nuns, 7226 ladies of easy virtue, 79 constables, 145 justices of the peace, 342 gamblers, 728 sharpers, 896 divines, (21 of whom were bishops) 482 senators, 201 peers, and 7642 tradesmen; besides 6,842,973 common subjects. Accordingly, the entrance of Messrs. Reason and Common Sense being announced, amidst the hisses and general execrations of our loving subjects, we entered upon the important business; and, to our astonishment, they began with asserting, that a general reformation was much wanted in the world, and that they would be our liege subjects provided we would adopt a proposal they had to make for the forwarding what they called the good design. At length this proposal came out; which proved to be no other than that, for the future, no men should be permitted to act as justices of peace, but that women

men should henceforth fill that honourable office; and that, effectually to stem the torrent of corruption, none but aged matrons should be chosen, who should have liberty to chuse female constables, and other inferior officers of justice, for the better preservation of the peace; when they doubted not that every gambler, swindler, and jilt, would meet with due correction. In answer to this, we observed, that if we should accede to their strange notions, our happy constitution would be soon overturned, as the very people they meant to punish were the pillars of the state; adding that, since they had such a wonderful predilection in favour of old women, we thought they might be justly contented with the present commission of the peace. On this the whole multitude immediately huzzaed; and insisted on our delivering Reason and Common Sense into their hands, as they were determined to hang them up directly. However, we chose not to acquiesce with the desire of our loving subjects, but discarded Reason and Common Sense privately; for, to say the truth, we were not a little apprehensive that,

if they should happen to lay hold of these two strangers, an open rebellion might be the consequence. Indeed, Reason and Common Sense appeared so plausible, that a few weak people, by examining them too closely, might have been infected with their pernicious notions, which perhaps would have been too strongly rooted in their brains.

This is our wisdom; it is the wisdom of Old England; and that such wisdom may ever continue to flourish, is the sincere wish of

Your loving Masters,

CUSTOM and FASHION.

P. S. What we have already said is sufficient to prove our universal power and dominion: besides which, we can, on emergencies, fly to the physical corps, the fable corps, and a variety of others; to say nothing of the hunting, hawking, cricketing, and other country troops, in our daily service. We have also a choice set of dronish divines, whom we call our sleeping infantry. Therefore let our enemies look to it!

CHARACTER OF A. HARE, ESQ.

A VERY EXTRAORDINARY COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

PERMIT this letter to inform you, that there is coming up to town by the Norwich coach, one who has lived most part of his time in our neighbourhood; if, indeed, he is not a native of this county: but of that I cannot be positive, neither is it very material, as I can, notwithstanding, give you a sufficient account of him for your conduct respecting the reception and treatment which it will be proper to give him, having furnished him (for he never was in town before) with a direction to your house. His conduct in time past has been, though not totally irreprehensible, as innocent, at least, as that of

most others. Some few complaints I have heard of his depredations in the gardens, if not the orchards, of his neighbours; but yet they have been ready to acknowledge, at the same time, they believed he thought no harm. It is true, he was rather wild in his youth, but never extravagant or gay in dress. Living wholly in the country, he has no notion of the amusements of the town; but, being remarkably light of foot, has not been able entirely to absent himself from field diversions; nor yet has he indulged himself in them. Upon such occasions he has been much sought; and, when he has been only just seen, or

(as

(as it were) had in view, it is surprising how the rest of the company have exulted; and much has been, in the words of the poet, on other joyous occasions, 'the clamour of men, of boys, and dogs.' But, though every body else has appeared highly delighted, I have reason to believe he never enjoyed peace of mind at such riotous doings; for he has always endeavoured to leave them as soon as he could, and sometimes he has stolen away, and left them at a fault for want of his company. But how forcible is unprofitable company! At other times, a more select party have compelled him to take the lead, and go greater lengths than he approved; which has still been attended with uneasiness of mind, and frequently has he been turned: but lately, on an occasion of that sort, he received so severe a check in the midst of his career, that it entirely put a stop to his progress in that way; and, to tell you the truth, is the cause of his leaving the country at this time. Though much altered in that respect, I believe he is still what may be called hare-brained, which I suppose you will discover before he has been long in your company. Unaccustomed to being frequently in much company, as well as naturally timid and shy, even in the country, it is not to be expected he will ever be capable of entertaining a very large company; but a few select friends, I believe, will be very well satisfied with what they can obtain from him, or pick out of him. And, let me tell you, however unlikely it may seem, he will bear a roasting as well as most; only take this information along with you, as he is a mere rustic, and has indulged his appetite in the country without scruple, though with strict temperance, it may not be amiss to fill his belly with pudding, and perhaps a glass of wine may not be ill-be-

flowed, before you try that experiment upon him. Of the family of the Hares you have doubtless heard. I have some notion one of them attained to considerable dignity in the national church; but the subject of this letter, though of the same name, is not of that family, but of one more ancient; nor did ever one of these profess with them: not but that I lately read an account in the newspapers of one of this family, who went to a place of public worship in time of service, but I believe with no more devotion than some others whom I have heard called Thorough Churchmen, from their going, as it is most likely he did, in at one door and out at the other. Though this family cannot boast of places or pensions from the court, they have not been totally disregarded by the legislature. The nobility and gentry having put it out of the power, as far as acts of parliament, with united associations to enforce them, can do it, of the small vulgar, to exercise their merciless tempers upon them; as they were too apt to do, if they could only extort from them a meal's meat by it; and sometimes merely for the diversion of following them from place to place; and yet, I believe, if they were to speak all the truth, we should find themselves more frequently injured, and more wantonly persecuted by their professed protectors, than any other men; and, may I not add, perhaps they are not alone in that predicament. But, as this letter is not intended to be a vehicle for political or disaffected reflections on men and measures, I shall conclude with wishing the subject of it may arrive safe at your house, and give your wife and yourself as much satisfaction as it gives me pleasure to have such an opportunity of subscribing myself,

Your affectionate friend,

RIGDUM FUNNIDAS.

A PUNNING EPISTLE

FROM POLLY HONEYCOMBE, IN TOWN; TO ROSINA, IN THE COUNTRY.
INCLUDING THE TITLES OF MOST MODERN DRAMATIC PILES.

DEAR ROSINA!

THE old proverb, Seeing is Believing, has lately been verified, More Ways than One, in the Clandestine Marriage of our friend Tom Jones with Amelia. Every Old Maid sets it down as a Wonder; and, indeed, who could have imagined that an English Merchant, a Citizen of repute, would have taken such a step, after his so recent Elopement with Flora, the Fair Quaker of Deal? That, no doubt, was an Agreeable Surprise to his Friends, as she was a prodigious great fortune; having obtained a considerable prize in the Lottery, besides what was left by her uncle, who was always esteemed a Man of the World, though a great Miser. But Double Disappointments often happen, through the Contrivances and Confederacy of an Intriguing Chambermaid and a Lying Valet, who in the present case were determined to have Reparation for some supposed injury, by preventing the match. Accordingly, though the Lovers gave out that, tempted to partake of the Summer's Amusements, they were only on an Excursion to Margate for a few days, and had nearly, in their Trip to Scotland, reached Gretna Green; Douglas, the Young Quaker's Guardian, receiving intelligence of their real destination, pursued the Run-away Minor so closely, as to prevent her union with our friend Tom: which, indeed, was a great pity, as they had really ventured Neck or Nothing for each other.

Soon after his hopes were thus frustrated, happening to see Amelia, he fell in Love at First Sight; and, like a true Fashionable Lover, determined to risque all Chances by soliciting her hand. From a False Delicacy, she for some time affected a Refusal: however, she too soon acquiesced; since, I am sorry to say, they are so far from being happy, that a Separate Maintenance will cer-

tainly take place, in consequence of a violent quarrel which happened within Three Weeks after Marriage. Her temper is certainly very bad; and she is not only perpetually at Cross Purposes, but a very Jealous Wife; so that, though his many Rivals at first thought he had found her Too Civil by Half, they now consider him as the Dupe, and sarcastically recommend him to become a Candidate for the Flitch of Bacon.

The Poor Soldier, who you must remember seeing at Camp, met me a few days since; and, with expressions of the utmost gratitude, thanked me for our kind intercession: that Positive Man, the Recruiting Serjeant, who deemed him the Defterter he had been in pursuit of, was at last convinced of his Mistake; and the poor fellow's Son-in-Law, a Tobacconist in the city, has proved that a Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed, by not only procuring his discharge, but recommending him as porter to an Upholsterer of his acquaintance; while his wife has, by the same means, procured employment from a Toy Shop.

Had you but been in town at the late Election of the Managers, (for state affairs) where there was the Devil to Pay, you would have been highly entertained; though, I am sorry to say, it proved a Fatal Curiosity to some. The Rival Candidates kept it up with spirit till the last day; and, through some Ladies Frolicks, (many of whom proved themselves Busy Bodies on the canvass) it is yet thought that the Fox will get into his desired cover, and find out a New Way to Pay Old Debts. The School for Scandal was never more ransacked for defamation than on this occasion; but, as truth generally prevails, the Lyar commonly found himself disappointed, and became, at last, the Genius of Nonsense. During the con-

test, the principal enquiry was, Which is the Man—of the people? And though a scrutiny was demanded on the Close of the Poll, it is Two to One that the Belle's Stratagem will yet prove predominant, and not only shew Who's the Dupe of a faction, but secure a just Measure for Measure, with compleat Retaliation, in the Committee.

My Deaf Lover, the Commissary, who last summer accompanied us in our Trip to Scarborough, where he appeared so much the Man of Quality, and assumed the character of a great Critic, has lately had a Tragedy Rehearsed; and, O grief of griefs! was last week married to Isabella, the Maid of Bath; so that Man and Wife they now are, to the no small mortification of the Brothers, who thought to have come in for what the Old Batchelor was possessed of. But, by the Chapter of Accidents, he has so far disappointed their hopes, that I verily believe they wish him with Belphegor. The eldest, the West Indian, might have acquired the

fortune of a Nabob, having been always esteemed a Man of Business: but, being too much the Good-Natured Man, he became a Bankrupt; and Perplexities have so far disordered his mind, that he once attempted Suicide. As to the youngest, it is difficult to know his real sentiments; since he has continually acted under a Double Disguise, even from the time of his being a School Boy; so that his life has been one continual game of Hunt the Slipper.

But lest, from the length of this letter, you should begin to think me a mere Author, I shall conclude with observing, that my dear Papa last night closed his theatre for the season, with the favourite new comic opera of Peeping Tom; so that you may soon expect to see, at Coventry,

Your affectionate Cousin,
POLLY HONEYCOMBE.

P. S. Love to Rose and Colin; not forgetting Lionel and Clarissa, the Capricious Lovers.

LETTER FROM COMMON HONESTY TO COMMON SENSE.

LOVING KINSMAN!

THE severe treatment I have constantly met with, and the universal scorn and contempt so manifestly shewn me by all ranks and degrees of men, have so sensibly affected my constitution, that I once thought of nothing less than making a total exit from this ungrateful world. But the kind reception which you (who are well known to be a collateral branch of our family) have lately met with, has somewhat raised my drooping spirits, and encouraged me to shew my head once more; though I am so worn to a skeleton, that the few of my friends and acquaintance who are yet living, I believe, will hardly know me again.

When I speak of my own sufferings, you may, perhaps, be moved with some compassion, as you reflect on the difficulties you have met with, and the severities you have undergone, though no way comparable to

what has become almost habitual to me.

You have, indeed, for some years, been under a sort of proscription from courts and ministerial employments: but, at the same time, you have enjoyed a quiet and comfortable retreat with the few patriots who have renounced all preferments to adhere to you, and have not forsaken your cause in the worst of times: while I have not been only rendered incapable of any office or public trust; but, such has been the malice of my enemies, that I am even denied the happiness of private society, like a criminal branded with infamy. It is become scandalous, according to the present mode, to be seen in my company, or to entertain the least correspondence with me; though, God knows, I have always led a blameless, inoffensive life; and am so universally hated and despised only

only because I cannot help people to support the reigning luxury and extravagance, and grow rich all on a sudden, without either merit or laudable endeavours.

You know the misfortunes which befel our family at a certain period of time; and the deplorable condition I was left in, without any countenance or support, at an age when it could hardly be expected I should shift for myself. However, I thought it necessary to endeavour getting into some business for my immediate subsistence, and applied myself to a very eminent tradesman in the city, requesting to be taken into his service: but, to my great grief, this first attempt proved unsuccessful. He told me, I could not be of any use to him in the retail-way; that there was no instance of such a one as myself ever being behind a counter; and, in short, that he would not advise me to think of being any ways concerned in trade, for that I should not find any dealer fond of employing me, especially as I was a foreigner, and not free of the city. However, in compassion to my wants, the tradesman had good-nature enough to give me a letter of recommendation to a noted attorney of his acquaintance, who, as he assured me, very much wanted my assistance, and must therefore be glad to entertain me on honourable terms.

This seeming friendship gave me some hopes; and I immediately went with my credentials as directed, being determined to apply myself wholly to the learned profession. I was soon introduced; but, to my inexpressible concern, met with a cold reception. He sat lolling in a great elbow-chair, and answered me with a yawning—'What is your name, Sir?'—'Common Honesty, Sir,' I replied. 'Com—mon Hon—esty!' cries he, yawning again; 'I have read the letter you brought, but am sure Common Sense never sent you hither: I cannot, by any means, receive you into my house; you can be of no

manner of use to me in my branch of business: all the imaginary services you may do, will never bear the expence of your maintenance, for I cannot employ you in one cause in twenty; if I should, I might be in danger of losing many clients, who would naturally suspect your betraying their secrets; and if they were once to know I have any dealings with you, it would blast my character. Besides,' adds he, young man, were I minded to bear with all these inconveniences, at the request of my friend who recommended you to me, you would never find the practice of the law turn to any account for yourself: you are so odious among those of our profession, that it is a great question with me whether you would ever be admitted as an attorney; but if you should, how will you live? Who the Devil do you think will employ you? Most people will be afraid of trusting their business in your hands. Therefore, I would advise you to turn your thoughts to some other profession; and, if you can do nothing better, get yourself ordained: you surely cannot be obnoxious to the clergy; they will, at least, give you such outward countenance, that you will never want a reasonable support and maintenance.'

Finding this solid reasoning would bear no contradiction, and being thoroughly convinced I had mistaken myself greatly in this second attempt, I maturely considered the wholesome advice given me, and began to form some method of putting it in execution; and, in effect, soon thought of a person I imagined very proper for my purpose: and who should this be, but a certain Right Reverend; who, when young, had great obligations to our family, in recommending him to his first preferment in the church; the remembrance of which, I hoped, would establish me in his favour.

I attended him one morning early, and waited an hour before I could be

admitted to an audience; when, my patience being almost worn out, on a sudden the word was given for the stranger to come in to my lord. I immediately entered, and paid my respects to his lordship in a most submissive manner. 'How do you do, young man?' says the prelate: 'I have not seen you a great while; I thought you was dead, or gone abroad. And pray what has brought you hither now?' I gave him the best account I could of my past misfortunes, and present unhappy case; and while I was employing all my rhetoric to move his pity and compassion, his lordship was reading; which inattention to my request gave me little hopes of success. At last, he suddenly laid down his book, and turned up his head towards the ceiling, (for I remarked he could not look me in the face, and therefore I inferred he was ashamed to see me;) and then spoke thus—'You talk of the obligations I have had to your family; I know of none: some little civilities, indeed, passed between me and them at college, when your father officiously thrust himself upon me as a tutor, and to direct me at my first setting-out in the world: but if I had trusted to his judgment, understanding, or credit, I might have remained at college still.' And then he declared, he knew of no obligations he had to any one belonging to me; so that he could not, in any sort, intermeddle in my affairs, which he thought very incompatible with his station, and might be a hindrance to his farther advancement; and wished me to provide for myself in the best manner I could: 'For,' added he, 'you may rest assured, you will have no assistance from me.'

From the example of this Right Reverend, and the discourse I had with others of what passed at this interview, I was perfectly satisfied that, for the want of interest at court, which I knew myself to be wholly unprovided of, there were little hopes of preferment in this road, even if I should get ordained: the utmost to be expected was some

poor Welsh living, or a starving curacy in town. These reflections, and the experience I had, soon weaned me of all thoughts of dedicating myself to the service of the church.

Having now tried three different methods for my advancement, which I found impracticable, I knew not well what project next to fall on. In this state of uncertainty my wants daily increased, which brought me almost to despair. However, I walked out one morning, and by accident met with a recruiting serjeant. I bethought myself the army refused nothing; and therefore, since I could do no better, was determined to list for a soldier. I called the serjeant aside, and offered myself to his disposal; telling him at the same time, as is usual in like cases, my name and place of birth. The serjeant, instead of greedily embracing the offer, stood some time in suspense, scratching his forehead; and at last said—'I am afraid, my lad, you will never learn the military discipline, or make any figure in the field: and, should you list in our regiment, you will be very troublesome, both on a march, and in quarters; for no comrade will care to mess with you. However, as our captain is in great want of men, I will venture to introduce you.'

We went away directly to the captain's quarters; where the serjeant having told our business, and I having answered the same questions as before, our noble captain shook his head, and said, I might perhaps be fit for sea-service, but that I was not of a proper size for his company; and then demanded of the serjeant where he picked me up, and how he came acquainted with me. The serjeant replied, with great truth, that he never saw or heard of me before in his life, and accidentally met me a little while ago. 'Send him packing then,' cries the captain: 'this fellow would make a mutiny in the regiment; besides, I know all his family are disaffected to the present establishment in church and state, and

‘and therefore I would not take him
‘on any consideration.’

My evil genius still pursuing me, I had recourse to another expedient: I remembered my father, in his lifetime, had a place in the Treasury, which he enjoyed till the death of his patron, a great man who presided at that board, by which means I had some little insight into the business of that office; and therefore I had no more wit than to fancy I might be useful to his successor. I made, indeed, but a plain appearance as to dress; however, I resolved to equip myself in the best manner I could, attend next morning at his levee, and try my fortune once more.

On my arrival at his door, whether I was despised for not being a beau, or for not coming in a coach, or whether I was taken for a Scotch lord just come to town with my own wants and my ancestors merits, I cannot say; but, to my great surprize, Abraham Brads, the porter, told me his master was not at home. This I knew to be false, and therefore would have gone in notwithstanding, but Abraham shut the door in my face.

I could not imagine the cause of this treatment, being sure the fellow did not know me; however, having time to recollect myself a little, till opportunity offered, by opening the door for somebody's going out, I accosted Abraham very courteously—
‘Sir,’ says I, ‘you have insulted me without any provocation; I must desire the favour to be admitted:’ and told him my name, and the business I had with his master; who, I knew, often valued himself on his intimacy with my family. But, alas! I only made bad worse; he fell furiously upon me in the most opprobrious language imaginable; called me all the rascals and scoundrels he could think on; swore I should never enter the doors while he was porter, and that I only came there with some wicked design on his person, or to rob the house; and that, if I did not instantly depart and be gone,

he would charge a constable with me, and swear the peace against me.

On this outrage, I thought it proper to retire some distance from the door, where I took the opportunity, as several well-dressed gentlemen were going in, to tell them my case, with the insult and abuse I had met with from Abraham; begging of them to acquaint his honour with the behaviour of his servant. But not a word could I get out of one of them: some shook their heads, and others started from me as if I had been infected. At last, a grave, elderly gentleman, with a bundle of papers in his hands, going into the great man's, stopped a little to hear my complaints, and was so kind as to open his mouth.
‘I have,’ says he, ‘Sir, some small knowledge of your family, with whom I was acquainted before I came into a public employment: but what business have you here? Complaining of Abraham Brads's behaviour will be to no purpose: he knows his master's mind, to whom he ought to be civil, and whom he may be rude to; and, depend upon it, you are so universally hated by the whole family, whose interest it is that you should never come within these doors, that you are not safe in staying longer so near them, lest a worse evil befall you: nay, I do not know, if it were suspected I now speak to you in so friendly a manner, but it might be as much as my place is worth; therefore I advise you to make off as fast as possible.’

By this time, kinsman, you may suppose I was in a very melancholy condition: when I happened to meet with a country gentleman; who, without any hesitation, on the first representation of my circumstances, took me into his service, and entertained me at his country-seat with great kindness and humanity. He entrusted me with the management of all his affairs, and advised with me on the most important transactions of his life. In this situation, I looked back on the misery of my former condition with joy and satisfaction, changed for the present; and being arrived at the bounds of my ambition,

bition, peace and content, despised all worldly greatness with the spirit of a philosopher.

But as nothing in this world is permanent, the devil put it into my lady's head to live in town; and that my master might not oppose her design, from the expences attending the removal, she persuaded him to offer himself as a candidate for the late election in a neighbouring borough, from the success of which she imagined great preferments would be had for the whole family. The scheme was resolved on; and I was presently dispatched away to the place of election, as one my master confided in, to make timely interest, he intending to follow me in a few days. I set out on this errand with no very good will, foreboding my own destruction in the event: and when I came to my journey's end, I met with as little success. The electors, one and all, took a mortal antipathy to me at first sight; and, instead of securing their friendship, I made every one of them my enemies; and, on my master's arrival, they insisted I should be forthwith discharged, or he must not expect one vote there. My master's eagerness to succeed in his election tempted him to comply. Immediately I was dismissed, with a private intimation that, though I was useless in an election, yet, if I went to town, and waited with patience, I should be taken in again for the management of my master's private affairs. I knew no remedy but submission. I went off as privately as I could; and, soon after my master's arrival in town, I waited on him in hopes of what I expected being performed. But never was a man so changed as my master: he told me, to my great grief and surprize, that he had no farther service for me of any kind, being now engaged to take other measures than when he lived retired in the country; that he was firmly resolved never again to be

under the restraint of any other servant; that his election cost him a deal of money for a double return, and all would be lost if he did not play his cards well; and, being under a solemn engagement never to have any the least correspondence with me, he concluded with forbidding me his house.

Having thus, loving kinsman, tried all reasonable methods of getting a livelihood, and having at present no means of subsistence, my application, which is the last I shall make, is to you; and, finding you have set up a new work, my humble request is to be taken into your service.

There has formerly been a strict union and friendship betwixt the two branches of our family, Common Sense and Common Honesty; though I own yours to be of superior rank and dignity, having supplied the world with many kings and queens. But, though we have not arrived to that honour, you have found us useful in our station; and it can be proved by many instances in history, that Common Sense never flourished, or made any considerable figure, without the assistance of Common Honesty.

I know the difficulties of my own condition, and how hard it is, unsupported, to make my way through the world: but as we have so often contributed to your support, and none of your ancestors ever met with any material check or misfortune while our branch of the family was countenanced by them: therefore, as we fell, so I hope we shall rise together.

I do not suspect you will ever write for the ministry, in which case I know I shall be entirely useless to you; the only favour I ask is some employment under you in the mean time, which will be gratefully acknowledged by your affectionate kinsman,

COMMON HONESTY.

EXTRA.

EXTRAORDINARY ACCOUNT OF A STRANGER,
LATELY ARRIVED AT A SEA-PORT TOWN, IN DORSETSHIRE.

SOME time since, a Stranger came to a gentleman's house at Weymouth, in a wet and cold night, in a most poor, distressed, and miserable condition; for he was bare-footed, and bare-headed; and, it may be truly said, all he had on him was not worth a farthing, and he had not tasted any food for several days, so that he was extremely weak indeed. In this case he came to the gentleman's house, lamenting and crying in a most pitiful manner; and, in the best manner he could, imploring their pity on so distressed and miserable an object.

This person's coming at such a time, and in such a forlorn and distressed condition, and uttering such bitter lamentations, very much alarmed the whole family; and not only them, but the whole neighbourhood. The gentleman and his lady were particularly affected on this occasion; especially the poor lady, who was of a very timorous and compassionate disposition. She was so dreadfully affected with the manner of his coming, and the bitter lamentations he made, that she almost fainted away, and it was even difficult to keep life in her for some time. In short, she was so extremely affected, that she was taken very ill, was obliged to take to her bed, and did not recover for several days. However, the good-natured gentleman, notwithstanding this person had been the cause of so much calamity to his lady, took pity on him, and treated him more like a familiar or friend, than an enemy or stranger; and, indeed, the gentleman plainly saw that he was no impostor, but that his distress was real, and that if somebody or other did not take pity on him, he must perish in a very little time; for he was so weak, that he could not possibly have reached to the next village. Indeed, he appeared not to be in a capacity so much as to enquire after the parish-officers; for his case

was now such, that, without present relief, he must certainly have expired. Even the gentleman's lady, as soon as she was a little recovered from her fright, freely forgave him all the injury he had undesignedly done her, and was as willing the poor creature should be taken care of as was her husband.

Well, this poor fellow was taken into the family, and was furnished by them with every thing they thought necessary. They took him in the poor dirty condition he was in, cleansed him, and gave him both cloaths and food; but his nature was so weak, that he could not at present digest common food, so they gave him a little at a time, but often, of what they thought the lightest of digestion, in order, if possible, to preserve a life as it were expiring, and by degrees to strengthen his nature: and, as the gentleman had been obliged to call in the help of a physician for his poor lady, he took his advice respecting the distressed creature. This, any one will say, was truly generous treatment to a mere Stranger.

But, what is remarkable, though many of the neighbours flocked about him, and expressed great compassion by words, not one of them brought so much as an old hat, an old pair of stockings, or a shirt, to cover him; neither would the parish-officers allow him a farthing: however, the good-natured gentleman and lady let him want for nothing that they judged to be proper for him in his truly lamentable condition.

But after a while, when things had been a little settled, and the poor fellow had been warmed and cloathed, and had taken some refreshment, and his nature was somewhat strengthened, several people talked to him, as many have done since: but, what is strange, though they asked him such questions as these: Where he came from? What he came thither for? What country-
man

man he was? What was his name? and even what he would have? they could not get a word from him that might give them satisfaction in any of these matters; and no one can get him to signify of what trade or employment he is, or to do any sort of work; and though promises and threatenings are frequently made use of, they have not as yet had any effect upon him, so wilful and stubborn is he. However, as they must call him by something, they gave him a name, which was Moses: and though in some things he is very unlike that good man, in others he well deserves that name; for his disposition is such, that ill, or scurrilous language, will not move him. If you call him Rogue, or Villain, he will frequently laugh in your face. Sometimes he is very good-natured, and at other times (though he indeed owes his very life, as it were, to this good family) he is so cross, they can by no means please him; so very uncertain is his temper: and, indeed, he is so very far from consulting his own interest, that he does not seem to pay any regard either to the good or ill-will of his kind benefactors.

Though this Stranger came in such an extremely miserable condition, he is said to be descended from a good family, who made a considerable figure in life: and as to his political character, it is no less strange than the former; for though it is evident he is no Papist, he does not acknowledge King George for his sovereign, nor can he join with any in prayer for him; but whom he would have to reign, he will not say. However, he does not seem at all attached to the Pretender, or the French: he is no Tory; and, as to late political disputes, he makes no objection to the late peace, neither does he countenance Fox or his party, and yet he is no courtier. In short, he pays no regard to hearsay, idle stories, or scurrilous reflections, founded on popular clamour.

As to his religion, none can get from him, to their satisfaction, what

it is; and, indeed, it is hard to say what his religion is, though from many things it may be easily discovered what it is not. He is no Methodist; and, as was said before, he is no Papist. He disregards all Supremacy, and so he is not for Prelacy; neither does he pay any regard to the authority of the Presbytery, and so he is no Presbyterian; yet he has a vast regard to birth privileges, and draws most of his comfort from these. Some, perhaps, may think him an Independent; but it is evident he is not. One thing, however, may be said of him; which is this, that he utterly dislikes infant sprinkling. Here, it may be, his religion may be thought to be found out at once, that he is a Baptist: but he is not that neither; for he has as great, if not greater, aversion to dipping, than he has to sprinkling. 'What! is he a Jew then?' may you say. No, he is not; for he has a greater dislike to their way than to any of the former. Neither is he a Quaker, for he has no notion of their whims and enthusiastic spirit. Neither is he a Deist, for he does not deny Divine Revelation. Nor is he an Atheist, any more than the generality of mankind have been; and it is well known that mankind in general are very far from being Atheists.

As to his person, when he was cleansed, clothed, and refreshed, he had an engaging countenance, very fair blueish eyes, and light-coloured hair, as though but young; but then he has no fore-teeth, as though he were very old: yet his having no fore-teeth does not at all affect his speech; but he is as fluent, and as much an orator, as one can imagine a person like him to be. He never speaks but with the strictest propriety; and he may be spoken to in either Latin or French, and he can answer any thing in either of these languages as readily as in English, which is his own mother tongue. He is, like a traveller, used to all manner of company; and is never dashed or bashful before any one.

This extraordinary person is now living in the aforesaid gentleman's family;

family; where any one, who has a mind to satisfy his curiosity, may have free access to him; and, unless he is very much altered, he will be found exactly to correspond with the above description.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

As I am a great admirer of your sterling Collection of Wit, Humour, and Entertainment, I think it my duty to contribute the following curious and genuine Will of a Gentleman in Lancashire, who died in February 1734, which I accidentally met with in an old paper called the Grub Street Journal, printed in the same year. If you should think, with me, that your readers will readily excuse such temporary allusions as must necessarily be preserved, I shall be glad to see the whole inserted in it's original state.

I am, Sir,

Your obliged Servant,

J—.

GROSVENOR SQUARE.

A HUMOROUS LAST WILL.

IN the name of God, Amen. I H. D—, of —, in the county of Lancaster, being found both in body and mind, (blessed be God) do therefore think this the best and properest time of making my last will and testament. For as I have no notion of a man's understanding being very perfect at a time when his body is weak and indisposed; and as a great part of what I have to dispose of will be found valuable in proportion to the salubrity of my intellectuals; I think myself under an obligation of swerving at this conjuncture from the usage of mankind, and of declaring my will at a season in which I find both body and mind influenced by the utmost vigour and sanity. In the name, therefore, of that one Eternal God who created all things, and from whom all wisdom is derived, I do this twenty-fourth day of December 1733, declare, make, and publish my will, in manner following.

Imprimis. I leave my body, as a very wholesome feast, to the worms inhabiting the vault of my family: to whom I acknowledge myself extremely indebted for eating up my ancestors; particularly, for their kindness in demolishing an old testy father, who left me at his death 50,000*l.* though he was very near upon starving me during his life.

VOL. I.

Item. To all practising solicitors and attornies I bequeath the following proverb; viz. 'Honesty is the best policy.' And this legacy I chuse to give to those worthy gentlemen; it being the only one I could think of, for which I could be sure they would not quarrel.

Item. To the kings of England, and all other of God's vicegerents, I leave the interpretation of that maxim in our law, so often quoted for the support of arbitrary power, viz. 'The king can do no wrong:' and this I interpret only, that the king can have no just prerogative to do any injury or wrong to his subjects.

Item. To all married women I bequeath cleanliness.

Item. To all married men I bequeath the same good quality; as likewise the utmost decency of behaviour and expression, at least in the presence of their wives and daughters.

Item. To all coquets, within the cities of London and Westminster, I leave despair, rotten reputations, and the contempt of every man of sense.

Item. To all prudes within the cities aforesaid, I from my soul bequeath virginity and wrinkles; or, if they prefer having a bastard by their father's butler, groom, or coachman, or any other butler, groom, &c. I desire my executors may give them their choice.

2 U

Item,

Item. To the parliament of Great Britain, I leave all ecclesiastical courts; and hope an act will soon pass for the purging them effectually.

Item. To the parliament of Great Britain, I leave the reformation of all the courts at Westminster Hall, vulgarly called courts of justice.

Item. To the aforesaid parliament, I leave the consideration, when it will be convenient to establish annual parliaments; and whether there can possibly be a properer conjuncture than the present.

Item. To the armies of Great Britain and Ireland, I leave all the bad roads to be mended; and when that is done, I leave them to the parliament for the same purpose.

Item. To the Right Reverend the Bishops, I give all due praise, for their contempt of worldly grandeur; their glorious unanimity in the legislative sphere they act in; their disinterested care of Christ's church; and their lively hopes of being soon translated to a better state.

Item. To the parson of my parish, the Rev. Mr. C——r, and all other parsons, I leave the following piece of advice: that they would not any longer expose their own weakness and absurdity, by attempting to explain things which are mysteries, and consequently incomprehensible, and above all explanation; and that, instead of tiring their congregations with what they call demonstrations, they would be pleased to enforce the practice of that refined system of morality which our Lord Jesus Christ came down from Heaven to deliver to mankind.

Item. To Colley Cibber, Esq. I leave a pastoral farce called Love in a Riddle; as likewise all his New-year and Birth-day odes: and I seriously entreat him to preserve them with a religious care; for if he does not, I verily believe nobody else will.

Item. To the authors of the London Journal, and the paper called the Free Briton, I leave one ounce of modesty, to be divided equally between them. I should have been more munificent in this bequest, were I not well convinced, that one ounce will be found more than they will ever make use of.

Item. I leave the whole tribe of polite coxcombs in and about London, to sharpeners, furgeons, and taylors.

Item. To Sir Hans Sloane, Baronet, president of the College of Manslayers, I leave a curious Norway spider, with a hundred legs, and nine pair of eyes; as likewise my whole collection of shells, butterflies, &c.

Lastly. To my three brothers Thomas, Henry, and John, I leave my whole estate, real and personal, to be divided equally amongst them, share and share alike. And my will is, that if ever they marry, they should not settle one farthing pin-money on their wives; nor more on their eldest sons, than just a proportion to their wives fortunes. And I make and ordain my said brothers Thomas, Henry, and John, the executors of this my will, to see the same performed, as far as lies in their power, according to my true intent and meaning.

In witness whereof, &c.

CHARACTERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. SAMUEL BUTLER,

AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

XXV.

A RANTER

IS a fanatic Hector, that has found out, by a very strange way of new light, how to transform all the devils into angels of light; for he believes

all religion consists in looseness, and that sin and vice are the whole duty of man. He puts off the old man, but puts him on again upon the new one, and makes his Pagan vices serve to preserve his Christian virtues from wearing

wearing out; for if he should use his piety and devotion always, they would hold out but a little while. He is loth that iniquity and vice should be thrown away, as long as there may be good use of them; for if that which is wickedly gotten may be disposed to pious uses, why should not wickedness itself as well? He believes himself shot-free against all the attempts of the devil, the world, and the flesh; and therefore is not afraid to attack them in their own quarters, and encounter them at their own weapons. For as strong bodies may freely venture to do and suffer that, without any hurt to themselves, which would destroy those that are feeble; so a saint, that is strong in grace, may boldly engage himself in those great sins and iniquities that would easily damn a weak brother, and yet come off never the worse. He believes deeds of darkness to be only those sins that are committed in private, not those that are acted openly and owned. He is but an hypocrite turned the wrong side outward: for, as the one wears his vices within, and the other without; so when they are counter-changed, the Ranter becomes an hypocrite, and the hypocrite an able Ranter. His church is the devil's chapel; for it agrees exactly both in doctrine and discipline with the best reformed bawdy-houses. He is a monster produced by the madness of this latter age; but if it had been his fate to have been whelped in old Rome, he had past for a prodigy, and been received among raining of stones and the speaking of bulls, and would have put a stop to all public affairs until he had been expiated. Nero clothed Christians in the skins of wild beasts, but he wraps wild beasts in the skins of Christians.

XXVI.

AN ANABAPTIST

IS a water-faint, that, like a crocodile, sees clearly in the water, but dully on land. He does not only live in two elements, like a goose,

but two worlds at once; this, and one of the next. He is contrary to a fisher of men; for, instead of pulling them out of the water, he dips them in it. He keeps souls in minority, and will not admit them to inherit the kingdom of Heaven till they come to an age fit to be trusted with their own belief. He defies magistracy and ministry as the horns of Antichrist; but would fain get them both into his own hands. His babes of grace are all Pagan, and he breeds them up as they do young trees in a nursery; lets them grow up, and then transplants them into the new soil of his own church. He lets them run wild, as they do young colts on a common, until they are old enough to be taken up and backed, and then he breaks and paces them with his own church-walkings. He is a lander of souls, and tries them, as men do witches, by water. He dips them all under water, but their hands, which he holds them up by—those do still continue Pagan; and that is the reason why they make no conscience of their works, when they can get power in their hands, but act the most barbarous inhumanities in the world. His dipping makes him more obstinate and stiff in his opinions, like a piece of hot iron, that grows hard by being quenched in cold water. He does not like the use of water in his baptism, as it falls from Heaven in drops, but as it runs out of the bowels of the earth, or stands putrefying in a dirty pond. He chuses the coldest time in the year to be dipped in, to shew the heat of his zeal, and this renders him the more obstinate. Law and government are great grievances to him; and he believes men may live very well without them, if they would be ruled by him; and then he would have nothing of authority but his own revelations. He is a saint-errant; for he calls his religion walking, which he opposes to the Pope's sitting, as the more orthodox and infallible. His church is a kind of round table without upper end, or lower end; for they

they observe no order, nor admit of degrees. It is like the serpent amphiœna, that has a head at either end of it: for such is their spiritual envy and ambition, that they can endure no superior; but high and low are tied together, like long and short sticks in a faggot.

He defies the world in his own defence, because it slighted him first; and is rather a renegado to it, than a convert to the other. He renounced it because it was not for his turn, and gave it over because he knew not how to enjoy it. His ambition, like a weed, grows highest on the lowest grounds; and he fancies himself above the world by despising what he would, but could not, aspire to. His charity extends no farther than his own diocese, and is nothing else but self-love, and natural affection to his own opinions in other men. He cries down learning, as he does the world, because it is not within his reach; and gives unjust judgment upon that which he understands nothing of. He leaves the road of the church, and crosses over bye-ways, as thieves do when they have committed a robbery. All the spiritual knowledge he brags so much of, is but his at the second-hand, and borrowed from translations; and, if those err, his spirit (though infallible as the Pope's) must do so too. The prodigious height of confidence he has arrived to is not possible to be attained without an equally impregnable ignorance. His church is under the watery government of the moon, when she was in Aquarius. He places himself on a pinnacle of the temple, to see if the devil dare cap texts with him. He had a mind to dispose of his religion how he pleased, and so suffered a recovery, to cut it off from his right heirs, and settle it to such uses as he pleased. He broaches false doctrines out of his tub; he sees visions when he is fast asleep, and dreams dreams when he is broad awake. They stick to one another, like loaves of bread in the oven of persecution. He canonizes himself

a saint in his own life-time, as Domitian made himself a god; and enters his name in the rubrick of his church by virtue of a pick-lock, which he has invented, and believes will serve his turn, as well as St. Peter's keys. He finds out sloughs and ditches, that are aptest for launching of an Anabaptist; for he does not christen, but launch his vessel. He believes, because obedience is better than sacrifice, the less of it will serve. He uses scripture in the same manner as false witnesses do, who never lay their hands on it, but to give testimony against the truth.

XXVII.

A POPIISH PRIEST

IS one that takes the same course that the devil did in Paradise; he begins with the woman. He despises all other fanatics as upstarts, and values himself upon his antiquity. He is a man-midwife to the soul, and is all his life-time in this world deluding it to the next. Christ made St. Peter a fisher of men; but he believes it better to be a fisher of women, and so becomes a woman's apostle. His profession is to disguise himself, which he does in sheep's-cloathing, that is, a lay-habit; but whether, as a wolf, a thief, or a shepherd, is a great question; only this is certain, that he had rather have one sheep out of another man's fold, than two out of his own. He gathers his church as fanatics do, yet despises them for it, and keeps his flock always in hurdles, to be removed at his pleasure; and though their souls be rotten or scabby with hypocrisy, the fleece is sure to be sound and orthodox. He tars their consciences with confession and penance, but always keeps the wool, that he pulls from the fore, to himself. He never makes a proselyte, but he converts him to his very shirt, and turns his pockets into the bargain; for he does nothing unless his purse prove a good Catholic. He never gets within a family, but he gets on the top of it, and governs all

all down to the bottom of the cellar; he will not tolerate the scullion unless he be orthodox, nor allow of the turning of the spit, but *in ordine ad spiritualia*. His dominion is not founded in grace, but sin; for he keeps his subjects in perfect awe by being acquainted with their most sacred iniquities, as Juvenal said of the Greeks—

‘Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.’

By this means he holds intelligence with their own consciences against themselves, and keeps their very thoughts in slavery; for men commonly fear those that know any evil of them, and out of shame give way to them. He is very cautious in venturing to attack any man by way of conversion, whose weakness he is not very well acquainted with; and, like the fox, weighs his goose before

he will venture to carry him over a river. He fights with the devil at his own weapons, and strives to get ground on him with frauds and lyes: these he converts to pious uses. He makes his prayers (the proper business of the mind) a kind of manufacture, and vents them by tale, rather than weight; and, while he is busied in numbering them, forgets their sense and meaning. He sets them up as men do their games at picquet, for fear he should be misreckoned; but never minds whether he plays fair or not. He sells indulgences, like Lockyer's pills, with directions how they are to be taken. He is but a copyholder of the Catholic Church, that claims by custom. He believes the Pope's chain is fastened to the gates of Heaven, like King Harry's in the Privy-gallery.

A RECRUITING SERJEANT'S SPEECH TO THE MOB.

GOOD PEOPLE,

YOU have heard my drum, and now it is my turn. It is a common saying, that the king cannot make a gentleman: but look you, he that uttered it first, whether herald to Tom Thumb, or Jack the Giant-Killer, lyed in his throat; for whoever can bestow arms, can make a gentleman. Now, simple as I stand here, the king has bestowed arms on me, wherefore I am a gentleman; and, if it is my good will and pleasure, I can translate a score or two of you to the same honour. And what can you do better? You are now a pack of dirty, meagre, ragamuffin scoundrels; slaves to your masters, drudges to your wives, and the property of gin-shops, ale-houses, pawn-brokers, and excisemen: whereas, take but this piece of gold, and handle this brown musket, your debts are discharged, the king's your pay-master, your wives may hang themselves, and you may live at free quarter upon other people's. To make short of my story, you become as good gentlemen as I am; and, on the strength of your sword, may take the wall of a

better man when you please. But perhaps you have no great stomach for fighting; you may fancy the Spaniards season their oglios with Englishmen's ears, and so-forth. Never fear! threatened folks live longest. And I myself have been in the service, man and boy, these five and twenty years, and never once looked an enemy in the face. Lord help you, if Chelsea College was to be filled with none but such as had lost their eyes, ears, or noses, in the field of battle, the income might, in time, be turned over to Greenwich Hospital, and the building itself be occupied by nurses and foundling children! Do not be afraid of fighting, then: my life for yours, you will have no reason. The Power above, to whom we owe our being, has taken us into his protection and favour; and has determined that not a hair of our heads shall fall to the ground. Nay, if we seem to be in danger, he makes it his business to deliver us; and if our enemies plot our destruction, he never fails to confound them. Oh! but the wags make themselves merry with musters and reviews,

views, powder and cockades, and forth. Why let them; they pay dear enough for their jokes, God knows! And, if they have wit and common sense on their side, we have abuse and Billingsgate on ours: among friends, a whole legion of Garreteers, gentlemen, who indite curiously, are bound, by their articles, to defend us; to defend us from being disbanded in time of peace, and from being employed in time of war: nay, more, to pen chronicles of our exploits, and take their Bible oaths that a cockle-shell is a Spanish pistole.

But, good people, (gentlemen I would call you, but, as I said before, you

must first bear arms;) not to lead you beyond your depth, fleece or be fleeced is the word! and whether it is best to be the sheep or the shearer, judge for yourselves. You see, we land-officers do not press people into the service, nor clap them under hatches, or stow them in infirmaries: but I say no more. Step to the parade! attend a review! there you will see us in our glory! Let clean spatterdashs, powdered hair, drums and colours, speak for themselves; and, if you have a mind to whet your whistles with his Majesty's double beer in the mean while, follow me. Huzza! God save the King!

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY DEAN SWIFT.

WE have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

Reflect on things past, as wars, negotiations, factions, &c. We enter so little into those interests, that we wonder how men could possibly be so busy and concerned for things so transitory; look on the present times, we find the same humour, yet wonder not at all.

A wise man endeavours, by considering all circumstances, to make conjectures, and form conclusions; but the smallest accident intervening, (and, in the course of affairs, it is impossible to foresee all) does often produce such turns and changes, that at last he is just as much in doubt of events as the most ignorant and unexperienced person.

Positiveness is a good quality for preachers and orators; because he that would obtrude his thoughts and reasons upon a multitude, will convince others the more, as he appears convinced himself.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

I forget whether advice be among the lost things, which Ariosto says are to be found in the moon; that and time ought to have been there.

No preacher is listened to but Time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

When we desire or solicit any thing, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.

In a glass-house the workmen often sing in a small quantity of fresh coals, which seems to disturb the fire, but very much enlivens it. This seems to allude to a gentle stirring of the passions, that the mind may not languish.

Religion seems to have grown an infant with age, and requires miracles to nurse it, as it had in it's infancy.

All fits of pleasure are balanced by an equal degree of pain or languor; it is like spending this year part of the next year's revenue.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions, he had contracted in the former.

Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments.

Whatever

Whatever the poets pretend, it is plain they give immortality to none but themselves: it is Homer and Virgil we reverence and admire, not Achilles or Æneas. With historians it is quite the contrary; our thoughts are taken up with the actions, persons, and events we read, and we little regard the authors.

When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are in confederacy against him.

Men who possess all advantages of life are in a state where there are many accidents to disorder and discompose, but few to please them.

It is unwise to punish cowards with ignominy; for, if they had regarded that, they would not have been cowards: death is their proper punishment, because they fear it most.

The greatest inventions were produced in the times of ignorance; as the use of the compass, gunpowder, and printing; and by the dullest nation, as the Germans.

One argument to prove that the common relations of ghosts and spectres are generally false, may be drawn from the opinion held, that spirits are never seen by more than one person at a time; that is to say, it seldom happens to above one person in a company to be possessed with any high degree of spleen or melancholy.

I am apt to think, that in the day of judgment there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, and to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. This renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But some scruples in the wise, and some vices in the ignorant, will perhaps be forgiven upon the strength of temptation to each.

The value of several circumstances in story lessens very much by distance of time, though some minute circumstances are very valuable; and it requires great judgment in a writer to distinguish.

It is grown a word of course for

writers to say, 'This critical age,' as divines say, 'This sinful age.'

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: 'Future ages shall talk of this; this shall be famous to all posterity:' whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

The camelion, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, hath of all animals the nimblest tongue.

When a man is made a spiritual peer, he loses his surname; when a temporal, his christian name.

It is in disputes as in armies, where the weaker side sets up false lights, and makes a great noise, to make the enemy believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.

Some men, under the notions of weeding out prejudices, eradicate virtue, honesty, and religion.

In all well-instituted commonwealths, care has been taken to limit men's possessions; which is done for many reasons, and among the rest, for one which perhaps is not often considered, that, when bounds are set to men's desires, after they have acquired as much as the laws permit them, their private interest is at an end, and they have nothing to do but to take care of the public.

There are but three ways for a man to revenge himself of the censure of the world; to despise it, to return the like, or to endeavour to live so as to avoid it: the first of these is usually pretended; the last is almost impossible; the universal practice is for the second.

Herodotus tells us, that in cold countries beasts very seldom have horns, but in hot they have very large ones. This might bear a pleasant application.

I never heard a finer piece of satire against lawyers, than that of astrologers, when they pretend by rules of art to tell when a suit will end, and whether to the advantage of the plaintiff or defendant; thus making the matter depend entirely upon the influence

fluence of the stars, without the least regard to the merits of the cause.

The expression in Apocrypha about Tobit and his dog following him, I have often heard ridiculed; yet Homer has the same words of Telemachus more than once; and Virgil says something like it of Evander. And I take the book of Tobit to be partly poetical.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c. beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last?

What they do in Heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not we are told expressly—that they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.

When a man observes the choice of ladies now-a-days in the dispensing of their favours, can he forbear paying some veneration to the memory of those mares mentioned by Xenophon; who, while their manes were on, (that is, while they were in their beauty) would never admit the embraces of an ass.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

‘Vive quidem, pende tamen, improba, dixit.’
OVID. METAM.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

Physicians ought not to give their judgment of religion, for the same reason that butchers are not admitted to be jurors upon life and death.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

If a man will observe as he walks the streets, I believe he will find the

merriest countenances in mourning-coaches.

Nothing more unqualifies a man to act with prudence, than a misfortune that is attended with shame and guilt.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Ill company is like a dog, who dirts those most whom he loves best.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Satire is reckoned the easiest of all wit; but I take it to be otherwise in very bad times: for it is as hard to satirize well a man of distinguished vices, as to praise well a man of distinguished virtues. It is easy enough to do either to people of moderate characters.

Invention is the talent of youth, and judgment of age; so that our judgment grows harder to please, when we have fewer things to offer it: this goes through the whole commerce of life. When we are old, our friends find it difficult to please us, and are less concerned whether we be pleased or not.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

The motives of the best actions will not bear too strict an enquiry. It is allowed, that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others; and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice. Religion is the best motive of all actions,

tions, yet religion is allowed to be the highest instance of self-love.

When the world has once begun to use us ill, it afterwards continues the same treatment with less scruple or ceremony, as men do to a whore.

Old men view best at a distance with the eyes of their understanding as well as with those of nature.

Some people take more care to hide their wisdom than their folly.

Arbitrary power is the natural object of temptation to a prince; as wine or women to a young fellow, or a bribe to a judge, or avarice to old age, or vanity to a woman.

Anthony Henly's farmer, dying of an asthma, said, 'Well, if I can get this breath once out, I will take care it shall never get in again.'

The humour of exploding many things under the name of trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions. For instance, with regard to fame; there is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe, even among the vulgar, how fond they are to have an inscription over their grave. It requires but little philosophy to discover and observe that there is no intrinsic value in all this; however, if it be founded in our nature, as an incitement to virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.

Complaint is the largest tribute Heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to cloath them in; and these are always ready at the mouth: so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

Few are qualified to shine in company; but it is in most men's power to be agreeable. The reason, therefore,

VOL. I.

why conversation runs so low at present, is not the defect of understanding, but pride, vanity, ill-nature, affectation, singularity, positiveness, or some other vice, the effect of a wrong education.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like, by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told: whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

Law, in a free country, is, or ought to be, the determination of the majority of those who have property in land.

One argument, used to the disadvantage of Providence, I take to be a very strong one in its defence. It is objected, that storms and tempests, unfruitful seasons, serpents, spiders, flies, and other noxious or troublesome animals, with many more instances of the like kind, discover an imperfection in nature, because human life would be much easier without them: but the design of Providence may clearly be perceived in this proceeding. The motions of the sun and moon; in short, the whole system of the universe, as far as philosophers have been able to discover and observe; are in the utmost degree of regularity and perfection; but, wherever God hath left to man the power of interposing a remedy by thought or labour, there he hath placed things in a state of imperfection on purpose to stir up human industry, without which life would stagnate, or indeed rather could not subsist at all: *Curis accuunt mortalia corda.*

Praise is the daughter of present power.

How inconsistent is man with himself?

I have known several persons of great

great fame for wisdom in public affairs and councils governed by foolish servants.

I have known great ministers, distinguished for wit and learning, who preferred none but dunces.

I have known men of great valour cowards to their wives.

I have known men of the greatest cunning perpetually cheated.

I have known three great ministers, who could exactly compute and settle the accompts of a kingdom, but were wholly ignorant of their own œconomy.

The preaching of divines helps to preserve well-inclined men in the course of virtue, but seldom or never reclaims the vicious.

Princes usually make wiser choices than the servants whom they trust for the disposal of places: I have known a prince, more than once, chuse an able minister; but I never observed that minister to use his credit in the disposal of an employment to a person whom he thought the fittest for it. One of the greatest in this age owned and excused the matter from the violence of parties, and the unreasonableness of friends.

Small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy, when great ones are not in the way: for want of a block he will stumble at a straw.

Dignity, high station, or great riches, are in some sort necessary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a distance, who are otherwise too apt to insult them upon the score of their age.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

Love of flattery, in most men, proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women, from the contrary.

If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in some concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer.

Kings are commonly said to have

long hands; I wish they had as long ears.

Princes, in their infancy, childhood, and youth, are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprize and astonish: strange, so many hopeful princes, so many shameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue: if they live, they are often prodigies, indeed, but of another sort.

Politics, as the word is commonly understood, are nothing but corruptions, and consequently of no use to a good king, or a good ministry; for which reason courts are so over-run with politics.

Silenus, the foster-father of Bacchus, is always carried by an ass, and has horns on his head. The moral is, that drunkards are led by fools, and have a great chance to be cuckolded.

Venus, a beautiful good-natured lady, was goddess of love; Juno, a terrible shrew, the goddess of marriage; and they were always mortal enemies.

Those who are against religion, must needs be fools; and therefore we read that, of all animals, God refused the first-born of an ass.

A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot.

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas.

Apollo was held the God of physic, and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

Old men and comets have been revered for the same reason; their long beards, and pretences to foretell events.

A person was asked at court, what he thought of an ambassador, and his train, who were all embroidery and lace, full of bows, cringes, and gestures; he said, it was Solomon's importation, gold and apes.

There is a story in Pausanias of a plot for betraying of a city discovered by

by the braying of an ass: the cackling of geese saved the capitol; and Catiline's conspiracy was discovered by a whore. These are the only three animals, as far as I remember, famous in history as evidences and informers.

Most sorts of diversion in men, children, and other animals, are an imitation of fighting.

Augustus meeting an ass with a lucky name, foretold himself good fortune. I meet many asses, but none of them have lucky names.

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

Who can deny that all men are violent lovers of truth, when we see

them so positive in their errors, which they will maintain out of their zeal to truth, although they contradict themselves every day of their lives?

'That was excellently observed,' say I, when I read a passage in an author, where his opinion agrees with mine: when we differ, there I pronounce him to be mistaken.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live another time.

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lyars in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

LETTER FROM POWER,

ADDRESSED TO AMBITION.

BY MR. J. MAY.

THOU proud, self-conceited, foolish thing, how darest thou attempt to blame the rash presumption of Nonsense, who art thyself an abject slave! By what authority, vain thing! dost thou pretend to overthrow nations; to bias the whole of Church-government; nay, more, to boast of a place in Heaven, where thou truly sayest thou didst celebrate thy nuptials with Pride? Who, vile traitor, drove thee with disgrace from the celestial abodes, where again thou shalt never appear? Was it not that Power, by whom even the heavens and the earth were formed, who banished thee from thence, and at once crushed all thy aspiring hopes! And canst thou, then, dare to mention, vain boaster! with the appearance of exultation, what must for ever redound to thy disgrace! As to the pretended influence of Ambition on the members of the church, that, too, I deny thee. It is not Ambition that raises their views to the temptations thou suggestest, but my spirit infused into riches; it is the attracting

Power of these that perpetually draws them towards every probable source of mitres, deaneries, and good fat livings! As to your assertion about the Ambition of the Editors of this Miscellany, let me tell you, that their Ambition would have availed them nothing, without the Power of pleasing. You mention, likewise, the great Alexander as indebted to you for hinting the conquest of those kingdoms which he actually subdued: but even there you must likewise submit to give me the pre-eminence, when I ask you what errors, and misfortunes in consequence of those errors, you would not have led him into, if I had neglected to accompany him, or refused to grant him my assistance. Your other claims are equally ill-founded; let the world judge how truly contemptible Ambition appears, when unassisted by Power. Yield, then, to my all-conquering influence; I intreat not, but command thee!

(Signed)

POWER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

In a Work called the Weekly Magazine, and Literary Review, published in the year 1758, I met a few days since with the following curious Verses, addressed (as I suppose) to the Honourable Mr. W. PELHAM, when Prime-minister. It immediately struck me, that some of your readers might not think them inapplicable to the Honourable Gentleman who at present fills that office, and whose Initials are certainly the same: I therefore send them for your approbation; and am, with best wishes,

Yours,

MERCUTIO.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE W. P. ESQ.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF POETS AND NEWSWRITERS

SHEWETH—

THAT your honour's petitioners, (dealers in rhymes,
And writers of scandal, for mending the times)
By losses in business, and England's well-doing,
Are sunk in their credit, and verging on ruin.
That these, their misfortunes, they humbly conceive,
Arise not from dulness, as some folks believe,
But from rubs in their way, that your honour has laid,
And want of materials to carry on trade.
That they always had form'd high conceits of their use,
And meant their last breath shou'd go out in abuse;
But now, (and they speak it with sorrow and tears)
Since your honour has fate at the helm of affairs,
No party will join 'em, no faction invite,
To heed what they say, or to read what they write;
Sedition, and Tumult, and Discord, are fled,
And Slander scarce ventures to lift up her head:
In short, public business is so carried on,
That their country is sav'd, and the patriots undone.

To perplex 'em still more, and sure famine to bring,

(Now satire has lost both it's truth and it's sting)
If, in spite of their natures, they bungle at praise,
Your honour regards not—and nobody pays.

Your Petitioners, therefore, most humbly entreat

(As the times will allow, and your honour thinks meet)

That measures be chang'd, and some cause of complaint

Be immediately furnish'd, to end their restraint;
Their credit thereby, and their trade, to retrieve,
That again they may rail, and the nation believe,
Or else, (if your wisdom shall deem it all one)

Now the parliament's rising, and business seems done,

That your honour would please, at this dangerous crisis,

To take to your bosom a few private vices;
By which your petitioners, haply, might thrive,
And keep both themselves and contention alive.
In compassion, good Sir! give them something to say,

And your honour's petitioners ever shall pray.

SELECT ANECDOTES, REPARTEES, AND BON-MOTS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER IX.

I.

MR. Hare, formerly the envoy to Poland, had apartments in the same house with Mr. Fox; and, like his friend Charles, had frequent dealings with the monied Israelites. One morning, as he was looking out of his window, he observed several of the tribe assembled at the door, for admittance. 'Pray, gentlemen,' says he, 'are you Fox-hunting, or Hare-hunting, this morning?'

II.

A MAN, whose wife had for some

time been indisposed, going home one evening, was informed by the servant that she was dead. 'Well,' said the husband, 'I am going to the club; send for me, if I should be wanted.' In about two hours he returned, and was going to bed as usual; when the maid cried out—'Lord, Sir! don't go there! I have made a bed for you in the other chamber.'—'Yes, but I will, Betty,' returned he: 'I never yet had a peaceable day with her, and am determined to have one quiet night before we part.'

III. DEME.

III.

DEMETRIUS, King of Macedon, frequently retired from business, to indulge in sensual pleasures: on such occasions, however, he usually feigned indisposition. His father, Antigonus, coming one day to visit him during his pretended illness, saw a beautiful young lady retire from his chamber. Demetrius, the instant he beheld his sire, told him that the fever had just left him—'I believe you, my son,' says Antigonus, 'for I think I met her at the door.'

IV.

As a press-gang, during the late war, were patrolling round Smithfield, they laid hold of a man tolerably well-dressed; who pleaded that, being a gentleman, he was not liable to be impressed. 'Haul him along!' cries one of the tars; 'he is the very man we want: we press a damned number of blackguards, and are cursedly at a loss for a gentleman to teach them good-manners.'

V.

A PATRIOTIC candidate applied to a yeoman of a certain county for his vote, promising to exert his influence to turn out the ministry, and procure a fresh set. 'Then I won't vote for you,' cried the farmer. 'Why not?' said the patriot; 'I thought you was a friend to your country?'—'So I am,' replied the yeoman; 'and for that reason I am not for a change in the ministry. I know well enough how it is with my hogs; when I buy them in lean they eat the devil and all, but when they have once got a little fat, the keeping them is not near so expensive: so that I am for keeping the present set, as they will devour much less than a new one.'

VI.

DR. Roger Long, the famous astronomer, walking one dark evening with Mr. Bonfoy, in Cambridge, and the latter coming to a short post fixed in the pavement, which in the earnestness of conversation he took to be a boy standing in his way, said, hastily—'Get out of my way, boy!'

'That boy, Sir,' said the doctor very calmly, 'is a post-boy, who never turns out of his way for any body.'

VII.

BISHOP Thomas, who was a man of great wit and drollery, was observing at a visitation, that he had been four times married; and, should his present wife die, he declared he would take another, whom it was his opinion he should also survive. 'Perhaps, gentlemen,' continued the Bishop, 'you do not know the art of getting quit of your wives: I will tell you how I do. I am called a good husband: and so I am; for I never contradict them. But do not you know that the want of contradiction is fatal to women? If you contradict them, that alone is exercise and health, *et optima medicamenta*, (the best medicine in the world) for all women: but if you constantly give them their own way, they will soon languish and pine, or become gross and lethargic for want of exercise.'

VIII.

AN artful popish priest, stationed at the seat of a Roman Catholic family in Yorkshire, had long had his eye on an honest simple miller in the neighbourhood, the father of four or five stout lads, whom the priest considered would be a valuable acquisition to the cause of popery, if the miller's conversion could be brought about. With this view, he one day invited him to see many curiosities in the family-chapel: when the crafty missionary displayed his whole budget of beads, crucifixes, madonas, saints, and relics, and expatiated largely on their exquisite value and workmanship; but more particularly on the miraculous powers and influence of the holy images; concluding his homily with—'Well, honest Joseph, what think you of these extraordinary things? Are they not truly admirable?' The honest miller, scratching his head, and leering with great simplicity at the priest, replied, in his own country dialect—'Wy a, truly, Sur, they are o varra pretty; but when o's dune, let God alean for mackin a man!'

IX. THE

IX.

THE extreme activity and hardiness of Charles XII. of Sweden are well known. He was sometimes on horse-back for four and twenty hours together, traversing his kingdom alone. In one of these excursions his horse fell down dead under him. This circumstance, however, produced no sort of uneasiness in the breast of Charles: sure of finding another horse, though not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirt the dead animal, took the whole furniture on his own back, and proceeded to the nearest inn. On entering the stable, he soon found a horse perfectly suited to his wishes; and, placing his saddle and housing on the animal with very great composure, was about to mount him, and ride off; when the owner, being informed of what was transacting, made his appearance, and bluntly demanded the reason of such a proceeding. Charles, squeezing in his lips, as was his usual way, coolly replied, that he took the horse because he wanted one: 'For you see,' continued he, 'if I could not have got one, I must have still carried my saddle myself.' This answer not satisfying the gentleman, he instantly drew; and, the king following his example, a rencounter ensued. Some noblemen arriving at this critical juncture, expressed their astonishment at seeing a subject in arms against his lawful sovereign, and soon terminated the contest. The gentleman, as may be easily conceived, was greatly shocked at such an explanation: his confusion, however, was presently dissipated by the king; who, taking him by the hand, called him a brave fellow, and assured him that he should be handsomely provided for. He was not worse than his word; for the gentleman was soon after promoted to a considerable post in the army.

X.

LOUIS XIV. who loved a concise stile, met on the road, as he was travelling into the country, a priest who was riding post; and, ordering him to

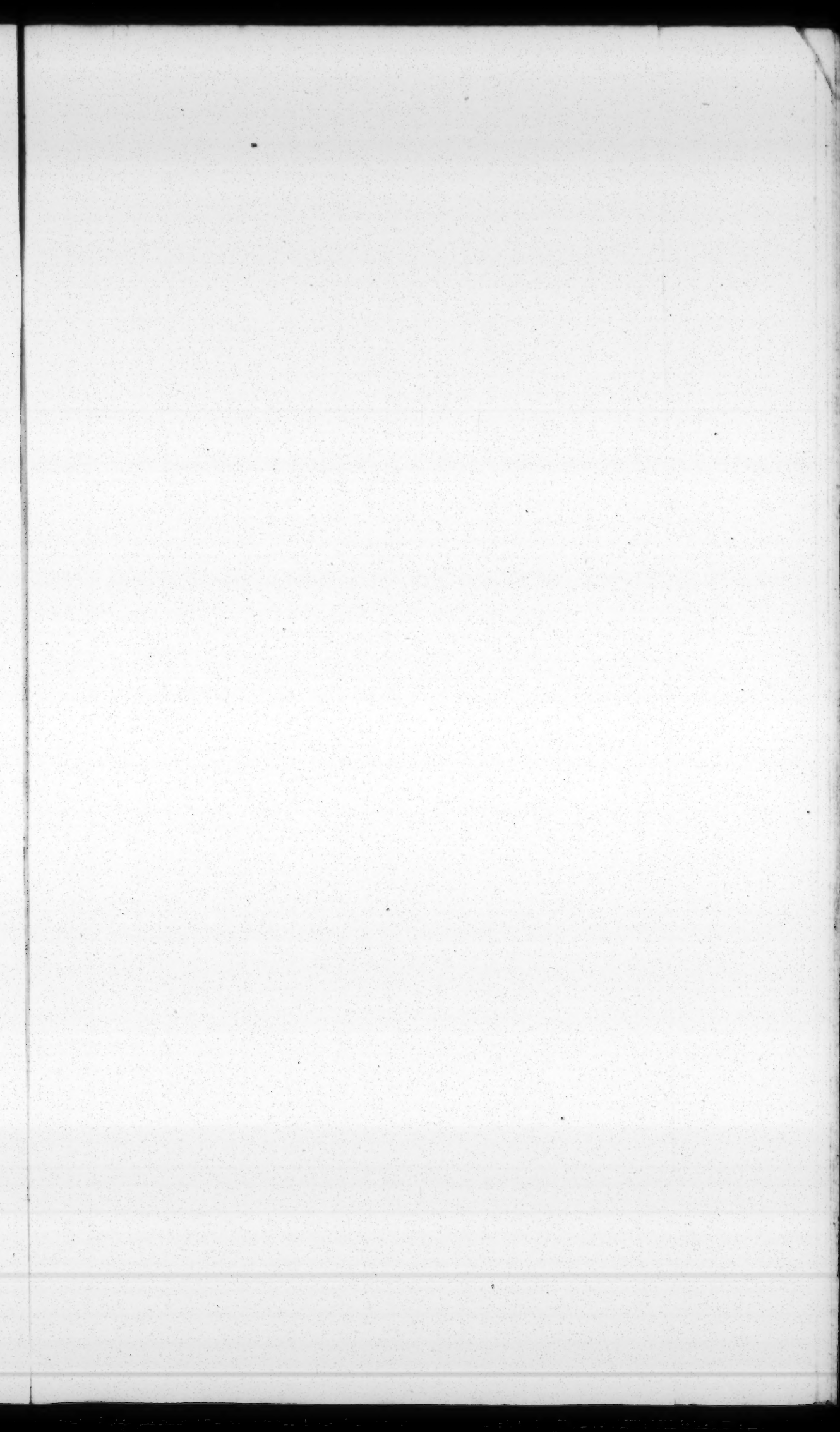
stop, asked hastily—'Whence come you?—Where are you going?—What do you want?' The other, who perfectly well knew the king's disposition, instantly replied—'From Bruges—To Paris—A benefice!'—'You shall have it!' replied the king; and, in a few days, presented him to a valuable living.

XI.

NOT long since, a Jew came to the Court of King's Bench to justify a bail for 1800*l.* when, on the usual questions being asked him—If he was worth 1800*l.* and all debts paid, he replied—'My lords! upon my vord, dis is a very great shum; and, as I am not really vort de half, I vill not justify, my lords, for it; but, as de attorney here did give me 20*l.* bank-note to justify, wat vod your lordships have me do vid the monies?' The Earl of Mansfield, who seemed struck with the answer, immediately replied—'You are an honest Jew, and I would advise you by all means to keep the note!' which Mordecai Israel accordingly did; and, as his lordship was going out of court, the Israelite, with many bows and scrapes, said—'I hombly tank your lordship; for you are the first who ever called me an honest Jew.'

XII.

AN honest industrious peasant, in Picardy, being observed to purchase weekly five loaves, was asked, what occasion he could possibly have for so much bread. 'One,' replied the honest fellow, 'I take myself, one I throw away, one I return, and the other two I lend.'—'How do you make this out?' said his neighbour. 'Why,' returned the farmer, 'the one which I take myself, is for my own use; the second, which I throw away, is for my mother-in-law; the loaf I return, is for my father; and the other two, which I lend, are those with which I keep my two children, in hopes that they will one day return them to me.'





The PATIENT'S PAROXYSM; or, the ID

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & C



the DOCTOR OUTWITTED.

Farrison & Co. Oct 1. 1784.

POETRY.

THE PATIENT'S PAROXYSM;

OR,

THE DOCTOR OUTWITTED.

POTION had long, with selfish zeal,
Drench'd all his neighbours, for their weal!
Did any feel a slight catarrh,
A purging gripe, a bowel war;
A flatulence, from inanition;
A nausea, from much repletion;
His eager eyes pervade the face,
Each symptomatic ill to trace;
The drug of mighty power he sends;
Unask'd, prescribes; uncall'd, attends;
And should the patient spurn the dose,
His desperate case the doctor knows,
Fills with alarms the wife, or friend,
Till all assist his one great end;
Then on the hapless victim preys
The remnant of his wretched days.

A wag, at length, from London came,
Who much had heard of Potion's fame;
And long'd to take an active part
In combating his art with art.
Admittance gain'd, he tells his case—
At such a time, in such a place,
Three ruffian robbers knock'd him down,
His pockets rifled, crack'd his crown;
Then left him in a vile ditch sprawling,
To keep his dreaded tongue from bawling;
And now, at intervals, he feels
His brain unsteady as his heels:
That, having sought relief in vain,
From all the London healing train,
He was, at last, advis'd to try
What Potion's judgment might supply.

All Physic sat in Potion's face,
Who ey'd with joy his patient's lace;
'A lucky job,' thought he, 'I've got!'
Then thrice he hemm'd, to clear his throat.
'Good Sir, your case is most alarming,
'Since reason is a thing so charming:
'Besides, Hippocrates, of old,
'In chapter eight, has plainly told,
'That he who is not sound in reason,
'Is like a pear-tree out of season.
'Mens Sana is the Summum Bonum;
'Galen says so, and blessings on him:
'From him I learn to treat this case,
'And hit your caput to an ace.'

Enquiries pass'd—as, lodgings where?
The patient told him, at the Bear.
A regimen was now laid down,
Enough to make a Bramin frown:
Gruel alone must be his diet,
Till the distracted brain were quiet!
Of drugs, 'tis true, he had enough;
Black hellebore instead of snuff;
Large draughts for morning, noon, and night,
To keep the body cool and light;
With pulvis pott, and aqua pump,
And pills of paste in many a lump.

In window rang'd, the bottles stand,
With labels like a parson's band;
Striking with mandates stern the eye—
Shake this—mix that—then drain it dry.
This, morn—that, noon—and these at night—
At once salute the patient's sight;
Who pleas'd, surveys the plenteous store,
And almost wishes it were more;
Resolv'd, when Potion deign'd to call,
The greedy wretch should swallow all.

The Doctor comes—his patient snores—
Potion the untouch'd drugs explores;
Then meditates a reprimand,
And by the bedside takes his stand—
'Holloa!' cries he, 'd'ye sleep all day!'
The patient starts, in wild dismay—
Roars, thieves and rogues disturb his rest;
This wounds his head, and that his breast;
But swears, to Satan he will send
The rascals all who thus offend.
This said, he on the Doctor flies,
Nor seems to heed his doleful cries.
'Help! help!' poor Potion loudly calls;
But, unassisted, still he bawls:
For all, acquainted with the fun,
To see the Doctor trick'd now run;
And, crowding round the chamber-door,
Loud chuckle as they hear him roar.

The patient in the pot now drain'd
Each drop the phials sent contain'd;
To potion's lips the mess applies,
'Drink this, vile scoundrel!' then he cries;
'Drink quick, or else to Hell you go!'
The Doctor groans, and drinks but slow:
'Good Lord! I'm poison'd!—such a bowl!'
'Drink! drink! or ruin seize your soul!'
'O save me! Not a spoonful more.'
'Drink, damn you! drink your precious store!'
'O Heaven preserve me! What, drink all?'—
'Yes, every drop, lest worse befall.
'Haste! quick! I have no time to waste;
'Enjoy your own delicious feast:
'And promise ne'er to drench, again,
'Man, woman, child, with medicine vain.
'Swear this; or else, by all that's just,
'I'll pound your carcase small as dust!'
'O yes, I'll swear!—Good Heaven preserve me,
'Can Christians thus let madmen serve me!'

The Doctor now in form was sworn;
And, hasting from the public scorn,
To house of office bent his way,
Where we shall leave him for the day.

THE LOVER'S RECANTATION.

BY MR. CARR.

CEASE, snarling cynic! vainly urge, no
more,
'The charms of Science, and dull Learning's lore;
'The phantom Pleasure of a far-spread name,
'Transcendent Praise, and never-dying Fame,
'Away! the laurel wreath, the civic crown,
'And hard-earn'd bubbles of a learn'd renown!
'Superior

' Superior bliss my wiser choice shall prove;
 ' Youth calls for Pleasure, Pleasure dwells with
 ' Love.
 ' Thou, wave-sprung goddess! can more bliss
 ' impart,
 ' More sterling transport, to the conscious heart,
 ' In one short hour, than years of empty praise,
 ' Tho' after-ages hail th' unfading bays;
 ' Tho' round the lifeless brow thick laurels
 ' bloom,
 ' And blushing honours croud th' unconscious
 ' tomb.
 ' These I condemn, renounce, forget, resign;
 ' Thou, matchless maid, bright Stella! thou be
 ' mine.
 ' Come with thy smiles, all radiant as thou art,
 ' And shake these empty shadows from my heart!
 ' Or bid me fly, impatient, to thine arms,
 ' Pant on thy breast, and languish o'er thy
 ' charms:
 ' While Love, in all his raging passions dress'd,
 ' Flames at my eyes, and thunders at my breast;
 ' And every sense in joys extatic roll,
 ' Till raptur'd Life seems bursting from her goal!
 ' Entranc'd in bliss, thus let me ever prove
 ' Thy arms my throne, my happiness thy love!
 Thus, ere the sex's changeful wiles I knew,
 My breast sincere it's genuine feelings drew;
 Till Stella, (all unworthy of her charms!)
 For venal prospects, meanly fled my arms;
 And taught, severe, my inexperienced heart,
 The Disappointed Lover's torturous smart.
 Tho' first envelop'd in a cloud of woes,
 Soon, o'er my wrongs, my pride indignant rose;
 Revers'd the glowing, panegyric strain,
 For cold indifference, and severe disdain.
 ' Hence, Love!' I cried; ' no more my peace
 ' molest;
 ' I spurn, renounce, and tear thee from my
 ' breast.
 ' An humble suppliant, prostrate at thy throne,
 ' Lo! three rich years of youth mispent have
 ' flown.
 ' Deceiv'd no more, thy changeful smiles are
 ' fled;
 ' Majestic Reason rises in their stead.
 ' Swift from her glance thy shadows flit away,
 ' As night recedes before the gairish day.
 ' Go, o'er the servile crowd despotic reign;
 ' Amuse the idle, and correct the vain.
 ' The lawyer, soldier, statesman, and divine,
 ' Triumphant lead to Folly's crouded shrine;
 ' There, at thy beck, refulgent shine in arms,
 ' And make the world own Dulcinea's charms.
 ' Seek Fashion's throng; and, from each tinfell'd
 ' slave,
 ' Expunge the little sense that nature gave:
 ' With madd'ning wishes crop the virgin's bloom,
 ' And give the tottering rake his well-earn'd
 ' tomb:
 ' The antiquated maid's fond wishes waste,
 ' In dreams of bliss, she waking ne'er shall taste:
 ' Make, and amaze the world, yon antic beau,
 ' His tinsel frippery, and his cane forego;
 ' And, if thou can'st, from yonder female brain
 ' Erase the pert, the giddy, and the vain!

' Thy conquests these; but me assail no more!
 ' Fair Science wooes me to her various lore.
 ' O Heaven-sprung Goddess! up thy heights
 ' sublime,
 ' Give me, with still-increasing power, to climb;
 ' Where Truth celestial beams refulgent rays,
 ' O'er cloud-capp'd Error's gloom-benighted
 ' maze;
 ' And, in her courts, the residence of Fame,
 ' With persevering toil, to inscribe my name.

ANACREONTIC.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE, in Folly's vortex whirl'd,
 Throng the anxious busy world;
 Madd'ning wishes all attend,
 These to get, and those to spend;
 This to strut in titled lace,
 That to climb the heights of place.
 Crown them, Heaven, with useless wealth!
 Me, with honesty and health!
 Give me Virtue, heavenly maid!
 Sweet Content, in smiles array'd;
 Dove-eyed Peace, with looks serene;
 Innocence, gay Pleasure's queen;
 And, thy richest gift to send,
 Bless me with a faithful Friend:
 Such a Friend, O let me claim,
 As merits, while he bears, the name.
 These shall, at my bosom, make
 Bulwarks Fortune cannot shake.
 Not from Pleasure think I fly,
 Not a peevish cynic I.
 Mirth, with all her social train,
 Fondly to my breast I'll strain;
 Wit, with flashes ever new,
 Oft shall greet me in her crew:
 And, each brilliant dart they throw,
 Faithful to my heart shall go.
 With the friendly, flowing bowl,
 Humour's magic powers shall roll
 O'er the heart, with charming tone,
 And seize the passions all his own.
 These shall brighten life with joy,
 Such as empires cannot buy.
 And when age, with palsied hand,
 Waves his life-benumbing wand;
 And, impatient of his prey,
 Death no longer brooks delay;
 Smiles shall meet the tyrant's dart,
 As it flies to pierce my heart.
 Then, ye social crew, attend
 All that's left you of your friend;
 Bear him, but without a sigh,
 Where the king, the clown, shall lie:
 And, ere yet the mould ye spread
 Gently, o'er his quiet head,
 Let some boon companion dear
 Thus his blameless life declare—
 ' Let the coward, guilt-stung knave,
 ' Tremble at the yawning grave;
 ' Let the solemn, funeral toll,
 ' Wring Oppression's callous soul:
 ' Never shaft of guilty fear
 ' Struck the heart that slumbers here.

* After

' After years of pleasure flown,
 ' Such as innocence might own;
 ' He, with looks serene and gay,
 ' Cheerful met life's setting day;
 ' And, with conscious ease, the tomb
 ' Smiling own'd his future home.
 ' Blush, ye great, with riches crown'd;
 ' What in vain ye seek, he found.
 ' Pleasures unallay'd with care,
 ' Faithful love, and friends sincere.
 ' But, ye happier, wiser few,
 ' Who content, not wealth, pursue;
 ' Here, a while, direct your eyes,
 ' Where a friend congenial lies.
 ' By his fair example taught,
 ' Spurn the selfish, venal thought;
 ' And, to form the generous flame,
 ' Self and social be the same.
 ' So, like him we now attend,
 ' Such shall be your life and end;
 ' Such your cheerful, cloudless day,
 ' Heart at ease, and conscience gay;
 ' Time, on silken wings shall fly,
 ' And ye, too, without fear shall die.'

THE LADLE.

BY MR. PRIOR.

TH E sceptics think, 'twas long ago
 Since gods came down incognito,
 To see who were their friends or foes,
 And how our actions fell or rose:
 That since they gave things their beginning,
 And set this whirligig a spinning,
 Supine they in their heaven remain,
 Exempt from passion, and from pain;
 And frankly leave us human elves
 To cut and shuffle for ourselves;
 To stand or walk, or rise or tumble,
 As matter and as motion jumble.

The poets now, and painters, hold
 This thesis both absurd and bold:
 And your good-natur'd gods, they say,
 Descend some twice or thrice a-day;
 Else all these things we toil so hard in,
 Would not avail one single farthing;
 For when the hero we rehearse,
 To grace his actions, and our verse,
 'Tis not by dint of human thought
 That to his Latium he is brought;
 Iris descends, by Fate's commands,
 To guide his steps thro' foreign lands;
 And Amphitrite clears his way
 From rocks and quicksands in the sea.

And if you see him in a sketch,
 (Tho' drawn by Paulo or Carache)
 He shews not half his force or strength,
 Strutting in armour, and at length;
 That he may take his proper figure,
 The piece must yet be four yards bigger:
 The Nymphs conduct him to the field;
 One holds his sword, and one his shield:
 Mars, standing by, asserts his quarrel;
 And Fame flies after with a laurel.

These points, I say, of speculation,
 (As 'twere to save or sink a nation)
 Men idly learned will dispute,
 Assert, object, confirm, refute:

VOL. I.

Each mighty angry, mighty right,
 With equal arms sustains the fight:
 Till now no umpire can agree 'em;
 So both draw off, and sing Te Deum.
 Is it in equilibrio,
 If deities descend or no?
 Then let th' affirmative prevail,
 As requisite to form my tale:
 For by all parties 'tis confess'd,
 That those opinions are the best,
 Which in their nature most conduce
 To present ends, and private use.

Two gods came therefore from above,
 One Mercury, the other Jove:
 Their humour was, it seems, to know,
 If all the favours they bestow,
 Could from our own perverseness ease us,
 And if our wish enjoy'd would please us.
 Discoursing largely on this theme,
 O'er hills and dales their godships came;
 Till well nigh tir'd, at almost night,
 They thought it proper to alight.

Note here that is as true as odd is,
 That in disguise a god or goddess
 Exerts no supernatural powers,
 But acts on maxims much like ours.

They spy'd at last a country farm,
 Where all was snug, and clean, and warm;
 For woods before, and hills behind,
 Secur'd it both from rain and wind.
 Large oxen in the fields were lowing;
 Good grain was sow'd, good fruit was growing;
 Of last year's corn in barns great store,
 Fat turkies gobbling at the door;
 And Wealth, in short, with Peace consented,
 That people here should live contented.
 ' But did they in effect do so?'

Have patience, friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest farmer and his wife,
 Two years declin'd from prime of life,
 Had struggled with the marriage noose,
 As almost every couple does;
 Sometimes, 'My plague! sometimes, 'My dar-
 'ling!'

Kissing to day, to-morrow snarling;
 Jointly submitting to endure
 That evil, which admits no cure

Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd;
 Our farmer met 'em in the yard;
 Thought they were folks that lost their way,
 And ask'd them civilly to stay;
 Told 'em, for supper, or for bed,
 They might go on, and be worse sped.

So said, so done; the gods consent;
 All three into the parlour went:
 They compliment, they sit; they chat;
 Fight o'er the wars, reform the state;
 A thousand knotty points they clear,
 Till supper and the wife appear.

Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the dame;
 Obsequious Hermes did the same.

'Jove kiss'd the farmer's wife!' you say.
 He did—but in an honest way:

Oh! not with half that warmth of life,
 With which he kiss'd Amphitryon's wife.

Well then, things handsomely were sett'd;
 The mistress for the stranger car'd.

2 Y

How

How strong the beer, how good the meat,
How loud they laugh'd; how much they eat,
In epic sumptuous would appear;
Yet shall be pass'd in silence here:
For I should grieve to have it said,
That, by a fine description led,
I made my episode too long,
Or tir'd my friend, to grace my song.

The grace-cup serv'd, the cloth away,
Jove thought it time to shew his play:
Landlord and landlady, he cry'd,
Folly and jesting laid aside,
That ye thus hospitably live,
And strangers with good cheer receive,
Is mighty grateful to your betters,
And makes e'en gods themselves your debtors.
To give this thesis plainer proof,
You have to-night, beneath your roof,
A pair of gods: nay, never wonder—
This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,
My page; my son, indeed—but spurious.
Form, then, Three Wishes, you and Madam;
And, sure as you already had 'em,
The things desir'd, in half an hour
Shall all be here, and in your power.—
Thank ye, great gods; the woman says:
O may your altars ever blaze!
A Ladle, for our silver dish,
Is what I want, is what I wish.—
A Ladle! cries the man; 'a Ladle!
'Odzooks, Corisca, you have pray'd ill:
What should be great you turn'd to farce;
'I wish the Ladle in your arse!'

With equal grief and shame my muse
The sequel of the tale pursues:
The Ladle fell into the room,
And stuck in old Corisca's bum.
Our couple weep two wishes past,
And kindly join to form the last;
To ease the woman's awkward pain,
And get the Ladle out again.

MORAL.

THIS commoner has worth and parts,
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts;
His head aches for a coronet:
And who is blest'd that is not great?
Some sense, and more estate, kind Heaven
To this well-lotted peer has given:
What then? he must have rule and sway;
And all is wrong, till he's in play.

The Miser must make up his plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded sum;
The sickly Dotard wants a wife,
To draw off his last dregs of life.

Against our peace we arm our will;
Amidst our plenty, Something, still,
For horses, houses, pictures, planting;
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting.
The cruel Something unpossess'd,
Corrodes, and leavens all the rest.
That Something, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain:
And to the coffin, from the cradle,
'Tis all a Wish, and all a Ladle.

THE TEST OF PATIENCE;

OR, THE

HOGS IN THE PARSON'S CELLAR.

A Parson, who had a remarkable foible,
In minding the Bottle much more than
the Bible;
Was deem'd by his neighbours to be less perplex'd
In handling a tankard, than handling a text.

Perch'd up in his pulpit, one Sunday he cried—
'Make patience, my dearly beloved, your guide;
'And, in all your troubles, mischances, and
'crosses,
'Remember the patience of Job in his losses.'

Now this Parson had got a stout cask of strong beer;
A present, no doubt—but no matter from where;
Suffice it to say, that he reckon'd it good,
And valu'd the liquor as much as his blood.

While he the church-service in haste mutter'd o'er,
The hogs found their way thro' his old cellar door;
And, by the sweet scent of the beer-barrel led,
Had knock'd out the spigot or cock from it's head.

Out spouted the liquor abroad on the ground,
And the unbidden guests quaff'd it merrily round;
Nor from their diversion or merriment ceas'd,
Till every hog there was a true drunken beast.

And now, the grave lecture and prayers at an end,
He brings along with him a neighbouring friend;
To be a partaker of Sunday's good cheer,
And taste his delightful October-brew'd beer.

The dinner was ready, and all things laid snug—
'Here, wife,' says the Parson, 'go fetch up a mug.'
But a mug of what liquor he'd scarce time to tell
her,

When—'Lord, husband!' she cried, 'there's the
'hogs in the cellar.'

'To be sure they've got in whilst we were at
'pray'rs.'

'To be sure you're a fool; so, get you down stairs,
'And bring what I bid you—Go see what's the
'matter,

'For now I myself hear a grunting and clatter!'

She went; and, returning with sorrowful face,
In suitable phrases related the case:
He rav'd like a madman; and, snatching a broom,
First belabour'd his hogs, then his wife round the
room.

'Was ever poor mortal so peester'd as I!

'With a base slut who keeps all my house like a
'fye:

'How came you to have your damn'd hogs in the
'kitchen?

'Is that a fit place to keep cattle, you bitch in!'

'Lord, husband!' said she, 'what a coil you keep
'here,

'About a poor beggarly barrel of beer;

'You should, in "your troubles, mischances, and
'crosses,

"Remember the patience of Job in his losses."

A POX

' A pox upon Job!' cried the priest, in a rage;
' That beer, I dare say, was near three years of age:
' But you are a poor stupid fool, like his wife;
' Why, Job never had such a cask in his life!

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

SIR John, a country magistrate,
Of good round belly, hobbling gait,
Well known at every merry meeting,
Fam'd both for justice, and for eating,
Was most severe, as stories tell us,
Against the younger sprightly fellows:
When frolicsome, for youth are wild,
They chanc'd to get the maids with child,
Would sternly take the cause in hand,
And both the parties reprimand;
With utmost rigour would enforce
The rigid laws that came in course;
Nor ever in the least excuse
That slight faux pas so much in use.
And yet by some 'twas shrewdly thought,
That he himself was sometimes naught;
And those who heard what neighbours said,
Had little doubt he kiss'd his maid.
But strangely Time brings things about,
As murder some odd time will out;
And so it chanc'd, one luckless night,
When love unusual fir'd the knight,
His post so boldly he maintain'd,
The fatal growing proof remain'd;
For scarce four months were gone and past,
Ere Betty swell'd about the waist:
But, warn'd before of this disaster,
The fearful wench inform'd her master;
Who (as it is the finner's way
To put far off the evil day)
Neglects her till so large it made her,
That to the neighbours it betray'd her.
Now good Sir John begins to stir,
And trembles for his character;
Advices Betty, full of care,
The bastard not on him to swear;
And if she'll put disgrace aside
He'll for the child and her provide.
Betty, whose conscience wond'rous nice is,
Is puzzl'd in this doubtful crisis:
But truth beyond her virtue prizes,
And th' offer secretly despises;
Yet, as her circumstances lay,
Conjectur'd 'twas the wisest way,
Resentment and her thoughts to smother,
And say she'll lay it to another.
The knight thus eas'd, commits each whore,
And acts with rigour as before;
And tho' oft told of Betty's failing,
Pretends to disbelieve their railing;
Till time run on, and Betty grew
So large to each impartial view,
That now the danger was the same,
Against the cautious knight's good name:
When now to keep his fame he thought,
And order'd Betty to be brought.
The quorum sat; the blushing wench
In public stood before the bench;

Sir John, who thought himself secure,
Began to thunder out his power:
Demands aloud, who has beguil'd
Th' unhappy maid, and got the child.
The book's held out, she stoops to kiss it—
And, ' If I must disclose who is it,'
She cry'd—' that hath my truth beguil'd,
' Sir John is father to the child!
Now sudden grief, surprise, and shame,
O'erwhelm the knight, and blast his fame.
The tale each slanderous tongue reveals,
And swells the story as it tells:
To truth they add a thousand lies;
And, shame encreasing as it flies,
Each girl unpunish'd stains her gown,
And bastards swarm throughout the town.

FEMALE LOQUACITY.

FROM RABELAIS.

TWO gossips prating in a church,
The devil, who stood upon the lurch,
In short-hand on a parchment roll
Wrote down their words: and when the scroll
Could hold no more, it was so full,
His devilship began to pull
And stretch it with his teeth; which, failing,
He knock'd his head against the railing.
St. Martin laugh'd, tho' then at mass,
To see the devil such an ass,
To think a parchment roll, or even a skin,
Could hold two women's chat, when they begin.

VERSES

ACCOMPANYING A YOUNG LADY'S PROFILE CUT IN PAPER.

AS Betsey, en profil è exprès'd,
Enkindles fond desire;
Surely herself, whenever possess'd,
Must fill the soul with fire!
Then go, thou dear delightful shade,
Relate my heart's entral;
And bid the much-lov'd, tender maid,
Give me the original.

BASINGSTOKE.

B—.

VERSES

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK.

HOW blest'd could I, in Chloe's heart,
As in this book, inscribe my name!
But wretched, still, if there, as here,
Another fool might do the same.

EPIGRAM I.

SOME men there are two wives would crave,
Their appetite is such:
Not so with me—but one I have,
Yet find that one too much.

O. R.

EPIGRAM II.

BY JACK.

I'M a scolding old woman of fourscore and eight,
Of a crooked condition, and never was straight:
I scold twice a day, till I'm quit out of breath;
It's the joy of my life, and defence against death.
Scolding opens my pipes, and it quickens my blood,
And serves me for exercise, physic, and food;
My grandmother told me, and charg'd me to try,
That as long as I scolded I never should die.

EPIGRAM III.

WITH your poems for sale, Peter, blush
to be walking;
If your printer can't sell them—they are not
worth hawking.

F—.

EPIGRAM IV.

SYLVIA makes sad complaints, she's lost
‘her lover!’—
‘Well, nothing strange can I in this discover.’—
‘Nay, then thou’rt dull—for here the wonder
‘lies:
‘She had a lover once—don’t that surprise?’

E.

EPIGRAM V.

SAYS Harry to Dick, ‘Come, be of good
‘cheer!’
‘The Ministry soon will be Chang’d, as I hear.’
—‘Good news!’ replies Dick, ‘but it better
‘would be
‘If in Chang’d you could fairly omit letter C.’

EPIGRAM VI.

BY MR. J. SAVAGE.

HOW fitly join’d, the lawyer and his wife!
He moves at bar, and she at home, the
strife.

THE TFFORD.

EPIGRAM VII.

AS Foote, who had always some smart thing
to say,
Was jesting, and punning, one night, at the play;
An actress, with neither voice, feeling, nor air,
In figure resembling a huge Flanders mare,
Appear’d on the stage!—‘Pr’ythee whom have
‘we here?’
Cries out the droll wag, to a friend who sat near,
‘Mrs. Reddish, you mean?’—He replies, with
a nod,
And a look full of archness—‘Horse-Raddish,
‘by God!’

EPIGRAM VIII.

WHEN next you’re in print, Ned, for
money or fame,
Be advised by a friend—let the work want your
name;
For whoever on that should unluckily look,
And remembers your last, will ne’er open the book.

F—.

EPITAPH I.

ON A GLUTTON WHO HAD A REMARKABLE
WIDE MOUTH.

HERE lies a famous belly-flave,
Whose mouth was wider than his grave:
Reader! tread lightly o’er his clod;
For should he gape, you’re gone, by God!

EPITAPH II.

ON A PIN-MAKER.

BY MR. STONE.

HERE lies Will Sharplefs. O most cruel
Death!
Why didst thou rob Will Sharplefs of his breath?
He, in his life-time, scraping one poor pin,
Made better dust than thou canst make of him.

EPITAPH III.

A Generous foe, a faithful friend,
A hero bold, here met his end:
He conquer’d, both in war and peace;
By death subdu’d, his glories cease.
Ask you, who finish’d here his course
With so much honour?—’Twas a Horse.

EPITAPH IV.

ON MR. JOSEPH CRUMP, A MUSICIAN OF
WORCESTER.

ONCE ruddy and plump,
But now a pale lump,
Beneath this safe tump,
Lies honest Joe Crump,
Who wish’d to his neighbour no evil:
What tho’, by Death’s thump,
He’s laid on his rump;
Yet up he shall jump,
When he hears the last trump,
And triumph o’er Death and the Devil.

EPITAPH V.

A Husband’s corpse this tomb contains!
And I must now my time employ,
In weeping o’er his sad remains,
With ever-streaming tears—of joy.

H—.



NUMBER IX.
E N I G M A S.

ENIGMA I.

FOR THE PRIZE MEDALS.

BY MR. ALLEN.

FROM India's soil I come, once well connected;
To Britain brought dismember'd and dissected.
Like eastern captives, I'm deck'd forth with care;
To slavery sold, no common price I bear.
Man's chief associate; and, tho' bad his plight,
I help to set his understanding right:
With him I go, unheeded of the distance,
Yet cannot move a step without assistance.
'Tho' smooth my skin, tho' fair my form appears,
Tottering I go, and bend with weight of years:
Yet vain the boaster who on strength relies;
At sight of me, the trembling coward flies.
My other attributes are now suppress'd;
For I, at present, am inclin'd to rest.

ENIGMA II.

BY MR. J. CARR.

WHEN the sovereign lamp of light
Hurries down the western skies,
And unrivall'd reigns the night,
From my lowly bed I rise.
Not the brilliant Eastern gem,
Beaming thro' the darksome mine,
Nor the spark'ling diadem,
E'er with half my lustre shine.
If Night's Regent hide her head,
I'm the lamp of elves and fays;
While the festive dance they lead,
Piping sweet their dulcet lays.
Starts the rustic at the brake,
Spark'ling there, when me he spies;
But, if cruel, life he takes,
All my vivid lustre flies.
Ye enigma solvers, say
What I am, and merit fame:
Surrounded by a lucid ray,
What gloom can hide my form or name?

ENIGMA III.

BY JACK.

I AM in Britain, I am in France, I am in
Ireland too;
I am in Germany, Hungary, North America,
and Peru;
I am in Denmark, I am in Norway, I am in
Austria, and Prussia;
I am in Portugal and Sardinia, I am in Turkey
and Russia;
I am in Earth, I am in Air, I am in Fire, I am
in Water;
I am in your Mother, I am in your Grandmo-
ther, I am in your Sister and Daughter.
I am in your Arms, in the Dark, in the Morn,
in every Feature;
I am in your Heart, I am in your Breast, and I
am in every Creature.

ENIGMA IV.

BY MR. E. NEWTON, LEICESTER.

YOUNG ladies now give ear, I pray,
To one the most forlorn;
To share my fate, perhaps, you'll say,
'O! had I ne'er been born!
Your lovely image I've display'd,
Possess'd of life and breath;
Am flesh and blood, tho' always made
By the rude hand of Death.
Now, to conclude my mournful lay,
Of mortal frame am I;
And feel the pangs of Death I may,
Tho' some of us ne'er die.

ENIGMA V.

BY MR. JOHN ALMOND.

MAKE room, ye wits, for I'm an endless self;
And, by your leave, will introduce myself.
Then know, that I from parents differ more
Than ever fire and son have done before:
For faith, I've no more likeness to my mother,
Than Balaam's ass and Luna, to each other.

Her

Her limbs, indeed, are lusty, stout, and strong,
 Her ears are large, and her switch tail is long:
 I have no wit, if I the truth must tell ye,
 Nor head, nor tail, not even back or belly.
 No tongue I have, can neither grin nor chatter,
 But am a mute inactive mass of matter.
 My form, 'tis certain, is not quite the same
 As when at first I from my parent came;
 Tortures, since then, alas! I've undergone,
 Enough to melt the stoutest heart of stone:
 Racks, and imprisonments, long time I bore,
 Till the cold sweat distill'd at every pore.
 And when from prison I'm at last releas'd,
 By some I'm hated much, by some caref'd;
 The chaplain—surely, it's for want of grace—
 Grumbles, full oft, to see me shew my face;
 Tho' once, indeed, he might behold, in me,
 A faithful emblem of Eternity.

ENIGMA VI.

BY J. G. JUN.

SOmetimes I am short, at others I'm
 long.
 Dulness and brightness both to me belong.
 I am wet, I am dry; and yet, what's very strange,
 I'm both hot and cold, tho' I ne'er feel the change.
 I have often attended our good king and queen;
 Yet the same week with nabobs, in India, have
 been.
 Both nobles and beggars alike I attend;
 And, tho' of no substance, mankind I befriend:
 Tho' on Africa's shore I am oft known to smile,
 At the same time I'm found in Britannia's fair
 isle.

REBUSES.

REBUS I.

BY MR. E. NEWTON, LEICESTER.

IF you the heart of man erase,
 And let a hen's supply it's place,
 Adding a leopard's tail thereto;
 They'll quickly bring before your view,
 What's requisite for all to do.

REBUS II.

BY M. LARA.

A Liquor and colour, revers'd and set right,
 Will expose a most heinous offence to the
 sight.

REBUS III.

BY W. BANBURY.

TAKE three-fifths of a game, half a hun-
 dred, and ten,
 The thigh of a beast next affix; and you'll ken
 The name of a town where scorbutics retire,
 And much for it's site and it's waters admire.

REBUS IV.

BY MR. CARPENTER.

TO a hundred, a triangle I beg you to add;
 A thousand likewise, or the sense will be
 bad:
 When this you have done, pray take part of a
 fiddle;
 And I think with great ease you'll expound this
 short riddle.

REBUS V.

BY MR. J. BECKETT, JUN.

IF you a four thing transpose,
 A very sweet one 'twill disclose.

REBUS VI.

BY MR. J. B. SYD. COLL. CAMBRIDGE.

THE plague, or the comfort of life, we de-
 scry,
 In the half of desire, and half of supply.

PARADOXES, &c.

PARADOX.

YOU, who in seeming mysteries delight,
 Say what's invisible, yet never out of sight?

AN HIBERNIAN PARADOX.

BY T. WARING, LEICESTER.

SAYS Paddy—By Jafus, now tell me, I pray,
 'What it was to-morrow, and will be yester-
 day?'

PARADOXICAL EPITAPH.

TWO grandmothers, with their two grand-
 daughters;
 Two husbands, with their two wives;

Two fathers, with their two daughters;
 Two mothers, with their two sons;
 Two maidens, with their two mothers;
 Two sisters, with their two brothers:
 Yet only fix, in all, lie buried here,
 All born legitimate, from incest clear.

ANAGRAM.

BY MR. J. B. SYD. COLL. CAMBRIDGE.

IF you transpose a term for low,
 What horses have 'twill plainly shew:
 Transpose these letters yet once more,
 What's said in churches you'll explore.

SOLUTIONS.

SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMAS.

1. A Shilling.
2. A Hat.
3. A Pen.

4. Eve, the first Woman.
5. A Cankerew.
6. An Hour Glass.

REBUSES.

1. Cocca.
2. Vivacity.

3. Level.
4. Oxford.

SELECT ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

1. BY W. H. BANBURY.

QUITE charm'd with the wit of your
fam'd Magazine,
Among it's gay vot'ries I wish'd to appear;
When Reason approach'd, with an aspect serene,
And kindly she whisper'd these words in my ear.
' No fee or fair promise admittance can gain,
' Here sense, wit, and humour, alone current
' pass:
' Then why shouldst thou labour a place to obtain,
' Since thy verse they'll refuse, like a SHIL-
' LING that's brass?'

But all the kind cautions of Reason were lost;
(Our warm inclinations she seldom subdued!)
In Momus's court I still sigh for a post;
'Tis yours, my sons, wish to indulge—or re-
fuse.

2. BY A YOUNG CORRESPONDENT.

HOW pitiful the miser's case;
Who, poring o'er his gold,
While discontent sits on his face,
Laments he's growing old!

Yet still the sight of his dear cash
Removes all thoughts of death:
O shame! that man should, for such trash,
Forget who gave him breath!

But mark the end—at length comes death;
This wealthy man's no more!
Deceitful gold! his parting breath
Canst thou again restore?

Too late the wretched wight shall find,
Tho' thousands he may save,
That every SHILLING stays behind,
Not one can pass the grave.

3. BY ORLANDO.

SINCE boldness, they say, will most fre-
quent succeed,
I'm resolv'd ne'er again with submission to plead;
For oft, at your shrine, with a suppliant train,
Have I su'd for the prize, and as oft sued in vain.
To move your compassion no longer I'll try;
Since you chuse not to give, I am ready to buy:
To adopt this new mode, should your worship be
willing,
Adjudge me the Medal—and here is a SHILLING.

4. BY OXONIENSIS.

LET the meaner ions of earth
Spend their time in labour killing;
I'll devote my hours to mirth,
Bless'd with many a splendid SHILLING.

In vain old Time may shake his glass;
We heed not death, with darts so chilling:
Since we from life to death must pass,
As from hand to hand a SHILLING.

Then let us quaff the flowing bowl,
Nor to part with it be willing,
Till from off the stage we roll,
Reeling, and without a SHILLING.

5. BY MR. FRANCIS BROWNE.

TO purchase your work all mankind must
be willing:
Since, for Sixpence apiece, we are sure of a
SHILLING.

6. BY J. N.

TO expound your riddle I am willing;
The reason's very plain:
A Medal's better than a SHILLING,
The Prize I hope to gain.

Very ingenious Answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA were also received from Captain John Clarke; Mr. R. Tattam; Jack; Mr. W. Stone, Bruton Street; Mrs. Sally Brock, Honiton; Mrs. Thomas; Mr. E. Newton, Leicester; Mr. E. T. Pilgrim; Mr. Benjamin Sytton, Oulton, near Leeds; S. E. Mr. J. Beckett, Jun. Julia, Blackfriars Road; A Savoyard; T. Waring, Leicester; Mr. William Elley; Mr. W. Darby; Mr. T. Y. Mr. W. Minshall, Chester; O. R. Mr. J. B. Syd. Coll. Cambridge; Mrs. Welch, Newington, Surrey; E. B. Jack Marlinspike; Mr. T. Pashmore, Beer, Devon; Fiavia; Mr. Philip Hoffe, Compton; Mr. G. M. W. Mr. J. Stock, Greenwich; Mr. R. Pulman, Leeds; Mr. John Foster; Mr. W. Hutton; Mr. J. M. Greenwich; Mr. J. Smith, Rosemary Lane; Mr. W. Anderson; Mr. J. Jones, North Row, Grosvenor Square; Mr. Frederick Walter, New Bond Street; Mr. W. C. near Salisbury; Mr. Joseph May, Jun. Gun Street, Spitalfields; Frances Maria Dobson; Queromania; Master Edward Brayley, Laytall Street, Holborn; H. J. Davies, Greenwich; Mr. L. Alexander, Whitechapel; Mr. Charles

Charles Metcalfe, Great Dalby, Leicestershire; M. Lara, Bury Street; Mr. J. Harfield; M. G. Whitechapel; Boreas; J. G. Jun. Mr. J. Rice; Ryalhert, Bromsgrove; Oxonienfis; Ego-metipfe; C. H. and Mr. W. M. L.

MISCELLANEOUS ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS, TO THE SEVERAL ENIGMAS AND REBUSES

ANSWER TO ALL THE ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

BY MERCUTIO.

QUOTH my Rib, who had just got the
Wit's Magazine—

'I think, my dear love, tho' at *Oxford* you've
'been,

'I might venture to wager at least one poor SHIL-
'LING,

'You could not discover the Prize, were you
'willing;

'Much less, all the rest of the Sphinx's dark
'train,

'Tho' you often pretend that these things are
'quite plain.'

I lik'd her *Vivacity* much, on my life,

And accepted the bett, tho' propos'd by a wife;

'In an *Hour*, or less,' and I turn'd up the *Glass*,

'They shall all meet your view, or pronounce me
'me an afs!

'But, ere I begin, get a bottle, my dear,

'As there's nothing, like wine, man's dull senses
'to cheer.'

And, faith! I, by this time, had read them once
over,

Nor could I a single solution discover.

The bottle now came—I had read them again—

But still my endeavours to solve them were vain.

'Come give it me quickly, true daughter of *Eve*.'

I cried; 'this delay is but meant to deceive.'

For, instead of a *Corkscrew*, she spent, with a fork,

Five minutes, at least, in extracting the cork.

Other ingenious Answers have been received from Mr. Francis Browne, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. R. Tattam, to Enigmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, and Rebuses 1, 3, 4; Jack, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 3, 4; Mr. W. Stone, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Miss Sally Brock, to Enigmas 2, 5, 6, and Rebuses 2, 3, 4; Mr. E. Newton, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. B. Sejiston, to Enigmas 2, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; S. E. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Julia, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4; A Savovard, to Rebuses 1, 3, 4; Mr. J. Beckett, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; T. Waring, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 3, 4; Mr. W. Darby, to Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. T. Y. to Enigma 4, and Rebuses 3, 4; Mr. W. Minthull, to Enigma 4, and Rebuses 1, 3, 4; Mr. J. B. Syd. Coll. to Enigmas 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 3, 4; Mrs. Welch, to Enigmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; Capt. John Clarke, to Rebuses 1, 4; E. B. to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 3, 4; Mr. T. Passmore, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. Philip Hoffe, to Enigmas 2, 4, 6, and Rebuses 2, 4; Mr. G. M. W. to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 3, 4; Mr. J. Stock, to Enigmas 2, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 3, 4; Mr. R. Pulman, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5; Mr. John Foster, to Enigmas 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. W. Hutton, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. J. Smith, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. J. Jones, to Enigma 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. Frederick Walter, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. Joseph May, to Enigmas 4, 6; Frances Maria Dobson, to Enigmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; A Young Correspondent, to Enigma 6, and Rebuses 1, 3, 4; Master Edward Brayley, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. Charles Metcalfe, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 3, 4; M. Lara, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mrs. S. E. Spencer, to Enigma 2; A. B. C. to Enigmas 2, 5; J. G. Jun. to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. J. Rice, to Enigmas 4, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Ryalhert, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; C. H. to Enigma 4, and Rebuses 1, 3; Mr. W. Holland, to Enigma 4; Mr. W. N. Carpenter, to Rebus 3; and Mr. W. W. Little Scotland Yard, to Rebuses 3, 4.

At length I procur'd a large bumper of Port,
Which the warmth in my stomach pronounced
the right sort;

And, as the effluvia ascended my brain,
I begg'd her to *Level* my glass once again.

'Give the children their *Cocoa*,' I cried, with
a smile;

'And I'll take a turn in the garden meanwhile.'

Then, cocking my *Hat*, I walk'd out, and I read,

And every solution flew into my head:

So, taking my *Pen*, I wrote down the whole story,

And now you have every tittle before you.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IV.

BY C. H.

WITH Mother *Eve* Love first his reign
began;

And, strange, the urchin is not yet a man!

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IV. AND RE- BUS II.

BY MR. PHILIP HOFFE.

BETWEEN two L's place *Eve*, and you
may see,

That all mankind must on a *Level* be.

ANSWER TO REBUSES I. II. III. IV.

BY RYALHERT, BROMSGROVE.

HERE's *Oxford's Vivacity*, Grave's *Level*
capacity,

With *Cocoa's* bibacity, upon my veracity.



With a large Quarto Engraving, representing The SUNDAY ORDINARY AT HIGH-GATE; deligned and engraved purposely for this Work.

	Page		Page
1. The Night-Walker. No. IV. - - - - -	363	21. Ode to Horror, in the Allegoric, Descriptive, Alliterative, Epithe- tical, Fantastical, Hyperbolical, and Diabolical Style of our Modern Ode- Wrights and Monody-Mongers - -	394
2. Project for raising an Hospital for Decayed Authors - - - - -	365	22. A Political Conversation ; written during the Rebellion in 1745 -	ibid.
3. Sunday Ordinary at Highgate - - -	368	23. Ode to Nastiness - - - - -	395
4. Essay on Modesty - - - - -	369	24. A Receipt to make a Modern Ec- logue or Pastoral - - - - -	ibid.
5. Disagreeable Effects of a Wife's too great Attachment to good Ba gains	370	25. Description of London - - - - -	ibid.
6. Tquafluow and Knonmquaiha. A Hottentot Story - - - - -	372	26. Verses written while confined by a smart Fit of the Gout in both Feet	396
7. A Modern Couple - - - - -	375	27. Epigram I. - - - - -	ibid.
8. A Nurse's Speech to an Alderman's Child, while she was undressing it. Taken in Short Hand from her own Mouth - - - - -	376	28. Epigram II. - - - - -	ibid.
9. The Art of Ear Tickling - - - - -	377	29. Epigram III. - - - - -	ibid.
10. Butler's Characters continued. A City-Wit - - - - -	380	30. Epigram IV. - - - - -	ibid.
A Bumkin, or Country Squire - -	381	31. Epitaph I. - - - - -	ibid.
A Clown - - - - -	ibid.	32. Epitaph II. - - - - -	ibid.
11. The Story of Prometheus - - - - -	382	33. Epitaph III. By Ben Johnson - -	ibid.
The Tale of a Turd - - - - -	384	34. Epitaph IV. By the same. On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke -	ibid.
12. Laws of Laughing - - - - -	385	35. Extempore. On a Quaker's stopping up Eleven Windows out of Twenty, to avoid the New Tax - - -	ibid.
13. Stratagem of a Scotch Pedlar - -	387		
14. Curious Physical Consultation - -	388		
15. Justice Bundle's Charge to the Grand Jury - - - - -	389		
16. Select Anecdotes, Repartees, and Bon Mots ; Ancient and Modern. No. X. - - - - -	ibid.		
 POETRY. 			
17. The Metamorphosis. A Tale - - -	391		
18. The Cobler's Treasure. A Tale -	ibid.		
19. The Earl's Defeat. A Scotch Ballad	392		
20. The Merry Monarch ; or, Knight- hood a Jest. A Tale - - - - -	393		
		 THE SPHINX. 	
		36. Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	397
		37. Rebuses - - - - -	398
		38. Solutions to Enigmas of last Month	399
		39. Ditto to Rebuses - - - - -	ibid.
		40. Ditto to Paradoxes, &c. - - - -	ibid.
		41. Select Answers to the Prize Enigma	400
		42. Miscellaneous Answers from Corre- spondents to the several Enigmas, Rebuses, Paradoxes, &c. - - -	ibid.

Printed for HARRISON and Co. N^o 18, Paternoster-Row; by whom Letters to the EDITORS are received.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Essay signed *Amator Letitiæ* has some merit, and the general idea is a good one: but the Editor, after employing more time in correcting about a third part of it than would have been sufficient to compose a new one of greater length than the whole, was obliged to throw aside what he had not leisure to finish. In this state the Author may receive it from the Publisher, if he chuses to make it more compleat. The Editor is very ready to bestow as much time in correcting the Productions of young Correspondents, as he can consistently employ in that business; but he certainly expects the Authors themselves to take all the pains in their power to render them accurate, before they are transmitted to him. Many excellent articles are for a long time delayed merely from the want of such attention; and no inconsiderable number will probably never make their appearance at all in the *Wit's Magazine*, which might at once have done credit to that work and to the Authors, had the latter been less sparing of their labour. This may serve as an Apology to many ingenious persons, who are probably surprized that their productions remain unnoticed.

If *Mr. Dorsey* will call at the Publisher's, any morning, he may have an interview with the Editor on the business mentioned in his letter.

The Fable of the Fop and Butterfly has a considerable degree of ingenuity, but it is not calculated for our *Miscellany*.

The Tale of Success and Disappointment will be inserted in our next: in the mean time, the Editor will be glad to know if *Americanus* sends it as an original Composition of his own.

The Invocation to the Muses is not a bad idea; but it has no humorous or even cheerful tendency, and is all together unsuccessfully managed. If the Author, who appears to be a person of good understanding, is desirous of being a successful Correspondent, he must aim at something lively.

R. T.'s Tale is very incorrect, and the idea is not a new one.

The Story of Don Alonzo D'Alego, apparently translated from the French or Spanish, has some little merit; but the spirit of the original is too much evaporated, in consequence of the Translator's little acquaintance with the English language.

Aboulfaid, an Oriental Tale, is not calculated for the *Wit's Magazine*.

The Editor has no recollection of the articles mentioned by *Verax*.

Great Cry and little Wool, or the History of the Four Potatoes; and the Transmigrations of an Eastern Prince; are both meant for insertion in our next.

It would save the Editor much trouble, if those who send a variety of articles at once would write only on one side of the paper; prefixing their names to each production, in the same manner as they are to be printed.

PRIZE MEDALS.

The *first* SILVER MEDAL, for the best original Prose Essay by a Correspondent, is adjudged to *Mr. ROBERTS*, Author of the Essay on *MODESTY*—the *second*, for the best Poetical Production, is the due of *Mr. ALLEN*, of Lewes, Author of the *METAMORPHOSIS*—and the *third* and *fourth*, given by lot to Two out of the Six best Answers to the *PRIZE ENIGMA*, fell to *Mr. W. ELLEY*; and *Mr. W. STONE*, Beak Street—who are requested to transmit their orders for delivery to the Publishers, in the same hand writing as their respective productions, signed with their real names and places of abode, that they may be printed in the next Number, for the satisfaction of subscribers in general.

 The *FOUR MEDALS* adjudged last month, have been forwarded to—

1. *Mr. N. COLLYER*, Raynham, Essex.
2. *Mr. JOHN CARR*, Stourbridge, Worcestershire.
3. *Mr. WILLIAM HAYWARD*, Banbury.
4. *Mr. R. E. JONES*, No. 77, Jermyn Street, St. James's.

THE
WIT'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1784.

THE NIGHT-WALKER.

NUMBER IV.

WE flew like lightning, and her ladyship met us at the parlour-door.

'What brings you here, Henry?' says she—'and who have you got with you?'

'That, Madam, you shall know in time,' cried I—and, forcing open the door, which she held with a trembling hand, I rushed into the apartment.

She roared out—'Thieves! Villains! Murder! Help, my Lord Duke! I am betrayed, ruined, undone!'

The Duke of — entered from the adjoining room; and was in the act of drawing, when I seized his sword-arm, and immediately threw him on the floor.

'Your Grace's strength and courage,' cried I, as I kept him almost motionless on the floor, 'might have prevailed in a less ignoble cause; but guilt is abandoned of Heaven! —I know you well; and you shall know that I do, all unworthy as you are: nor can I force myself to treat you with that respect which your rank, even sullied as it is, may seem to demand. However, I shall take the liberty to disarm you; and now, if you please, you may rise.'

Saying this, I quitted my hold, and entered the interior apartment; where I found my little charge lying on the carpet, in a state of absolute insensibility.

The Duke followed me, with exclamations of—'Preach not to me, ruffian!—What, base assassin! are your designs?—You shall suffer for your temerity!—and a variety of other menaces; seizing my arm at the same time, and struggling to recover his weapon. But Harry, faithful to the trust I had reposed in him, the

moment he saw me assaulted, tripped up his Grace's heels, and again he fell on the floor. This second fall, however, was less fortunate than the former; for his head, in falling, encountered the leg of a table, and received such a wound as presently covered him with blood.

Her ladyship stormed; and called on her servants, as they stood motionless spectators around, to assist his Grace in overpowering the vile miscreants who were come to rob and murder her. Alternately she menaced them with threats of severe future punishment, and flattered them with promises of liberal posterior reward: the old housekeeper alone excepted, they were alike unawed by her rage, and unmoved by her distress. With the extreme of the first they had been long very familiar; and they were no strangers to that infamy which they readily perceived had involved her in the latter.

In the mean time, I called to the maid, and entreated her to assist me in recovering the young lady from her swoon. She flew to fetch me a glass of water, with a bottle of hartshorn, and did every thing in her power to aid my endeavours; which were soon attended with such success, that the dear innocent slowly opened her eyes: but no sooner did her languid orbs recognize my features, than, like the little songster of the grove, that seeks for shelter even in the bosom of mankind, when conscious of the pursuing hawk, she spread out her hands towards me, and flew instinctively to my arms, where she immediately relapsed into the state from which she had been just relieved.

Reader! if thou hast ever saved a poor fly from the insidious attacks of

the spider, thy heart is ill-tuned, or it has felt much satisfaction: if, from the talons of the kite, thou hast rescued a little chick—or if, from the as fatal claws of devouring puffs, thou hast ever delivered the canary, the finch, or the linnet, which had unfortunately quitted its cage—thou hast, undoubtedly, experienced a still superior degree of pleasure!—But if thou hast never shielded, in thy protecting arms, from the base attacks of contaminating and destructive guilt, the innocent bosom—and, as it were, the soul—of some ensnared fair-one—thou hast not yet any adequate idea of the delightful sensations which filled my bosom, as I pressed the dear unfortunate to my heart—as I saw her again recover; trembling, and blushing—though now conscious of safety—from the situation in which her distress had placed her.

This was no time for explanation. I made Harry assist me to bear our precious charge to the coach; and, having safely lodged her in the vehicle, I directed Harry to inform Dolly and the coachman, that neither of them should be losers by their share in the transaction; when my faithful assistant again entered the coach, at my particular request, and we set out, on our return to town.

As to the duke, we left him with little or no concern; for, though the effusion of blood was considerable, the wound itself seemed very trifling.

We had not got more than half a mile from her ladyship's house, and were now within a few yards of our entrance into the main road, when we found the coach suddenly stop; and, in an instant, pistols were thrust through the glass on each side, and a demand made of my purse, under the appellation of—'Your Grace!'

The dear creature, whose fears prevented her from discovering the true cause of this attack, shrieked loudly; and the robbers, with many imprecations, insisted on my coming out, that they might see what poor deluded girl I had got with me; swearing bitterly that the old goat should pay dearly for all his tricks.

Accordingly I opened the door, and assured them I was not the person they meant; though, if they were desperate adventurers, as I suspected, I had some money about me, which I would gladly give them, rather than they should by any violence alarm the innocent creature whom I had just been fortunate enough to rescue from the very wretch they took me to be.

'Damn his palaver!' cried one of the assailants, who seemed to keep back; 'why the hell don't you fire away! I know him well enough. Do you think I don't know the duke! Who the devil should it be?'

'For God's sake!' cried Harry, 'don't hurt the gentleman. It is not the duke; indeed, it is not! and he tells you nothing but the truth. For God's sake don't shoot, gentlemen, and his honour will give you his money!'

The robbers, who appeared to be four in number, were alarmed at hearing another voice; for they had reason to be assured that the duke would return alone.

'Who, in the devil's name, are you?' cried one of them to my companion. 'Tell the truth, or I'll blow your brains out!'

'Don't—don't—don't shoot, for God's sake!' cried Harry, greatly terrified; 'I am only a poor servant, and have nothing but my life to lose. But you may kill me, if you will, for I have been a sad wretch, so you don't hurt the gentleman and lady. God bless them both! You would not hurt his honour, if you knew how good he is. Do let him speak for himself.'

'Gentlemen,' cried I, 'here's my purse!'—and I gave it to the man who stood next me—'but take your pistol from my breast, as it may accidentally do an injury which I am sure you cannot intend me. I have given you all the cash I had about me; it is a little more than twenty guineas; and I declare, on my honour, you are extremely welcome to it. I am not the duke, as I at first told you; but have left him at Lady ——'s, after taking this young creature out
' of

‘ of their cruel hands, with the assistance of this honest man, who was her Ladyship’s servant. I have now, on my honour, related the whole truth; and as the lady is somewhat recovered from her fright, you may receive a confirmation of it from her own lips.’

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ said the dear girl, without waiting for the question, ‘ this gentleman has taken me from the duke; and I hope God will reward him for protecting a poor orphan!’

‘ Let me see who they are!’ cried the man who had been at first so outrageous—advancing, and putting his face—which was masqued—into the coach—‘ I warrant I’ll soon find out the truth.’

Then, turning to one of his comrades—‘ By God!’ says he, ‘ we’re all wrong.’ Adding, in a lower voice, which yet I plainly heard—‘ It is Harry the footman in the coach; and I don’t know the gentleman, but I am sure it is not the duke.’

‘ Sir, we believe you,’ said the person who had taken my purse, which he still held in his hand—and who appeared to be their leader—‘ we see our mistake; and are sorry, whatever you may think of us, that we have given so worthy a gentleman any trouble. By the Almighty God, I would not be concerned in robbing such a good man for the universe!—So, gentlemen,’ said he, addressing his confederates, ‘ with your leave, I will return the money!’

‘ By all means, captain!’ replied they, as with one voice; ‘ and Heaven blefs his honour! But the old scoundrel shall pay for all!’ I pressed them to take it as a gift: but they re-

solutely continued to refuse; declaring, that they knew I should do more good with it than they could.

Then wishing me a good night, and insisting on all shaking hands with me and honest Harry, they bade the coachman drive on, and proceeded up the lane.

As they took me cordially by the hand, I could have wished to have given them some gentle admonition: but my heart, at the moment, would only permit me to say—‘ God blefs you!’ though it afterwards reproached me for not risking their displeasure, rather than suffer them to depart without a single caution against the certain consequences of a vicious life.

‘ Are they not much less criminal,’ said a thought, which instantly arose in their favour, ‘ than the vile duke, whose property they seek; and yet a nation hails him the patron of merit and virtue.’

‘ How apt are mortals,’ cried returning reason, ‘ to endeavour at excusing one base character, by comparing it with another which is supposed to possess a still greater degree of vice!—I pity, but I cannot excuse them!’

As we rode along, my thoughts were so much taken up in considering how I should best dispose of my fair charge, that there was but little time for conversation; and, indeed, I chose not to fatigue her with enquiries.

Nothing, therefore, occurred, till we arrived at the inn where I had desired to be taken, which we reached about one o’clock in the morning; and, after a very slight refreshment, for none of us had any appetite, we all retired to rest.

H—.

PROJECT FOR RAISING AN HOSPITAL

FOR DECAYED AUTHORS.

I Sit down to write in behalf of a set of gentlemen in this town, called Authors; whose appearance in public, for many prudent reasons, being seldom, and their habitations far above the common level with the rest of mankind, they pass unnoticed by the generality of the world, and are

looked upon by others as a name without a being.

From whence this want of respect for so considerable a body of men proceeds, I will not take upon me to say; but, certain it is, that many worthy wits by profession are starving in garrets, whilst the gravitation of dulness

dulness daily brings hundreds to and from the Exchange, and the neighbouring alleys, in their chariots.

What a sad reflection it is, that the most beautiful ode in *Horace* will not raise sixpence in the city, when an ordinary knowledge of the multiplication-table will accumulate estates! This unaccountable humour in the nation, of preferring the writings of the Bank directors to those of the sons of *Parnassus*, has reduced many a fine poetical genius to darn his own stockings.

A friend of mine, who accidentally became acquainted with two or three of these great men, who nobly defy poverty for the sake of exhibiting their extraordinary talents, took me one day to visit them in their occupation. We were led by the master of the house where they lodged, a bookseller by trade, up a very handsome pair of stairs, where I imagined we should have been introduced to the literati upon the first floor; but, how great was my surprize, to be conducted up two or three stories more, and then up a ladder into a cock-loft! where eight or nine of these illustrious spirits were amusing themselves with compositions of various sorts: not, as our guide seemed to insinuate, for the lucre of porter and pudding, but from the noble motive of benefiting mankind by their lucubrations. I must own, their unsuitable situation made me feel some concern for them, though they seemed to have very little for themselves. But my attention to their deplorable circumstances was interrupted by a mistake, that my ignorance of their trade led me into; for, after the first introductory salutations were over, they fell again to their former employments, without taking any farther notice of us; and, as I was very attentive, out of curiosity, I heard one of them call softly cross the table to another who sat opposite to him—'Pr'ythee, *Matt. Prior*, lend me thy simile of the bird's nest.'

Upon my expressing some surprize at the name of *Matt. Prior*, my friend whispered me, that every one of the gentlemen personated some poet of

note, and imitated, as well as they were able, his stile; and that such compositions were published under the titles of *Remains*, *Posthumous Works*, &c. I cannot say, but my indignation began to be kindled at a proceeding so injurious to the deceased, had not an object of a different nature excited my laughter; for while these deputy harmonists were coupling their rhimes together, an old woman of a venerable aspect mounted the ladder, and informed the company that the milk-porridge was ready: the pens were instantly stuck behind their ears, the ink remained in peace, and the sound of beams, purling streams, loves, doves, and groves, was heard no more.

I imagined, as soon as the visit was over, that my acquaintance with these sons of the *Muses* would be so too: but I very soon after found my error; for, as I was walking in *St. James's Park* the next Sunday, I observed three gentlemen in rusty philosophical black coats, brass-hilted swords, and tye-wigs, rising up from one of the benches to meet me. When they were come a little nearer, I perceived one of them to be my old friend the simile-lender, the worthy representative of *Matt. Prior*, who accosted me with the most obliging condescension.

As our conversation, during my stay in the Park, was pretty long, I shall not trouble you with a particular account of it, any farther than to acquaint you that it began with animadverting on the damned taste of the town, as they called it; and concluded with their borrowing half a crown a-piece of me. Such is the condition of many a great soul in this kingdom; who, magnanimously scorn- ing to engross, to pound in a mortar, or live like any other vile mechanic, has rather chose to confine himself six days in seven, feeling the inward call of a poetical spirit, than breathe the same air with the illiterate multitude! As many hundreds, therefore, are led into great inconveniences, not by heir own faults, but by this writing devil that possesses them, I think it would be a charity altogether worthy of

of the present public spirit, to found an hospital for necessitous authors: such, I mean, as are not quite furious; for those, of course, will be admitted into that founded by the late Dean of St. Patrick's for lunatics; and, as no scheme of this sort has hitherto been laid before the public, I beg leave to insert the following in your Miscellany.

The first thing to be considered is a proper spot to build an hospital upon; for which I think Tothill Fields would be very convenient, as they lie contiguous to the banks of the fertile Thames, whose streams have been the subject of so many fine compositions, and may serve to recal, even in old age, the ideas of their former rapture. The structure should be of the old Gothic collegiate architecture, containing about two hundred apartments; not regular and uniform, but of different sizes, &c. according to the different geniuses and dispositions of those that are to be admitted.

In this point, too, the situation of the chambers ought to be observed: for instance, the compilers of vademecums, abridgement-makers, &c. should be stationed in the cellars underground; the ode-writers, next to the sky-light; the translators, on the ground-floor; and the epic and dramatic authors, on the first and second stories. In the midst of the whole I would have a large hall, where the whole society should meet three times a day, to be provided at every meal with dishes adapted to their constitutions; for care must be had, that the gentlemen who soar 'above the visible diurnal sphere,' do not eat of beef, or any other meat that is subject to clog the intellects; but be fed, as Pindar and the bards of old were, with food that elates and puts the fancy on the wing.

This college should be governed by a president and twelve directors; all of whom should have been booksellers in London for the space of seven years before the time they are elected such, that they may be thereby qualified to

judge properly of the pretensions of the candidates to this charity. Every candidate must have the recommendation of one or more of the directors, and a certificate under the hands and seals of four of the company of Stationers, that he has been muse-ridden for ten years, in such a manner as to be entirely incapacitated for any other vocation in life. If these things seem clear, the person shall be admitted without farther trouble, except he is proved to be worth money; for a rich man must be as incapable to enter this hospital 'as the kingdom of heaven.'

We next come to the choice of proper servants and attendants. Now, as there are in the three kingdoms innumerable footmen and chambermaids, who spend best part of their time with Lee and Otway, and daily condemn Fate for having placed people of their uncommon talents in such a situation, as to be subject to be called every moment from the heroic company of Alexander and Roxana, and sent to converse, much against their inclination, with the dregs of the people; I would have all such as are disposed to live retired, and to have frequent opportunities of conversing not only with dead poets, but living wits, come and offer their service to the hospital; where they shall be furnished with every thing necessary for life; and be allowed, after the little labour that shall be required of them is over, stated hours for their favourite studies.

When these things are all settled, and a handsome subscription opened, the legislature, no doubt, will give encouragement to so noble, useful, and charitable a foundation, by establishing the lands and funds raised for it's support by parliamentary authority; and, if it would not be looked upon as presumption to give a hint to so wise and august an assembly, a tax might be laid, which would bring in vast sums annually, and at the same time be no burden to the industrious subject, but, on the contrary, tend to promote every branch of trade in the nation.

The tax I mean should be laid upon

on that unprofitable commodity, that abounds so much in these kingdoms, commonly called Scribbling. There should be in every parish an inspector into this manufactory, (the parson, for instance) who should take his rounds once a week, like the excise-man, to visit those who are dealers, and receive the limited duty: and, in order to obviate any fraud, very large penalties might be laid on all such as should clandestinely make verse or prose, or a mixture of both, (which I think is most in request at present) without previously acquainting the ecclesiastical officer, or at least informing him immediately after. This expence would hinder many an

attorney's clerk and prentice Phillising away his time, and keep him from being reduced at last to the hospital.

Should it be objected by the proprietors of other periodical miscellanies, that such a tax would deprive them of many an ingenious performance, both in verse and prose; the grievances may be redressed by applying to the directors, and compounding with them for so much a year for all their authors in a lump, as those people do with commissioners of turnpikes who live near the gate.

Having thrown together these loose thoughts, I leave the public to improve my project,

SUNDAY ORDINARY AT HIGHGATE.

HAVING extended my walk, a few Sundays ago, invited by the last fine day of departing summer, I found myself very much disposed to take an early dinner; and perceiving, as I passed through Highgate, the following invitation—'An Ordinary at two o'clock on Sundays, at one shilling and sixpence a head,' I made no scruple to enter.

The dinner, I found, from the conversation of those who knew much better than myself, was a very good 'Ordinary Dinner.' It consisted of a buttock, and some roasted ribs of beef; a large old goose, or rather gander; two plum-puddings; an apple pudding; and a hot damson pye, made with that excellent housewifery which disdains the use of butter while dripping or kitchen-grease can be procured.

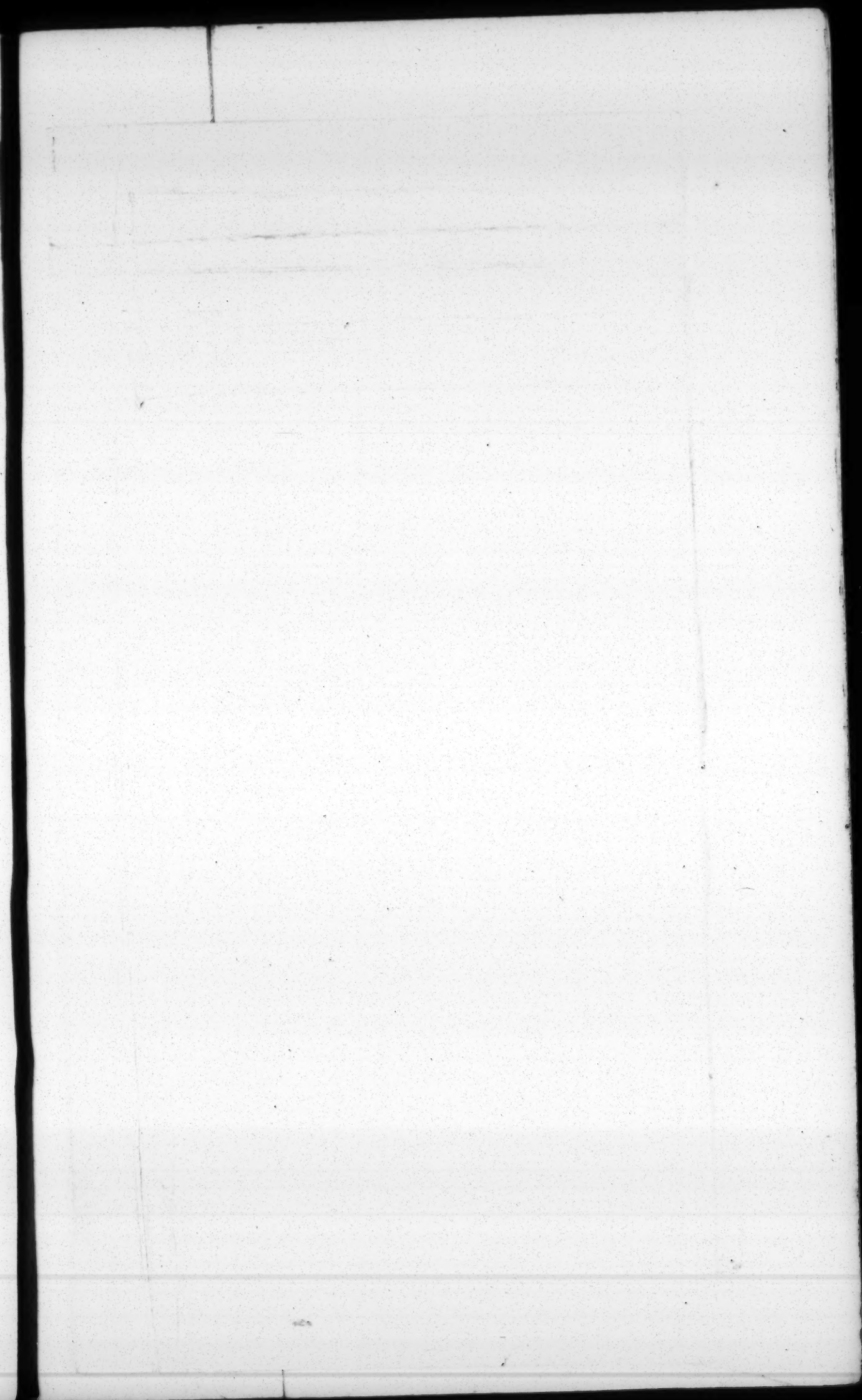
My appetite compelled me to taste some of these provisions, but of others the smell was quite sufficient. In short, I paid my devoirs almost wholly to the beef; which, though neither tender nor well dressed, had at least the negative virtue of not offending my nostrils.

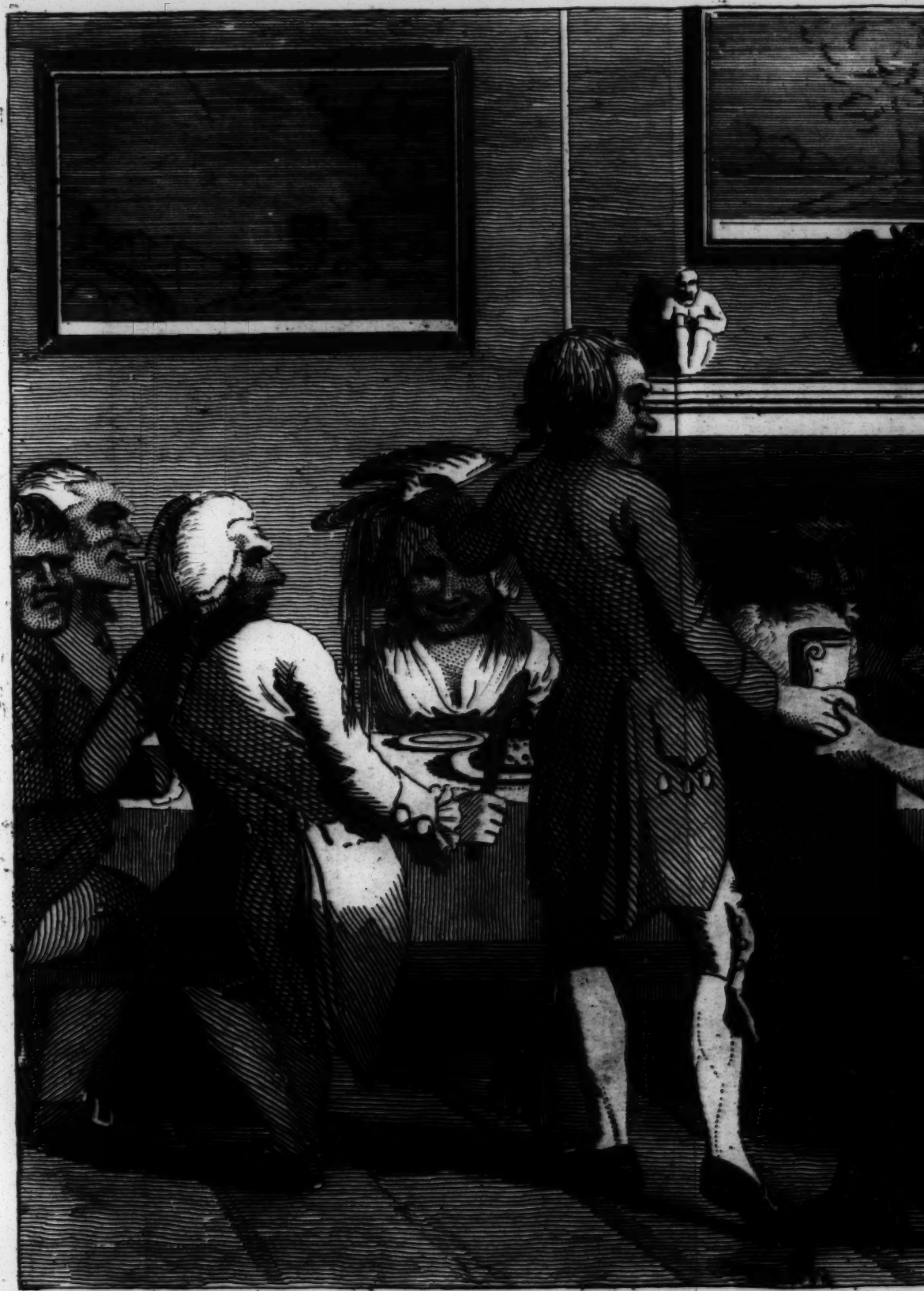
On the arrival of the goose, a general confusion prevailed: for while the person engaged in cutting it up—a task not easily performed—was busily employed, the rest were scrambling

for the legs and wings, as he divided them from the carcase; and he, being apprehensive, with good reason, that he should come in for very little of what he had taken such great pains to carve, springing forwards to secure the breast, his wig dropped into the dish. At this instant, a child, having burnt it's mouth with the hot apple-pudding, raised a most terrible outcry; and the mother, who had just asked for some beer, which the waiter was holding out, turning suddenly about, the liquor fell to the ground; when the waiter, in endeavouring to save it, discharged the gravy from a dish in his other hand, on the cloaths of much the greatest beau in the company. Though this scene was too diverting not to excite the laughter of every one, there was only a single person present who left off eating to indulge his risibility; and, while that person was thus engaged, a large greyhound made it's way to his plate, and quickly dispatched the contents. But it is not possible for me to convey, in words, a sufficient idea of this scene: I have therefore endeavoured to make a Sketch of the business, which your Designer may easily improve; and, believe me, it will well convey a just representation of a Sunday Ordinary at Highgate.

MERCUTIO.

ESSAY





A SUNDAY ORDINAL

Published as the Act directs, by Ha



NARY at HIGHGATE.

a. by Harrison & C^o Nov^r 1. 1784.

ESSAY ON MODESTY.

BY MR. ROBERTS.

ANGELICA, in Farquhar's Trip to the Jubilee, says—'A formal nicety in woman makes modesty sit aukward, and appears rather a chain to enslave, than a bracelet to adorn:' the truth of this sentence never struck me so forcibly as it has done since I became acquainted with a family in the neighbourhood of my country residence. In a retired scene, the few characters which inhabit it are generally originals, their peculiarities proceeding from their seclusion: in large societies, the distinguishing characteristics of individuals gradually give way to the influence of social intercourse, and at length become assimilated to the multitude, as the unevenness of rough bodies is worn off by attrition. One or two persons in a coach driving over the stones will have many an uncomfortable jolt; but if half a dozen were squeezed in the same vehicle, they would jog on pleasantly enough.

This idea of the difference between the societies of town and country has no very material application to what follows; but it is only meant as an apology for the singularities of a young lady, which I would attribute to the society she has been accustomed to, rather than to any natural propensities of her own.

The young lady whom I mean is the daughter of one of that happy number of merchants, whose thirst for worldly possessions has been limited within the bounds of sufficiency: this object being attained, he has long since sequestered himself, with his family, in the ease of retirement.

It was his misfortune, but a much greater one for his infant daughter Charlotte, to be deprived of the companion of his joys and sorrows, on their first entrance into the scene in which he had promised himself what little happiness this world can afford. In consequence of that melancholy event, the care of his family was under-

taken by his sister, an ancient maiden-lady; and the charge of Charlotte devolved, from a sensible and liberal mother, to the management of an aunt whose sentiments were tinged with the narrowest prejudices. Her little niece soon became her favourite pupil; and, valuing herself much on her knowledge and experience, she derived some consolation to lighten the burden of virginity, from having so near a connection to whom she might impart a small portion of her own immaculate perfection.

It is unnecessary to delineate the progressive steps which were taken to accomplish her intentions; it is sufficient to say, that her most sanguine wishes have been compleated: the sentiments of her fair ward have been modelled by her instructions; and the following is the predominant trait of that character which she with pleasure contemplates as an emanation of her own.

Charlotte possesses several agreeable and engaging qualities, which are the native and as yet unobscured remnants of what she inherited from her departed parent. She is by no means deficient in beauty; and I should think she had a considerable portion of good sense, did she not appear so indefatigably anxious to impress on every one, and on all occasions, an idea of her spotless and uncontaminated Modesty. But she possesses so little art in these her endeavours, that they never fail to have a direct contrary effect to what she intended. She never calls any thing by its usual appellation, if the same word, in any other sense, signifies any thing in the smallest degree offensive to the chastest ear; so that an idea, and a gross one too, which would escape the observation of any person but herself, is raised in the minds of others, merely from her substituting, as she frequently does, an unusual instead of the usual term. She is also equally

affiduous in discovering her disapprobation of such expressions of others as she can by any means torture into an offensive sense, however remote from their original tendency: and so exceedingly cautious is she in observing this punctilio, that her imagination, which is otherwise not contemptible, seems to be ever on the watch, and is thus cramped and prevented from the exertion of its native powers. She has been offended with me full an hour, for saying, when we were riding out together, that my horse pricked up his ears: and a domestic broil hardly escaped becoming very serious, an afternoon or two ago, by an accidental expression of her little brother; who observed, as he was eating some plums, that he had just swallowed one of the stones. Her watchful fancy instantly seized on this innocent expression: she coloured, turned pale, bit her lips, raised her hand, and gave poor Dick, who was at a loss to know in what he had offended, so severe a stroke on the side of his face, that it laid him prostrate on the floor.

This spectacle touched the feelings of the father; who, as well as myself, happened to be present at the time. I saw the workings of passion, reason, and affection, struggling in his countenance. 'Charlotte!' said he, with an unusually commanding tone, 'I will endeavour to prevent anger from stifling what I have to say to you. I am resolved, however great the provocation, to be actuated by the dictates of reason alone. I expect, therefore, you will pay a dutiful and implicit attention to me. I have often lamented a foible,

which has been communicated to your ideas from the contracted sentiments of your aunt, the ridiculous absurdities attending which cannot be compensated by the fortune she may leave you. The retiring and unaffected bashfulness of a woman must be an object of respect and admiration to every man of worth and virtue; but when that amiable ornament of the female sex becomes a continual restraint on the artless effusions of innocence and gaiety, it is by no means to be esteemed the inestimable jewel which it undeniably is while preserved within the bounds of propriety. An affectation of modesty is like the vindication of guilt; none are so ready to make use of either, as those who have reason to believe themselves suspected: expose yourself, therefore, no more, to reflections of this nature; shake off this habit (for it is nothing more) of asserting your purity when nobody means to arraign it; let your bosom be the silent receptacle of every virtuous thought; and, if your ears are ever wounded by an improper expression, the conscious rectitude of your own breast will afford you that tranquil and substantial relief which any other conduct must as assuredly rob you of. Endeavour, then, Charlotte, at my request, to banish this rigid adherence to the maxims of your maiden aunt, that my enjoyment of domestic happiness may not in future be interrupted by the intervention of such absurd circumstances as have of late too frequently occurred.'

HORKESLEY PARK.

DISAGREEABLE EFFECTS

OF A WIFE'S TOO GREAT ATTACHMENT TO GOOD BARGAINS.

I Am the husband of a buyer of bargains. My wife has somewhere heard, that a good housewife never has any thing to purchase when it is wanted. This maxim is often in her mouth, and always in her head. She

is not one of those philosophical talkers that speculate without practice, and learn sentences of wisdom only to repeat them. She is always making additions to her stores. She never passes by a broker's shop, but she

she spies something that may be wanted some time; and it is impossible to make her pass the door of a house where she hears goods selling by auction.

Whatever she thinks cheap, she holds it the duty of an œconomist to purchase; in consequence of this maxim, we are encumbered on every side with useless lumber; the servants can scarcely creep to their beds through the chests and boxes that surround them. The carpenter is always employed in building closets, fixing up cupboards, and fastening shelves; and my house has the appearance of a ship stored for a voyage to some new colony.

I had often observed that advertisements set her on fire; and therefore, pretending to emulate her laudable frugality, I forbade the newspaper to be taken any longer. But my precaution is vain; I know not by what fatality, or by what confederacy, but every catalogue of genuine furniture comes to her hand; every advertisement of a warehouse newly opened is in her pocket-book; and she knows, before any of her neighbours, when the stock of any man leaving off trade is to be sold cheap for ready-money.

Such intelligence is, to my dear-one, the syren's song. No engagement, no duty, no interest, can withhold her from a sale, from which she always returns congratulating herself upon her dexterity at a bargain; the porter lays down his burden in the hall, she displays her new acquisitions, and spends the rest of the day in contriving where they shall be put.

As she cannot bear to have any thing incomplete, one purchase necessitates another: she has twenty feather-beds more than she can use; and lately another sale has supplied her with a proportionable number of Witney blankets, a large roll of linen for sheets, and five quilts for every bed; which she bought, because the seller told her that if she would clear his hands he would let her have a bargain.

Thus, by hourly encroachments, my habitation is made narrower and narrower; the dinning-room is so crowded with tables, that dinner scarcely can be served; the parlour is decorated with so many piles of china, that I dare not come within the door: at every turn of the stairs I have a clock; and half the windows of the upper floors are darkened, that the elves may be set before them.

This, however, might be borne, if she would gratify her own inclinations without opposing mine. But I, who am idle, am luxurious; and she condemns me to live upon salt provision. She knows the loss of buying in small quantities; we have therefore whole hogs, and quarters of oxen: part of our meat is tainted before it is eaten, and part is thrown away because it is spoiled; but she persists in her system, and will never buy any thing by single pennyworths.

The common vice of those who are still grasping at more is to neglect that which they already possess; but from this failing my wife is free. It is the great care of her life that the pieces of beef should be boiled in the order in which they are bought; that the last bag of pease shall not be opened till the first are eaten; that every feather-bed should be laid on in its turn; that the carpets should be taken out of the chests once a month, and brushed, and the rolls of linen opened now and then before the fire. She is daily enquiring after the best traps for mice; and keeps the rooms always scented by fumigations, to destroy the moths. She employs workmen, from time to time, to adjust six clocks that never go, and clean five jacks that rust in the garret; and a woman in the next alley lives by scouring the brass and pewter, which, when scoured, are only laid up again to tarnish.

She is always imagining some distant time in which she shall use whatever she accumulates: she has four looking-glasses, which she cannot hang up in her house, but which will be handsome in more lofty rooms; and

pays rent for a prodigious large copper, in some warehouse, because, when we live in the country, we are to brew our own beer.

Of this life I have long been weary; but know not how to change it: all the married men whom I consult, ad-

vise me to have patience; but some old batchelors are of opinion that, since she loves sales so well, she should have a sale of her own; and I have, I think, resolved to open her hoards, and advertise an auction.

BENEDICT.

TQUASSUOW AND KNONMQUAIHA.

A HOTTENTOT STORY.

TQUASSUOW, the son of Kqvuf-somo, was konquer or chief captain over the Sixteen Nations of Caffraria. He was descended from N'oh and Hingn'oh, who dropped from the moon; and his power extended over all the kraals of the Hottentots.

This prince was remarkable for his prowess and activity: his speed was like the torrent that rushes down the precipice, and he would overtake the wild-ass in her flight; his arrows brought down the eagle from the clouds, the lion fell before him, and his lance drank the blood of the rhinoceros. He fathomed the waters of the deep, and buffeted the billows in the tempest: he drew the rock-fish from their lurking-holes, and rifled the beds of coral. Trained from his infancy in the exercise of war, to wield the hassagaye with dexterity, and break the wild bulls to battle, he was a stranger to the soft dalliance of love; and beheld with indifference the thick-lipped damsels of Gongeman, and the flat-nosed beauties of Hauteniqua.

As Tquassuow was one day giving instructions for spreading toils for the elk, and digging pit-falls for the elephant, he received information that a tyger, prowling for prey, was committing ravages on the kraals of the Chamtouers. He snatched up his bow of olive-wood, and bounded, like the roe-buck on the mountains, to their assistance. He arrived just at the instant when the enraged animal was about to fall on a virgin; and, aiming a poisoned arrow at his heart, laid him dead at her feet. The virgin threw herself on the ground, and covered her head with dust, to

thank her deliverer: but, when she rose, the prince was dazzled with her charms; he was struck with the glossy hue of her complexion, which shone like the jetty down on the black hog of Hessaqua; he was ravished with the pressed grille of her nose; and his eyes dwelt with admiration on the flaccid beauties of her breasts, which descended to her navel.

Knonmquaiha (for that was the virgin's name) was daughter to the kouquequa, or leader of the kraal, who bred her up with all the delicacy of her sex: she was fed with the entrails of goats; she sucked the eggs of the ostrich, and her drink was the milk of ewes. After gazing for some time upon her charms, the prince, in great transport, embraced the soles of her feet; then ripping up the beast he had just killed, took out the caul, and hung it about her neck, in token of his affection. He afterwards stripped the tyger of his skin; and, sending it to the kouquequa her father, demanded the damsel in marriage.

The eve of the full-moon was appointed for the celebration of the nuptials of Tquassuow and Knonmquaiha. When the day arrived, the magnificence in which the bridegroom was arrayed amazed all Caffraria: over his shoulders was cast a kross, or mantle, of wild-cat skins; he cut sandals for his feet from the raw hide of an elephant; he hunted down a leopard, and of the spotted fur formed a superb cap for his head; he girded his loins with the intestines; and the bladder of the beast he blew up and fastened to his hair.

Nor was Knonmquaiha less employed in adorning her person: she made

made a varnish of the fat of goats mixed with foot, with which she anointed her delicate body, as she stood beneath the rays of the sun; her locks were clotted with melted grease, and powdered with the yellow dust of buchu; her face, which shone like the polished ebony, was beautifully varied with spots of red earth, and appeared like the fable curtain of the night bespangled with stars. She sprinkled her limbs with wood-ashes, and perfumed them with the dung of the stinkbintsem; her arms and legs were entwined with the shining entrails of an heifer: from her neck there hung a pouch composed of the stomach of a kid; the wings of an ostrich overshadowed the fleshy promontories behind; and, before, she wore an apron formed of the shaggy ears of a lion.

The chiefs of the several kraals, who were summoned to assist at their nuptials, formed a circle on the ground, sitting upon their heels, and bowing their heads between their knees, in token of reverence. In the centre, the illustrious prince, with his fable bride, reposed upon soft cushions of cow-dung. Then the furri, or chief-priest, approached them; and, in a deep voice, chaunted the nuptial rites to the melodious grumbling of the Gom-gom; and, at the same time, (according to the manner of Caffraria) bedewed them plentifully with his urinary benediction. The bride and bridegroom rubbed in the precious stream with extasy; while the briny drops trickled from their bodies, like the oozy surge from the rocks of Chirigriqua.

The Hottentots had seen the increase and wane of two moons since the happy union of Tquafluow and Knomquaiha, when the kraals were surprized with the appearance of a most extraordinary personage, that came from the savage people who rose from the sea, and had lately fixed themselves on the borders of Caffraria: his body was enwrapped with strange coverings, which concealed every part from sight, except his face and hands; upon his skin the sun darted his scorching rays in vain, and

the colour of it was pale and wan as the watery beams of the moon. His hair, which he could put on and take off at pleasure, was white as the blossoms of the almond-tree, and bushy as the fleece of the ram; his lips and cheeks resembled the red ochre; and his nose was sharpened like the beak of an eagle: his language, which was rough and inarticulate, was as the language of beasts; nor could Tquafluow discover his meaning, till an Hottentot (who, at the first coming of these people, had been taken prisoner, and had afterwards made his escape) interpreted between them. This interpreter informed the prince, that the stranger was sent from his countrymen to treat about the enlargement of their territories, and that he was called, among them, Mynheer Van Snickersnee.

Tquafluow, who was remarkable for his humanity, treated the savage with extraordinary benevolence: he spread a mantle of sheep-skins anointed with fat for his bed; and, for his food, he boiled, in their own blood, the tripe of the fattest herds that grazed in the rich pastures of the Heykoms. The stranger, in return, instructed the prince in the manners of the savages, and often amused him with sending fire from a hollow engine, which rent the air with thunder. Nor was he less studious to please the gentle Knomquaiha: he bound bracelets of polished metal about her arms, and encircled her neck with beads of glass; he filled the cocoa-shell with a delicious liquor, and gave it her to drink, which exhilarated her heart, and made her eyes sparkle with joy. He also taught her to kindle fire through a tube of clay with the dried leaves of dacha, and to send forth rolls of odorous smoke from her mouth. After having sojourned in the kraals for the space of half a moon, the stranger was dismissed with magnificent presents of the teeth of elephants; and a grant was made to his countrymen of the fertile meadows of Kochéqua, and the forests of Stinkwood, bounded by the Palamé river.

Tquafluow

Tquaassuow and Knonmquaiha continued to live together in the most cordial affection: and the furris every night invoked the great Gounja Tquaqua, who illuminates the moon, that he would give an heir to the race of H'oh and Hingn'oh. The princess at length manifested the happy tokens of pregnancy; her waist increased daily in circumference, and swelled like the gourd. When the time of her delivery approached, she was committed to the care of the wise women, who placed her on a couch of the reeking entrails of a cow newly slain; and, to facilitate the birth, gave her a potion of the milk of wild asses, and fomented her loins with the warm dung of elephants. When the throes of childbirth came on, a terrible hurricane howled along the coast, the air bellowed with thunder, and the face of the moon was obscured as with a veil; the kraal echoed with shrieks and lamentations; and the wise women cried out, that the princess was delivered of a monster!

The offspring of her womb was white! They took the child, and washed him with the juice of aloes; they exposed his limbs to the sun, anointed them with the fat, and rubbed them with the excrement of black bulls: but his skin still retained its detested hue, and the child was still white. The venerable furris were assembled to deliberate on the cause of this prodigy: and they unanimously pronounced, that it was owing to the evil machinations of the dæmon Cham-ouna, who had practised on the virtue of the princess under the appearance of Mynheer Van Snicker-nee.

The adulterous parent, with her unnatural offspring, were judged unworthy to live. They bowed a branch of an olive-tree in the forest of Lions, on which the white monster was suspended by the heels; and ravenous beasts feasted on the issue of Knonmquaiha. The princess herself was sentenced to the severe punishment allotted to the heinous crime of adultery. The kouquequa's kindred, who

scarce twelve moons before had met to celebrate her nuptials, were now summoned to assist at her unhappy death. They were collected in a circle, each of them wielding an huge club of cripple-wood. The beauteous criminal stood weeping in the midst of them, prepared to receive the first blow from the hand of her injured husband. Tquaassuow in vain assayed to perform the sad office: thrice he uplifted his ponderous mace, and thrice dropped it ineffectual on the ground. At length, from his reluctant arm, descended the fell stroke, which lighted on that nose whose flatness and expansion had first captivated his heart. Her kindred then rushing in with their clubs, redoubled their blows on her body, till the pounded Knonmquaiha lay as a heap of mud, which the retiring flood leaves on the strand.

Her battered limbs, now without form and distinction, were inclosed in the paunch of a rhinoceros, which was fastened to the point of a bearded arrow, and shot into the ocean. Tquaassuow remained inconsolable for her loss; he frequently climbed the lofty cliffs of Chirigriqua, and cast his eyes on the watery expanse. One night, as he stood howling with the wolves to the moon, he descried the paunch that contained the precious relics of Knonmquaiha, dancing on a wave, and floating towards him. Thrice he cried out, with a lamentable voice, 'Bo! bo! bo!' then springing from the cliff, he darted like the eagle sousing on his prey. The paunch burst asunder beneath his weight; the green wave was discoloured with the gore; and Tquaassuow was enveloped in the mafs. He was heard of no more; and it was believed that he was snatched up into the moon.

Their unhappy fate is recorded among the nations of the Hottentots to this day; and their marriage-rites have ever since concluded with a wish, That the husband may be happier than Tquaassuow, and the wife more chaste than Knonmquaiha!

A MODERN COUPLE.

ÆMILIUS-Paulus-Flaminius-Quintus-Julius Cæsar Muzzlemump is a man of fine natural parts, a great admirer of the liberal sciences, and was educated in the learned profession of a soap-boiler. When he had gone through a regular process of his professional studies, it happened that the beautiful and accomplished Miss Margaretta-Maria-Sophia-Angelicana Grizzlegig became deeply enamoured with this same Æmilius-Paulus-Flaminius-Quintus-Julius-Cæsar Muzzlemump; and was married to him, contrary to the consent of both her papa and mamma, who kept a respectable pawnbroker's repository in the polite neighbourhood of Drury Lane.

A reconciliation, however, was gradually brought about; and, in the course of three years, the father and mother both departed this transitory life, leaving Æmilius-Paulus and Margaretta-Maria in possession of a genteel fortune.

Æmilius-Paulus now gave up his business, in order to enjoy at large those more accomplished pursuits for which nature had so manifestly designed him.

It is now about five years since Æmilius-Paulus quitted business; during which time, as he himself says, he has made no small progress in the circle of polite literature: but, unfortunately, Æmilius-Paulus and Margaretta-Maria are strangers to all those accomplishments upon which depends the felicities of wedlock; for, in general, whatever the one admires, the other hath a particular aversion to. In short, they scarce ever agree two days together; and the subjects upon which they quarrel are frequently those of education and family.

It is not many days since I had the honour to attend the above lady and gentleman in a hackney-coach to that agreeable situation called Mount-Pleasant. 'I do insist upon your going,' says Æmilius-Paulus, 'for I'll shew you one of the most sweetest and most rurallest places you ever seed.' But we had not rode above half a mile from

Smithfield, when Æmilius-Paulus, putting his head out at one of the windows, ordered the coachman to drive more faster: upon which, Margaretta-Maria, putting her head out at the other, ordered him to drive more slower: 'Drive more faster, I say, coachman!' cries Æmilius-Paulus. 'I say, drive more slower, coachman!' cries Margaretta-Maria. Æmilius-Paulus submitted, and the horses kept only a gentle trot.

When we were arrived at Mount-Pleasant, and had ordered tea and coffee, Æmilias-Paulus, taking me by the arm, assured me he would shew me a most captivating prospect. 'We'll just,' says he, 'walk up to the surplus of the Mount, and then we've all before us.—Here! here! here's beauty already!—Now here!—now mind!—only observe!—There's Shooters-hill! And there!—Don't you see that there white house there?—Don't you see a thing like a cubole? Skim your eye a little more this way, and then you'll have it.—O ravishing landscup!—And there's St Paul's church just before us! the very moral of St. Peter's at Rome! And there's the Monument!—and there's St. Bride's church, where my wife and I was married.'—'Aye, hang the church!' cries Mrs. Muzzlemump, 'I've hated the sight of it ever since.'—'And so have I too,' replies Æmilias-Paulus. 'And there you see the River Tems, and the hills in Surrey. Now, is'n't this the most rurallest and most sweetest place you ever seed? This is the place for pholosophers!'

Mrs. Muzzlemump, with a kind of contemptuous smile, observed, that she had been taught to understand, that pholosophers always chose solentary places to live in: but Æmilias-Paulus insisted that she knew nothing about the matter.

When we had sufficiently viewed each attractive object, and had retired to the coffee-room, Æmilias-Paulus, looking very importantly at me, asked me, whether or no I had ever read

Pope's

Pope's works. 'That there Pope,' added he, 'was a man of fine talons, and a true son of Parnassicus!' Mrs. Muzzlemump, turning her head gracefully towards me, most politely apologized for the insipidity of her husband's company: upon which Æmilius-Paulus, looking dreadfully angry at her, called her a poor illiter'd wretch. 'Illiter'd!' replies Mrs. Muzzlemump, with fine spirit, 'what do you mean, Sir, by illiter'd? My family was never none of them illiter'd! My uncle Mogwash, of Cripplegate Ward, that's now dead and gone, was famous for his learning; and gave me the best of educations: and I was always look'd upon as a lady of genius and sentiment, till I had the misfortune to take leave of my senses, and throw'd myself headlong away upon a poultry soap-boiler!'

'Soap-boiler, Madam!' replies Æmilius-Paulus with great indignity of resentment; 'a soap-boiler! surely as good as the daughter of a scurvy pawn-broker!'

'Intolerable imperance!' cries poor Mrs. Muzzlemump, with tears in her eyes; 'what do you mean, you wil-

lain! by your scandal on the memory of my papa? I wish he was alive to hear you!'

Æmilius-Paulus would have continued the quarrel, had not I interfered. Mrs. Muzzlemump, however, renewed it on our return home; and supremely happy I therefore thought myself when the welcome moment arrived of my taking leave of this blessed couple.

Two of the greatest evils, surely, which deform the human mind, are pride and ignorance united.

The above amiable lady has an only daughter, to whom nature hath indulgently given many personal attractions: but it were better, perhaps, for the daughter, if she was less pretty; for the lessons which she receives daily from her accomplished mamma, may render her, in spite of all her beauty, one of the ugliest objects breathing.

Persons of mean extraction, of confined education, and mistaken ideas, are often the most unfortunate, when fortune apparently smiles the most upon them; for elevation in life, without cultivation of manners, is—I leave the reader to judge what it is.

A NURSE'S SPEECH

TO AN ALDERMAN'S CHILD, WHILE SHE WAS UNDRRESSING IT.

TAKEN IN SHORT HAND FROM HER OWN MOUTH.

The Child cries, while Nurse sings—

'Heigh! baby-bunting,
'Pappy's gone a hunting.'

DIDS 'em, dids 'em vex my child? What does my child cry for? Did 'em take my child's hobby-horse? O de blessing on it, 'tshall have it den again, and ride abroad with it's nown pappu.—Go, naughty daddy, go! What ride abroad, and not take it's nown child with it! We'll tell mamma. It shall be a lord-mayor itself, some time or other, and ride in it's nown coach; aye, that it shall, and it's old nurse shall ride with it. [*Child cries louder.*] Hush-aden! hush-aden! Won't it be a lord-mayor? It shan't be a lord-mayor, then! It shall be any thing, so it won't cry so. Hush-aden! Did

I say it should be a lord-mayor, and 'front mine nown child? It shan't be a lord-mayor: it shall be a judge or a bishop; for I'm sure my child would make as good a judge or a bishop as any judge or bishop among them. Dod a blefs it! 'tis quieter now. Aye, aye, it shall be a bishop; and old nurse will make it so. Hush-aden! what if an old woman should make it so? [*Nurse having stripped it, it cries louder than before.*] Well, Lord ha' mercy on me! who'd be a nurse?—O thee'rt a tiresome brat! What, never leave crying? Well, I won't huff it no more: come, den, piddle in the fire like a man!

THE ART OF EAR-TICKLING.

HUMAN nature, though every where the same, is so seemingly diversified by the various habits and customs of different countries, and so blended with the early impressions we receive from our education, that they are often confounded together, and mistaken for one another. This makes us look with astonishment upon all customs that are extremely different from our own, and hardly allow those nations to be of the same nature with ourselves, if they are unlike us in their manners; whereas, all human actions may be traced up to these two great motives, the pursuit of pleasure and the avoidance of pain; and, upon a strict examination, we shall often find that those customs which at first view seem the most different from our own, have in reality a great analogy with them.

What more particularly suggested this thought to me, was an account which a gentleman, who was lately returned from China, gave, in a company where I happened to be present, of a pleasure held in high esteem, and extremely practised by that luxurious nation. He told us that the Tickling of the Ears was one of the most exquisite sensations known in China; and that the delight administered to the whole frame, through this organ, could by an able and skilful Tickler be raised to whatever degree of extasy the patient should desire.

The company, struck with this novelty, expressed their surprize, as is usual on such occasions, first by a silly silence, and then by many silly questions. The account too, coming so far as from China, raised both their wonder and their curiosity, much more than if it had come from any European country, and opened a larger field for pertinent questions. Among others, the gentleman was

asked, whether the Chinese ears and fingers had the least resemblance to ours; to which having answered in the affirmative, he went on thus: 'I perceive I have excited your curiosity so much by mentioning a custom unknown to you here, that I believe it will not be disagreeable if I give you a particular account of it.

' This pleasure, strange as it may seem to you, is in China reckoned almost equal to any that the senses afford. There is not an ear in the whole country untickled; and the Ticklers have, in their turn, others who tickle them: insomuch that there is a circulation of Tickling throughout that vast empire. And if by chance there be some few unhappy enough not to find Ticklers, or some Ticklers clumsy enough not to find business, they comfort themselves at least with self-titillation.

' This profession is one of the most lucrative and considerable ones in China, the most eminent performers being either handsomely requited in money, or still better rewarded by the credit and influence it gives them with the party tickled; insomuch that a man's fortune is made as soon as he gets to be Tickler to any considerable Mandarin.

' The Emperor, as in justice he ought, enjoys this pleasure in it's highest perfection; and all the considerable people contend for the honour and advantage of this employment, the person who succeeds the best in it being always the first favourite and chief dispenser of his imperial power. The principal Mandarines are allowed to try their hands upon his Majesty's sacred ears; and, according to their dexterity and agility, commonly rise to the posts of first ministers.

‘ nisters. His wives, too, are admitted to try their skill; and she, amongst them, who holds him by the ear, is reckoned to have the surest and most lasting hold. His present imperial Majesty’s ears, as I am informed, are by no means of a delicate texture, and consequently not quick of sensation; so that it has proved extremely difficult to nick the tone of them; the lightest and finest hands have utterly failed; and many have miscarried, who, from either fear or respect, did not treat the royal ears so roughly as was necessary. He began his reign under the hands of a bungling operator, whom for his clumsiness he soon dismissed: he was afterwards attempted by a more skilful Tickler, but he sometimes failed too; and, not being able to hit the humour of his majesty’s ears, his own have often suffered for it.

‘ In this public distress, and while majesty laboured under the privation of auricular joys, the Empress, who by long acquaintance, and frequent little trials, judged pretty well of the texture of the royal ear, resolved to undertake it; and succeeded perfectly, by means of a much stronger friction than others durst either attempt or could imagine would please.

‘ In the mean time, the skilful Mandarin, far from being discouraged by the ill success he had sometimes met with in his attempts upon the Emperor’s ears, resolved to make himself amends upon his imperial consort’s: he tried, and he prevailed; he tickled her majesty’s ear to such perfection, that as the Emperor would trust his ear to none but the Empress, she would trust her’s to none but this light-fingered Mandarin, who by these means attained to unbounded and uncontrouled power, and governed ear by ear.

‘ But as all the Mandarines have their Ear-Ticklers too, with the same degree of influence over them,

‘ and as this Mandarin was particularly remarkable for his extreme sensibility in those parts, it is hard to say from what original titillation the imperial power now flows.’

The conclusion of the gentleman’s story was attended with the usual interjections of wonder and surprize from the company: some called it strange, some odd, and some very comical; and those who thought it the most improbable, I found by their questions were the most desirous to believe it. I observed, too, that while the story lasted, they were most of them trying the experiment upon their own ears, but without any visible effect, that I could perceive.

Soon afterwards, the company broke up, and I went home; where I could not help reflecting, with some degree of wonder, on the wonder of the rest; because I could see nothing extraordinary in the power which the ear exercised in China, when I considered the extensive influence of that important organ in Europe. Here, as in China, it is the source of both pleasure and power; the manner of applying to it is only different. Here the titillation is vocal; there it is manual: but the effects are the same; and, by the bye, European ears are not always unacquainted neither with manual applications.

To make out the analogy I hinted at, between the Chinese and ourselves in this particular, I will offer to my readers some instances of the sensibility and prevalency of the ears of Great Britain.

The British ears seem to be as greedy and sensible of titillation, as the Chinese can possibly be; nor is the profession of an Ear-Tickler here any ways inferior or less lucrative. There are three sorts: the Private Tickler, the Public Tickler, and the Self-Tickler.

Flattery is of all methods the surest to produce that vibration of the air which affects the auditory nerves with the most exquisite titillation; and, according to the thinner or thicker texture

ture

ture of those organs, the flattery must be more or less strong. This is the immediate province of the Private Tickler, and his great skill consists in tuning his flattery to the ear of his patient: it were endless to give instances of the influence and advantages of those artists who excel in this way.

The business of a Public Tickler is to modulate his voice, dispose his matter, and enforce his arguments, in such a manner as to excite a pleasing sensation in the ears of a number or assembly of people: this is the most difficult branch of the profession, and that in which the fewest excel; but to the few who do, it is the most lucrative, and the most considerable. The bar has at present few proficient of this sort; the pulpit none: the ladder alone seems not to decline.

The Self-Tickler is as unhappy as contemptible: for, having none of the talents necessary for tickling of others, and consequently not worth being tickled by others neither, he is reduced to tickle himself; his own ears alone receive any titillation from his own efforts. I know an eminent performer of this kind, who, by being nearly related to a skilful public Tickler, would fain set up for the business himself; but has met with such repeated discouragements, that he is reduced to the mortifying resource of self-titillation, in which he commits the most horrid excesses.

Besides the proofs above-mentioned of the influence of the ear in this country, many of our most common phrases and expressions (from whence the genius of a people may always be collected) demonstrate, that the ear is reckoned the principal and most predominant part of our whole mechanism.

To have the ear of one's prince, is understood by every body to mean having a good share of his authority, if not the whole; which plainly hints how that influence is acquired.

To have the ear of the first minister, is the next, if not an equal,

advantage; I am therefore not surprized, that so considerable a possession should be so frequently attempted, and so eagerly solicited, as we may always observe it is. But I must caution the person who would make his fortune in this way, to confine his attempt strictly to the ear in the singular number; a design upon the ears, in the plural, of a first minister, being for the most part rather difficult and dangerous, however just.

To give ear to a person, implies giving credit, being convinced, and being guided by that person; and all this by the success of his endeavours upon that prevailing organ.

To lend an ear is something less, but still intimates a willingness and tendency in the lender to be prevailed upon by a little more tickling of that part. Thus the lending of an ear is a sure presage of success to a skilful Tickler. For example, a person who lends an ear to a minister seldom fails of putting them both in his power soon afterwards; and when a fine woman lends an ear to a lover, she shews a disposition at least to farther and future titillation.

To be deaf, and to stop one's ears, are common and known expressions to signify a total refusal and rejection of a person or proposition; in which case I have often observed the manual application to succeed by a strong vellication or vigorous percussion of the outward membranes of the ear.

There cannot be a stronger instance of the great value that has always been set upon these parts, than the constant manner of expressing the utmost and most ardent desire people can have for any thing, by saying they would give their ears for it: a price so great, that it is seldom either paid or required; witness the numbers of people actually wearing their ears still, who in justice have long since forfeited them.

Over head and ears, would be a manifest pleonasmus, (the head being higher than the ears) were not the ears reckoned so much more valuable than

than all the rest of the head, as to make it a true climax.

It were unnecessary to mention, as farther proofs of the importance and dignity of those organs, that pulling, boxing, or cutting off the ears, are the highest insults that choleric men of honour can either give or receive; which shews that the ear is the seat of honour, as well as of pleasure.

The anatomists have discovered that there is an intimate correspondence between the palm of the hand and the ear, and that a previous application to the hand communicates itself instantly, by the force and velocity of attraction, to the ear, and agreeably prepares that part to receive and admit of titillation. I must say, too, that I have known this practised

with success upon very considerable persons of both sexes.

Having thus demonstrated, by many instances, that the ear is the most material part in the whole mechanism of our structure, and that it is both the seat and source of honour, power, pleasure, and pain; I cannot conclude without an earnest exhortation to all my country-folks, of whatsoever rank or sex, to take the utmost care of their ears. Guard your ears, O ye princes, for your power is lodged in your ears!—Guard your ears, ye nobles, for your honour lies in your ears!—Guard your ears, ye fair, if you would guard your virtue!—And guard your ears, all my fellow-subjects, if you would guard your liberties and properties!

CHARACTERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. SAMUEL BUTLER,

AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

XXVIII.

A CITY-WIT

DEALS in a foreign commodity, that is not of the growth of the place, and which his neighbours have so little judgment in, that he may put it off, how bad soever, at what rate he pleases. His wit is like a piece of buckram made of old stuff new gummed, stiffened with formality and affectation, and rubbed into a forced gloss; and he shews it to the best advantage, as far as impudence and lying, the virtues of his education, can enable him. He can do nothing, if he has not somebody of less confidence to play it upon, as a boy does his ball against a wall; and, as long as the dull creature will endure it, never lets it fall: but when he strikes too hard, his wit is returned upon him again, and has it's quarters beaten up with cuffs and knocks over the pate, which is commonly the conclusion of his horse, or rather ass, play. His jests are so slight and apt to break, that, like a tinner's lance, his antagonist scarce feels them; and if he did not laugh at

them himself, nobody would imagine, by any thing else, what they were meant for; for he does it to make others laugh too, as those that gape set all that see them a gaping—but his way is too rugged to provoke laughter by any other means; for he that tickles a man to make him laugh, must touch him gently and softly, not rub him hard. His wit has never been observed to be of the right breed, but always inclining to the mongrel, whether his evil education, the bad customs of the place, or a kind of secret fate, be the cause of it; for many others, that have had as great disadvantages, have nevertheless arrived at strange perfections: but as his behaviour, which he learns insensibly from those he converses with, does plainly distinguish him from men of freer educations; so his understanding receives that alloy from the reason and judgment of those he has to do withal, that it can never become considerable. For though many excellent persons have been born and lived in the city, there are very few such that have been bred there, though they come from all

all parts and families of the nation: for wit is not the practice of the place; and a London Student is like an University Merchant.

XXIX.

A BUMPKIN, OR COUNTRY-SQUIRE,

IS a clown of rank and degree. He is the growth of his own land, a kind of Antiochian, like the Athenians, that sprung out of their own ground; or barnacles, that grow upon trees in Scotland: his homely education has rendered him a native only of his own soil, and a foreigner to all other places, from which he differs in language, manner of living, and behaviour, which are as rugged as the coat of a colt that has been bred upon a common. The custom of being the best man in his own territories has made him the worst every where else. He assumes the upper-end of the table at an alehouse, as his birthright; receives the homage of his company, which are always subordinate; and dispenses ale and communication, like a self-conforming teacher in a conventicle. The chief points he treats on are the memoirs of his dogs and horses, which he repeats as often as a holder-forth that has but two sermons; to which, if he adds the history of his hawks and fishing, he is very painful and laborious. He does his endeavour to appear a droll; but his wit being, like his estate, within the compass of a hedge, is so profound and obscure to a stranger, that it requires a commentary, and is not to be understood without a perfect knowledge of all circumstances of persons, and the particular idiom of the place. He has no ambition to appear a person of civil prudence or understanding, more than in putting off a lame infirm jade for sound wind and limb: to which purpose he brings his squirehood and groom to vouch; and, rather than fail, will outswear an affidavit-man. The top of his entertainment is horrible strong beer, which he pours into his guests, (as the Dutch did water into our merchants when they tortured them

at Amboyna) till they confess they can drink no more; and then he triumphs over them, as subdued and vanquished, no less by the strength of his brain than his drink. When he salutes a man, he lays violent hands upon him, and gripes and shakes him, like a fit of an ague: and, when he accosts a lady, he stamps with his foot, like a French fencer, and makes a lunge at her, in which he always misses his aim, too high or too low, and hits her on the nose or chin. He is never without some rough-handed flatterer, that rubs him, like a horse, with a curry-comb, till he kicks and grunts with the pleasure of it. He has old family stories and jests, that fell to him with the estate, and have been left from heir to heir, time out of mind: with these he entertains all comers, over and over; and has added some of his own times, which he intends to transmit over to posterity. He has but one way of making all men welcome that come to his house; and that is, by making himself and them drunk: while his servants take the same course with theirs, which he approves of as good and faithful service; and the rather, because, if he has occasion to tell a strange improbable story, they may be in readiness to vouch with the more impudence, and make it a case of conscience to lye, as well as drink, for his credit. All the heroical glory he aspires to is but to be reputed a most potent and victorious stealer of deer, and beater-up of parks; to which purpose he has compiled commentaries of his own great actions, that treat of his dreadful adventures in the night, of giving battle in the dark, discomfiting of keepers, horning the deer on his own back, and making off with equal resolution and success. He goes to bawdy-houses to see fashions; that is, to have his pocket picked, and get the pox into the bargain.

XXX.

A CLOWN

IS a Centaur, a mixture of man and beast, like a monster engendered by unnatural copulation; a crab engrafted

ed on an apple. He was neither made by art nor nature, but in spite of both, by evil custom. His perpetual conversation with beasts has rendered him one of them; and he is, among men, but a naturalized brute. He appears by his language, genius, and behaviour, to be an alien to mankind, a foreigner to humanity, and of so opposite a genius, that it is easier to make a Spaniard a Frenchman, than to reduce him to civility. He disdains every man that he does not fear; and only respects him who has done him hurt, or can do it. He is like Nebuchadnezzar after he had been a month at grass; but will never return to be a man again as he did, if he might; for he despises all manner of lives but his own, unless it be his horse's, to whom he is but valet-de-chambre. He never shews himself humane or kind in any thing, but when he pimps to his cow, or makes a match for his mare: in all things else he is furly and rugged; and does not love to be pleased himself, which makes him hate those that do him any

good. He is a stoic to all passions but fear, envy, and malice; and hates to do any good, though it cost him nothing. He abhors a gentleman, because he is most unlike himself; and repines as much at his manner of living, as if he maintained him. He murmurs at him as the saints do at the wicked, as if he kept his right from him; for he makes his clownery a fest, and damns all that are not of his church. He manures the earth like a dunghill, but lets himself lie fallow, for no improvement will do good upon him. Cain was the first of his family; and he does his endeavour not to degenerate from the original churlishness of his ancestor. He that was fetched from the plough to be made dictator had not half his pride and insolence; nor Caligula's horse, that was made consul. All the worst names that are given to men are borrowed from him, as Villain, Deboyse, Peasant, &c. He wears his cloaths like a hide, and shifts them no oftener than a beast does his hair. He is a beast that Gesner never thought of.

THE STORY OF PROMETHEUS.

THERE is an old heathen story, that Prometheus, who was a potter in Greece, took a frolic to turn all the clay in his shop into men and women, separating the fine from the coarse, in order to distinguish the sexes. The males were formed of a mixture of blue and red, as being of the toughest consistence, fitter for creatures destined to hardships, labour, and difficult enterprizes; the females were moulded out of the most refined stuff, much of the like substance with china-ware, transparent and brittle; designing them rather for shew and beauty, than to be of any real use in life, farther than that of generation. By their transparency, he intended the men might see so plainly through them, that they should not be capable of hypocrisy, falsehood, or intrigue; and, by their brittleness, he taught them they were to be han-

dled with a tenderness suitable to their delicacy of constitution.

It was pleasant enough to see with what contrivance and order he disposed of his journeymen in their several apartments, and how judiciously he assigned each of them his work, according to his natural capacity and talents; so that every member and part of the human frame was finished with the utmost exactness and beauty.

In one chamber you might see a leg-shaper; in another a skull-roller; in a third an arm-stretcher; in a fourth a gut-winder: for each workman was distinguished by a proper term of art; such as Knuckle-turner, Tooth-grinder, Rib-cooper, Muscle-maker, Tendon-drawer, Paunch-blower, Vein-brancher, and such-like. But Prometheus himself made the eyes, the ears, and the heart; which, because
of

of their nice and intricate structure, were chiefly the business of a master-workman: besides this, he completed the whole by fitting and joining their several parts together according to the best symmetry and proportion.

The statues are now upon their legs; but life, the chief ingredient, is wanting. Prometheus takes a ferula in his hand, (a reed of the isle of Chios, having an oiled-pith) steals up the back-stairs to Apollo's lodgings, lights it clandestinely at the chariot of the sun, so down he creeps upon his tip-toes to his warehouse, and in a very few minutes, by an application of the flame to the nostrils of his clay-images, sets them all a stalking and staring through one another, but entirely insensible of what they were doing: they looked so like the latter end of a lord-mayor's feast, he could not bear the sight of them. He then saw it was absolutely necessary to give them passions, or life would be an insipid thing; and so, from the super-abundance of them in other animals, he culled out enough for his purpose; which he blended and tempered so well, before infusion, that his men and women became the most amiable creatures that thought could conceive.

Love was then like a pure vestal flame; not made up of sudden joy, transports, and extasies; but constant, friendly, and benevolent.

Anger did not appear horrid and frightful by turbulent emotions of the breast, and distortions of the face; but preserved a dignity of resentment in the countenance, commanding a reverential awe in the offender.

Fear did not in the least encroach upon the bounds of fortitude by a slavish dejection of spirits; nor was it ever seen upon any occasion, but as a monitor to prevent the doing of any action which might be attended with disgrace or repentance.

In the same manner was every passion and appetite under the best regulation and dominion of reason. The world would have been a most delightful scene, had people continued in this situation; but, alas! there can

be no happiness here without a mixture of misery!

Prometheus is apprehended for his theft and presumption, bound fast in chains to a rock, with a vulture to prey upon his liver. His journeymen get drunk for joy they were now their own masters; during which interval they fall to man and woman-making with excessive precipitation and hurry. Now you might see a small head set upon a pair of broad shoulders; a nose too long, too short, too thick, too small, or awry on the face; a large heavy carcase reared upon a small pair of spindle-shanks, by which means they became bandy; a long chin to a short face; one arm longer than the other; eyes too big for the sockets; mouths three times too wide or too narrow; every part and limb almost chosen and put together at random. But, to conclude the farce, when they came to the passion-work, instead of blending and tempering them in true proportion, they took them from the worst of animals, simply, and by guess. To one was given the rage and fury of a wolf: hence came a most virulent, persecuting, malicious villain; from whom has descended those boisterous and outrageous peits of society, who are every day disturbing our peace, the only blessing we can enjoy upon earth. To another the poison and rancour of a toad; from whom sprang the revengeful, who upon the least touch of offence are ever upon the watch to ruin the inadvertent. To another the subtlety and cunning of a fox; from whom we trace the politician, who turns all the motions of his soul to seducing, betraying, surprizing, fair promises with foul intentions, perpetual stratagems to his own advantage, under the specious appearance of the public good. To another the alertness of a monkey; who begat a large family of gibbers, buffoons, and mimics: these are a numerous breed, and dispersed over the face of the whole earth. The chief business of their lives is to make people laugh at one another, and not to spare even their

their nearest friends; who, while they are copying the imperfections of others, bring themselves to be originals. You may distinguish this happy race by their hawk-noses, one eye less than the other, and a perpetual sneer; which, by repeated habit, becomes inseparable from their faces. To another the pride of a peacock; who turns beau, flitches all the tinsel about him that he can, hangs a tail to his head, and so walks through the world. To another the gluttony, laziness, and luxury, of a hog: from him are descended your pampered citizens, and others, whose chief exercise consists in eating and drinking. They are very easily distinguished by the plumpness and rotundity of their dewlap, the torosity of their necks and breasts, and the prominence of their abdomen.

Numberless are the instances which might be given of the predominance of brutes thus occasioned in men, but that I hasten to give a summary account of the animals chiefly chosen by these journeymen to give proper accomplishments to the other sex: viz. cats, ferrets, weazels, vipers, magpies, geese, wagtails, rats, floats, rattle-snakes, wasps, hornets, and some few others. It is needless to inform the reader what qualities were infused from these, when he can behold them so plainly in one half or more of his female acquaintance; and I dare venture to say, that you can hardly go into a family where you may not distinguish some one lady eminently remarkable for a lively resemblance to one or more of the afore-said animals. Upon the whole, I shall make this remark, that the handy-work of Prometheus, and their progeny, are to be distinguished with the greatest ease from that of the journeymen: his being all humane, benevolent, easy, affable, good-humoured, charitable, and friendly; whereas those of his journeymen are cruel, malicious, turbulent, morose, ill-natured, snarling, quarrelsome,

pragmatical, covetous, and inhuman; which we daily experience among the great vulgar and the small, nor can all the power of art or education entirely wash away the dirt of the journeyman's palm, or quite abolish or restrain the exuberance of wrong passions, which are owing to the cause already assigned. And I will say farther, that I know nothing else in nature, but what may by cultivation or chemistry change it's nature; such persons only excepted who have had a wrong impression at first, and human excrements: but this being of too foul a nature to bear a dissertation in prose, I shall transcribe it as it was cooked up in verse for the taste of the polite; being a very fit emblem to explain this great and useful maxim—that there is no method as yet found out to change natural inclination.

THE TALE OF A TURD.

A Pastry-cook once moulded up a turd,
 (You may believe me when I give my word)
 With nice ingredients of the fragrant kind,
 And sugar of the best, right double-refin'd.
 He blends them all; for he was fully bent
 Quite to annihilate it's taste and scent.
 With out-stretch'd arms he twirls the rolling-pin,
 And spreads the yielding ordure smooth and thin:
 'Twas not to save his flour, but shew his art,
 From such foul dough to make a savoury tart.
 He heats his oven with care, and bakes it well;
 But still the crust's offensive to the smell.
 The cook was vex'd to see himself so foil'd;
 So works it to a dumplin, which he boil'd:
 Now out it comes; and, if it stunk before,
 It stinks full twenty times as much, or more.
 He breaks fresh eggs, converts it into batter,
 Works them with spoon, about a wooden platter,
 To true consistence; such as cook-maids make
 At Shrovetide, when they toss the pliant cake.
 In vain he twirls the pan; the more it fries,
 The more the nauseous, fœtid vapours rise.
 Resolv'd to make it still a savoury bit,
 He takes the pancake, rolls it round a spit,
 Winds up the jack, and sets it to the fire;
 But roasting rais'd it's poisonous fumes the
 higher.
 Offended much, (altho' it was his own)
 At length he throws it where it should be thrown;
 And, in a passion, storming loud, he cry'd—
 ' If neither bak'd, nor boil'd, nor roast, nor
 ' fry'd,
 ' Can your offensive hellish taint reclaim,
 ' Go to the filthy jakes from whence you came!'

LAWS OF LAUGHING.

LAUGHING is that noble faculty which distinguishes man from beast, since it shews the rationality of the soul, which can be moved independent of the senses. It is the mark of reason, the badge of good-humour, and the sign of mirth. Shakespeare says—

- ‘ The man who hath not Music in himself,
- ‘ And is not mov’d with concord of sweet
- ‘ sounds,
- ‘ Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.’

And we may with as great truth affirm, that—

- The man who has not Mirth within himself,
- And can’t be mov’d to laughter by a joke,
- Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

It is said of the Roman Cassius, that—

- ‘ He seldom smil’d; or smil’d in such a sort,
- ‘ As if he scorn’d himself, that could be mov’d
- ‘ To smile at any thing.’

Now this fellow Cassius always lived a melancholy life, and at last died a murderer; but the man who lives Laughing, generally dies in his bed, as an honest man ought.

With respect to Laughing, we should consider three things: first, who laughs; secondly, who is laughed at; and, thirdly, what the laughing is about.

When a man tells a merry tale, he should laugh inwardly, and enjoy the joke in his mind more than in his countenance; for he who laughs aloud at his own joke is in the court of Cæsar considered as a fool. The Emperor of Persia, of whom I am going to relate a short story, enjoyed his own joke much better with a serious countenance, than he could have done with distorted features, and a thousand Ha! ha! ha’s!

Sha Abbas, the renowned King of Persia, was the most accomplished prince in all the east. It happened that a Turkish ambassador, at his court, being much concerned to see Christians, as well as Mahometans, wearing green shoes and trowsers over all Persia, required the king, in the name of the Grand Signior his master, to re-

strain his subjects from longer profaning a colour which all true Mahometans ought to venerate; saying, the king knew very well it was the prophet’s peculiar colour, and that it did not become faithful Mussulmen to cover any part of the body, except the head, or at least the more decent parts above the waist, with green. The pious ambassador added, that it was an insupportable contempt, to trample under foot a colour so sacred; which was not only permitted among his Persian subjects, but also among the Christians, Jews, and other infidels and impure nations throughout his majesty’s dominions.

Sha Abbas, perceiving the weakness of his discourse, resolved to make a jest of the business. He affected, therefore, to comply with the Grand Signior’s desire; and promised the ambassador that none of his subjects should longer profane the prophet’s colour, provided the Grand Signior would issue out the same orders over his dominions: ‘ For,’ continues the king, ‘ your master beholds every day a greater profanation of that colour, and yet permits it to go unpunished. My subjects only wear the dead colour on their shoes and trowsers, but all the beasts in Turkey dung, without any penalty, on the grass, which is the living colour in which Mahomet delighted. When, therefore, he prohibits all the beasts in his empire from continually defiling the grass with their excrements, I will take care that my subjects shall wear nothing green.’

When a merry story is ended, you may be allowed to make a little noise in Laughing, as it shews your approbation of what was meant for your entertainment; but never break into the middle of a story by loud laughter, such interruptions being very disagreeable to the company, as well as to the speaker; and all the merry ammunition should be preserved for the conclusion.

Laughing not only increases the good-

good-humour of society, and promotes social enjoyment, but it is of infinite service to the health, and has sometimes saved the lives of sick persons.

The famous Doctor Radcliffe was once sent for into the country by a gentleman who was dangerously ill of a quinsy; and, soon perceiving that no application would be of service, he desired the cook to make a large hasty-pudding, and let his servant bring it up. While the cook was engaged in this business, he took his man aside, and instructed him. The man accordingly brought up the pudding in great order, and set it on the table in full view of the patient. 'Come, John,' said the doctor, 'you love hasty-pudding; eat some with me, for I believe you came out without your breakfast.' Both then fell to with their spoons; but John's going twice to his mouth to his master's once, the doctor took occasion to quarrel with him, by dabbing a spoonful of hot pudding in his face. John threw another at his master; who, apparently in a violent passion, quitted his spoon, took the hasty-pudding up by handfuls, and threw it at his man, who battled him again in the same manner, till they were both all over in a woeful pickle. The gentleman, having a full view of this comical combat, was so delighted at it, that he burst into a most immoderate fit of laughter, which broke the quinsy, and completely cured him.

'Laugh, and be fat,' is a common saying; therefore I would recommend Laughing to the consumptive, ill-conditioned, and splenetic, as the certain cure of their disorders. When we are laughed at, we should never be angry, as that serves only to increase the laughter of those who jeer us. The only way is, to retort jest for jest, and joke for joke: and when a story is told to expose any of our follies, we should not only take the hint to amend them, but endeavour, at the same time, to expose, by an apposite story, some folly peculiar to the person who attempted

to expose us, that he may likewise come in for his share of improvement. Thus Laughing will be of mutual benefit, and good-humour and instruction go hand in hand. Besides, a retort has great force; since it not only takes away the sting of a former jest, but establishes our reputation for a ready turn of wit.

Thus, when the pay of a certain regiment in France had been kept back for a long time, and one of the officers, being greatly pressed for money, and much discontented, went to the colonel, saying—'Three words with you, Sir—money or discharge.' The latter immediately replied—'Four with you, Sir—neither one nor t'other.'

But as we may not always be able to parry the sarcasms of wit with success, we should endeavour to gain such an ascendancy over our passions, as to be always in a good humour with ourselves. The tranquillity of our own minds will prove the best defence against the worst attacks.

I shall conclude these remarks with a short story, which every reader may apply as he pleases.

When gods and goddesses made frequent visits to mankind, a beautiful and young roving divinity went into a nation of hunch-backed people. On entering the capital, he was surrounded by a multitude of the inhabitants, who derided him most unmercifully for having what they deemed so odious a form; and would have proceeded to still greater violence, had not one, wiser than the rest, suddenly cried out—'My friends and countrymen, consider well what you are doing! Let us not insult this unhappy piece of deformity. If Heaven has lavished on us all the gifts of beauty; if it has adorned our backs with a noble mountain of flesh; let us be filled with gratitude, repair to our temples, and return thanks to the immortal Gods!' This is the history of human vanity; for, to succeed in any country, we must carry the hunch of the nation into which we travel.

STRATAGEM OF A SCOTCH PEDLAR.

A Short time since, Sawney Frazer, a native of the northern part of this island; who, by vending of linen, which he carried around the country on his back, had acquired a sum of one hundred pieces of gold; resolving to extend his business by the addition of other wares, set out for London, in order to purchase them at the best advantage.

When he had arrived within a few miles of the end of his journey, he was obliged to take shelter in a house of entertainment, which stood in a lonely part of the road, from a violent storm of wind and rain; where he had not been long, before he was joined by two horsemen of genteel appearance, who stopped on the same account.

As he was in possession of the fire-side, they were under a necessity of joining company with him, in order to dry themselves; which otherwise the meanness of his appearance would probably have prevented their doing.

The new companions had not long together, before the cheerfulness of his temper, and something uncommonly droll in his conversation, made the others invite him to sup with them at their expence; where they entertained him so generously, that, forgetting his national prudence, he could not forbear shewing his treasure, as a proof of his not being unworthy of the honour they had done him.

The storm having obliged them to remain there all night, they departed together the next morning; when, as a farther mark of their regard, they kept company with him, though he travelled on foot, till they came into a solitary part of the road; when one of them, putting a pistol to his breast, took from him the bag which contained the earnings of his whole life, leaving him only a single piece of gold, which by good fortune he happened to have loose in his pocket.

His distress at such a loss may be easily conceived: however, he sunk not under it; a thought instantly occurred

to him how it might possibly be retrieved, which he lost not a moment in proceeding to execute.

He had observed that the master of the house, where he had met these two plunderers, seemed to be perfectly acquainted with them: he returned therefore thither directly, and feigned to have been taken suddenly ill on the road with a disorder in his bowels; called for some wine, which he had heated, and rendered still stronger with spice: all the time he was drinking it, he did nothing but pray for his late companions; who, he said, had not only advised him to take it, but had also been so generous as to give him a piece of gold (which he produced) to pay for it; and then, seeming to be much relieved, he lamented most heavily his not knowing where to return thanks to his benefactors; which, he said, the violence of his pain had made him forget to enquire.

The master of the house, to whom his guests had not mentioned the man's having money, that he might not expect to share it with them, never suspecting the truth of his story, informed him, without scruple, who they were, and where they lived.

This was directly what he had schemed for. He crawled away till he was out of sight of the house, in order to keep up the deceit; when he made all the haste he could to town; and, enquiring for his spoilers, he had the satisfaction to hear they were people in trade, and of good repute for their wealth. The next morning, therefore, as soon as he thought they were stirring, he went to the house of one of them, whom he found in the room where his merchandize was exposed to sale. The merchant instantly knew him; but, imagining he came on some other business, (for he did not think it possible that he could have traced him, or even that he could know him in his altered appearance) asked him, in the usual way, what he wanted. 'I want to speak a word wi'

'ye in private, Sir,' he answered, getting between him and the door; and then, on the merchant's affecting surprize—'In gude troth, Sir,' he continued, 'I think it is somewhat strange that ye shud na ken Sawney, who supped with ye the neeght before the laust, after au the keendness ye shewed to him!' Then lowering his voice, so as not to be overheard by the people present, he told him, with a determined accent, that if he did not

instantly return him his money, he would apply to a magistrate for redress.

This was a demand which admitted not of dispute. The money was paid him, with a handsome gratuity for having lent it, and his receipt taken to that effect; after which he went directly to the other, upon whom he made a like demand with equal success.

L—.

CURIOUS PHYSICAL CONSULTATION.

THE late Bonnel Thornton, whose turn for wit and humour was only equalled by the strength of his understanding, used frequently to entertain himself and his friends at the expence of the College of Physicians; conceiving he had a right, as he was himself bred to the profession of physic. The formal wig worn by his fraternity was frequently the object of his mirth; and though knowledge and merit could not escape his discernment, one might almost have thought, from his manner of treating the physical wig, that he thought the success of physicians depended on the quantity of hair on the outside of the head, and not on any knowledge or skill within. Mr. Thornton was once confined to his bed by a fever, which greatly alarmed his most intimate friends, who did not conceive he could recover, from the simple medicines he used to lower the fever. They pressed him earnestly, and repeatedly, to call in the assistance of a physician; and at length they prevailed with him so far, that he declared he would the next day have a consultation, for the satisfaction of his friends. They were happy at this declaration, and determined to return at the time appointed for the consultation, that they might be certain their friend Thornton did not omit any circumstance which might be necessary for the doctors to know; and particularly to inform them what little faith their patient had in the art,

that they might be the more earnest in recommending a due observance of their regimen. The friends attended accordingly the next day, and found Mr. Thornton sitting upon his bed, with the feet curtains open, and looking gravely at three tye-wigs, placed in order upon blocks between the bed-posts. 'What is the meaning of this?' cried the friends. 'This is the consultation of physicians,' answered Mr. Thornton, 'you made me promise to have; and you see I have kept my word.'—'How can you be merry,' cried one of the company, 'on such an occasion? You are sensible of your danger, and are sporting with your life.'—'I beg your pardon,' returns Thornton; 'I know what I am about. It is allowed to be more than an even chance against a patient when he calls in a consultation of the perriwig-pated fraternity; I am willing to lessen the hazard, by taking the assistance of so much of the doctor as may do me good, and avoiding that which alone occasions the danger.'—'How is that?' cries the friend. 'The sight of the doctor,' answered Thornton, 'has, I am persuaded, cured many a patient; this I have compleated in the three figures before me: the danger lies alone in the doctor's physic; this I avoid by the present consultation. Make yourselves easy, my friends: Nature is the best physician, and she works with very few medicines;

' medicines; the assistance she wants
' I shall give, and save my fees and
' my life.' The friends were not satisfied: but in a few days Bonnel Thorn-

ton recovered; and for years afterwards joined with them in laughing at his consultation of physicians.

L—.

JUSTICE BUNDLE'S CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY.

ALL laws are laws, and every law is a law; and laws are things made by the lawyers to make men live according to law, without any respect to the gospel; for that is another affair, and to be considered at another opportunity, and by another sort of men, and in another manner. Vide Coke upon Littleton, chap. x. page 15. But as to the law—Now there are some men that are good men, and some men that are bad men; and the bad men are not the good men, and the good men are not the bad men; but the bad men and the good men, and the good men and the bad men,

are two different sorts of men; and this we gather from Magna Charta, an old man that lived in the reign of King John the Great. Now if all men were good men, there would be no need of law; therefore, ergo, the laws were made for the bad men, and the good men have no business therewith, nor no advantage to receive therefrom. Ergo, therefore, those that receive advantage from the law must be bad men: and so, gentleman, call up the prisoners, and dispatch them as soon as possible, for I must go out of town to-morrow.

F—.

SELECT ANECDOTES, REPARTEES, AND BON-MOTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER X.

I.

AT the beginning of the Revolution, several persons of rank, who had been zealously serviceable in bringing about this happy event, but who at the same time had no great abilities, applied for some of the most considerable employments in the government; when the Earl of Halifax being consulted on the propriety of admitting these claims—'I remember,' said his lordship, 'to have read in history, that Rome was saved by geese—but I do not recollect that those geese were made consuls.'

II.

THE Emperor Solymán, that haughty sovereign of the Turks, whose talents were so great, and whose ambition was without bounds, in his attack on Hungary, took the city of Belgrade, which was considered as the bulwark of Christendom. After this important conquest, a woman of low rank approached him, and complained bitterly that some of his soldiers had carried off her

cattle, in which consisted the whole of her wealth. 'You must, then, have been in a very deep sleep,' said the Sultan, smiling, 'if you did not hear the robbers.'—'Yes, my sovereign,' replied she, 'I did sleep soundly; but it was in the fullest confidence that your Highness watched for the public safety.' The prince, who had an elevated mind, far from resenting this freedom, made her ample amends for the loss which she had sustained.

III.

A LATE popular character, when very young, was a candidate for Berwick upon Tweed; and, not being returned, preferred a petition to the House of Commons; retaining a certain eminent counsel, with a fee of fifty guineas. Just before this business was about to come into the House, the barrister, who had in the interval changed his political sentiments, sent word he could not possibly plead. On this, the candidate immediately

ly waiting on his advocate, mildly expostulated and remonstrated, but all in vain: he would not by any means consent either to plead, or return the money; adding, with a sneer of professional insolence, that the law was open, and to that he might have recourse, if he conceived himself injured. 'No, no, Sir,' replied his spirited client, 'I was weak enough to give you a fee, but I am not quite fool enough to go to law with you; as I perceive that my whole fortune might be wasted in retaining fees alone, before I found one honest barrister to plead for me. I have, therefore, brought my advocate in my pocket!' Then, taking out a brace of pistols, he offered one to the astonished counsellor; and protested that, before he quitted the room, he would either have his money, or satisfaction! The money was accordingly returned; but, losing so able an advocate, the justice of his cause prevented not the failure of his application.

IV.

A poor man who had a termagant wife, after a long dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last word, told her, if she spoke one more crooked word, he would beat her brains out. 'Why, then, Rams Horn, you dog!' said she, 'if I die for it.'

V.

A CERTAIN colonel who made the fine fire works in St. James's Square, to celebrate the peace of Ryswick, being in company with some ladies, was highly commending the epitaph just then set up in the Abbey on Mr. Purcel's monument—

"He is gone to that place where only his own
"Harmony can be exceeded."

'Lord, colonel!' said one of the ladies, 'the same epitaph might serve for you, by altering a single word—'

"He is gone to that place where only his own
"Fire-works can be exceeded."

VI.

An English nobleman travelling to France, made choice of a vile French

priest for the companion of his pleasures: on which one of his countrymen told him, That though the priest and he differed about the road to Heaven, they were in a very fair way of going to the devil together.

VII.

THE famous Rabelais followed the Cardinal of Lorraine to Rome, and attended on him as his physician. This prelate being gone to pay his duty to the new pope, Gregory XIII. was, according to custom, admitted to the honour of kissing his holiness's toe. Rabelais, who was present, appearing surprized and shocked at the sight of such a beastly action, hastened out of the room, and went away. The cardinal, on his return home, asked him, angrily, what made him run away before he was presented to the pontiff, with the gentlemen of his retinue. 'I crave your Eminency's pardon,' answered Rabelais; 'but, seeing you, who are a cardinal, a great prince, and my master, kiss the Pope's toe, I thought the greatest honour that could fall to my share, would be to kiss his holiness's backside.'

VIII.

AT the consecration of a cardinal, there were a great number of bishops sitting in an amphitheatre under the dome of the Sorbonne, where the ceremony was performed; when a lady present, astonished with the spectacle, exclaimed—'What a fine sight is this, to see all these bishops sitting in such order! Methinks I am in Heaven!'—'In Heaven!' replied the gentleman who sat next to her; 'why, Madam, there are not in Heaven half so many bishops as you see here!'

IX.

KING James the First gave all manner of liberty and encouragement to the exercise of buffoonery, and he took great delight in it himself. Happening once to bear somewhat hard on one of his Scotch courtiers—'By my faul,' returns the peer, 'he that made your majesty a king, spoiled the best fool in Christendom!'

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

A TALE.

BY MR. ALLEN.

POETS have told us, long ago,
That nothing's certain here below;
That life, at best, is but a span;
And what so changeable as man!
That benefits are soon forgot;
That no one's happy with his lot;
That — On a verdant hillock's side,
(The opening landscape spreading wide)
A farmer dwelt: his barns well stor'd;
Health, peace, and plenty, crown'd his board.
His fleecy care, or sipp'd the rills,
Or cropp'd the herbage on the hills;
The lowing herd, and generous steed,
Lav'd in the flood, or rang'd the mead.
Returning years increas'd his store;
Could any mortal wish for more!
Yet cankering Envy fill'd his breast
With Care, sad enemy to rest.
Our farmer had to London been,
Where he such wond'rous sights had seen!
He there had seen my lord and lady,
Finer than garland on a May-day;
The house so sumptuous, grand, and nice;
The floors more polish'd far than ice;
The pictures, and the massy plate;
The furniture, and coach of state;
The low submissions, and respect;
His lordship's pride, and form erect.
Oh, bliss extreme! while he must toil;
Drudge in the fields, and turn the soil.
How hard his fate! (would Heaven accord!)
How blest, if he could be a lord!

Thy wish obtain'd shall be thy sentence:
Experiment may work repentance.

Now might I raise some magic spell,
By licence from the poet's hell:
Invoke some Genius, at command;
Or white-rob'd Fairy with her wand,
Her kind assistance to afford,
And turn the farmer to a lord.
But, hold! be modest, Muse, I pray;
Let's try to find some other way.

Beneath a spreading poplar's shade,
One sultry day the farmer laid;
With envy, and with care oppress'd,
He sunk insensibly to rest.

Now Fancy took her airy station,
And realiz'd imagination;
Without one cabalistic word,
No more a farmer—but a lord.

In pomp he enters the saloon;
('Twas three o'clock, his lordship's noon:)
The abject crowd bow, cringe, and flatter;
Shrug, nod, wink, wriggle, grin, and chatter.
One smiling look was half their labour,
And each bespatters well his neighbour.

His lordship will provide for friends:
They're satisfied, the levee ends.
The dinner waits; he takes his seat;
First yawns, then tastes, but cannot eat.
In vain the soup, and rich ragout,
The fricadee, and season'd stew:
Can costly viands bring delight!
What's meat, without an appetite?
The downy couch his lordship tries;
But sleep her balmy aid denies:
For, hark! what whispering's that? What tread?
He bursts the door; and, on the bed
His wife (expos'd were all her charms)
Fast lock'd within the brawny arms
Of lusty Tom! We'll say no more;
But, like his lordship, shut the door.

Where shall the wretched comfort find!
Where go, to ease his troubled mind!
Oh, hapless man! thro' life, 'tis known,
Misfortunes seldom come alone.
His daughter had elop'd with John;
A letter left—To Scotland gone:
She begg'd his pardon for th' offence;
She'd come again a fortnight hence!
His tradesmen, now, for money sue;
A debt of honour, too, is due.
Or sold, or mortgag'd, are his lands,
And not a penny in his hands.

Frantic with passion and despair,
He calls for Death, to end his care!
Oh, could he change with Farmer Thrift!
(Now, help me, Muses, at a lift!)
The Farmer, starting at the sound,
Awoke; and leaping from the ground,
Of envy cur'd, and vain desire,
He left his lordship in the mire.

LEWES.

THE COBLER'S TREASURE.

A TALE.

BY THE SAME.

IN a small village, far from town,
A Cobler liv'd, a simple clown;
Whose happy hours roll'd along,
Jocund and free, in merry song.
In careless ease he pass'd his life,
'Twixt work, the alehouse, and his wife.
But Satan, or some knavish sprite,
In envy to the happy wight,
With a curs'd crotchet fill'd his brain,
The like you ne'er shall hear again:
He dream'd, that in his very room,
Within his bed, beneath his bum,
Some fairy did such wealth convey,
As the king's ransom would outweigh;
And, that it might be no false warning,
He dream'd it twice before the morning.
This dream had so impress'd his mind,
No other thought could entrance find.

By

By Fancy willingly deceiv'd,
He hop'd, and, as he hop'd, believ'd.

While musing o'er his work, one day,
A troop of gypsies pass'd that way:
A beldame of the Delphic band
Gaz'd on his face, then ask'd his hand.
His lines were good! then, staring wild,
Swore he was Fortune's favourite child;
And, if he would but give a tetter,
Such luck should happen before Easter,
That he might, safely, well afford
To live and spend like any lord.

Thus spoke the wonder-working cheat,
The Cöbler aiding the deceit.
The money given, she thus went on—
‘Next Friday morning—mind, my son—
‘As surely as your name is Ned,
‘You'll find a treasure in your bed.’

Poor Ned with joy was out of breath;
The thing was certain, now, as death:
For, with the vulgar, they're omniscient,
Who are in every thing deficient;
Else, how should wealth and power proceed
From an old hag, herself in need?

Elate, he now forsook his trade,
His future fortune ready-made:
From morn till night he rack'd his brain,
On ways to spend his splendid gains.

Now came the eve of expectation;
The Cöbler vow'd a large libation
To Fortune's mettenger, the gipsy;
Who must be pleas'd if he were tipsy.
In deep potations Care was sunk,
And home he reel'd, most nobly drunk;
Stripp'd off his cloaths, slipp'd into bed,
Where sleep soon seiz'd his addle head.

Next morning, sure of promis'd gain,
(The liquor working in his brain)
‘Rise, Cicely! rise, and fetch a pail!’—
‘Why, what the devil do you ail!’—
‘Beneath my bum there's such a treasure;
‘My dream's made out! all's joy and pleasure!
‘The gipsy, too, has kept her word;
‘And I shall live like any lord!’—
‘The fellow's in a raving fit;
‘Get up, you beast! you're all beshit.’

How vain the help of sprites or witches,
To give us beauty, health, or riches;
When, with small labour, we ourselves
Might well supply the place of elves!
For Industry brings Health and Pleasure;
And, in Content, we find a treasure.

THE EARL'S DEFEAT.

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

TUNE—CHEVY-CHACE.

GOD prosper long from being broke
The luck of *Eden Hall;
A doleful drinking-bout I sing,
There lately did befall.

To chace the spleen, with cup and cann,
Duke Philip took his way;
Babes yet unborn shall never see
The like of such a day.

The stout, and ever-thirsty Duke,
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure within Cumberland
Three live-long nights to take.

Sir Musgrave, too, of Martin Dale,
A true and worthy knight,
‘Eftsoon with him a bargain made,
In drinking to delight.

The bumpers swiftly pass about,
Six in a hand went round;
And, with their calling for more wine,
They made the hall resound.

Now when these merry tidings reach'd
The Earl of Harold's ears,
‘And am I, quoth he, with an oath,
‘Thus slighted by my peers?’

‘Saddie my steed, bring forth my boots,
‘I'll be with them right quick—
‘And, Master Sheriff, come you too;
‘We'll know this scurvy trick.’

‘Lo, yonder, doth Earl Harold come!’
Did one at table say:
‘‘Tis well,’ replied the mettled Duke;
‘How will he get away?’

When thus the Earl began—‘Great Duke,
‘I'll know how this did chance;
‘Without inviting me, sure this
‘You did not learn in France.

‘One of us two, for this offence,
‘Under the board shall lie;
‘I know thee well, a duke thou art;
‘So, some years hence, shall I.

‘But trust me, Wharton, pity 'twere
‘So much good wine to spill,
‘As these companions here may drink
‘Ere they have had their fill.

‘Let thou and I, in bumpers full,
‘This grand affair decide.’
‘Accurst be he,’ Duke Wharton said,
‘By whom it is deny'd!’

To Andrews, and to Hotham fair,
Many a pint went round;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay sick upon the ground.

When, at the last, the Duke espy'd
He had the Earl secure;
He ply'd him with a full pint glass,
Which laid him on the floor:

Who never spoke more words than these,
After he downward sunk—
‘My worthy friends, revenge my fall;
‘Duke Wharton sees me drunk.’

Then, with a groan, Duke Philip held
The sick man by the joint,
And said—‘Earl Harold, 'stead of thee,
‘Would I had drank this pint!’

‘Alack, my very heart doth bleed,
‘And doth within me sink;

‘For

' For surely a more sober Earl
' Did never swallow drink.'

With that, the Sheriff, in a rage,
To see the Earl so limit;
Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk peer,
Upon renown'd Sir Kitt.

Then stepp'd a gallant squire forth,
Of visage thin and pale;
Lloyd was his name, and of Gang Hall,
Fast by the River Twale:

Who said, he would not have it told
Where Eden river ran,
That, unconcern'd, he should sit by—
' So, Sheriff, I'm your man.'

Now, when these tidings reach'd the room
Where the Duke lay in bed,
How that the squire suddenly
Upon the floor was laid—

' O heavy tidings!' quoth the Duke;
' Cumberland witness be,
' I have not any captain more
' Of such account as he.'

Like tidings to Earl Thanet came
Within as short a space,
How that the Under-Sheriff too
Was fallen from his place.

' Now God be with him,' said the Earl,
' Sith 'twill no better be;
' I trust I have within my town
' As drunken knights as he.'

Of all the number that were there,
Sir Bains he scorn'd to yield;
But, with a bumper in his hand,
He stagger'd o'er the field.

Thus did this dire contention end,
And each man of the slain
Were quickly carried off to bed,
Their senses to regain.

God bless the King, the Dutchess fat,
And keep the land in peace;
And grant that drunkenness henceforth
'Twixt noblemen may cease!

And likewise bless our royal Prince,
The kingdom's other hope;
And grant us grace for to defy
The Devil and the Pope!

THE MERRY MONARCH;

OR,

KNIGHTHOOD A JEST.

A TALE.

WHEN good King Jemmy wore the British crown,
A pleasant jest for highest wit went down:
A pun, a quibble, a conundrum quaint,
Oft made a bishop of a man no saint.
Smart repartees pass'd all for sterling coin,
And wit was then as unrefin'd as wine:
The king himself, so rest his merry soul!
Could crack his joke—nor would his mirth con-
troul;

VOL. I.

But laugh full hearty if the jest were keen,
Nor could the care of kingdoms give him spleen.

Thus story tells—As he rode out one day,
To chase the stag, he lost, by chance, his way:
The courtiers eager, scour the spacious field,
While duty there did unto pleasure yield.
Alone, King Jemmy, with his usual grace,
Kept stepping onward in a common pace.
Till near two clowns he came, who work'd full

hard,
Hedging a close, behind a farmer's yard.
They spy'd the king; and, from his awkward mien,
Thought he some needy northern laird had been.
' Geud men,' quoth he—and then he made his

bow,
' Ken ye which way the nobles rode just now?
' My business leads me unto our King James.'
' I know him not, in troth,' quoth one: 'it seems
' He only minds his countrymen, while we
' Labour thus hard to furnish out their glee.'
' Ride on,' quoth t'other, 'man, you'll find him

out,
' Surrounded by a gaudy Scottish rout:
' Fear not thy fortune, Jemmy loves a loon,
' And thou'rt some starving knight that wants
' a boon.'

' Weel fare ye,' quoth the king; 'and, o' my
' weard!
' Geud character ye to your prince affeard;
' And life wat weel, it all gangs to his ear.'
' Why, then,' quoth Dick, 'for once the truth
' he'll hear.'

So saying, to a grove that lay in sight,
On rode the king, and there thought fit to 'light;
Out-stretch'd his royal limbs upon the place,
And slept full sweetly on the verdant grass;
No policies of state disturb'd his mind,
But that good prince snor'd loud as any hind,
Until the chace was o'er, a stag was dead;
When duty found a place in courtier's head:
Nor had the noble train long sought their lord,
Ere fast they found him on the gay green-sward.
Hasty they then from reeking coursers spring;
While, with a smile, up rose the jocund king.

' My lords,' quoth he, 'as you rid yonder by,
' Did you not, hedging, twa auld carles spy,
' In leather doublets clad?'—'My liege, we did,'
Quoth one—'See then,' said he, 'them hither
' lead.'

Straight they obey'd; and, as they dragg'd each
clown,

' Ads me!' quoth Dick to Ralph, 'we're both
' undone!

' Yon man we took for some poor begging knight,
' Is the king's grace.'—'Ods fish!' quoth Ralph,
' you're right.

' We shall behang'd! What will become of Sue!
' She'll pine to death!'—'And so will Margery
' too.'

Them at a distance when the monarch 'spied,
He took the whynyard from his martial side;
Behind him on the ground it's point he stay'd,
As not much caring to survey the blade:
Low on their knees the trembling wretches crawl,
And sweat with fear their heads should lower fall.
' Your names!' quoth Jemmy, in an angry tone;
' Mine is poor Dick!'—'Mine Ralph, a sorry
' clown!'

3 D

' Weel,'

'Weel,' quoth the king, and gave their necks
a strap,
'Sir Ralph!—Sir Richard!—ye may both get up:
'Now knights ye are; and, o' my soul I ween,
'Twa peurer knights in Scotland ne'er were
'seen.'

A loud applause the fawning crowd express'd,
To see two titles go—to make one jeft.

ODE TO HORROR.

IN THE ALLEGORIC, DESCRIPTIVE, ALLI-
TERATIVE, EPITHETICAL, FANTAS-
TIC, HYPERBOLICAL, AND DIABOLICAL
STYLE OF OUR MODERN ODE-WRIGHTS
AND MONODY-MONGERS.

O Goddess of the gloomy scene,
Of shadowy shapes, thou black-brow'd queen;
Thy tresses dark, with ivy crown'd,
On yonder mouldering abbey found;
Oft wont from charnels, damp and dim,
To call the sheeted spectre grim;
While, as his loose chains loudly clink,
Thou add'st a length to ev'ry link:
O thou, that lov'st at eve to seek
The pensive-pacing pilgrim meek,
And sets before his shudd'ring eyes
Strange forms, and fiends of giant size,
As wildly works thy wizzard will,
Till fear-struck Fancy has her fill:
Dark powers, whose magic might prevails
O'er hermit rocks, and fairy vales;
O goddess, erst by Spenser* view'd,
What time th' enchanter vile embru'd
His hands in Florimel's pure heart,
'Till loes'd by steel-clad Britomart.
O thou that, erst on Fancy's wing,
Didst terror-trembling Tasso bring
To groves where kept damn'd furies dire
Their blue-tipt battlements of fire:
Thou that, thro' many a darksome pine,
O'er the rugged rock's recline,
Didst wake the hollow-whisp'ring breeze
With care-consumed Eloize;
O thou, with whom, in cheerless cell,
The midnight-clock pale prisoners tell;
O haste thee, mild Miltonic maid,
From yonder yew's sequester'd shade;
More bright than all the fabled Nine;
Teach me to breathe the solemn line!
O bid my well-rang'd numbers rise,
Pervious to none but attic eyes;
O give the strain that madness moves,
Till every starting sense approves!
What felt the Gallic traveller,
When far, in Arab desert drear
He found, within the catacomb,
Alive, the terrors of a tomb?
While many a mummy, thro' the shade,
In hieroglyphic stole array'd,
Seem'd to uprear the mystic head,
And trace the gloom with ghostly tread;

Thou heard'st him pour the stifled groan;
Horror! his soul was all thy own!

O mother of the fire-clad thought,
O haste thee from thy grave-like grot!
(What time the witch perform'd her rite)
Sprung from th' embrace of Taste and Night!
O queen! that erst didst thinly spread
The willowy leaves o'er Isis'† head,
And to her meek mien didst dispense
Woe's most awful negligence;
What time in cave, with visage pale,
She told her elegiac tale:
O thou, whom wand'ring Warton saw,
Amaz'd with more than youthful awe,
As by the pale moon's glimmering gleam
He mus'd his melancholy theme‡.
O curse-loving goddess, haste!
O waft me to some Scythian waste;
Where, in Gothic solitude,
'Mid prospects most sublimely rude,
Beneath a rough rock's gloomy chain,
Thy sister sit, Enthusiast:
Let me with her, in magic trance,
Hold most delicious dalliance;
Till I, thy pensive votary,‡
Horror, look madly wild, like thee,
Until I gain true transport's shore,
And life's retiring scene is o'er;
Aspire to some more azure sky,
Remote from aim mortality;
At length recline my fainting head,
In Druid-dreams dissolv'd, and dead.

A POLITICAL CONVERSATION.

WRITTEN DURING THE REBELLION
IN 1745.

AS Tom, the porter, went up Ludgate Hill,
A winging shower oblig'd him to stand still;
So, in the right-hand passage, thro' the gate,
He pitch'd his burden down, just by that grate,
From whence the doleful accents die away—
'Pity the poor and hungry debtors, pray!'
To the same garrison, from Paul's Church Yard,
A half-drown'd Soldier ran to mount the guard.
Now Tom, it seems, the Ludgateer, and he,
Had all been old acquaintance formerly;
And, as the coast was clear'd by cloudy weather,
They quickly fell into discourse together.

'Twas in December, when the Highland clans
Had got to Derbyshire, from Preston Pans,
And struck all London with a general panic;
But mark the force of principles Britannic!
The Soldier told them fresh the city news,
Just piping hot from stock-j bbers and Jews:
Of French fleets landing, and of Dutch neutrality;
Of jealousies at court, amongst the quality;
Of Swarfton Bridge, that never was pull'd down;
Of all the rebels in full march to town;
And of a hundred things besides, that made
Lord-mayor himself, and aldermen, afraid:

* Spenser's Fairy Queen, Book 3. Canto 12.

† See Isis, an Elegy.

‡ See the Pleasures of Melancholy, a Poem.

Painting, with many an oath, the case in view;
And ask'd the Porter what he meant to do.
' Do!' cries he, gravely, ' what I did before;
' What I have done these thirty years, or more:
' Carry, as I am like to do, my pack;
' Glad to maintain my belly by my back.
' If that but hold, I care not, for my part;
' Come as come will, I ne'er shall break my heart!
' I don't see folks, that fight about their thrones,
' Mind either soldiers' flesh, or porters' bones.
' Who'er gets better when the battle's fought?
' Thy pay or mine won't be advanc'd a groat.
' But, to the purpose—no, we are met here,
' I'll be my penny tow'r 's a pot of beer!

The Soldier, touch'd a little with surprize,
To see his friend's indifference, replies—
' What you say, brother, to be sure is good;
' But our Religion, Tom! God damn my blood!
' What will become of our Religion?'—' True!'
Cries the gaol-bird, ' and of our Freedom, too?
' If the Pretender, 'rapt be out, ' comes on,
' Our Liberty and Property are gone!

While thus the Soldier and the Prisoner join'd,
To work up Tom into a nobler mind;
He, staring, dumb, with wonder struck and pity,
Took up his load, and march'd into the city.

ODE TO NASTINESS.

O Goddess of the dirty hue!
With eyes so red! with cheeks so blue!
With mouth so wide, and 'cke so wet!
With lips of snow! with teeth of jet!
O thou to whom the stars bequeath
A vulture's voice, and viper's breath!
Kindly accept the verse that's due
To, Cindercola, none but you.

Hail, Nastiness! I thee adore!
Cindercola's favourite care!
Mellow'd all night with her you sleep;
With her you bask at morning peep;
And comfortably funk and soak,
Lodg'd in a nasty, dirty smock;
Or else, in filth, you loll away,
In an undress, a summer's day.
What tho' the laundress may look grave;
They three-pence get, who three-pence save;
And to wash oft the coarsest clout,
Most certainly, will wear it out.
Fast every festival you keep;
Watch much, if much you wish to sleep;
And be long dirty, if you mean
To enjoy the sweets of being clean.

O Nastiness! I thee adore;
Friend to the miser and the poor!
How many craftsmen by thee live!
How many poets with thee thrive!
And write, in rags and stinking room,
Works to bless ages yet to come:
Which, as the earth from chaos sprung,
Or cucumbers grow out of dung;
Or sugar, most refin'd, arose
From Indians black, filth-pressing toes;
So, from the rubbish of thy brain,
Rises a bright poetic strain;
Which, tho' in dirty garrets bred,
Is yet in fine apartments read.

Monks merit Heaven in dirty cloisters;
And dirty shells preserve clean oysters.
Dear Cindercola, ever be
From cleanliness, so costly, free!
Dirt to our souls can do no harm;
Dirt helps to keep the body warm;
Dirt interferes not with our quiet;
And hunger's pleas'd with dirty diet:
Nay, some say, both at court and kirk,
Folks often go thro' dirty work.
From dirt we came, to dirt we go;
By God! all things are dirt below:
Be dirty, witty, then, and rake;
And shine like Chattsworth in the Peak:
Bright be your souls for ever seen;
Bright, thro' their nasty, dirty screen!

RECEIPT

TO MAKE A MODERN ECLOGUE OR
PASTORAL.

TAKE quantum sufficit of meadows and trees,
While your zephyrs most wantonly play in
each breeze;
Let Phœbus and Flora together combine,
To make the sky smile, and the meadows look
fine.
Your nymphs and your swains must be sort'd in
pairs;
Your swains should be love-sick, your nymphs
be all fairs:
Let them prattle awhile, as their hay they are
tedding;
Then wind up the whole with a church and a
wedding.
But if grief elegiac you'd wish to assail,
Your prospect must lour, your swains must look
pale:
Let Damon ask Corydon why droops his head;
If his Celia's unkind, or his lambskins are dead.
' No!' let him reply, ' 'tis not this gives me pain;
' But young Colin is dead, the delight of the
plain!
Then let him invoke skies, angels, and saints,
Trees, meadows, and riv'lets, to join their com-
plaints:
Till Damon, to ease him, and end these sad cries,
Assures him that Colin has mounted the skies.
From this kind assurance his mind is at ease,
And they hie to their cottage—to eat bread and
cheese.

DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

HOUSES, churches, mix'd together,
Streets unpleasant in all weather;
Prisons, palaces, contiguous;
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous.

Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
Showy outfides, inludes empty;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts.

Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid;
Rogues, that nightly rob and shoot men;
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen.

Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Noble, simple, all conditions;
Worth beneath a threadbare cover,
Villainy bedaub'd all over.

Women, black, red, fair, and grey,
Prudes, and such as never pray;
Handsome, ugly, noisy, still,
Some that will not—more that will.

Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow not unwilling;
Many a bargain, if you strike it.
This is London—how do you like it?

VERSES

WRITTEN WHILE CONFINED BY A SMART
FIT OF THE GOUT IN BOTH FEET.

SAYS my Head to my Feet, 'I have waited thus
' long,
' In hopes that your duty you would not prolong;
' But my patience worn threadbare, and I in a
' fever,
' I'll never be serv'd so in future; no, never.'
' Hey-day!' answered Feet, 'why, how now,
' Mr. Bluff!
' Fair and soft, if you please; an't we punish'd
' enough?
' We feel for your follies, and suffer our part;
' 'Tis you've had the pleasure, while we've had
' the smart.'—
' Say you so!' exclaims Head: 'Oh! you insolent
' elves,
' You know you are wholly wrapp'd up in your-
' selves.
' How oft have I serv'd you by writing and read-
' ing;
' Such wretches deserve not to live by good
' feeding.'—
' But, hold!' cries my Heart, 'Mr. Head, you're
' to blame:
' Henceforward be wiser, nor publish your shame;
' Had you not liv'd so fast, as you deal in abuse,
' Want of exercise, merely, had been your excuse.'

EPIGRAM I.

BY MR. R. TATTAM.

PETER, turn'd bard, to pass a quiet life,
Praises the virtue of his handsome wife:
Amaz'd, to find she treats him still with scorns,
In feeling for his wreath, he finds his horns.

EPIGRAM II.

BY MR. ROBERTS.

DICK damns the world, he's tir'd of living
here—
Because he has but fifteen pounds a year;
Tom damns himself with every vice that's found—
Because he's worth full fifty thousand pound;
Will feels the calms of virtue, reason, sense—
Because Heaven gave him but a competence.

HORRISLEY PARK.

EPIGRAM III.

BY MR. R. J. HODGSON.

SAYS Giles, 'My wife and I are two;
' Yet, faith! I know not why, Sir!'
Quoth Jack, 'You're ten, if I speak true;
' She's one, and you're a cypher.'

EPIGRAM IV.

SAYS Bavius to Crites—'You're a wolf, and
' I know it.'
Says Crites to Bavius, 'You're an afs, and you
' shew it.'
Says Bavius again, 'I'll pull off your sheep's skin,
' And shew what a beast you keep harbour'd
' within.'
Says Crites, 'That trouble is sav'd in your case;
' Since your beast spreads his ears all over your
' face.'

EPITAPH I.

BY MR. R. TATTAM.

HERE lies John Sullen; and it is God's will
He who was Sullen shall be Sullen still.
He still is Sullen!—If the truth ye seek,
Knock until doomday, Sullen will not speak.

EPITAPH II.

BY MR. J. B. CAMBRIDGE.

THIS Tombstone is a Milestone—'Hah!
how so?'
Because, beneath lies Miles—who's Miles below.
A little man he was, a dwarf in size;
But now stretch'd out, at least Miles long he lies.
His grave, tho' small, contains a space so wide,
'Thas Miles in length and breadth, and room beside.

EPITAPH III.

BY BEN JOHNSON.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie,
As much virtue as could die;
Which, when alive, did vigour give,
To as much beauty as could live.

EPITAPH IV.

BY THE SAME.

ON THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE.

UNDERNEATH this marble hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother!
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair, and learn'd, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

EXTEMPORE,

ON A QUAKER'S STOPPING UP ELEVEN WIN-
DOWS OUT OF TWENTY, TO AVOID THE
NEW TAX.

BY MR. STONE.

MY good friend Micah, heretofore,
Of outward lights possess'd a score,
Each had it's use and beauty;
But now he walls up all, save nine,
And leaves his inward light to shine,
For which he pays no duty.

THE



E N I G M A S.

NUMBER X.

ENIGMA I.

FOR THE PRIZE MEDALS.

BY MERCUTIO.

TELL me, ye OEdipean wits,
To whom the mystic Sphinx submits
Her questions dark and sage;
What, through the world's extended space,
In this description can you trace,
Which dares your skill engage?

Full o'ten, in a wintry morn,
I've seen it mounted on the thorn,
Or midst rude branches bare;
And, pleas'd, have often heard it sing,
When scarce a bird dar'd stretch it's wing
Along the frigid air.

What wonder, then, a place is found,
In every house the kingdom round,
For such a cheerful guest;
Whose song diffuses general joy,
When frost and snow the notes destroy
In every tuneful breast!

Yet still with cruelty men treat
What sometimes they most fondly greet,
As powerful passion wills,
Nor can this object of their care
Escape the customary share
Of agonizing ills.

For man it's latest breath expires;
For him it bleeds, when he requires;
Tho' trembling it endures:
But trampled worms will turn again;
And thus the tyrant oft feels pain,
As pleasure he secures.

More might I add—shape, colour, size—
But surely this may well suffice,
Without a stronger clue:
One thing, however, I forgot;
No legs or wings fall to it's lot!
Enough is said—Adieu!

ENIGMA II.

BY MR. ALLEN, LEWES.

BY my example profit, and attend;
For I'm beginning, now, to make an end:
Yet, against truth, without the slightest finning,
My end is nothing but my first beginning.
'Midst crosses, then, I force my lonely way,
And pass, in ups and downs, the tedious day.
The path I've trod I may in vain explore;
The pass is barr'd, and I return no more.
In the same station I ne'er long abide;
But, (courtier like) still shift from side to side.
Thro' shady rows escape I've oft essay'd,
But, by the middle seiz'd, I'm captive made.
Urg'd on by industry, and gain in view,
(For I've an eye to whatsoe'er I do)
I toil unwearied: ye, who thirst for fame,
Declare my merits, and reveal my name.

ENIGMA III.

BY CELIA.

IM the passport to honours, to pomp, power,
and fame;
I oft kindle love, and I keep up the flames:
To beauty I give it's most ravishing charm,
And the ugly with killing attractions I arm.
O'er lost reputations I oft throw a veil;
And, when eloquence yields, I am known to prevail.
I make the fool wise, and the wise I turn fool;
O'er worth, merit, virtue, despotic I rule.
The scoundrel, with me, is quite sure of respect;
The noblest, without me, as sure of neglect.
By me oft the scaffold is robb'd of it's due;
By me oft the ninny is plac'd up to view;
By me rank and titles, and 'scutcheons are gain'd,
By me praise from fools, and e'en wise men, obtain'd.
No fortress but Gib, e'er resisted my power;
No lock can withstand me, no bolt can secure.
The gods know my force; Jove himself tried my
arms,
And beauty that instant surrender'd it's charms.

Yet:

Yet the gods were too wise to expose me to view,
And mountains and rocks o'er my substance they
threw.

But man, impious man, in despite of the skies,
Found out my retreat, and compell'd me to rise:
Hence, half the vile crimes of this vile world still
flow,

Yet hence half the joys that on earth mankind
know:

For I, as a pest and a pleasure thus rated,
Am not by one mortal on earth truly hated.

ENIGMA IV.

BY MR. W. RUSHER, BANBURY.

THRO' the fields I took my way,
On a sultry summer's day;
While the ruddy nymphs and swains,
In the cultivated plains,
With their brows bedew'd with sweat,
Reap'd the rich, luxuriant wheat.

But, returning, long ere eve
Gave the rustics kind relieve,
I discover'd humble Nell,
For what cause I must not tell,
(Twas the vigil of the wake)
Round the waist her servant take,
Strike her head against the ground,
Till I heard the blows resound;
Then in dirt she rubb'd her face:
Who, repenting this disgrace,
Strove to throw, nor strove in vain,
Dirt in Nelly's face again;
But, reduc'd to woeful plight,
Every hair stood bolt upright.
Clouds of dust, that round them rise,
She directs to Nelly's eyes;
Who, not being overcome,
Drives her servant round the room:
Singing, during all the fray,
'Welcome, shepherds holiday!'

Now, ye wits, for all my own,
Ye can mystic themes make known;
Nelly's servant's name declare,
And the wreath poetic wear.

ENIGMA V.

BY MR. T. WARING, LEICESTER.

ETERNAL ages, ere old Time began
His reign despotic over mortal man,
I held my seat on Heaven's resplendent throne,
Respected by the Father and the Son;

There sat unfulfill'd, while the heavenly choir,
By me inspir'd, prais'd th' Almighty Sire;
Till pride, vile pride, infected Satan's head,
And thro' the host the dire contagion spread;
Then left th' apostates to their certain fate,
To mourn, depriv'd of me, their wretched state.
But close I stood by faithful Abdiel's side,
When he the whole satanic power defied.
To save frail mortals from their impious foe,
I came; their truest guide and friend below.
But, chiefly you, dear Ladies! I attend:
Your pride I am, your patron, and your friend.
Possess'd of me, your eyes bright gems excel,
All joys within your snowy bosoms dwell:
Of me bereft, ah! fatal to rehearse,
What direful pangs those tender bosoms pierce!
No more your sparkling eyes their influence boast;
Languid they seem, and all their lustre's lost.
Adopt me, then, ye fair! on every plan;
I'll guard you from the wily arts of man:
Your beauty, then, shall suffer no decay,
But bright remain, when years have roll'd away.
Thus, when my pleasant paths you long have trod,
And your best angel calls you to your God,
By me conducted to a place of rest,
You'll be for ever and for ever blest.

ENIGMA VI.

BY MR. W. HAYWARD, BANBURY.

SENT for the service of mankind,
A sturdy pair you'll often find;
Produc'd, not bred, (believe my tale)
Alike by female as by male;
Nourish'd by earth, we freely grow,
And early signs of vigour shew.
And, what perhaps most strange you'll think,
We never eat, but often drink.
Hurried and drove throughout the nation,
We never quit our wonted station;
But, with united force, oppose
The utmost efforts of our foes.
Free from remotest thought of ill,
With dread the female mind we fill;
Yet we, at last, do oft impart
A pleasure to the manly heart.
Tho' e'en our names full often place
On men an undeserv'd disgrace;
But hold—we leave it now to you,
To point us out to public view.

REBUSES.

REBUS I.

BY MR. JAMES PECK.

SEV'N thirteenths of an upright, will shew
you the name
(When you've rightly transpos'd and con-
nected the same)

Of one who has travell'd the high road to fame.

REBUS II.

A Tree if you with care transpose,
Will soon a market-town disclose.

REBUS III.

BY MR. JAMES PECK.

TO five join six, with one eighth of eighteen,
And you'll have what in blockheads was
never yet seen.

REBUS IV.

BY MR. E. NEWTON, LEICESTER.

WHAT bakers use you must divide
By just five hundred; then 'tis plain,
Clear to your view will be descried,
What nought but merit can obtain.

SOLUTIONS.

SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMAS.

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 1. A Cane. | 4. A Widow. |
| 2. A Glow-Worm. | 5. A Cheese. |
| 3. Letter R. | 6. A Day. |

REBUSES.

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Mend. | 4. Cambridge. |
| 2. Rum—Red—Murder. | 5. Lemon—Melon. |
| 3. Cheltenham. | 6. Wife. |

PARADOXES, &c.

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Letter I. | termarriages of Two Mothers |
| 2. To-Day. | with their Two Sons, by whom |
| 3. The several Relationships | they have each a daughter. |
| are formed by the In- | 4. Mean—Mane—Amen. |

SELECT ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

I. BY MR. W. ELLEY.

(IN AN ANSWER TO ALL THE ENIGMAS,
REBUSES, AND PARADOXES.)

LONG your suppliant vot'ry, good Sir, I
have been,
In hopes to creep into your fam'd Magazine;
But, spite of my merits, I'm still disappointed;
And my Muse, Sir, believe me, is almost dis-
jointed.

Yet think not the list, I dishearten'd will leave:
No, no, Sir! indeed, I a Medal must have.

' Ha! (you cry) ' who's this coxcomb, so saucy
' and vain'

' Were he here, we'd his merits reward with a
' CANE.

' Shall each empty scribbler pronounce himself
' fit,

' In our elegant seat of the Muses to sit;

' Where shine, like a *Glow-worm*, the verses of
' Carr;

' Mr. Allen's Enigmas, and Jack's travelling R.'
But pray, Sir, your sentence a moment suspend:

Meanwhile, I'll endeavour my verses to *Mend*;
And, with your permission, in few words will
tell ye,

A trifling occurrence which just now befel me.
My pen I had out, and prepar'd to begin,

When an old fellow-student from *Cambridge*
came in;

And told me, a *Melon* he'd brought for my *Wife*;
'Twas the largest, I think, I e'er saw in my life.

' Good God!' he exclaim'd, ' how you *Murder*
' your time,

' In writing that flat, insignificant rhyme!

' Come, leave your poetical labours *To-Day*,

' And hasten with me, my good friend, to the play;

' For Kemble and Siddons perform there to-
' night,

' And the gay Irish *Widow* prepares to delight.

' A favour like this you can hardly refuse——'

' But, indeed, Sir, I must, or fall out with the
' Muse!

' Let the vot'ries of pleasure, the airy and gay,

' At Margate, or *Cheltenham*, rattle away;

' I envy them not, while I sit here at ease;

' As snug in my chair, as a mouse in a *Cheese*.

' O grant me, kind Heaven! my hours to beguile

' With the Muses!—My friend cry'd, '*Amen!*'
with a smile;

And, seizing his horse by the *Mane*, cry'd, ' Good
' day!

Leap'd into his saddle, and gallopp'd away.

2. BY MR. W. STONE, BEAK STREET.

SINCE marriage proves often the bane of
man's life,

If he's link'd to a turbulent shrew;

I think to live single, without thought of wife:

' As we bake,' says the law, ' we must brew.'

Yet still, if to wed proves at last my sad lot,

Thro' Fate's never-failing decree;

I'll endeavour to tie up the conjugal knot,

With a girl who's good-temper'd and free.

But should she, by brawling, embitter my life,

Judge Thurnel gives the law on my side;

Who says, if a man has a termagant wife,

With a *CANE* he may liquor her hide.

3. BY MR. W. HAYWARD, BANBURY.

DEAR Sir, in answer to your prize,

I something smart would say;

But *CANES* are such terrific things,

They frighten wit away.

4. BY QUILLETUS.

IN infancy, how smooth our joys;

Pleasure, unmix'd with pain!

The child is pleas'd with trifling toys,

His hobby-horse a *CANE*.

But soon, alas! to College sent,

Where Taste and Science reign;

In Learning's toils his hours are spent,

And now he dreads the *CANE*.

The third scene shifts him to a beau,

Conceited, pert, and vain;

With powder'd hair, as white as snow,

Lac'd coat, and tassell'd *CANE*.

Lastly,

Lastly, see wrinkled age advance,
With gout and palsied train:
No more he leads the festive dance,
But totters o'er his CANE.

5. BY GOUTY.

THE sun now shone, the clouds dispers'd,
No more it threaten'd rain;
Tho' scarcely from the gout releas'd,
I took my hat and CANE!

Musing upon your medal bright,
I hop'd the prize to gain;
And straight to Paternoster Row
I hobbled on my CANE!

On my lame toe a boy now trod,
And made me roar with pain;

The more I bawl'd, the more he grin'd,
Nor fear'd my lifted CANE!

From agony at length reliev'd,
I tried to march again:
Three steps I limp'd, then down I fell;
And, damn it! broke my CANE.

6. BY VERAX.

TO find out your prize I long puzzled my
brain,
As I conn'd the Enigma again and again:
But the longer I read, I was more in the dark,
Till I took up my CANE, and walk'd into the
Park;
Where I met an old friend, on his road to the
Strand,
Who (as well as myself) had the Prize in his hand.

Very ingenious Answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA were also received from Mr. R. Tattam; Mr. Thomas Barrett, Assistant at the Rev. Mr. Mayor's Academy, Woodstock; Mr. W. Ruher, Banbury; Mr. J. O. C. Miss Sally Brock; Tom Thumb; Mr. W. Edmonds; X. Z. Discipulus; Mr. Francis Browne; Mr. John Smith, Rosemary Lane; A Savoyard; Mr. John Ridley; Mr. W. L. Mr. W. Darby; Mr. J. Beckett, Jun. Mr. Charles Metcalfe, Great Dalby, Leicestershire; T. Waring, Leicester; Tibault; Junior; Sachariffa; Querumania; Mr. E. T. Pilgrim; Lothario; Mr. John Jones, North Row; Mr. John Almond, No. 2, Bury Street; Mr. Charles Noad, Oxford Road; Mr. G. M. W. Mr. J. S. Greenwich; Mr. J. B. Syd. Col. Cambridge; Mr. John Cole; J. G. Jun. Jack; A Would-be-Wit; Mr. John Savage, Thetford, Norfolk; M. Lara, Bury Street; Frances Maria Dobson; Mr. James Peck; Oroonoko; and Mr. W. Hutton.

MISCELLANEOUS ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS, TO THE SEVERAL ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA II.

BY MR. E. T. PILGRIM.

THE Glow-worms shine with lustre bright,
The sparkling diamonds of the night;
But Nancy's eyes, with brighter ray,
Are sparkling diamonds of the day.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS II. III.

BY OXONIENSIS.

THE Glow-worm's light shone round so far,
I plainly saw the letter R.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IV.

BY MR. W. HUTTON.

COT splutter hur nails! hur may say what
hur please,
Put hur nose loses the smell of a cood toasted
Cheese.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA III. REBUSES

I. II. AND PARADOXES, &c. IV.

BY MR. JAMES PECK.

JACK says R.—Newton, Mend—and, then,
Lara bawls Murder!—the Collegian, Amen!

Other ingenious Answers have been received from Mr. R. Tattam, to Enigmas 2, 3, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, and Paradoxes, &c. 1, 4; Tom Thumb, to Rebus 4; Miss Sally Brock, to Enigmas 2, 3, Rebuses 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, and Paradoxes 2, 4; Mr. Francis Browne, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Paradoxes 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. John Smith, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 4, 5, and Paradox 4; A Savoyard, to Enigma 3, and Rebuses 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; Waring, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; T. Waring, to Enigmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Paradoxes 1, 4; Mr. John Ridley, to Enigmas 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, and Rebuses 2, 3, 4, 6; Mr. W. Darby, to Enigmas 2, 3, Rebuses 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Paradox 2; Mr. Charles Metcalfe, to Enigmas 2, 3, 5, and Rebuses 1, 2, 4, 6; Mr. John Jones, North Row, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Paradoxes 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. J. Rice, to Enigmas 2, 3, Rebuses 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, and Paradoxes 1, 4; Mr. John Almond, to Enigmas 2, 3, 5, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Paradoxes 1, 2, 3, 4; Oxoniensis, to Rebus 2, and Paradoxes 1, 4; J. L. to Rebus 1; Mr. G. M. W. to Enigmas 2, 3, 6, Rebus 4, and Paradox 2; Mr. J. S. Greenwich, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Paradoxes 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. J. B. Cambridge, to Enigmas 2, 3, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Paradoxes 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. J. Beckett, Jun. to Enigmas 2, 3, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Paradoxes 1, 2, 4; J. G. Jun. to Enigmas 2, 3, Rebus 4, and Paradox 2; A Would-be-Wit, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Paradoxes 1, 2, 4; A Young Correspondent, Jermyn Street, to Enigmas 2, 6, Rebuses 2, 4, 5, and Paradox 2; Mr. John Webb, Haverhill, to Enigma 2, and Rebus 4; B. P. Wandsworth, to Paradox 2; Mr. John Savage, to Enigmas 2, 3, 5; M. Lara, Bury Street, to Enigmas 3, 6, Rebuses 3, 4, and Paradoxes 2, 4; Frances Maria Dobson, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Paradoxes 1, 2, 3; Mr. John Foster, to Enigmas 3, 6, Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Paradoxes 2, 4; and Mr. W. Hutton, to Rebuses 2, 3, 4, 5, and Paradox 4.



With a large Quarto Engraving, representing a Scene described in Mr. WHITEHEAD'S Tale of the DOG; designed and engraved purposely for this Work.

	Page		Page
1. The Night-Walker. No. V. - - -	403	16. Receipt to form a Modern Fine Lady	ibid.
2. Transmigrations of an Eastern Prince	406	17. Ode on Expectation - - - - -	434
3. Essay on Impudence - - - - -	409	18. Success and Disappointment. A Tale	ibid.
4. Influence of the Eyes - - - - -	411	19. Ode to Antiquated Virginity - -	435
5. Letter from a successful Adventurer in the Lottery - - - - -	414	20. Warning to Married Men. A Tale	ibid.
6. Blessed Effects of Matrimonial Spirit	416	21. Matrimony - - - - -	436
7. Account of a Modern Justice of Peace	417	22. The Honest Confession - - - -	ibid.
8. Address to the good People of England	419	23. The Combat; or, Red, Black, and White - - - - -	ibid.
9. Butler's Characters continued. A Justice of Peace - - - - -	421	24. Epigram I. - - - - -	ibid.
An Alderman - - - - -	422	25. Epigram II. - - - - -	ibid.
A Church-warden - - - - -	423	26. Epigram III. - - - - -	ibid.
10. Essay on the Nine Lives of a Cat. By the late Bonnel Thornton, Esq. -	424	27. Epitaph I. On Mr. Peck - - -	ibid.
11. Great Cry and Little Wool; or, The History of the Four Potatoes -	427	28. Epitaph II. On a Dyer - - -	ibid.
12. Specimen of Beau Nash's Manner of telling a Story - - - - -	429	29. Extremepore. Addressed to a Gossiping Apothecary - - - - -	ibid.
13. Select Anecdotes, Repartees, and Bon Mots; Ancient and Modern. No. XI. - - - - -	ibid.	30. Tit for Tat - - - - -	ibid.
POETRY.		THE SPHINX.	
14. The Dog. A Tale. By W. White- head, Esq. Poet-Laureat - - -	431	31. Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	437
15. The Taxes. A Tale - - - - -	433	32. Rebuses - - - - -	438
		33. Solutions to Enigmas of last Month	439
		34. Ditto to Rebuses - - - - -	ibid.
		35. Select Answers to the Prize Enigma	ibid.
		36. Miscellaneous Answers from Corre- spondents to the several Enigmas and Rebuses - - - - -	440

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster-Row; by whom Letters to the EDITOR are received.

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

AT the request of J. S. we inform him, that his Essay is omitted because we think it too trifling: he, however, has some Wit, and no want of Good Sense; we shall therefore be glad to hear from him on a new subject.

W. H.'s Tale is founded on a good idea; but the title is indelicate, and the verification very inelegant, as well as inaccurate.

We wish our Correspondents in general would permit us to reject their productions without assigning particular reasons: the task is always unpleasing to us, and may often be disagreeable to themselves.

Indiana's Favours, meant for insertion in the present number, are obliged to be postponed till our next.

Our *Liverpool Correspondent* may find the very article he transmits already inserted in a preceding number.

The Editor wishes to be informed if the Moral Lessons are sent as originals.

Strephon, a Tale, is by no means a new idea; and it is, in fact, of too grave a turn.

Many articles received this month will make their appearance in our next number, but it is impossible to particularize them.

Several good general Answers to Enigmas and Rebuses are obliged to be omitted, because the Authors are mistaken in some of the solutions. It is therefore recommended, not to attempt Answers to *all* the Enigmas, Rebuses, &c. without a certainty of their being *all right*. Merit is by no means confined to quantity.

The Editor begs leave to direct the attention of his numerous Correspondents to the hints given in the first and last paragraphs of his last general Address to them.

PRIZE MEDALS.

The *first* SILVER MEDAL, for the best *original* Prose Essay by a Correspondent, is this Month adjudged to the Author of *GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL*—the *second*, for the best Poetical Production, is adjudged to Mr. R. TATTAM, Author of the *TAXES*, a Tale—and the *third* and *fourth*, given by lot to Two out of the Six best Answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA, fell to Mr. THOMAS BARRETT, Assistant at the Rev. Mr. Mayor's Academy, Woodstock; and QUERUMANIA—who are requested to transmit their orders for delivery to the Publishers, in the same hand-writing as their respective productions, signed with their real names and places of abode, that they may be printed in the next Number, for the satisfaction of subscribers in general.

23 The FOUR MEDALS adjudged last month, have been forwarded to—

1. Mr. ROBERTS, Horksey Park, Essex.
2. Mr. ALLEN, Lewes, Sussex.
3. Mr. W. ELLEY, No. 4, New Quebec Street, Portman Square.
4. Mr. W. STONE, Royal-Oak Court, Beak Street, Golden Square.

THE
WIT'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1784.

THE NIGHT-WALKER.

NUMBER V.

IN spite of the fatigue I had undergone, it was near five o'clock before sleep had sealed my eyes. The various thoughts which agitated my bosom during this interval—were it possible to recollect them all—might furnish no bad epitome of human imperfection.

Alas! how little qualified is the most enlightened mortal to judge of every motive which influences the bosom of another! Let us, then, admire virtue, but not blindly—let us censure guilt, but not rashly.

Reader, forget not the close of my last sentence. I am, I confess, truly ashamed of some thoughts which arose in my perturbed bosom; and happy, indeed, art thou, if nothing has ever passed in thy breast for which thou oughtest to be so too: but let the blush rest on thy cheek alone, if—sinner as thou art—already thou hast condemned me; for never yet, when marshalled under the banners of Passion I have in the absence of Reason drawn the destructive sword, has it been sheathed at her return without tears of genuine contrition—and, happily, in the present instance, my watchful guardian arrived before it had quitted the scabbard.

After submitting to her gentle, yet painful chastisement, I soon fell asleep.

It was about ten o'clock when I rose, at the summons of the chambermaid; who told me that breakfast was ready, and that the young lady waited.

On my entering the room, the dear girl rose to receive me; and, I believe, my confusion was very little less than her own. The impulse of Nature, however, directed me to her lips, and I saluted them with a fervency which alarmed her—but her gratitude for-

bade her to complain, and she even endeavoured to check the tremor of her fluttering bosom as I pressed it with ardour to mine.

The repressed fluid glistened in her humid eyes, and her tottering limbs would in a moment have been unable to sustain her: but I led her immediately to her chair, and soon reinstated myself in her confidence.

We had just finished breakfast, and my amiable little ward was beginning to relate such particulars of the preceding night's transactions as had occurred during our separation, when Harry abruptly entered the room; and, with an utterance proportionably hasty, and an aspect of the greatest horror, gave us to understand—for he was incapable of articulating his words—that something very terrible had happened. He was followed by three or four myrmidons of justice, from Bow Street; who, immediately seizing on the poor fellow, surrounded me and my fair charge, and informed us that we were their prisoners.

I told them—though, indeed, I was mistaken—that I was at no loss to account for this daring violation of the laws; but cautioned them against being made the dupes of villainy, however exalted.

The men behaved with more propriety than might have been expected: they observed—and it was true enough—that they only did their duty; and that, if any thing was wrong, those who had employed them, and who were well able to answer any damages, must be accountable for the consequences.

I then called for pen, ink, and paper; and, dispatching a few lines to a barrister of my particular acquaint-

ance, desired him to meet me immediately at Sir John Fielding's.

One of the officers of the police—this, I find, is the modern polite phrase for what the vulgar call simply a thief-taker—now procured us a hackney-coach; and, himself mounting the box with the coachman, he very handsomely desired his companions to walk at some distance, that we might be conveyed to the public dispensary of justice with as few unnecessary attendants as possible.

This was a delicacy which could not be unacceptable to us; and though it is more than probable the chief inducement was a mere mercenary one, I felt myself obliged—and obligation calls for return—and the proper return to make, on such an occasion, is what the party expects—Civility money.

Aptly, indeed, are these words united; since civility almost as effectually procures money, as money procures civility.

The statesman, and the street-sweeper, unacquainted with this maxim, are alike unfit for their respective stations.

The coach stopped, and our escort conducted us into a private room; where, in a few minutes, we were joined by my friend the barrister. His first question was—'What can I have brought you here?' and he was not a little surprized to find me incapable of giving him a direct answer.

It had never once occurred to me that we were seized without any specific charge: and, indeed, being satisfied that the whole business originated with Lady —, and his Grace of —, I was not at all apprehensive for the consequences. I felt that I had done my duty; and, though I knew that the part I had acted was not performed without considerable violence—more, perhaps, than strict legal caution could warrant—the consciousness that the means I had used were barely proportioned to the magnitude of the evil to be redressed, left me very little to dread, and still less to regret.

I had just given my friend all the

information in my power, when we were summoned to attend the bench.

Lady — sat near the chief magistrate; and, on our entrance, fixing her eyes upon me, exclaimed loudly, that I was the villain who had robbed her, and murdered the Duke of —.

It was in vain that I related the simple fact, in exculpation of myself and companions: she resolutely persisted in asserting that we were part of the gang who had stripped her house of every thing valuable—bound and ill-treated her servants—and left the Duke for dead.

These very serious charges alarmed me; and my friend seemed unable to penetrate the mystery. He, however, pledged himself to the magistrates that I was a man of honour; and declared his resolution fully to developé this iniquitous business. He then desired me coolly to recapitulate every transaction within my knowledge, from the instant I first met with the young woman by my side, till the moment in which I was speaking.

When I had concluded my account of every thing which I recollected to have occurred; he desired that her ladyship might be sworn, and began to interrogate her as to the particulars of the robbery.

From her account it appeared, that after what she called the first attack—when the Duke was dangerously wounded, and God knew what feloniously taken away—a violent ringing was heard at the gate; and her servant, imagining the chariot of his Grace was now arrived, imprudently opened it—when five or six masked ruffians rushed in; bound and gagged her coachman; forced their way into the parlour, where the Duke and herself were sitting; and, after seizing his watch, rings, pocket-book, notes, and cash, they beat him in a most inhuman manner, till they left him for dead; bound and ill-used the other servants; and obliged her to deliver up all the money, jewels, plate, and other valuables, in the house, which they carried off with them, to the amount of near five thousand pounds.

She

She added, that she was quite sure both Harry and myself were of the party, as our masks had slipped aside during our struggle with the Duke, and that she particularly recognized my form and features.

One of the magistrates then asked if the young woman accompanied the robbers: to which, with great apparent candour, she replied, that she believed she did; but could not be quite positive, as the person she took to be her, was wrapped up in a man's surt-out, had on a large slouched hat, and was closely masqued. She doubted not, however, that we were all guilty alike; but she would not, for the world, take a false oath.

'Will you, Madam,' said my counsel, 'swear positively to either of the prisoners? Recollect yourself, Madam, before you answer, as it may chance to be very material.'

'I can't swear positively to the young woman; but I am quite sure that Harry, and the other man, were both in the gang.'

'Do you swear positively that this gentleman, my friend, feloniously entered your house, and carried away any part of your property.'

'I do, positively. He was the very person who rifled the Duke's pockets; his mask slipped awry just as his Grace fell, and I saw his face very plainly.'

'Madam, I do not want the particulars: you swear, generally, that my friend actually robbed you?'

'I do.'

'Gentlemen,' said the barrister, addressing himself to the magistrates, 'I think I see through this affair; and I dare say you do so too. But her ladyship is determined to have her revenge on my friend, who has no

'doubt grossly offended her; and she shall for the present be gratified. As the sessions begin in a few days, I do not advise my clients to procure bail; and, the charges being sufficiently positive, you will of course order them to Newgate. In the mean time, I shall take care to attend the Grand Jury, with such witnesses as must effectually substantiate her ladyship's charge—if it be true: but, should it prove otherwise, I hope to make a proper example of one of those flagitious female characters who disgrace, at once, their sex, their country, and human nature.'

Our mittimus was then made out, and my friend accompanied us to Newgate; where his interest with the keeper procured us such accommodations, as left us little more than the name of being prisoners.

The account this worthy barrister gave of the manner in which he meant to proceed, and the assurances we thence derived that the abandoned cause of all the disagreeable effects we had experienced, would be snared in her own toils, raised the spirits of poor Harry, and even tranquillized the bosom of my amiable little charge, who was at first greatly alarmed at the idea of being committed to gaol.

For my own part, I had very early seen what would be the probable event: and, though I had no reason to be depressed with the dread of any serious suffering—I was rather pleased with the hope of effectually defeating the present, and perhaps preventing the future, designs of guilt—than elated with the not disagreeable prospect of obtaining a most severe revenge.

H—.

TRANSMIGRATIONS OF AN EASTERN PRINCE.

BEING a warm admirer of the metempsychosical doctrine of Pythagoras, I was one evening amusing myself with reading the Adventures of a Flea; and, while my passions were

much agitated with the recital, my meditations were disturbed by the discordant strains of two amorous cats, who had chosen a situation near my study, for the scene of their fond dalliance.

liance. Vexed at this unseasonable and ungrateful interruption, I rung my bell, and ordered a servant to remove the teasing animals. He obeyed me in an instant; and, with a heart glowing with every tender and humane sensation, I soon committed myself to the arms of Morpheus.

I had not, however, long enjoyed my slumbers, before Fancy began to exert her mimic power, and to present her train of varied illusions. Things past, present, and future, crowded into my imagination at once, and I was perplexed with a multiplicity of objects; when, methought, a young man of extraordinary beauty entered the room, and waving his hand, demanded my attention.

'I am well acquainted,' said he, 'with the philanthropy of your disposition; and I am convinced it will afford you the highest satisfaction, to find you have unknowingly contributed to my felicity. The sense of gratitude, which must ever fill my bosom, at present impels me to relate the adventures in which I have been engaged: to you, they will no doubt appear very extraordinary; and happy, indeed, shall I esteem myself, if the only return I am able to make you should prove any way acceptable.'

'Know, then, that the first time I assumed the human form, and consequently the era from which I must date my faculty of recollection, was about half a century ago. I was born the heir-apparent of the Rajah of Cananore; and brought up with a tenderness and care to which my expectations entitled me. My early years were spent in acquiring the literature of the East, and in hearing precepts of wisdom and virtue from the best and most enlightened men in my father's court. My youth was chiefly spent in the gratification of those passions to which the customs of that country do not deem it criminal to yield. I was indulged with the most expensive amusements, and was taught to demand them as my due; youth

and beauty voluntarily surrendered themselves into my arms; and my wishes, however extravagant, were generally complied with the instant they were known. In this round of irrational pleasures, I forgot the maxims which had been early taught me; I disregarded the counsel of age, and the dictates of prudence; and attached myself to the juvenile and gay, whose pursuits, and whose pleasures, were similar to my own; and with the contamination of whose vices my soul became every day more base and enfeebled. But repetition soon renders a life of this sort irksome; and, indeed, every pleasure which has not its source in the mind, infallibly palls on the sense. I was not long permitted to indulge in these vicious excesses; the cup had hardly become vapid, when it was at once dashed from my lips.

'The English, who had already possessed themselves of some of the most fertile provinces of Indostan, having heard of the riches of my father's dominions, wanted no other occasion to commence war against him. The most respectful representations of his pacific disposition, and the innocence of his conduct with respect to them, were of no avail: they were bent on war; and I, as heir-apparent, was called to the command of my father's troops, that I might fight for the protection of those dominions over which I was born to reign.

'We met our enemies with a numerous army; but neither our skill nor our courage were by any means equal to theirs: their immoderate thirst of gold made them despise every danger which opposed its acquisition; while we, who were at once enervated with plenty, and wholly untrained to arms, were routed in the very first onset. I was myself wounded, and taken prisoner; and though I was amused by the most flattering promises, and treated with the utmost attention, that I might be induced to make discoveries respecting my paternal wealth,

‘ wealth, death closed my eyes on the
‘ third day after the defeat—and I im-
‘ mediately found myself transform-
‘ ed into an Ape, and ranging the
‘ forests of Madagascar.

‘ In this state of savage solitude, I
‘ had time to reflect on the follies of
‘ my former conduct, and was unable
‘ to deny that my present low rank
‘ in creation had been well de-
‘ served by the turpitude of my past
‘ offences. I avoided as much as
‘ possible the society of those animals
‘ whose form I was doomed to bear;
‘ and, retreating from the thick im-
‘ pervious woods, where prudence
‘ had taught my companions to re-
‘ main, I roved in search of some hu-
‘ man habitation, under the foolish
‘ idea of making my condition known,
‘ and of exciting commiseration for
‘ my fate.

‘ I soon discovered the abodes of
‘ men: but, alas! I still found myself at
‘ a loss for the means of making my
‘ sad story known; and, while I re-
‘ mained in this state of hesitation,
‘ doubt, and despair, the trumpets
‘ began to sound, the hunters appear-
‘ ed, and I fled for the preservation
‘ of life; since, wretched as it was, I
‘ had not sufficient resolution to make
‘ a voluntary surrender of it, lest I
‘ should be consigned to a still more
‘ miserable future existence.

‘ Some of the train, however, having
‘ noticed the course I took, soon made
‘ it known to the rest; and the King
‘ of Madagascar, with his whole
‘ court, now pursued me with the
‘ most determined perseverance. Un-
‘ acquainted with the stratagems
‘ of the species for eluding my un-
‘ pitying pursuers, I set up a hideous
‘ cry, as I fled: my voice led the hun-
‘ ters to their prey; and, in a few
‘ minutes, I was surrounded by men
‘ and dogs, with whose united force
‘ I maintained an unequal combat for
‘ some minutes, when the spear of a
‘ grandee pierced my heart, and gave
‘ me a new existence.

‘ My soul was now infused into a
‘ Sloth, and I opened my eyes in an-
‘ other quarter of the globe. Under

‘ this form, my miseries were unde-
‘ scribable; every effort was attended
‘ with excruciating pain; and I of-
‘ ten envied the lot of my former
‘ companions, whose society I had
‘ till then despised, and whose lives I
‘ had regarded as the summit of infe-
‘ licity. Odious in my form, and in-
‘ capable of an extensive sphere of ac-
‘ tion, I spent three years under this
‘ melancholy transformation; till at
‘ length having ascended a tree, and
‘ consumed all the verdure within
‘ my reach; to save the trouble of
‘ making a wearisome descent, I col-
‘ lected myself into as narrow a com-
‘ pass as possible; and, dropping
‘ from a branch to the ground, un-
‘ fortunately fell on a rattle-snake,
‘ who stung me with a fury which
‘ the hurt it had received naturally
‘ prompted; and, in a few hours, I was
‘ liberated from this most horrible
‘ of lives.

‘ My next transformation was into
‘ an inhabitant of the sky. I was
‘ cloathed with the plumage of the
‘ Albatross, and endowed with all
‘ the instincts natural to that remark-
‘ able race. I was now a denizen
‘ of a purer air, and thought my suf-
‘ ferings were drawing near to a con-
‘ clusion. I congratulated myself
‘ on being emancipated from the
‘ bodies of an Ape and a Sloth; and
‘ formed such ideas of bliss, in my
‘ new state, as I was very eager to
‘ realize. Accordingly, I joined my
‘ feathered companions, and soared
‘ into the immense regions of ether.
‘ Here, it is true, I was free from
‘ danger, and from fear; but the calls
‘ of nature demanded gratifications
‘ which were with difficulty satis-
‘ fied. Continually hovering on the
‘ wing in search of prey, I became
‘ emaciated with fatigue and expec-
‘ tation; and, being regarded as one
‘ of the most formidable enemies of
‘ the winged tribe, our society was
‘ shunned with the most careful cir-
‘ cumpection, and our very sight
‘ dreaded as the certain messenger
‘ of death.

‘ I soon became weary of a life of such
‘ incessant

‘ incessant hunger and fatigue, and almost wished to re-animate even the inactive body of the Sloth. Sleeping, one day, on the bosom of the air, and lowering too near the watery element, I became entangled in the shrouds of a ship, which was navigating the Great South Sea; and, being instantly secured by the watchful mariners, was closely confined, as an object of considerable curiosity in natural history. During the voyage, I was treated with every indulgence, and seemed happy in the exchange I had made; but no sooner had the ship arrived in England, to which country she belonged, than I was consigned to the founder of a celebrated Museum in London; and, either from the change of climate, or the effects of food to which I had been unaccustomed, I soon paid the debt of nature, and my soul was sent to animate the body of a Race-Horse.

‘ I was now treated with a respect almost bordering on adoration; I had servants to attend me, with provisions in abundance; and, under this form, might have been perfectly happy, had not the recollection of my original state rendered me dissatisfied with every condition inferior to that which I originally possessed. I had now reached my third year, and every assiduity was doubled to render my situation more agreeable; but, alas! little did I then know for what purpose. I was, however, soon brought under the menage; and in being broke, as my owner called it, suffered pains inexpressible. No sooner was my education completed, than I was entered to run at Newmarket, and the most extravagant sums were betted on my success. I entered the lists with ardour, lest I should suffer for my ill-success; acclamations attended my course; and every face was filled with admiration at my fleetness. I won the prize; but, in

‘ straining against my formidable opponents, I burst a principal blood-vessel, and fell down at the post in the moment of victory.

‘ My next rank in the scale of existence was that of a Cat; and it was my lot to fall under the protection of a lady of quality in this neighbourhood, remarkable for her attachment to the feline race. Here I enjoyed every pleasure which the choicest viands and attendance could bestow, and rose higher in my mistress's regard than most of her own species; but I was confined to her room, and restraint is always irksome. I found means, however, this evening, to escape from my prison; and, tempted by the charms of your Tabby, was induced to linger beyond the hours of prudence. The servant whom you commissioned to remove me, executed his order with effect: he presently caught me in the dark; and, seeing I was a stranger, had a mind to try an experiment, by wrenching my jaws open, and pouring a glass of brandy down my throat. He had heard that this operation was fatal to our race, and the event has proved that he was not mistaken. I died, in a few minutes, in agonies not to be expressed; and, with ineffable pleasure, found myself once more endued with the human form.

‘ Such have been my adventures; and I entreat you to lay them before the public. If humanity can touch the breasts of your countrymen, if feeling be not totally extinct, they will perhaps commiserate my misfortunes, and learn to prevent evils similar to those which their cruelty has doomed me to experience.’

‘ I was about to congratulate my agreeable intruder on his elevation to his former rank; and, in fancy, eagerly seized his hand. The effort I made was too violent for the silken bands of sleep; I opened my eyes, and the vision was no more.

ESSAY ON IMPUDENCE.

THERE is a certain quality which, though universal consent hath not enrolled it among the cardinal virtues, is often found sufficient of itself, not only to carry it's possessor through the world, but even to carry him to the top of it. It is almost perhaps unnecessary to inform my reader, that the quality I mean is Impudence; so dear is this to one female at least, that it effectually recommends a man to Fortune without the assistance of any other qualification. She seems, indeed, to think with the poet, that—

‘He who hath but Impudence,
‘To all things hath a fair pretence;’

and accordingly provides, that those who want modesty shall want nothing else.

What are the particular ingredients of which this quality is composed, or what temper of mind is best fitted to produce it, is perhaps difficult to ascertain: so far, I think, experience may convince us, that, like some vegetables, it will flourish best in the most barren soil. To say truth, I am almost inclined to an opinion, that it never arrives at any great degree of perfection, unless in a mind totally unincumbered with any virtue, or with any great or good quality whatever. It would indeed seem, that Nature had agreed with Fortune in setting a high value on Impudence; and had accordingly decreed, that those of her children who had received this rich gift at her hands were amply provided for without any other portion.

And, surely, it is not without reason that I call this the gift of Nature; indeed, genius itself is not more so. We may here apply a phrase which the French use on an occasion not so proper to be mentioned, and affirm, That it is not in the power of every man to be impudent who would be so. A man born without any genius may as reasonably hope to be-

come such a poet as Homer, or such a critic as Longinus, as one born without Impudence can pretend, without any merit, to aspire to these characters.

Though nature, however, must give the seeds, art may cultivate them. To improve, or to depress their growth, is greatly within the power of education. To lay down the proper precepts for this purpose, would require a large treatise: it shall suffice to mention only two rules, which may be partly collected from what I have above asserted, and which are of universal use. These are, with the utmost care to suppress and eradicate every seed or principle of what is any way praise-worthy out of the mind; and, secondly, to preserve this in the purest state of ignorance, than which nothing more contributes to the highest perfection and consummation of Impudence: the more a man knows, the more inclined is he to be modest; it is, indeed, within the province only of the highest human knowledge to survey it's own narrow compass.

It may, I think, be predicated in favour of Impudence, that it is the quality which, of all others, we are capable of carrying to the greatest height; so far, indeed, that, did not the strongest force of evidence convince us of the truth of some examples, we should be apt to doubt the possibility of their existence. What but the concurrent testimony of historians, and the indubitable veracity of records, could impel us to believe that there have been men in the world of such astonishing Impudence, as, in opposition to the certain knowledge of many thousands, to take upon themselves to personate kings and princes, as well in their life-time, as after their death? And yet our own, as well as foreign annals, afford us such instances.

But the greatest hero in Impudence, whom perhaps the world ever pro-

duced, appeared in France at the end of the last century. His name was Peter Mege, and he was a common soldier in the marines. This fellow had the assistance only of one who had been a footman to a certain man of quality, called Scipion le Brun De Castellane, Seigneur De Caille et De Rougon, a nobleman who had fled from France to Switzerland to avoid a religious persecution. With this confederate alone, Peter Mege had the amazing impudence to personate the young Seigneur De Caille, who was at that time dead; and this in the life-time of the father, in defiance of all his noble relations, then in possession of his forfeited estate, upon the spot where the young gentleman had lived to the age of twenty-one: and all this without the least resemblance of features, shape, or stature; without being acquainted with any part of the history of him whom he was to represent, or being able to give the least account of any of his family; indeed, without being able to write and read.

But how much more will the reader be surprized to hear, that this most impudent of all attempts succeeded so far as to obtain a sentence in the parliament of Provence in favour of the soldier! And this success would have been final, had not the canton of Bern interposed, and obtained an appeal to the parliament of Paris; where, at last, the impostor was defeated.

To account for all this, and to assuage his reader's astonishment, the very ingenious author of the trial, when he informs us that this impostor was confronted with twenty witnesses who swore to the identity of Peter Mege, and as many more who had been fellow-students with the young nobleman; and who, on their oaths, declared that this Peter was not the person; goes on thus: 'But what was most strange, was the steady countenance of the soldier, which never once betrayed him, nor gave the least symptom of any doubt of his success. It is in vain

to form a project of usurping the name of another, to lay your plan ever so regularly and systematically, if you do not provide yourself with a stock of Impudence to support every attack to which you may be exposed. In such an attempt, the forehead must be furnished as well without as within: more, indeed, will depend on the outside; for it is the steadiness of the front, hardness, or downright audacity, which impose on mankind the most, and make amends for all defects in the understanding. The soldier had made many blunders; but his invincible assurance repaired all, and brought over even his enemies to his side.' And, to say truth, I know scarce any thing to which such a degree of assurance is not equal.

This attempt, indeed, of personating who you are not, seems to be attended with too great difficulties; and to succeed in it, is perhaps beyond the power of Impudence: we are not, therefore, to wonder that all the heroes in this way have been unsuccessful. In fact, we ought to fix our whole attention on the undaunted Impudence of engaging in such a design, and not to suffer the defeat to lessen our admiration; but to say of such a hero, with Ovid—

—*Si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.*

But if, in personating the *who*, impudence is found unequal to the task; in personating *what* we are not, is almost sure to come off triumphant. Here, I believe, the undertaker seldom fails but through his own fault; that is, by not being impudent enough.

My Lord Bacon advises a modest man to shelter his vices under those virtues to which they are the nearest allied. The avaricious man, he would have to affect frugality; the extravagant, liberality; and so of the rest. Now the reverse of this should be the rule of our impudent man. If you are a blockhead, my friend, be sure to commence writer; and if entirely illiterate, be sure to pretend

to learning. If you are a coward, be a bully, and always talk of feats of bravery: if, again, you are a beggar, boast of your riches. In short, whatever vice or defect you have, set up for it's opposite virtue or endowment: and if you are possessed of every ill quality, you may assert your title to every good one.

The last species of Impudence which I shall mention, is, to assert openly and boldly what you really are, let this be ever so bad. Own your vices, and be proud of them; and in time, perhaps, you may laugh virtue out of countenance, and bring

your vices into fashion. This, however, is a little unsafe to attempt, unless you are very sure of yourself, and of the degree of Impudence which you possess. A modest woman may be a whore: but, to behave with indecency in public; indeed, to throw off all that would recommend a woman to a vicious man of sense and taste; to shew, as De Roty says of a court-lady, not the least sense of virtue in the practice of every vice; this requires the highest degree of Impudence; that degree, indeed, which is inconsistent with every great or good quality whatever.

INFLUENCE OF THE EYES.

HAVING in a former Essay set forth the valuable privileges and prerogatives of the Ear, I should be very much wanting to another material part of our composition, if I did not do justice to the Eyes, and shew the influence they either have, or ought to have, in Great Britain.

While the Eyes of my countrymen were in a great measure the part that directed, the whole people saw for themselves; seeing was called believing; and was a sense so much trusted to, that the Eyes of the body and those of the mind were, in speaking, indifferently made use of for one another: but I am sorry to say that the case is now greatly altered; and I observe with concern an epidemical blindness, (or, at least, a general weakness and distrust of the Eyes) scattered over this whole kingdom; from which we may justly apprehend the worst consequences.

This observation must have, no doubt, occurred to all who frequent public places; who, instead of seeing so many Eyes employed, as usual, either in looking at one another, or in viewing attentively the object that brings them there, we find them modestly delegating their faculty to glasses of all sorts and sizes to see for them. I remarked this more particularly at an opera I was at the be-

ginning of this winter, where Polypheme was almost the only person in the house that had two Eyes; the rest had but one apiece, and that a glass one.

As I cannot account for this general decay of our optics from any natural cause, not having observed any alteration in our climate or manner of living considerable enough to have brought so suddenly upon us this universal short-sightedness, I cannot but entertain some suspicions that these pretended helps to the sight are rather deceptions of it, and the inventions of wicked and designing persons to represent objects in that light, shape, size, and number, in which it is their inclination or interest to have them beheld. I shall communicate to the public the grounds of my suspicion.

The honest plain spectacles and reading-glasses were formerly the refuge only of aged and decayed Eyes; they accompanied grey hairs; and, in some measure, shared their respect; they magnified the object a little, but still they represented it in it's true light and figure: whereas, now, the variety of refinements upon this first useful invention have persuaded the youngest, the strongest, and the finest Eyes in the world, out of their faculty; and convinced them that, for the true

discerning of objects, they must have recourse to some of these artificial mediums: nay, into such disrepute is the natural sight now fallen, that we may observe, while one Eye is employed in the glass, the other is carefully covered with the hand, or painfully shut, not without shocking distortions of the countenance.

It is very well known, that there are not above half a dozen eminent operators for these portable or pocket-Eyes, and that they engross that whole business. Now, as these persons are neither of them people of quality, who are always above such infamous and dirty motives, it is not unreasonable to suppose that they may be liable to a pecuniary influence; nor, consequently, is it improbable that an administration should think it worth it's while, even at a large expence, to secure those few that are to see for the bulk of the whole nation. This, surely, deserves our attention.

It is most certain, that great numbers of people already see objects in a very different light from what they were ever seen in before by the naked and undeluded Eye, which can only be ascribed to the misrepresentations of some of these artificial mediums; of which I shall enumerate the different kinds that have come to my knowledge.

The Looking-Glass, which, for many ages, was the minister and counsellor of the fair-sex, has now greatly extended it's jurisdiction: every body knows that that glass is backed with quicksilver, to hinder it from being diaphanous; so that it stops the beholder, and presents him again to himself. Here his views centre all in himself; and dear self alone is the object of his contemplations. This kind of glass, I am assured, is now the most common of any, especially among people of distinction; inasmuch that nine in ten of the glasses that we daily see levelled at the public are in reality not diaphanous, but agreeably return the looker to himself, while his attention seems to be employed upon others.

The Reflecting Telescope has of late gained ground considerably, not only among the ladies, who chiefly view one another through that medium, but has even found it's way into the cabinets of princes; in both which cases it suggests reflections to those who before were not apt to make many.

The Microscope, or Magnifying-Glass, is an engine of dangerous consequence, though much in vogue; it swells the minutest object to a most monstrous size, heightens the deformity, and even deforms the beauties of nature. When the finest hair appears like a tree, and the finest pore like an abyss, what disagreeable representations may it exhibit, and what fatal mistakes may it mutually occasion, between the two sexes! Nature has formed all objects for that point of view in which they appear to the naked Eye; their perfection lessens in proportion as they leave that point; and many a Venus would cease to appear one, even to her lover, were she, by the help of a microscope, to be viewed in the ambient cloud of her insensible perspiration. I bar Mrs. Osborne's returning my microscope upon me, since I leave her in quiet possession of the spectacles, and even of the reading-glasses, if she can make use of them.

There is another kind of glass now in great use, which is the Oblique-Glass; whose tube, levelled in a straight line at one object, receives another in at the side, so that the beholder seems to be looking at one person, while another entirely engrosses his attention. This is a notorious engine of treachery and deceit; and yet, they say, it is for the most part made use of by ministers to their friends, and ladies to their husbands.

The Smoked-Glass, that darkens even the lustre of the sun, must of course throw the blackest dye upon all other objects. This, though the most infernal invention of all, is far from being unpractised: and I knew a gentlewoman who, in order to keep her husband at home, and in her own power,

power, had his whole house glazed with it; so that the poor gentleman shut up his door, and neither went abroad, nor let any body in, for fear of conversing, as he thought, with so many devils.

The dangers that may one day threaten our constitution in general, as well as particular persons, from the variety of these mischievous inventions, are so obvious, that they hardly need to be pointed out: however, as my countrymen cannot be too much warned against them, I shall hint at those that terrify me the most.

Suppose we should ever have a short-fighted prince on the throne, though otherwise just, brave, and wise; who can answer for his glass-grinder? and, consequently, who can tell through what medium, and in what light, he may view the most important objects? Or who can answer for the persons that are to take care of his glasses, and present them to him upon occasion? May not they change them, and slip a wrong one upon him, as their interest may require; and thus magnify, lessen, multiply, deform, or blacken, as they think proper; nay, and by means of the oblique-glass above-mentioned, shew him even one object for another? Where would the Eye of the master be then? Where would be that Eye divinely deputed to watch over us, but shrunk and contracted within the narrow circle of a deceitful tube?

On the other hand, should future parliaments, by the arts of a designing minister, with the help of a corrupted glass-grinder, have delusive and perverse glasses slipped upon them, what might they see—or what might they not see? Nobody can tell! I am sure every body ought to fear they might possibly behold a numerous standing army in time of peace, as an inoffensive and pleasing object; nay, as a security to our liberties and properties. They might see our riches increase by new debts, and our trade by high duties; and they might look upon the corrupt surrender of their own power to the crown, as the

best protection of the rights of the people. Should this ever happen to be the case, we may be sure it must be by the interposition of some strange medium; since these objects were never viewed in this light by the naked and unassisted Eyes of our ancestors.

In this general consideration there is a particular one that affects me more than all the rest, as the consequence of it would be the worst. There is a body of men who, by the wisdom and for the happiness of our constitution, make a considerable part of our parliament; all, or at least most of these venerable persons, are by great age, long study, or a low mortified way of living, reduced to have recourse to glasses: now, should their mediums be abused, and political translatives ones be slipped upon them, what scandal would their innocent but misguided conduct bring upon religion; and what joy would it give, at this time particularly, to the dissenters? Such as, I am sure, no true member of our church can think of without horror. I am the more apprehensive of this from the late revival of an art that flourished with idolatry, and that had expired with it; I mean the staining of glass. That medium which throws strange and various colours upon all objects, was formerly sacred to our churches; and consequently may, for aught I know, in the intended revival of our true church discipline, be thought a candidate worthy of favour and reception; and so a stained medium be established as the true, orthodox, and canonical one.

I have found it much easier to point out the mischiefs I apprehend, than the means of obviating or remedying them; though I have turned it every way in my thoughts.

To have a certain number of persons appointed to examine and license all the glasses that should be used in this kingdom, would be lodging so great a trust in those persons, that the temptations to betray it would be exceedingly great too; and it is to be feared that people of quality would

not

not take the trouble of it; so that,
Quis custodiat ipsos custodes?

I once thought of proposing, that a committee of both houses of parliament should be vested with that power; but I immediately laid that aside, for reasons which I am not obliged to communicate to the public.

At last, despairing to find out any legal method that should prove effectual, I resolved to content myself with an earnest exhortation to all my country-folks, of whatsoever rank or sex, to see with their own Eyes, or not see at all; blindness being preferable to error.

See, then, with your own Eyes, ye Princes; though weak and dim, they will still give you a fairer and truer representation of objects than you will ever have by the interposition of any medium whatsoever. Your subjects are placed in the proper point

of view for your natural sight: viewing them in that point, you will see that your happiness consists in theirs; your greatness in their riches; and your power in their affections!

See, likewise, with your own Eyes, ye People; and reject all proffered mediums: view even your princes with your natural sight; the true rays of majesty are friendly to the weakest Eye; or, if they dazzle and scorch, it is owing to the interposition of burning-glasses. Destroy those pernicious mediums, and you will be pleased with the sight of one another!

In short, let the natural Eyes retrieve their credit, and resume their power; we shall then see things as they really are; which must end in the confusion of those whose hopes and interests are founded upon misrepresentations and deceit.

LETTER

FROM A SUCCESSFUL ADVENTURER IN THE LOTTERY.

YOU will not be at all surprized when I tell you, that I have had very ill luck in the Lottery; but you will stare when I farther tell you, it is because, unluckily, I have got a considerable prize in it. I received the glad tidings of my misfortune last Saturday night from the newspaper; when, on looking over the list of the prizes, as I got behind my pipe at the club, I found that my ticket was come up a 2000!. In the pride as well as joy of my heart, I could not help proclaiming to the company my good luck, as I then foolishly thought it; and as the company thought it too, by insisting that I should treat them that evening. Friends are never so merry, nor stay longer, than when they have nothing to pay: they never care, too, how extravagant they are on such an occasion. Bottle after bottle was therefore called for; and that, too, of claret, though not one of us, I believe, but had rather have had port. In

short, I reeled home as well as I could, about four in the morning; when, thinking to pacify my wife, who began to rate me, as usual, for staying out so long, I told her the occasion of it; but, instead of rejoicing, as I thought she would, she cried—'Pish! only two thousand pounds!' However, she was at last reconciled to it, taking care to remind me, that she had chosen the ticket herself; and she was all along sure it would come up a prize, because the number was an odd one. We neither of us got a wink of sleep, though I was heartily inclined to it; for my wife kept me awake, by telling me of this, that, and t'other thing, which she wanted, and which she would now purchase, as we could afford it.

I know not how the news of my success spread so soon among my other acquaintance, except that my wife told it to every one she knew, or knew not, at church. The consequence was, that I had no less than seven

seven very hearty friends come to dine with us, by way of wishing us joy; and the number of the hearty friends was increased to above a dozen by supper-time. It is very kind in one's friends to be willing to partake of one's success: they made themselves very merry, literally at my expence; and, at parting, told me they would bring some more friends, and have another jolly evening with me on this happy occasion.

When they were gone, I made shift to get a little rest, though I was often disturbed by my wife's talking in her sleep. Her head, it seems, literally ran upon wheels; that is, the Lottery-wheels: she frequently called out that she had got the ten thousand pounds; she muttered several wild and incoherent expressions about gowns, and ruffles, and ear-rings, and necklaces; and I once heard her mention the word Coach. In the morning, when I got up, how was I surprized to find my good fortune published to all the world in the newspaper! though I could not but smile (and Madam was greatly pleased) at the printer's exalting me to the dignity of Esquire, having been nothing but plain Mr. all my life before. And now the misfortunes arising from my good fortune began to pour in thick upon me. In consequence of this information given in the newspaper, we were no sooner sat down to breakfast, than we were complimented with a rat-a-tattoo from the drums, as if we had been just married: after these had been silenced by the usual method, another band of music saluted us with a peal from the marrow-bones and cleavers to the same tune. I was harrassed the whole day with petitions from the hospital-boys who drew the ticket, and the clerks of the office where I bought the ticket; all of them praying, that my honour would consider them. I should be glad you would inform me what these people would have given me if I had had a blank?

My acquaintance in general called

to know when they should wait upon me to wet my good fortune. My own relations, and my wife's relations, came in such shoals to congratulate me, that I hardly knew the faces of many of them. One insisted on my giving a piece of plate to his wife; another recommended to me to put his little boy (my two-and-fortieth cousin) out apprentice; another, lately white-washed, proposed to me my setting him up again in business; and several of them very kindly told me, they would borrow three or four hundred pounds of me, as they knew I could now spare it.

My wife, in the mean time, you may be sure, was not idle in contriving how to dispose of this new acquisition. She found out, in the first place, (according to the complaint of most women) that she had not got a gown to her back, at least not one fit for her now to appear in. Her wardrobe of linen was no less deficient; and she discovered several chasms in our furniture, especially in the articles of plate and china. She is also determined to see a little pleasure, as she calls it; and has actually made a party to go to the next opera. Now, in order to supply these immediate wants and necessities, she has prevailed on me (though at a great loss) to turn the prize into ready-money; which I durst not refuse her, because the number was her own chusing: and she has farther persuaded me, as we have had such good luck, to lay out a great part of the produce in purchasing more tickets, all of her own chusing. To me it is indifferent which way the money goes; for, upon my making out the balance, I already find I shall be a loser by my gains: and all my fear is, that one of the tickets may come up a five thousand or ten thousand. I am,

Your very humble Servant,
JEFFREY CHANCE.

P. S. I am just going to club. I hope they will not desire me to treat them again.

BLESSED

BLESSED EFFECTS OF MATRIMONIAL SPIRIT.

THE word Spirit, in matrimonial cases, is understood to mean resentment; and, in domestic bickerings, signifies, in plain English, that—
 ‘ If my husband calls me names, I will
 ‘ spit in his face; if he throws the
 ‘ china out of the window, I will send
 ‘ the looking-glass after it; if he is
 ‘ extravagant abroad, I will not be a
 ‘ saving fool at home; and, as he
 ‘ keeps a wench, my cousin shall come
 ‘ and see me!’

Revenge is sweet, it is said; and this may be a sweet revenge: but is revenge a proper habit for a lady to appear in? Surely no! Tendernefs, softnefs, mildnefs, are their characteristics: to those graces it is we offer up our admiration; but when they relinquish those attractions, our respect ceases, and the power they had over us becomes forfeited. Is it not pity they should part with their prerogative to indulge themselves in the basest of all the passions, revenge? Nay, what is still more to be lamented, the quarrels between husband and wife are mostly begun from trifles; and continued on each side from that mistaken notion of keeping up a Spirit, till they end at last in irreparable misfortunes. These reflections were occasioned by the following epistle.

‘ SIR,

‘ **O**NE night, being invited, with
 ‘ my husband, to a christening
 ‘ in the neighbourhood, he began to
 ‘ be vastly complaisant to a very
 ‘ homely woman who sat by him. It
 ‘ hurt me a little: but, to shew him
 ‘ I had some Spirit left, I immediately
 ‘ began to coquet it with a
 ‘ gentleman who was seated by me.
 ‘ My husband, I saw, was piqued at
 ‘ it; but I resolved not to give it up
 ‘ first: and we kept thus teasing one
 ‘ another throughout the evening.
 ‘ A party of pleasure was proposed
 ‘ next day to Richmond. My husband
 ‘ approved of it; but I refused to
 ‘ make one; however, he and his dul-

‘ cinea went without me; and the
 ‘ gentleman, with whom I had been
 ‘ over-night rather two full of Spi-
 ‘ rits, waited upon me next day to
 ‘ pay me a visit.

‘ From my last night’s behaviour,
 ‘ he began to be rather too familiar;
 ‘ but I honestly discovered to him the
 ‘ reason that I appeared so over-
 ‘ night. This made him be as in-
 ‘ genuous in his conversation with
 ‘ me; and he confessed to me that my
 ‘ husband was privy to his making
 ‘ me this visit, and that he intended
 ‘ to keep the lady he went out of
 ‘ town with all night in such a bag-
 ‘ nio; and that this gentleman was
 ‘ sent here by my husband’s scheme.
 ‘ I was so shocked to think that I
 ‘ should be used as a sort of tool in
 ‘ the affair, as a screen only, that I
 ‘ was resolved to be revenged of my
 ‘ husband; and promised the gentle-
 ‘ man, if he would carry me to where
 ‘ my husband and mistress were to be
 ‘ at night, so that I might detect
 ‘ them without being discovered my-
 ‘ self, he should see that I would be-
 ‘ have as a woman of Spirit ought
 ‘ to do.

‘ I saw my ungrateful wretch and
 ‘ his impudent creature together: I
 ‘ was convinced. I had, indeed, so-
 ‘ lemnly promised my conductor that
 ‘ I would not make any outrage;
 ‘ and, to shew him I could keep my
 ‘ word, and had a proper Spirit of
 ‘ resentment, I retired, without ut-
 ‘ tering even a single reproach.

‘ I shall not mention any more of
 ‘ my unhappy history—save this, that
 ‘ I made shift in the morning to be
 ‘ at home two hours before my hus-
 ‘ band; and, from having taken up
 ‘ a Spirit of resentment, I next ac-
 ‘ quired a Spirit of dissembling. I
 ‘ met him with a great deal of af-
 ‘ fected ease; complaining because
 ‘ he had staid out so late; and from
 ‘ that time, from his answers, began
 ‘ heartily to despise him.

‘ We soon parted beds; and, from
 ‘ one

‘gallant was obliged to ship himself
‘as a soldier for the West Indies;
‘my husband is a common porter
‘now in a market; and our three
‘fine children all died in the work-
‘house: and all this happened be-
‘cause I was determined to shew a pro-
‘per Spirit!’

' Pray send me the Ax re Latin to Augustus Peas.'

sunk into the hands of a lower class of people, so within that time also the power of a Justice hath rose and been proportionably increased.

Gentlemen of honour and fortune, in their several counties, used to be appointed, and thought it no disgrace to act as Justices; but since faction hath shed it's baneful influence, and every thing hath been carried by the current of corruption; since party-zeal, and a ready subserviency to ministerial measures, have been thought the most necessary qualifications for a magistrate; and since a lower set of people, as being properest for such sinister purposes, have been advanced to the seat of justice; gentlemen of honour and fortune have, in general, not caring for such work, or such company, declined acting. And it is very remarkable that, as within that period the general administration of Justice throughout the kingdom hath

Methought I saw his worship, Augustus Peas, sitting in an elbow-chair, at the head of a long table, with a book, pen, ink, and paper, thereon, and a group of people, men and women, attending at the lower end thereof; when his worship bade a boy step to the stable, and tell John Scrub to come immediately: John, with his short cropt hair and dirty frock, presently came in, took his seat by his worship, and laid hold of the pen and ink. Then Mr. Augustus, with great solemnity, said—
 ‘ Master Coustable, what defence hath
 ‘ been committed? What crime hath
 ‘ been disturbed? And how hath his
 ‘ Majesty’s peas been broke and vin-
 ‘ dicated?’

Constable. ' An please your ho-
3 G ' nout's

'nour's worship, here is one Mary Blabtruth hath lost a smock; and says that Dorothy Lightfinger hath stolen it: an so, an please you, I have brought them both before your worship.'

Mr. Augustus. 'A smock stolen! Why, that's downright forjury by law. Bring the complainant, Dorothy Lightfinger, before me.'

Const. 'This is the woman, an please your worship.'

Mr. August. 'Hussy! how came you to have the fire of God before your eyes, and steal the woman's smock? You are an equitous baggage, and will be hang'd!'

Dor. Lightf. 'An please your Worship, I did not steal her smock.'

Mr. August. 'Why how now! here's the woman confesses she did not steal the smock. Where's the defendant, Mary Blabtruth?'

Const. 'Here she is, an please your worship.'

Mr. August. 'How came you to discharge Dorothy Lightfinger with stealing your smock? for she denies her innocence of it.'

Mary Blab. 'An please your worship, my smock was hanging on a gooseberry-bush in the garden, and I saw Dorothy Lightfinger take it off with my own eyes.'

Dor. Lightf. 'An please your worship, there's no belief in what she says; for—'

Mr. August. 'Peas, woman! peas! I forbid you to hold your tongue!'

Mary Blab. 'Indeed, an please your worship, what I say is true: I looked through the kitchen-window, and saw her take it; for I was, at that very time, frying bacon for my husband's dinner.'

Mr. August. 'Frying bacon, woman! Was you frying bacon?'

Mary Blab. 'Yes, an please your worship, and some cabbage, for my husband's dinner; he desired me.'

Mr. August. 'Where is this woman's husband?'

Tho. Blab. 'Here, an please your worship.'

Mr. August. 'Did you desire your wife to fry bacon for your dinner?'

Tho. Blab. 'Yes, an please your worship, with some cabbage.'

Mr. August. 'Here's a plot found out! Here's a miscovery! Why, frying bacon is a high misdammer by law; and you shall both go to the girlhouse, and be hanged!—Master Constable, take them into cursetoday.—And do you, John Scrub, make out their mittamouse; for they shall go to gaol this instance!'

Const. 'What would your worship please to have done with Dorothy Lightfinger?'

Mr. August. 'O charge her, and let her go about her baseness.'

Methought John made out the mittimus, and the constable carried off the bacon-fryers, and the rest of the company were sent away; and while I was wondering what his worship could mean by committing the man and his wife for frying bacon, the scene changed, and a court of judicature, with all it's formalities, presented itself: the judge was sitting on the bench, and a numerous body of black gowns, and others, attending; and Mr. Augustus Peas came into court, and seated himself not far from his lordship; when the trial of Thomas and Mary Blabtruth, for frying bacon, was called. 'For frying bacon!' quoth the judge. 'What is the meaning of this? I never heard that frying bacon was a crime, or against law, before! Who committed these persons?'

Mr. August. 'I committed them, my lord; it is against law, and a high misdammer.'

Judge. 'Pray, Mr. Justice, shew me that law; for I never heard of such a one in all my life.'

Mr. August. 'Here is the book, my lord, and here is the place!' giving the book to his lordship. The Judge, having cast his eye upon the page, burst out into a loud laugh; and, with much ado for laughing, acquainted the court, that the law, which Mr. Augustus had taken to be against frying bacon, was that against firing a beacon; which put the whole court into such a loud 'Ha, ha!' as awaked me.

ADDRESS TO THE GOOD PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

AND really, a good sort of people ye are, when ye are pleased. The task is not difficult to bring ye into good-humour, neither; but I defy all the artists in Europe to keep you so.

Ye love to find fault; nay, to make faults: and, if you cannot quarrel with your neighbours, you will fall out with yourselves; like the greyhound, who used to grow angry at his own tail.

You may say that I am guilty of injustice; and that ye are affable, humane, friendly, charitable, social, sweet-tempered, self-denying, beings: if every person was to draw his own picture, the pen-and-ink portrait would appear so; but I, who have looked upon life for above twenty years, as an unconcerned spectator of all the fantasticalness with which mankind have fatigued themselves—to me ye appear selfish, stubborn, querulous, conceited, discontented, existences; and ever enjoy more than ye deserve; yet are daily wishing for more enjoyments, and to do less to deserve them.

I dined yesterday at Mr. Fineer's; and his eldest son being introduced, according to the ancient family custom of shewing the visitors how much wit the heir has, one of the guests addressed his papa with—'I suppose, Sir, you will bring master up to your own business.'—'Bring him up to be a hangman, rather!' was the parent's answer. 'No, no; he shall never be brought up to work all his life-time for nothing, as I have done.' And yet this person has gained, by his own industry and success in trade, upwards of four thousand pounds. But thus it is; we covet to enjoy still more than we do, and want still to do less for it.

Epictetus says, mankind are dissatisfied; Seneca says, they are discontented: and this is what, both before and since Seneca, every person has been saying, who could say any thing.

With your leave, good people, I will present you with a couple of characters; as it is common for those who suppose themselves to be artists, to exhibit specimens of their performances, I offer these, with submission; and tell me, if you please, how you like them.

They are sketches of a Farmer and a Hop-planter.

In the harvest season, that particular month of Providence's bounty, when all the animal creation appears chearfully industrious, and we may even fancy approaching winter to bear a smile on his weather-worn wrinkles, when he views the store that is gathering in to comfort him, while he visits us; yet, even then, congratulate the Farmer on the noble prospect of his well-covered acres, he will shake his head; and, between a sigh and a grunt, he will answer you with—'Ah, but the straw is short!'

If the straw is long, then he will tell you there is no substance in the grain.

If there is but an indifferent crop, he laments that it will not pay the expence of housing and thrashing.

If a plentiful crop, then he grumbles, corn will be so cheap, it will not be worth carrying to market.

Just so the Hop-planter: he rises, lifts up the sash, and looks over the horizon; if the morning happens to be cloudy, he pulls down the window with an oath, saying—'It will rain to-day, and all the blossoms will be washed off!'

If there should be a pleasant air abroad, then the poles will be all blown down.

If the sun shines, 'O Lord! the plants will be burned up.'

If it is a close, dry day, without much sun-shine, or wind, then he wishes for rain to destroy the vermin, or else they will eat all the buds up.

The reader, who neither owns hop-grounds, nor rents corn-lands, will wonder how these persons can be so discontented. Yet it is an even bett, that those who seem to be amazed at such grumblers, are as dissatisfied themselves: the symptoms of the distemper may be different, but the disease is the same in almost all.

Half the cure is supposed to be performed when the physician knows the patient's disorder. Indeed, my good people, neighbours, countrymen, and choice spirits, I do know, *bonâ fide*, that you are disordered, and know what your disorder is; nay, would prescribe for you, but imagine my medicines will be thrown away.

Suppose I order you a few grains of self-knowledge, half a drachm of patience, and a scruple of self-denial mixed up with a tea-spoonful of the syrup of humanity, will any of you take such an electuary? Ye might taste it, indeed, for the novelty's sake; but I will bett a handful of integrity, against all court ceremonies, that ye spit it out again.

Folly has thrown your heads into hysterics; and I will lay opinion against common-sense, which are the greatest odds that can be offered, not one man in many dozens knows what is the matter with himself.

Last week I called on an old acquaintance: his lady told me, her spouse was disturbed and disordered at something, she could not tell for what; and that she was happy at my calling, because she hoped I would get him into spirits again.

I went to him into his study: there he sat, discontented as an undone gamester. I took him by the hand, and enquired if he was ill. He replied that, thank God, he enjoyed as good a state of health as any man in the world. I desired to know if his affairs were any way complicated,

which might make him uneasy. His reply was—'Sir, I do not owe any person a shilling; and my income greatly exceeds my out-sets.'—'I hope, Sir, no words have happened betwixt your lady and you?'—'There is not a better woman breathing, Sir; and we live in continued harmony.'—'How does your daughter, Sir?'—'Married, Sir, as happy as I am.'—'Your son at college?'—'My son, Sir, contributes to my happiness; I hear every body praise him.'—'What, then, Sir, can you be uneasy about?'—'See, there, Sir!' my friend replied, raising his voice at the same time, and pulling some printed papers out of his pocket. 'There, Sir! read there! There is the Gazetteer, and the General, and the Ledger, and the Herald, and the Chronicle, and the Morning Post. Who can enjoy themselves when we read such terrible accounts as they give us; not only of the government, but also of themselves? Mercy upon us! but we are a bought-and-fold nation!'

With some difficulty I persuaded him to come into company again, and once more be himself; and let the study of politicks alone to those who loved to be imposed upon.

I told him, all that a man of sense ought to do, was to conform to the laws of God and his country; to take things as they were; use them as they should be; act with as much integrity to mankind as the customs of the world would suffer; and, independent and contented, enjoy the pleasures of domestic society; and wait with patience for that awful, that all-interesting event, when empire breaks his sceptre, and beauty ceases to be amiable; when faction is dissipated, the phantom of pride vanished, and all worldly distinction buried in a death-bed dissolution.

GENUINE WILL OF A VIRTUOSO.

I Nicholas Gimerack, being in sound health of mind, but in great weakness of body, do, by this my last Will and Testament, beflow my worldly goods and chattels in manner following.

Imprimis, To my dear wife—

One box of butter-flies.

One drawer of beads.

A female skeleton.

A dried cockatrice.

Item, To my daughter Elizabeth—

My receipt for preserving dead caterpillars.

As also my preparations of winter May-dew, and embryo-pickle.

Item, To my little daughter Fanny—

Three crocodiles eggs.

And upon the birth of her first child, if she marries with her mother's consent—

The nest of an humming bird.

Item, To my eldest brother, as an acknowledgment for the lands he has vested in my son Charles, I bequeath—

My last year's collection of grasshoppers.

Item, To his daughter Susanna, being his only child, I bequeath my—

English weeds pasted on royal paper.
With my large folio of Indian cabbage.

Item, To my learned and worthy friend, Dr. Johannes Elserickius, professor in Anatomy, and my associate in the studies of nature, as an eternal

monument of my affection and friendship for him, I bequeath

My rat's testicles, and

Whale's penis,

To him and his issue male; and in default of such issue in the said Dr. Elserickius, then to return to my executor and heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my nephew Isaac, by making over to him some years since—

A horned scarabæus,

The skin of a rattle-snake, and

The mummy of an Egyptian king,

I make no farther provision for him in this my Will.

My eldest son John, having spoken disrespectfully of his little sister, whom I keep by me in spirits of wine, and in many other instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do disinherit, and wholly cut off from any part of this my personal estate, by giving him a single Cockle-shell.

To my second son Charles, I give and bequeath all my flowers, plants, minerals, mosses, shells, pebbles, fossils, beetles, butterflies, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and vermin, not above specified: as also all my monsters both, wet and dry; making the said Charles whole and sole executor of this my last Will and Testament; he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid legacies within the space of six months after my decease. And I do hereby revoke all other Wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

CHARACTERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. SAMUEL BUTLER,

AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

XXXI.

A JUSTICE OF PEACE

IS one that has a patent for his wit, and understands by commission, in which his wife and his clerk are of the quorum. He is judge of the peace, but has nothing to do with

it until it is broken; and then his business is to patch it up again. His occupation is to keep the peace, but he makes it keep him; and lives upon the scraps of it, as those he commits do on the common basket. The constable is his factor, and the gaoler the keeper of his warehouse; and rogues, bayds,

bawds, and thieves, his goods. He calls taking of pigs and capons taking of bail; and they pass with him for substantial house-keepers. Of these he takes security, that the delinquent shall answer it before the sessions, that is, before the court sits next, otherwise forfeiture of recognizance is sure to rise up in judgment. He binds men over, as highwaymen do, to untie their purses, and then leaves them to unbind themselves again; or rather as surgeons do, to let their purses bleed. He makes his commission a patent, that no man shall set up any sin without licence from him. He knows no virtue, but that of his commission; for all his business is with vice, in which he is so expert, that he can commit one sin instead of another, as bribery for bawdery, and perjury for breach of the peace. He uses great care and moderation in punishing those who offend regularly, by their calling, as residentiary bawds, and incumbent pimps, that pay parish-duties—shopkeepers, that use constant false weights and measures, these he rather prunes, that they may grow the better, than disables; but is very severe to hawkers and interlopers, that commit iniquity on the bye. He interprets the statutes, as fanatics do the Scripture, by his own spirit; and is most expert in the cases of light-bread, highways, and getting of bastards. His whole authority is like a Welsh-hook; for his warrant is a puller to her, and his mittimus a thrust-her from her. He examines bawdy circumstances with singular attention, and files them up for the entertainment of his friends, and improvement of the wit of the family. Whatsoever he is else, he is sure to be a squire, and bears arms the first day he bears office; and has a more indubitate and apparent title to worship, than any other person. If he be of the long robe, he is more busy and pragmatcal on the bench than a secular justice; and, at the sessions, by his prerogative, gives the charge, which puts him to the ex-

pence of three Latin sentences, and as many texts of Scripture; the rest is all of course. He sells good behaviour; and makes those that never had any buy it of him at so much a dose, which they are bound to take off in six months, or longer, as their occasions require. He is apt to mistake the sense of the law, as when he sent a zealous botcher to prison for sewing sedition, and committed a mountebank for raising the market, because he set up his bank in it. Much of his business and ability consist in the distributive justice of disposing of bastards, before they are born, to the right proprietors, that no parish may be wronged, and forced to pay for more fornication than they have had occasion for. Next to this, he does his country signal service in the judicious and mature legitimization of tipling-houses, that the subject be not imposed upon with illegal and arbitrary ale. At the sessions his recognizances appear, or hide their heads, according as his wife and clerk have found the bill; for delinquents, like aldermen, that fine for't, are excused; otherwise they must stand and bear office in the court, though it be but to be whipped, or set in the pillory. If he be of the quorum, he is a double justice; and ought, like a double jug, to hold as much as two simple ones: but if he hap to be empty, and out of justice in any business, he is not at home; or not at leisure, and so the matter is transmitted to the next in capacity. His conscience is never troubled for his own sins, especially those of commission, (which he takes to be but the privilege of his place) for he finds it is business enough for one man to have to do with those of others.

XXXII.

AN ALDERMAN

HAS taken his degree in cheating, and the highest of his faculty; or paid for refusing his mandamus. He is a peer of the city, and a member of their upper-house; who,

who, as soon as he arrives at so many thousand pounds, is bound by the charter to serve the public with so much understanding, what shift soever he make to raise it, and wear a chain about his neck like a rein-deer, or in default to commute, and make satisfaction in ready-money, the best reason of the place; for which he has the name only, like a titular prince, and is an Alderman-extraordinary. But if his wife can prevail with him to stand, he becomes one of the city-supporters; and, like the unicorn in the King's Arms, wears a chain about his neck very right-worshipfully. He wears scarlet, as the whore of Babylon does; not for her honesty, but the rank and quality she is of among the wicked. When he sits as a judge in his court, he is absolute, and uses arbitrary power; for he is not bound to understand what he does, nor render an account why he gives judgment on one side rather than another; but his will is sufficient to stand for his reason, to all intents and purposes. He does no public business without eating and drinking; and never meets about matters of importance, but the cramming his inside is the most weighty part of the work of the day. He dispatches no public affair until he has thoroughly dined upon it, and is fully satisfied with quince-pye and custard: for men are wiser, the Italians say, after their bellies are full, than when they are fasting; and he is very cautious to omit no occasion of improving his parts that way. He is so careful of the interest of his belly, and manages it so industriously, that in a little space it grows great, and takes place of all the rest of his members, and becomes so powerful, that they will never be in a condition to rebel against it any more. He is cloathed in scarlet, the livery of his sins, like the rich glutton, to put him in mind of what means he came to his wealth and preferment by. He makes a trade of his eating; and, like a cock, scrapes when he feeds; for the public pays for all, and more, which he and his

brethren share among themselves; for they never make a dry reckoning. When he comes to be lord-mayor, he does not keep a great house, but a very great house-warming for a whole year; for though he invites all the companies in the city, he does not treat them, but they club to entertain him, and pay the reckoning beforehand. His fur-gown makes him look a great deal bigger than he is, like the feathers of an owl; and when he pulls it off, he looks as if he were fallen away, or, like a rabbit, had his skin pulled off.

XXXIII.

A CHURCH-WARDEN

IS a public officer entrusted to rob the church by virtue of his place, as long as he is in it. He has a very great care to eat and drink well upon all public occasions that concern the parish: for a good conscience being a perpetual feast, he believes, the better he feeds, the more conscience he uses in the discharge of his trust; and as long as there is no dry-money-cheat used, all others are allowed, according to the tradition and practice of the church in the purest times. When he lays a tax upon the parish, he commonly raises it a fourth part above the accompt, to supply the default of houses that may be burnt, or stand empty; or men that may break and run away: and if none of these happen, his fortune is the greater, and his hazard never the less; and therefore he divides the overplus between himself and his colleagues, who were engaged to pay the whole, if all the parish had run away, or hanged themselves. He over-reckons the parish in his accompts, as the taverns do him, and keeps the odd money himself, instead of giving it to the drawers. He eats up the bell-ropes like the ass in the emblem, and converts the broken glass-windows into whole beer-glasses of sack; and before his year is out, if he be but as good a fellow as the drinking bishop was, pledges a whole pulpit-full. If
the

the church happen to fall to decay in his time, it proves a deodand to him; for he is lord of the manor, and does not only make what he pleases of it, but has his name recorded on the walls among texts of scripture and leathern buckets, with the year of his office, that the memory of the unjust, as well as the just, may last

as long as so transitory a thing may. He interprets his oath, as Catholics do the Scripture, not according to the sense and meaning of the words, but the tradition and practice of his predecessors; who have always been observed to swear what others please, and do what they please themselves.

ESSAY ON THE NINE LIVES OF A CAT.

BY THE LATE BONNELL THORNTON, ESQ.

HE has as many Lives as a Cat,' said a gentleman the other day in company, speaking of his friend, who had run through a perpetual course of riot and debauchery, and had just recovered from a violent fever, occasioned by his intemperance. The thought struck me, that too many, indeed, seem to be as regardless of their present existence as if they imagined they could die more than once. I pursued the thought still farther; and concluded, that the greatest part of mankind, were they even possessed of as many Lives (we will say) as a Cat, would be indifferent to them all; at least, they would wantonly throw away the eight, however careful and studious some of them might be to preserve the last.

Suppose a man, then, to have as many Lives as a Cat: let us see what glorious use he would make of this extraordinary privilege. Must it not be a great incitement to him to hazard them repeatedly upon honourable and virtuous occasions? I grant it: and it must likewise be granted to me, that they would equally be lavished away upon trivial, dishonourable, and wicked occasions.

Alexander, had he had nine times Nine Lives to lose, would have risked every jot of them to conquer as many worlds. Let me ask, whether the King of Prussia, or the Marquis of Granby, would not as cheerfully run the same hazard? But would — and — (O that Englishmen could not fill the blanks up!) have done the same? Perhaps they might have ventured some portion of their precious Lives;

perhaps they might have poured out some part of the vapid mixture, drop by drop, still careful of the last dregs: they, perhaps, like the miser who plays for gain, might have been tempted to stake a little of their fortune; but could never have been prevailed on, like the bold and generous gamester, to throw for the whole. They, in fine, would scarcely have set (to borrow an expression of Shakespeare) 'even one of their Nine Lives' on the hazard of the die.'

On the other side, let us take a view of these brethren of the blade, to whom the one Life, which is sparingly bestowed on us mortals, seems scarce worth the having. I suppose it to appear so to them, from their readiness to resign it themselves, or to take it away from others, upon any occasion; or, if you will, (in the Hibernian phrase) upon no occasion at all. One instance shall serve for all. Suppose there are eighteen Lives between us: I tread upon your toe; satisfaction is demanded, and is honourably given by your firing at my brains, which are missed. We have Lives enough to spare; and you have a nose left for me to pull: I handle it; in consequence, I fire at your brains, and cannot hit them. What, then, is to be done? Why, nothing is to be done: only you are to kick me; that is all. I turn about, draw my sword; and, like men of honour, we must each of us lose one of our Nine Lives before we part friends. I am, indeed, sensible, that the punctilios of nice honour would induce the professors of it to ask this gentleman-like question before
the

the engagement—' Pray, Sir, how many Lives have you to lose?' And there is no doubt, upon a disparity, that the seconds would take care that the principals should be so far upon an equality, that the longest-to-be-liver should be first put to death, as often as was necessary, till the combatants were in that respect at par.

It must, undoubtedly, be allowed me, where the antagonists are equal, or made equal by the foregoing method, that one or other of the parties would Nine times kill, or Nine times be killed, provided he has reason to cry out, with Othello—

' Though all his hairs were Lives,

' My great revenge has stomach for them all!'

The bravery of a man fighting a duel with himself, without second or antagonist, vulgarly called self-murder, is frequently manifested even in our present state of existence, where we have but one Life to lose. It must therefore be granted, on the supposition of our Lives being multiplied to Nine, that suicide would become a general fashion amongst us; though, in eight instances out of Nine, it would betray a meanness of spirit. We should never be induced to believe a man was tired of himself in real earnest, though he had got rid of himself ever so often, except he fairly sent himself out of the world for the Ninth and last time.

Let us suppose, for instance, that a man of quality has had a run of ill-luck at the hazard-table, to be sure he would shoot himself through the head directly. Upon his reviving, he tries his fortune a second time; and is reduced to the necessity of running himself through the heart. After his recovery, he is obliged repeatedly to make use of the same, or other methods, that the losses of his Lives may be even with the losses of his estate. Would not this unhasty behaviour shew a love for his precious Lives, since he would not put an end to all Nine of them directly, one after another?

To prove such behaviour to be quite

VOL. I.

mean and vulgar, let us farther suppose that a cobbler jerks his awl up between the third and fourth rib—(I kill my heroes with the same precision as is used by Homer)—a barber takes a clean stroke just under the chin; a taylor 'makes his quietus with a bare bodkin:' I shall have my shoes heel-pieced, my beard shaved, and my doublet mended, notwithstanding. The allusion is too obvious about the end and the last: but I hope to be indulged on this subject in considering my taylor, not without propriety, as only the Ninth part of a man.

Many, many instances might be thought of to evince that a man, endowed with the Lives of a Cat, would get quit of the incumbrance of the supernumerary ones as fast as possible. Take a lover, for example: without a metaphor, he would be so much enamoured as, literally, to die many times for the same or some other mistress. We will suppose (what is mere supposition) a constant innamorato—upon the least slight or indifference, such as a frown, or a box on the ear, my swain hurries away to Rosamond's Pond: after drowning, he rises up tolerably cooled. On another occasion, he surveys the trees in the Dark Walk at Vauxhall, picks out a stout branch, and, with the leisure of your true lover's melancholy, unties his garters; at the last he tucks himself up, and dangles till a happy pair comes his way, and he is cut down. The lady, after all this proof of his affection, is still stony-hearted. He dies, and dies on, for her; and, having put himself out of eight of his existences, can he be blamed if he reserves the precious one still remaining for a beauty, or a fortune, or a woman of quality—or his maid?

Suppose, again, (for there can be no end of such-like suppositions) that I am an author: my works, indeed, I flatter myself, will live after me; but, though I had all the Lives of a Cat, through each of them I might lead the life of a dog. My garret (we will say) has inspired me to soar so high as to attempt a sublime ode, or epic poem.

3 H

I am

I am let down by it's want of sale. The beam across my chamber is very inviting; and, at least, the bed-cords are remaining. I am afterwards lowered to humble prose. My publisher will not afford me small-beer; and I chuse to have my fill of water by a plunge into the River Thames. After sinking and soaring (we will suppose) for eight times alternately, I at last sit down contented in a gaol, to supply copy, scrap by scrap, as the printer's little imp calls for it; since, as the proverb has it, 'he must needs go whom the Devil drives.'

I shall say very little of the bold methods which bucks and bloods would take delight in to shorten their Lives, were they ever so many; for these are obvious, and continually practised, even in the present narrow space of their existence. How often would a choice spirit, for example, be literally dead drunk? Would he scruple to lay his Lives down, one after the other, under the table, as long as he could be certain he should rise up, and stand upon his legs again? The debauchee of every character would, doubtless, be as hasty to get rid of his load of Lives, as he is at present neglectful in preserving his single one.

Upon this principle of each individual enjoying a multiplicity of Lives, let us farther consider, how a nation, or society, or community of them, might exist. It may, I know, be urged, that F——g himself, and all the sitting aldermen put together, would not be sufficient to support the police. A man, you will say, would risque being hanged eight different times for eight different capital offences, resolving to be very honest afterwards for the remainder of his Lives. Granted. But in such a case, it is most probable, that the wisdom of the legislature would direct that a convict should be sentenced to be hanged, like a Cat, till he were dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead!

I went to bed, after having written thus far, reflecting, that no man should be entitled to a second existence, (I mean in our mortal state) without hav-

ing made a proper use of the first. This reflection was so strongly impressed upon my mind, that I was able to employ the succeeding morning in setting down the particulars of a dream occasioned by it.

I imagined that every one was indulged with a privilege, after death, of having his existence renewed; but with this restriction, that he could prove that he had not forfeited his former Life by not setting a proper value on it. I accordingly conceived myself in a sort of court of claims; where a number of us were brought by Death, in order to be examined about our pretensions to be revived. The sight of the crowd struck me with horror: some appeared to be covered with blains and blotches; some quite emaciated; and some with bloated carcases. One bore the marks of a tight knot under the left-ear; another had his skull shattered to pieces; and another had a great gash in his side. Milton's description of a lazaret-house falls far short of what I then thought I saw.

Truth and Justice were the examiners; and the candidates for a new life underwent a strict scrutiny. The first that I observed was called before them, stepped up with a bold air, and claimed a new existence on account of his having died for his country. The plea was not approved of; for a common soldier, who had fallen in the same battle, deposed, that he himself shot him in an engagement where the enemy was inferior, at the instant that this commander had ordered a retreat. The soldier was directly reinstated into Life.

A jolly personage was next examined; and he pretended that he was accidentally choaked by a turtle-fin; though the newspapers had falsely attributed his death to an apoplectic fit. It being proved upon him that he had dined the day before, and eat heartily upon turbot and venison, and that he had drank plentifully of old hock and claret, the court decreed that he died of a surfeit, and refused to indulge him in any more good living.

A mere skeleton crawled up next,
and

and declared that he only wished to be made alive again for the service of the fair-sex. From his examination it was manifest that he had spent his life in and about Covent Garden. He was adjudged, upon his own plea, unfit to exist again.

The next was an old decrepid figure, seemingly worn down with age and cares. His suit for the renewal of his Life was, in compassion to him, rejected; because it plainly appeared that he had already dragged out a most miserable one, and had actually died of want in the midst of abundance. His son put in a petition for re-existence at the very same time; setting forth, that he was reduced, by the mean spirit of his father, to die an untimely death at Tyburn. The compassion of the court in not suffering him to live again was also extended to the young gentleman, on account of his tender years; there being little doubt but that he would come to the same untimely end, let his Lives be renewed ever so often.

A blunt young fellow, not less than six feet high, next insisted upon being restored to Life. Another of the same

make, and for the same reason, insisted upon the like. They had each of them, in the honourable way, put each other to death. It was determined, upon hearing both parties separately, that neither of them should run the risque of being put to death again, as neither of them would allow that the other deserved to live.

A horrid spectacle next presented itself: he most earnestly requested to enjoy again that being which, he confessed, he had rashly and desperately got rid of. His request was not granted; because it was certain that the same would be repeated upon the slightest occasion.

I observed, in imagination, even some ladies of quality, who wished to have their beauty renewed, together with their Lives: most of them had died at public places, where they went for the recovery of their health.

My dream was put an end to all of a sudden, by being myself summoned up to give a reason why I should be glad to exist again. I pleaded guilty; and awaked upon sentence being pronounced, that I should starve again as an author.

GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL;

OR, THE

HISTORY OF THE FOUR POTATOES:

WHEREIN THE READER WILL FIND THAT A VERY LITTLE THING MAY SOMETIMES PUZZLE A WISE MAN.

IT is always good, and sometimes absolutely necessary, to understand all the arts, and all the sciences. No one knows what he may want in his journey through life. I am the farther convinced of this truth from an accident which very lately happened.

There were Four Potatoes roasting at the fire for myself and wife; which, with a small piece of cold bacon, was intended to compose the whole of our two suppers; when three friends called, who said they came to sup with us. The piece of bacon would hardly admit of a quintuple division, and I could get no more Potatoes either for love or money: not for love, because my neigh-

bours all wanted to borrow; not for money, because I had none. Now as old English hospitality teaches us to make as much of our friends as of ourselves, I retired privately into my study, where I began to consider how we might fairly divide our scanty stock of provision.

First, I consulted all the authors who treated on Logic—there I found definitions, divisions, argumentations, propositions categorical and hypothetical, dilemmas, and syllogisms. In short, I found the whole art of chopping logic—but not a single word about chopping my poor Potatoes.

I next applied myself to Rhetoric—there

there I saw invention, disposition, elocution, pronunciation, definition, notation, conjugation, genus, species, similitude, dissimilitude, contraries, comparisons, causes, effects, adjuncts, antecedents, and consequences. I discovered, at last, that by dint of persuasion I could well enough make black appear white, or white black—but there was not a single argument to prove that Four Potatoes made five.

Then I directed my attention to Astronomy: there I ran through a whole heap of harsh names; such as the hemisphere, the horizon, the equinoctial, the zodiac, the colures, and the tropics; together with the circles polar, arctic and antarctic. I likewise examined the constellations: and soon met with Auriga, Aquarius, Bootes, Perseus, Orion, and Gemini—but the devil a Potatoe merchant could I find among them. At last, however, I got into a dispute between Sir Isaac Newton and a French mathematician, about the figure of the earth; whether it was an oblate spheroid, or an oblong one: in other words, whether it were shaped like a turnip, or a Potatoe. ‘I am on a right scent now!’ thought I. Away went I to the learned; who measured two degrees, one towards the equator, and one towards the pole, and returned with a verdict in favour of Sir Isaac Turnip, which put my poor Potatoes quite out of the question.

I looked next into Botany and Grammar—the one said it was a wholesome root; the other, that it was a noun-substantive. ‘I know all that!’ said I.

I applied myself, then, to Arithmetic; I took down all my books, from ancient Hodder to modern Dilworth. ‘Oh!’ said Arithmetic, ‘I can set you right at once: four-fifths of a Potatoe each will just do your business.’—‘Very true,’ replied I; but there are no two Potatoes alike; and four-fifths of a small Potatoe are cer-

tainly not so much as four-fifths of a large one.’

I now paid my devoirs to Geometry—there I found points the origin of lines, lines producing superficial bodies, and these producing solid ones. I read likewise of lines straight, curved, and parallel; of angles right, and oblique; obtuse, and acute; sines, right and versed; cosines, tangents, and secants; radii, perpendiculars, and hypothenuses. I examined the triangle, the square, the parallelogram, the rhombus, the rhomboides, the trapezium, and the circular and multangular plane—But all this had nothing to do with my Potatoes. I next considered the doctrine of solids—I looked over Euclid, Apollonius, &c. &c. I contemplated the cube, the parallelepipedon, the cone, the cylinder, the sphere, the conic sections, and the five regular bodies—but the deuce a hint could I collect, from them all, how to measure a Potatoe.

Geometry still promised fair: ‘For,’ said he, ‘take a vessel of a known capacity, and fill it with water, then immerge your Potatoes, and note the quantity of water they dislodge.’—‘I know your meaning,’ said I, ‘but I fear this process will now injure them.’

The next book I laid my hands on happened to be the 135th volume of the Abridgement of the Statutes; when luckily opening at folio 1099, my eager eye was in a moment attracted by the title of an old act relative to the selling of Potatoes, whether by measure or weight. This fortunate circumstance instantly put the doctrine of statics into my head: I proposed a problem, and answered it immediately. My Potatoes were by this time roasted; I soon weighed them; and, dividing the exact weight by the number five, presented to each the quotient, and we had all share and share alike.

RIGDUM FUNNIDOS.

SPECIMEN

SPECIMEN

OF BEAU NASH'S MANNER OF TELLING A STORY.

I Will tell you something to that purpose—that, I fancy, will make you laugh. A covetous old parson, as rich as the devil, scraped a fresh acquaintance with me several years ago at Bath. I knew him when he and I were students at Oxford, where we both studied damnationally hard; but that is neither here nor there. Well, very well. I entertained him at my house in John's Court—no, my house in John's Court was not built then—but I entertained him with all that the city could afford; the rooms, the music, and every thing in the world. Upon his leaving Bath, he pressed me very hard to return the visit; and desired me to let him have the pleasure of seeing me at his house in Devonshire. About six months after, I happened to be in that neighbourhood; and was resolved to see my old friend, from whom I expected a very warm reception. Well, I knocks at his door; when an old queer creature of a maid came to the door, and denied him. I suspected, however, that he was at home; and, going into the parlour, what should I see but the parson's legs up the chimney; where he had thrust himself to avoid entertaining me. This was very well. 'My dear,' says I to the maid, 'it is very cold, extreme cold, indeed; and, I am afraid, I have got a touch of my ague: light me the fire, if you please.'—'La, Sir!' says the

maid, who was a modest creature, to be sure, 'the chimney smokes monstrously; you would not bear the room for three minutes together.' By the greatest good-luck there was a bundle of straw on the hearth; and I called for a candle. The candle came. 'Well, good woman,' says I, 'since you will not light me a fire, I will light one for myself;' and in a moment the straw was all in a blaze. This quickly unkennelled the old fox: there he stood in an old rusty night-gown, blessing himself, and looking like—a—hem—egad!

Here I stand, gentlemen, who could once leap forty-two feet upon level ground, at three standing-jumps, backward or forward: one, two, three—dart like an arrow out of a bow—but I am old now. I remember I once leaped for three hundred guineas with Count Clopstock, the great leaper, leaping-master to the Prince of Passau: you must all have heard of him. First he began with the running-jump; and a most damnable bounce it was, that is certain. Every body concluded that he had the match hollow; when, only taking off my hat, stripping off neither coat, shoes, nor stockings—mind me—I fetches a run, and went beyond him one foot, three inches, and three quarters, measured, upon my soul! by Captain Pately's own standard!

SELECT ANECDOTES, REPORTEES, AND BON-MOTS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER XI.

I.

A SAILOR passing by a cooper's shop, and seeing a number of tubs piled above each other at the door, began to kick and tumble them about the street. The master coming out, and desiring to know the reason of this strange proceeding—'Damn it,' replied Jack, 'why should not every tub stand upon it's own bottom!'

II.

A CERTAIN Pope being informed that some Jews were desirous of the honour of an audience, said—'Jews! No. How can they expect to be admitted, who were the murderers of our dear Saviour!' But, hearing afterwards that they were much afflicted at his refusal, having brought a very valuable present for his Holiness,

ness, as a token of their respect, he cried, with a seemingly careless air, 'Well, well, admit them, poor uninformed, ignorant wretches! they knew not what they were doing.'

III.

AN honest peasant settled in a small village; where, in a short time, he gained the good will of all his neighbours. He had, however, the misfortune to lose one of his best milch-cows in the first year, which grieved him exceedingly; while his wife, who was an excellent manager, took it to heart so much, that she absolutely fell sick and died. The good man lamented the loss of his helpmate with the most unaffected sorrow, and remained for some months quite inconsolable. His neighbours now thought it their duty to reason him into resignation. 'My friend,' said one of them, 'the wife you have lost was really an excellent woman, but still you have a good remedy; you are a young and a honest man, and you will find no difficulty in procuring another. For my part,' continued he, 'I have three daughters, and I shall be happy to call you son-in-law.' Another, on this, offered him his sister; and a third, his niece. 'Good God!' says the mourner, 'what a strange place this is, since a man who lives here had better lose his wife than his cow! My wife is dead; and, lo! you tell me I may pick and chuse, to supply her place: but when my poor cow died, nobody ever thought of offering me another!'

IV.

A sailor, half groggy, passing along the street of a certain sea-port town, discovered over an admiral's door an escutcheon, and very naturally took it for an alehouse. The gentleman, (a ruddy-looking portly man) standing at the door, he clapped him on the shoulder, 'Damn it, landlord, you look like an honest fellow, give us a cup of the best.' The gentleman, to carry on the joke, ordered his servant to bring him some beer;

which being done, the jolly tar drank towards the landlord's very good health, and enquired what was to pay, which the officer told him he might settle the next time he came that way.

V.

ONE Sunday during last summer, while the weather was extremely hot, the windows of a certain parish-church in the diocese of Gloucester were set open to admit more air while the congregation was assembled for divine service. Just as the clergyman was beginning his weekly discourse, (who, by the bye, is not much celebrated for his oratorical powers) a Jack-ass, which had been grazing in the church-yard, popped his head in at a window, and began braying with all his might, as if in opposition to the reverend preacher. On this, a wag present immediately got up from his seat; and, with great gravity of countenance, exclaimed—'One at a time, gentlemen, if you please!' The whole congregation set up a loud laugh; when the Jack-ass took fright, and gave up the contest; though, from the clergyman's chagrin and confusion, he would probably not have been the worst orator.

VI.

A young country girl in Lombardy, running after her she-ass, which was in haste to get up to her foal, passed a gentleman on the road; who, seeing her look very buxom and having a mind to be witty, called out—'Whence do you come, sweetheart?'—'From Villejuiff,' 'Sir,' said she. 'From Villejuiff!' answered the gentleman: 'and do you know the daughter of Nicholas Guillot, who lives there?'—'Very well!' replied the girl. 'Be so kind, then,' returned he, 'as to carry her a kiss from me:' and, throwing his arms round her neck, was about to salute her. 'Hold, Sir,' cried the wench, disentangling herself from his rude embrace, 'since you are in such a hurry, it will be better to give your kiss to my ass, as she will be there some time before me.'

k
ad
y,
at
y.

r,
t,
ch
et
n-
ne
as
o,
or
ch
d,
ad
if
r.
ly
at

—
ou
on
k-
n-
s
o-
r.

n-
s,
er
d;
m
y,
e,
ff,
p
do
as
ry
d,
er
is
to
ne
is
th
ve
ill

r.



THE D C

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison



D O G.

Harrison & Co. Dec^r 11 1784.

POETRY.

THE DOG.

A TALE.

BY W. WHITEHEAD, ESQ. POET-LAUREAT.

A Squire of parts, and some conceit,
 Tho' not a glaring, first-rate wit,
 Had lately taken to his arms
 A damsel of uncommon charms.
 A mutual bliss their bosoms knew,
 The hours on downy pinions flew,
 And scatter'd roses as they pass'd;
 Emblem of joys too sweet to last:
 For, lo! th' unequal fates divide
 Th' enamour'd swain and beauteous bride.
 The honey-moon had scarcely wan'd,
 And love it's empire still maintain'd,
 When forth he must, for business calls.
 'Adieu, ye fields, ye groves, ye walls,
 'That in your hallow'd bounds contain
 'My source of joy, my source of pain!
 'It must be so!—Adieu, my dear!
 They kiss, he sighs, she drops a tear:
 For lovers of a certain cast
 Think every parting is the last;
 And still whine out, when'er they sever,
 In tragic strain—'Farewell for ever!'

A while, in melancholy mood,
 He slowly pac'd the tiresome road;
 For, 'every road must tiresome prove
 That bears us far from her we love.'
 But sun, and exercise, and air,
 At length dispel the glooms of care;
 They vanish like a morning dream,
 And happiness is now the theme.
 How blest his lot, to gain at last,
 So many vain researches past,
 A wife so suited to his taste,
 So fair, so gentle, and so chaste;
 A tender partner for his bed,
 A pillow for his aching head,
 The bosom good for which he panted;
 In short, the very thing he wanted!
 'And then, to make my bliss compleat,
 'And lay fresh laurels at my feet,
 'How many matches did she slight!
 'An Irish lord, a city knight,
 'And squires by dozens; yet agree
 'To pass her life with humble me!
 'And did not she, the other day,
 'When Captain Wilkins pass'd our way—
 'The captain! Well, she lik'd not him,
 'Tho' dress'd in all his Hyde-Park trim.
 'She lik'd his sword-knot, tho'—twas yellow;
 'The captain is a sprightly fellow!
 'I should not oft'n chuse to see
 'Such dangerous visitors as he:—
 'I wonder how he came to call;
 'Or why he pass'd that way at all.
 'His road lay farther to the right;
 'And me he hardly knew by sight.

'Stay! let me think—I freeze, I burn!—
 'Where'er he went, he must return;
 'And, in my absence, may again
 'Make bold to call.—Come hither, Ben:
 'Did you observe, (I'll lay my life
 'You did) when first he met my wife,
 'What speech it was the captain made?—
 'What, Captain Wilkins, Sir?—'The same.
 'Come, you can tell?—'I can t, indeed;
 'For they were kissing when I came.'
 'Kiss! did they kiss?—'Most surely, Sir;
 'A bride, and he a batchelor.'—
 'Peace, rascal! 'tis beyond endurance;
 'I wonder at some folks assurance!
 'They think, like Ranger in the play,
 'That all they meet is lawful prey.
 'These buff-bluff captains are, of late,
 'Grown quite a nuisance in the state.
 'Ben, turn your horse—nay, never stare—
 'And tell my wife I cannot bear
 'These frequent visits.—Hence, you dunc!'—
 'The captain, Sir, was there but once.'—
 'Once is too often! Tell her, Ben,
 'That, if he dares to call again,
 'She should avoid him like a toad,
 'A snake, a viper!—There's your road.
 'And, hark'ee; tell her, under favour,
 'We stretch too far polite behaviour;
 'Tell her, I do not understand
 'This kissing; tell her, I command—'
 'Heaven bless us, Sir, such whims as these—'
 'Tell her I beg it, on my knees,
 'By all the love she ever shew'd,
 'By all the at the altar vow'd,
 'How'er absurd a husband's fears,
 'How'er injurious it appears,
 'She would not see him if he comes;
 'Nay, if she chance to hear his drums,
 'Bid her start back, and skulk for fear,
 'As if the thunder rent her ear.'

O wondrous power of love and beauty!
 Obedience is a servant's duty;
 And Ben obeys.—But, as he goes,
 He reasons much on human woes:
 How frail is man, how prone to stray,
 And all the long *et cetera*
 Of sayings, which, in former ages,
 Immortaliz'd the Grecian sages;
 But now the very vulgar speak,
 And only critics quote in Greek.

With these, like Sancho, was he stor'd;
 And, Sancho-like, drew forth his heard.
 Proper or not, he all applied,
 And view'd the case on every side;
 Till, on the whole, he thought it best
 To turn the matter to a jest;
 And, with a kind of clumsy wit,
 At last on an expedient hit.

Suppose we then the journey o'er,
 And Madam meets him at the door.
 'So soon return'd! and where's your master?'
 'I hope you've met with no disaster.'

'Is my dear well?'—'Extremely so;
 'And only sent me here to know
 'How fares his foster, better part.
 'Ah, Madam! could you see his heart!
 'It was not even in his power
 'To brook the absence of an hour.'—
 'And was this all? was this the whole
 'He sent you for? The kind, good soul!
 'Tell him, that he's my source of bliss;
 'Tell him, my health depends on his;
 'Tell him, this breast no joy can find,
 'If cares disturb his dearer mind:
 'This faithful breast, if he be well,
 'No pang, but that of absence, feel.'
 Ben blush'd, and smil'd, and scratch'd his head;
 Then, fast'ning in his accents, said—
 'One message more he bade me bear,
 'But that's a secret for your ear:
 'My master begs, on no account,
 'Your ladyship would dare to mount
 'The Mastiff Dog. —' What means the lad?
 'Are you, or is your master mad?
 'I ride a Dog! a pretty story!—
 'Ah, dearest Madam, do not glory
 'In your own strength; temptation's strong,
 'And frail our nature.'—'Hold your tongue!
 'Your master, Sir, shall know of this.'—
 'Dear Madam, do not take amiss
 'Your servant's zeal: by all you vow'd,
 'By all the love you ever shew'd;
 'By all your hopes of bliss to come;
 'Beware the Mastiff-Dog! —' Be dumb,
 'Insulting wretch!' the lady cries.
 The servant takes his cue, and flies.
 Whilst consternation marks her face,
 He mounts his steed, and quits the place.
 In vain the calls, as swift as wind
 He scours the lawn; yet cast behind
 One parting look, which seem'd to say—
 'Beware the Dog!' then rode away.
 Why should I paint the hurrying scene
 Of clashing thoughts which pass'd within,
 Where doubt on doubt incessant roll'd?
 Enough for me the secret's told:
 And Madam, in a strange quandary—
 'What's to be done?—John! Betty! Harry!
 'Go, call him back.'—'He's out of sight;
 'No speed can overtake his flight.'
 Patience per force alone remains,
 Precarious cure for real pains!
 'I ride a Dog! a strange conceit;
 'And never, sure, attempted yet.
 'What can it mean? Whatever it was,
 'There is some mystery in the case.
 'And really, now I've thought a minute,
 'There may be no great matter in it.
 'Ladies of old, to try a change,
 'Have rode on animals as strange:
 'Helen a ram, a bull Europa;
 'Nay, English widows, for a *faux pas*,
 'Were doom'd to expiate their shame,
 'As authors say, upon a ram.
 'And shan't my virtue take a pride in
 'Outdoing such vile trulls in riding?
 'And sure a ram's as weak a creature!—
 'Here, Betty, reach me the Spectator.'—
 'Lord bless me, Ma'am, as one may say,
 'Your ladyship's quite mop'd to-day.

'Reading will only, I'm afraid,
 'Put more strange megrims in your head.
 'Twere better, sure, to take the air:
 'I'll order, Ma'am, the coach and pair;
 'And then, too, I may go beside;
 'Or, if you rather chuse to ride?—
 'Ride, Betty! that's my wish, my aim!
 'Pray, Betty, is our Caesar tame?—
 'Tame, Ma'am! Yes. I never heard—
 'You mean the mastiff in the yard?
 'He makes a noise, and barks at folks;
 'But surely, Ma'am, your ladyship jokes.'—
 'Jokes, Betty! no. By earth and heaven,
 'This insult shall not be forgiven!
 'Whatever they mean, I'll ride the Dog.
 'Go, pry thee, free him from his clog,
 'And bring him hither: they shall find
 'There's courage in a female mind!
 So said, so done. The Dog appears
 With Betty chirping on the stairs.
 The floating sacque is thrown aside,
 The vestments proper for a ride,
 Such as we oft in Hyde-Park view,
 Of rustian white, lapell'd with blue,
 By Betty's care were on the spot;
 Nor is the feather'd hat forgot.
 Pleas'd with herself th' accoutred lass
 Took half a turn before her glass;
 And, smiling, said—'I swear and vow,
 'I look like Captain Wilkins now!
 'But serious cares our thoughts demand:
 'Poor Caesar! stroke him with your hand.
 'How mild he seems, and wags his tail!
 'Tis now the moment to prevail.'
 She spake; and straight, with eye sedate,
 Began th' important work of fate.
 A cushion on his back she plac'd,
 And bound with ribbands round his waist:
 The knot, which whilom grac'd her head,
 And down her winding lappets spread,
 From all its soft meanders frees,
 Became a bridle for her steed.
 And now she mounts. 'Dear Dian, hear!
 'Bright Goddess of the lunar sphere!
 'Thou, that hast oft preserv'd from fate
 'The nymph who leaps a five-bar'd gate;
 'O take me, Goddess, to thy care!
 'O hear a tender lady's prayer!
 'Thy vot'refs once, as pure a maid
 'As ever rov'd the Delian shade;
 'Tho' now, by man's seduction won,
 'She wears, alas! a looser zone.'
 In vain the pray'd. She mounts, she falls!
 And Caesar barks, and Betty squalls.
 The marble hearth receives, below,
 The headlong dame; a direful blow!
 And starting veins with blood disgrace
 The softer marble of her face.
 Here might I sing of fading charms
 Reclin'd on Betty's faithful neck,
 Like Venus in Dione's arms,
 And much from Homer might I speak:
 But we refer to Pope's translation,
 And hasten to our plain narration.
 While broths and plaisters are prepar'd,
 And doctors feed, and Madam fear'd,
 At length returns th' impatient squire,
 Eager, and panting with desire.

But finds his home a desert place,
No spouse to welcome his embrace,
No tender sharer of his bliss
To chide his absence with a kiss.
Sullen in bed the lady lay,
And muffled from the eye of day,
Nor deign'd a look—averse and sad
As Dido in the Elysian shade.

Amaz'd, alarm'd, the bed he press'd,
And clasp'd her struggling to his breast.
' My life, my soul! I cannot brook
' This cruel, this averted look.
' And is it thus at last we meet?'
Then rais'd her gently from the sheet.
' What mean,' he cries, ' these bleeding strains,
' This muffled head, and bursting veins?
' What sacrilegious hand could dare
' To fix it's impious vengeance there?'
' The Dog! the Dog!' was all she said,
And sobbing sunk again in bed.
The Dog, the Dog! express'd her grief,
Like poor Othello's handkerchief.

Meanwhile had Ben, with prudent care,
From Betty learnt the whole affair,
And drew th' impatient squire aside,
To own the cheat he could not hide.
' See, rascal! see!' enrag'd he cries,
' What tumors on her forehead rise!
' How swells with grief that face divine!'—
' I own it all, the fault was mine,'
Replies the lad; ' dear, angry lord:
' But hush! come hither, not a word!
' Small are the ills we now endure;
' Those tumors, Sir, admit a cure:
' But, had I done as you directed,
' Whose forehead then had been affected?
' Had Captain Wilkins been forbidden—
' Ah, master! who had then been ridden?'

THE TAXES.

A TALE.

BY MR. R. TATTAM.

GREAT Jove, tho' seated far on high,
Sometimes to earth directs his eye;
And, while he turns the globe around,
Knows whether grief or joy abound.

As, now, his godship's fingers fall,
On our small portion of the ball,
He finds the island's pulse beat low,
From whence we inward sadness know:
Apollo, too, now slacks his reins,
And thus to Jupiter complains—
' Of late, in passing Britain's isle,
' Where always I delight to smile;
' Each house I find resists my power,
' And darkness reigns at mid-day hour:
' So few the windows I can peep in,
' There's scarce a single hole to creep in.'
Great Jove exclaims—' 'Tis passing strange;
' But Britons are too prone to change:
' For once I'll visit the weak elves,
' And learn the reason from themselves.'
From Ida's mount the god descends,
And on a moor his journey ends.

VOL. I.

A large farm-house he there descries,
And to the mansion quickly hies;
He brings a storm, his thunders roar,
The wet-thro' god knocks at the door.
The churlish farmer, full of care,
Demands, in surly tone—' Who's there?'
' A friend,' cries Jove, ' who means no harm,
' But seeks for shelter from the storm.'
The farmer takes him for some squire,
And seats him near a roaring fire;
Pronounces him a welcome guest,
And brings a pitcher of the best.
And now, Jove's spirits quite elate,
He asks what changes in the state.
Quoth Gruff—' That changing is a curse;
' We're always changing for the worse:
' Changing the ministry brings trouble,
' The new ones always tax us double.
' And their confounded commutation
' Is like to ruin half the nation:
' The tax on horses farming hinders;
' But still the worst's that tax on windows.
' Such taxing now is in their head,
' They tax the living, tax the dead.
' My wife, and she is six months gone,
' Must pay for child—or girl or son—
' Or else no Christian will they make it;
' But Church and State say "Hell may take it!"
' Besides a hundred taxes more;
' Such taxing ne'er was known before.'

The thunders cease, it rains no more,
And Jove reveals himself and power.
Then bids them, lest they disbelieve,
But with for what they would receive.
The farmer stares; his wife stares more;
They ne'er had seen a god before!
' Great Sir,' quoth Gruff, ' then, all we ask,
' is—

' To free us from these cursed taxes!'
His godship, laughing, disappears;
And, while they tremble with their fears,
Down in each room the casements fall,
And in their place up springs a wall:
Then, out of breath, comes stable Ned;
And tells them every horse is dead.
The sequel now no longer tarries;
For, with the fright, the dame miscarries.

Amaz'd, the farmer prays that fate
May fix him in his former state:
And Jove, in pity to his pain,
Brings all to light and life again.

A RECEIPT

TO FORM A MODERN FINE LADY.

YOU must first, my fair pupil, resign all
pretence
To those old-fashion'd beauties—Discretion and
Sense;
Let your converse be such as was once thought
unfit,
And you'll soon be accounted polite, and a wit.
When by those of inferior rank you're address'd,
By a toss of your head be your breeding express'd:
Or if you would add to their shame and disgrace,
First turn up your nose, and then laugh in their
face.

If twenty admirers should after you run,
Coquette with them all, but be constant to none:
For, believe me, you ne'er can be thought of the ton,
If your smiles you bestow on one lover alone.
Make a jest, my dear Sophia, of all that is grave;
For who, but a parson, a fool, or a knave,
Would ever be serious—'Tis quite unpolite
For fine ladies to think: let those who delight
In sober reflection, and study, pursue
Their favourite plan—'twould be monstrous in
you.

But, whenever you wish a dull hour to kill,
You may read new romances, or Hoyle, if you will:
Since none to politeness can ever pretend,
Who play not at cards: your very best friend
Would fear to acknowledge, that even she knew
A creature so void of politeness as you.
As English is chatter'd by each country wench,
You must learn, by all means, that sweet lan-
guage, the French.

If you wish like a Christian to walk, or to dance,
Apply to Monsieur De la Caper from France;
He'll teach you to hop a-la-mode de Paris:
Let your head-dress be modell'd by Monsieur
Toupee;

For English friseurs can do nothing aright,
They'd make e'en the lovely Miss — a fright;
But Monsieur Toupee, or Monsieur à la Friz,
A beauty can make of the homeliest phiz.
Where Nature no roses or lilies bestows,
Kind Art will supply both the lily and rose;
And what is now practis'd by each modern dame,
Can hardly be thought or a sin or a shame.
Then let pallid beauty to Civet's repair,
Who sells what will make her both blooming
and fair.

There, too, if she pleases, the charmer may buy
Perfumes which e'en those of Arabia outvie:
All these, my dear Sophia, fail not to procure;
What mortal a nymph void of sweets can endure!
Your dress (since Lunardi has flown towards the
moon)

Must in every part bear the name of Balloon;
Tho', perhaps, it no greater resemblance may
wear,

Than a horse to an egg-shell, or you to a bear.
But, hold—I am hurrying out of my sphere;
And shall therefore conclude with requesting, my
dear,

You would carefully follow each rule laid before
you;

Then, tho' brutes may despise, every beau will
adore you.

EUGENIO.

ODE TO EXPECTATION.

LET others curse the heavy sway
Of dull Suspense, and cold Delay;
Complain of Absence, lingering pain,
And Hope for years indulg'd in vain;
To me, as thou wert wont, appear!
Tell me, but that Maria's near;
Fraught with the prospect of that blessing,
'Tis not expecting—but possessing.

Come, Expectation! haste to me,
Kind parent of Credulity!
For ever put that semblance on!
Appear like her, and her alone:
Before my eyes her image place,
Her strength of mind, her bloom of face;
Thine aid I will for aye implore,
Thy bounty bless, thy power adore.

What could I not with patience bear—
With pleasure—while I wait for her!
No grief could feel while she were nigh,
And laughter wanton'd in her eye:
Nor Pleasure know, estrang'd to joys,
Whene'er I hear Maria's sighs;
Nor any dreaded evil fear,
So much as that of losing her.

Yet it must be—I'm doom'd to part;
To tear her from my eyes, my heart!
My every hope, each wish, resign;
And never, never call her mine!

But is there none—no secret way—
My vows to waft, my duty pay?
Friendship! Esteem! Can none of these
Instruct an artless swain to please?
Yet, robb'd of the sole power to impart
The honest meaning of my heart,
How can I half its feelings prove!
How! when I dare not mention love?

Yet fly, Despair! Suspence, be gone!
Your sullen empire I disown;
With transport still I bow to thee,
Kind parent of Credulity!
Benign, as erst, do thou appear,
And hope, and certain joy, are near.
Haste, Expectation! loveliest friend!
Thy softest, sweetest influence, lend:
The anxious, heart-expanding sigh,
That rises when Maria's nigh;
Which kindles all my soul, to prove
Her beauty's force, the pride of love!
To view, to hear, to clasp her once again,
Were cheaply purchas'd with an age of pain.

SALISBURY.

SOPHIA POPE.

SUCCESS AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

A TALE.

YOUR every wish should fortune crown,
With wealth, with honour, and renown,
Let not your bosom swell with pride,
The low and humble to deride.

'Tis not ordain'd, that all who strive,
Like you should rise, like you should thrive;
Yet soft humanity will teach,
To treat the poor with kindly speech;
And not, in haughty, surly tone,
Unpitying bid the wretch be gone.

You urge, perhaps, your own desert,
Your industry, your skill, your art;
That fools and spendthrifts justly may
Expect, in life, a luckless day.

The observation may be true;
But this is nothing, still, to you:
Remember, you're of human race!
Should justice every where take place,

Tho'

Tho' high advanc'd, you yet might fall,
And changes happen to us all.
To bring the subject more to view,
I'll now my simple tale pursue.

Two youths set out in life together,
And took their route—no matter whither:
To Fortune each his wish address'd;
Her favour, sure, must make him blest'd!
And each as diligently strove,
By every means, to win her love.

The one she heard, soon rais'd on high,
And crown'd him with prosperity;
Extensive acres call him lord,
And peace and plenty crown his board:
No craving duns his door distress;
And he, by all, was call'd Success.

The other, tho' with care and pains
He toil'd all day, and rack'd his brains;
Condemn'd to bear the dame's neglect,
Gain'd neither riches nor respect:
For Poverty, a meagre shade,
Her tatter'd mantle o'er him spread;
Derision follow'd where he came,
And Disappointment was his name.

Perplexing thoughts disturb his mind:
Resolv'd his former friend to find,
He seeks the spacious mansion out;
Relief was there—without a doubt!
Both friendly in their early years,
Alike their hopes, alike their fears;
He, surely, could expect no less!
When, at the door, behold Success,
With haughty mien, forbidding air,
View hapless Disappointment there.
His name, he said, he did not know;
Or, if he did, 'twas long ago;
'That time, and things, were alter'd quite:
Then shut the door, and cried—'Good night!'

Yet Fortune shew'd her fickle skill;
And, in an instant, turn'd her wheel.
Success, alas! can vaunt no more;
His all is gone, and he is poor:
The other, late so sadly cross'd,
No more in seas of trouble toss'd,
Is rais'd on high, to wealth and state,
Nor feels the curse of pride, tho' great;
Remembrance of his former days
Appears in all he does, or says;
For well he knows, 'tis in the power
Of her who rais'd, to sink him lower.

AMERICANUS.

ODE TO ANTIQUATED VIRGINITY.

HAIL! spotless Virgins, free from sin;
Ye antique maidens, hail!
To gain whose persons, lank and thin,
None e'er could yet prevail!

In flowing numbers fain would I
Your wond'rous praises sing;
And let Imagination fly,
On Fancy's soaring wing!

With crabbed looks, and four grimace,
Ye mope like owls or bats;
And, with a most enchanting grace,
Purr, like your tabby cats!

Your meagre faces, drawn so prim,
Hold ev'ry heart secure;
And, should ye chance but once to grin,
'Tis death beyond all cure!

Your moptick-arms (from flesh quite free)
We view with sweet delight;
Your waists—as thin as thin can be—
Enchant our wond'ring sight!

Sneaking alone oft-times ye sit,
At once both old and tough;
With dog in lap, or fav'rite tit,
And noses grim'd with snuff!

But here I stop; for my poor brain
Allows the task too hard:
To celebrate this vestal train,
Requires the ablest bard!

RANTER.

WARNING TO MARRIED MEN.

A TALE.

WHILOM, in Kent, there liv'd a jolly
fellow,

Young Colinet, the genius of the plain:
Sonnets he wrote, could sing and whistle well;
Crack witty jokes, and merry stories tell;
At wakes and weddings always led the dance,
And drew from every lass the wishful glance.
Courteous he was, and skilful to persuade;
Soon to his lures he won the parson's maid:
He married—and, O mournful to relate!
Grew a mere tyrant in the nuptial state;
Assum'd dominion o'er his trembling wife,
And prov'd a very husband all his life.
No more, as once, he charm'd her listening ear;
Call'd her, no more, 'My honey!' and 'My dear!'
But daily from his work returning home,
With dreadful oaths and curses shook the room.
To every humble question, he'd reply—
'You saucy brith—you brimstone—what care I!'
No answer would the frowning churl afford;
But snapt the woman short at every word.
When to the alchouse, from his pipe and pot,
She came to fetch the drunken, midnight tot—
'Out of the house,' he'd cry, 'be gone! away!'
And, reeling, stammer in her ears—'Obey!'
Then wield the crabtree-cudgel in his hand,
That well-known ensign of his dread command.

He'd out, at length, with this vexatious course,
And finding every day the wretch grew worse;
She vow'd (grown desperate) to revenge her
wrong,

And bent no longer what she'd borne so long:
To a brisk neighbouring barber she applies,
'With all my heart!' the gallant barber cries.
Now, while abroad the tyrant-bumpkin roams,
With eager haste the watchful barber comes.
Her welcome guest the injur'd wife receives;
And, for poll'ic work, her spinning leaves.
'Now, Colley, triumph! then in scorn she said,
'Proud of the honours that adorn thy head.'
The pleasing vengeance often she repeats,
And with becoming horns the brute compleats.
Hence churlish husbands may this moral find,
If they turn beasts, they're made the horned kind.

MATRIMONY.

CHLOE, reclining on her husband's breast,
Is all affection, fondness, and the rest :
One flesh, one soul, they only seem to bear ;
She is ' My love,' and he ' My dearest dear !'
Wait but an hour—he damns his wretched fate :
She sighs for freedom—but she sighs too late !
' Rogue ! Whore !' and ' Villain !' echo round the
room ;

Both are disgusted, and lament their doom.
Shift now the scene—behold them friends again ;
She the fond wife, and he the truest swain :
With one embrace, the curtain-brawlings cease,
And smiling Venus wins their souls to peace.
Thus pass the days in wedlock's doubtful state,
Compos'd of love and joy, of grief and hate.
When hunger calls, the common viands please ;
This has its relish, that is dress'd with ease :
So 'tis with wedded love—we loath, when fed ;
But appetite returns—and then we bed.

M—.

THE HONEST CONFESSION.

IT happen'd, in a healthful year,
(Which made provision very dear,
And physic mighty cheap ;)
A doctor, sore oppress'd with want,
On business turning out so scant,
Was one day seen to weep.

A neighbour ask'd him why so sad,
And hop'd no dangerous illness had
To any friend befel.

' O Lord ! you quite mistake the case !'
(Quoth Blister,) ' Sir, this rueful face
' Is—'cause my friends are well.'

THE COMBAT ;

OR,

RED, BLACK, AND WHITE.

A Chimney-sweep and Baker went to fight ;
The Baker beat the Chimney-sweeper white :
The Chimney-sweep, tho' laid upon his back,
Took wind, and quickly beat the Baker black.
In came a Brickdust-man, with porter fed,
And beat both Chimney-sweep and Baker red.
Thus, red, black, white, in clouds together lay,
And none could tell which party had the day.

EPIGRAM I.

WITH folded hands, and lifted eyes,
' Have mercy, Heaven !' the parson
cries ;

' And on our sun-burnt, thirsty plains,
' Thy blessing send, in genial rains !'
The sermon ended, and the prayers,
The parson to be gone prepares ;
When, with a look of brighten'd smiles—
' Thank Heaven, it rains !' cries Farmer Giles.
' Rains ! quoth the parson—' Sure you joke !'
' Rain ! Heaven forbid !—I've got no cloak !'

EPIGRAM II.

BY EUGENIO.

THINK not, friend Dick, applause to
gain,
Because so much you write :
What says the old proverbial strain ?—
' A Lark is worth a Kite.'

EPIGRAM III.

BY ORLANDO.

IN prime of life, Tom lost his wife ;
Says Dick, to soothe his pain—
' Thy wife, I trow, is long ere now,
' In Abraham's bosom lain.'
' His fate forlorn, with grief I mourn !'
The shrewd dissembler cries :
' For much I fear, by this sad tear,
' She'll scratch out Abraham's eyes.'

EPITAPH I.

ON MR. PECK.

BY MR. R. TATTAM.

HERE lies a Peck ! which some men say,
Was first of all a Peck of clay :
This, wrought with skill divine, while fresh,
Became a curious Peck of flesh :
Through various forms it's Maker ran ;
Then, adding breath, made Peck a man.
Full sixty years, Peck felt life's bubbles,
Till death reliev'd a Peck of troubles.
Thus fell poor Peck, as all things must,
And here he lies—a Peck of dust.

EPITAPH II.

ON A DYER.

JOHNS Spellman's like will ne'er be found,
He Dyed for all the country round ;
Yet hear, with patience, if you can,
The base ingratitude of man :
When Death approach'd, with aspect grim,
Not one of them would Die for him ;
So, leaving all his worldly pelf,
Poor John, at last, Died for himself.

ORLANDO.

EXTEMPORE.

ADDRESSED TO A GOSSIPING APOTHECARY.

TO swallow down thy med'cines is a curse ;
To bear thy noxious scandal, ten times
worse :
Inhuman wretch ! repent thee of the wrong ;
Thy physic kills enough, without thy poisonous
tongue.

L—.

TIT FOR TAT.

BY JACK.

EIGHT mont hs ago, so small was Sally,
Dick gave her many a private shake ;
Now grown so large about the belly,
She, in her turn, makes Richard quake.

THE



E N I G M A S.

NUMBER XI.

ENIGMA I.

FOR THE PRIZE MEDALS.

BY MR. ALLEN, LEWES.

FANNY, the pride and glory of the plain,
 Long mourn'd the absence of her favour'd youth;
 Her plighted love, (now sailing on the main)
 Edward, renown'd for virtue, love, and truth.
 Hark! the rude winds, the threatening forms arise;
 The foaming surges burst upon the shore:
 The pearly drop now trickles from her eyes;
 She fears, alas! she ne'er shall see him more.
 The raven croaks; dread sounds assail her ears!
 Three knocks, distinct and loud. The trembling maid
 Unlocks the door: a vision now appears;
 But love and innocence are ne'er afraid.
 A blood-stain'd monster, cruel, fierce, and bold,
 Advanc'd, uprear'd upon his hinder-feet,
 And touch'd her hand—O horrid to unfold!—
 And, at his shaggy back, a snow-white sheet.
 His eye-balls glar'd, his jaws distended wide;
 But, at her touch, the monster open flew:
 His mangled carcase falls on either side,
 And all within is now disclos'd to view.
 Here was a scene! full many a poison'd stain,
 And sable spot. 'O shield him, powers above!
 'O watch my Edward! guard my faithful swain!
 And thrice she call'd upon her absent love.
 The stains, the venom'd spots, behold her kiss!
 The snowy sheet, the strong-arm'd paws up-rear'd:
 She almost faints, as with extatic bliss!
 'Then, at her will, the vision disappear'd.
 Now solve, ye suitors at the mystic shrine,
 The sheet, and monster with the shaggy hide;
 Then let the laurel'd wreath your brows entwine,
 And dance with blooming Fanny when a bride.

ENIGMA II.

BY ORLANDO.

ON the peer, and the peasant, alike I attend;
 Design'd for man's use, I'm his servant and friend.
 I serve him in sorrow, in sickness, and need,
 For, without me, he sure must be wretched indeed!
 No friend or relation, no mistress or bride,
 Be times as they may, sticks more close to his side.
 But, tho' useful to man, still from arrogance free,
 I confess he's by no means dependent on me.
 For, tho' with the judge on the woolpack I'm seated,
 And by king, lords, and commons, am civilly treated,
 Some men, in appearance of figure and fame,
 With me very little acquaintance can claim.
 The marks of old age should be ever respected,
 But the older I grow, still the more I'm neglected:
 When, torn by disorder, my body's decay'd,
 A female physician is call'd to my aid;
 Of no use to the ladies, yet, kind as they're fair,
 They supply all my wants, with attention and care.
 One thing more I must add, tho' you deem it romance,
 I am oftener met with in England than France.

ENIGMA III.

BY EUGENIO.

FAR from the sun's enliv'ning ray,
 My being first began;
 There peaceful, undisturb'd, I lay,
 Till forc'd, by tyrant man—
 To tread the busy path of life,
 (A road of toil and pain!)
 Or wade thro' scenes of blood and strife,
 On yonder hostile plain;

For,

For, oft, when men to battle go,
I bear them to the field;
There, rush, resistless on the foe,
Unaw'd by spear or shield.

And e'en when jarring tumults end,
In arms I still am found,
My master's honour to defend,
And spread his fame around.

Of scorching heat, and piercing cold,
Extremes I've greater known,
Than e'er, by navigator bold,
Were felt at either zone.

But lest too plain I should appear,
Ingenious wits! to you;
I dare not mention hints more clear,
But bid you now adieu.

ENIGMA IV.

BY JACK.

MR. Editor, pray be so kind,
In your Magazine a place to find
For me, a suppliant, harmless thing;
Yet company I am for a king:
Then for a place I hope I'm fit,
In your Magazine of Wit.
My skin in common's brown and bare,
But sometimes it is cloath'd with hair,
When I am dress'd en militaire:
For in the army long I've been,
Serv'd under Marlborough and Eugene;
And, in the midst of war's alarms,
Have always carried fire-arms.
Altho' for valour never prais'd,
The soldier I have often rais'd,
My station's in the middle rank,
I do more harm than good in flank:
The Stewarts fought my company;
Cromwell supported was by me;
The present King so well I please,
I often sit between his knees.
In peace I likewise am of use,
Yet I do often aid abuse:
The highwayman I much befriend,
And smuggler oft assistance lend;
Yet is my presence little courted,
By those by whom I am best supported.

Some times six legs fall to my lot;
At others, deuce a leg I've got!
Still more of me might be express'd,
For I'm a thing 'tween man and beast;
But those are wisest—who say least.

ENIGMA V.

BY MR. J. PECK.

MY father, ere he gave me birth,
Lay buried deep among the earth;
And, rotting in the ground,
From his remains I then sprung up,
And soon I found the bitter cup
Of miseries abound.

I stood not long, ere cruel man
(Bear with such miseries who can?)
Me thro' the middle cut:
Then, like a murderer I was us'd,
Bound to a cart, and sore abus'd,
And close in prison shut.

In prison long I had not been
Ere man, my foe, O cruel scene!
Beat me full hard and fore:
To hot and gloomy dungeons sent,
I various hardships underwent
Which never mortal bore.

Tho' now from dungeons I am free,
I fear I shall devoured be,
By man, my cruel foe:
And you, no doubt, will bear your part,
Perhaps may stab me thro' the heart:
Ah! me, to rack I go!

ENIGMA VI.

BY T. W. LEICESTER.

IM sometimes long, at others short,
Just as men give me birth;
My ribs are chiefly my support,
Whene'er I'm form'd on earth.

After my birth I never thrive
In bulk, or height of stature;
So, from the fire that I derive,
Contrary am in nature.

Take one hint more, ye bards of fame,
The road I've shewn to heaven;
In record old you'll find my name,
'Twill thirteen and eleven.

REBUSES.

REBUS I.

BY MR. W. RUSHER, BANEURY.

TWO-thirds of what often we do,
With infantile sustenance crown:
Then will be discover'd to view,
What carried this Rebus to town.

REBUS II.

BY MR. JOHN SMITH, ROSEMARY LANE.

TAKE part of a foot, then with judgment
transpose,
And you'll find you've the answer just under your
nose

REBUS III.

BY FAKENHAMIENSIS.

OF a colour two-fifths you must take,
Add a good English liquor,
Fit for justice or vicar;
And a fish it will instantly make.

REBUS IV.

BY MR. J. BECKETT, JUN.

A Part of a cross with a circle combin'd,
Give the name of a town which I leave you
to find.

SOLUTIONS.

SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMAS.

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. A Tea-Kettle. | 4. A Hair-Broom. |
| 2. A Weaver's Shuttle. | 5. Virtue. |
| 3. Money. | 6. A Pair of Horns. |

REBUSES.

- | | |
|-------------|-----------|
| 1. Lunardi. | 3. Wit. |
| 2. Wye. | 4. Medal. |

SELECT ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

1. BY MR. THOMAS BARRETT,
ASSISTANT AT THE REV. MR. MAYOR'S
ACADEMY, WOODSTOCK.

YOUR Enigma, Mercutio, so dark and so pretty,
In solving, believe me, I think myself witty:
But, to tell you the truth, I was long fore afraid,
That your wit was too deep for my sense to per-
vade.

One whole evening, in vain, I por'd over your
Riddles,

Not a gleam of the Medal gave ease to my pains:
At last, with vexation, I hasten'd to bed;
But nought, save Enigmas, could enter my head.
Sleep fled from my eyes; I arose in a pet,
And order'd my servant the tea-things to set:
But the cups were scarce rang'd, and the toast
nicely brown'd,

When, lo! from the TEA-KETTLE issu'd a sound.
I look'd; and, behold! it was perch'd on a thorn;
For keen was the air, and unpleasing the morn.
I listen'd—it strains now distinctly were heard;
Your Enigma in all it's proportions appear'd.
Then, in transports of joy, I leap'd from my seat,
And greeted the KETTLE for singing so sweet.

2. BY QUERUMANIA.

SERENE, amidst furrounding fire,
Hear the TEA-KETTLE sing;
Or whether wint'r vents her ire,
Or blooming flowers spring.
So she whose breast true Virtue fills,
May smile at Scandal's fire;
Endure Misfortune's thorny ills,
Nor let a sigh respire.

3. BY MR. E. T. PILGRIM.

ON a subject so black, who the devil would
write,
Were it not for the sake of the Medal so bright?
But to shew you I'm not quite so blind as a beetle,
I pronounce your Enigma to be a TEA-KET-
TLE;
And now, friend Mercutio, you welcome shall
be,
To a well-butter'd toast, and a good dish of
tea,
If you call in Budge Row, on yours—E. T. P.

Very ingenious Answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA were also received from Mr. W. Ruffer, Banbury; Mr. J. N. Fish Street Hill; Mr. John Jones, North Row, Grosvenor Square; J. H. S. Sevenoaks; Mr. W. Stone, Beak Street; T. Waring, Leicester; Mr. J. Peck; Mr. J. Smith, Rosemary Lane; Mr. R. Tattam; J. S. Greenwich; Jack; S. Hofmer, Clapton; Eugenio; Mr. Francis Brown; Mr. Thomas Pugh, Oxford Street; Miss Sally Brock, Honiton; Oronoko; Mr. J. Cole, Newgate Street; Oxoniensis; Mr. J. G. Jun. Americanus; Poetical Cobler; Frances Maria Dobson, Marybone; and A Servant.

4. BY MUNDUNGUS.

A GAINST the new taxes tho' Foxites may
rave,
Yet the Minister safely may smile at their toils;
For each old woman's praises he surely will have,
As she drinks off her Gin or her TEA-KET-
TLE boils.

5. BY A BACHELOR.

(IN AN ANSWER TO ALL THE ENIGMAS
AND REBUSES.)

CEASE damning my pieces, ye critics, to
vex me;
A bachelor's life is enough to perplex me.
I expected a Medal, my hopes all miscarry,
And my friends are agreed 'tis because I don't
marry.

To tell you the reason why marriage I scorn,
I'm afraid from each brow there would spring
forth a Horn:

But sooner, ye Wits, than my hopes should expire,
The Prize e'en by that dreaded mode I'd acquire.
Yet grant me, kind Heaven, ere coupled for life,
To lighten the corse, by well-chusing a wife!
Not giddily young, or yet peevishly old;
Her virtue corruptless, and countless her gold:
Nor imagine all thoughts of a housewife I drop;
She should know how to handle a *Erub* or a mop:
And, while I am reading the Wit's Magazine,
Let her, like my good aunt at Wye, still be seen,
To work till the TEA-KETTLE sings on the fire;
And her needle resume when the tea-things retire.
Such a wife, then, as this—with the Medal—I'll
take,

And nothing but Death shall the contract e'er
break:

Contented I'll sit, and life's Shuttle unravel,
Nor e'er with Lunardi and fame wish to travel.

HAMMERSMITH.

6. BY EUGENIO.

NO more, ye sumptuous tea-urns, dare
Superior excellence to boast:
Mercutio's KETTLE shines more fair;
Sings, too—and yet but Sixpence cost.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISCELLANEOUS ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS,
TO THE SEVERAL ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA III.

BY MR. E. T. PILGRIM.

IF married, sweet poetic fair,
How happy he whose name you bear!
If not, let every youth be told—
That Celia's worth her weight in *Gold*.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA III.

BY NOBODY.

THE passport to all the good things you have
told,
If I've guess'd aright, is all powerful *Gold*:
It opens all locks, your Enigma disarms—
Let it not be the passport to Celia's arms.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IV.

BY MR. E. T. PILGRIM.

NO wonder, Friend Rusher, you think of a
Broom;
To other day you kiss'd Nelly, while sweeping
your room.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA VI.

BY MR. JOHN RIDLEY.

TOM swears that he a cuckold scorns;
Yet, faith! I know not how:
Since 'tis well known that Tom has horns,
And wears them on his brow.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE REBUSES,

BY OXONIENSIS.

INDEED, Mr. Peck, we have heard it at *Wye*,
That *Lunardi* is the man who ascended the
skys;

Thus my slender *Wit* your new Rebus explains,
Tho' a *Medal* I never shall get for my pains.

ANSWER TO REBUS I.

BY MR. E. T. PILGRIM.

YOU ask, who has travell'd the high road
to fame?
The question is answer'd—*Lunardi*'s his name!

ANSWER TO REBUSES I. II.

BY W. E. ISLINGTON.

LUNARDI's fame for mounting high,
Has reach'd, no doubt, as far as *Wye*.

ANSWER TO REBUS III.

BY MR. E. T. PILGRIM.

THO' a blockhead, I think that your Rebus
I've hit;
Give me leave to applaud you, friend Peck, for
your *Wit*!

ANSWER TO REBUS III.

BY TRISMEGISTUS.

WIT the third Rebus will properly fit:
In *Wit*, I presume, I have certainly hit
This question, which only is answer'd by *Wit*.

ANSWER TO REBUSES III, IV.

BY MR. W. STONE, BEAK STREET.

WIT, as the poet says, is bottle small,
And for a while uncork'd, it frothy
flies;
But if no *Medal*'s gain'd, it's spirits pall,
It droops, it sinks, grows flat, then fours, and
dies.

ANSWER TO REBUSES III, IV.

BY W. E. ISLINGTON.

IF *Wit* should once creep in my brain,
A *Medal*, Sir, I'll strive to gain.

☞ Other ingenious Answers have been received from Mr. W. Rusher, to Enigmas 3, 4, 6, and Rebuses 1, 3, 4; Mr. J. N. to Enigma 5, and Rebuses 1, 3, 4; Mr. John Jones, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. Philip Hoffe, Compton, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. W. Stone, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; T. Waring, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. John Smith, Rosemary Lane, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, and Rebus 3; S. Hofmer, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, and Rebuses 2, 3, 4; Mr. Thomas Pugh, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 3, 4; Mr. J. Beckett, Jun. to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. Francis Browne, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Frances Maria Dobson, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. John Savage, Thetford, Norfolk, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, and Rebuses 3, 4; Mr. W. E. Islington, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. W. K. West Bromwich, to Enigmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; J. S. Greenwich, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, and Rebuses 3, 4, 5; Mr. T. Crawter, to Rebuses 3, 4; Mr. James Woollen, Sheffield, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, and Rebuses 3, 4; Mr. W. Cory, to Enigmas 3, 5; Miss Sally Brock, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, and Rebuses 1, 3, 4; Oroonoko, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. John Ridley, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. W. Hutton, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; M. Lara Bury Street, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5 and Rebuses 1, 3; Mr. John Forster, to Enigma 5, and Rebuses 3, 4; Mr. J. G. Jun. to Enigmas 3, 5, and Rebuses 3, 4; A Savoyard, to Rebuses 2, 3, 4; Poetical Clobber, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; B. P. Wandsworth, to Enigmas 3, 5, and Rebuses 1, 3, 4; Mr. W. Darby, to Enigmas 3, 5, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; A Young Correspondent, Jernyn Street, to Enigmas 3, 5, and Rebus 3; Mr. W. Elley, to Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Jack, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Oxoniensis, to Enigmas 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebuses 1, 2, 3, 4; Trismegistus, to Rebuses 1, 2; and R. O. to Rebus 1.



THE WIT'S MAGAZINE.



DECEMBER 1784.

With a Large Quarto Engraving, representing a Scene of CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS;
designed and engraved purposely for this Work.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
1. The Night-Walker. No. VI. - - -	443		
2. Christmas Gambols - - - - -	444		
3. Charitable Reflections on the Charac- ters of Women - - - - -	445		
4. The Patron; or, Disappointed Author - - -	448		
5. Abow Callem's Pantouffles; or, the Effects of Avarice. An Oriental Tale - - - - -	449		
6. A Character. Sketched by Indiana - - -	451		
7. Advice to a young Lady respecting the Oeconomy of her House - - -	452		
8. Singular Generosity of an Arabian Prince - - - - -	454		
9. Account of the Trade and Mystery of Kingly Government in England - - -	457		
10. Butler's Characters continued.			
A Virtuoso - - - - -	ibid.		
An Antiquary - - - - -	459		
An Herald - - - - -	460		
11. Curious Improvements on the Cat- Organ. Addressed to the Royal Society - - - - -	461		
12. The Art of Kicking - - - - -	462		
13. Qualifications of a Modern Maid Ser- vant - - - - -	466		
14. Inconvenience of an over-cleanly Wife - - - - -	467		
15. Modern Method of securing Literary Fame - - - - -	468		
16. Select Anecdotes, Repartees, and Bon Mots; Ancient and Modern. No. XII. - - - - -	471		
		POETRY.	
		17. Christmas in London. A Familiar Epistle from a Poor Poet to his more fortunate Kinsman - - -	473
		18. Damon. A Pastoral - - - - -	ibid.
		19. The Universal Remedy. A Tale - - -	474
		20. The Barber. A New Song - - - - -	475
		21. Lamentations of an Old Shoe - - -	ibid.
		22. A New Commutation-Tax - - - - -	476
		23. Anacreontic - - - - -	ibid.
		24. Epigram I. - - - - -	ibid.
		25. Epigram II. - - - - -	ibid.
		26. Epigram III. - - - - -	ibid.
		27. Epitaph I. On a Spendthrift - - -	ibid.
		28. Epitaph II. On the late Mr. Spran- ger Barry - - - - -	ibid.
		29. Epitaph III. On the late Mr. Foote - - -	ibid.
		30. Epitaph IV. - - - - -	ibid.
		31. Epitaph V. - - - - -	ibid.
		32. Epitaph VI. - - - - -	ibid.
		33. The Irish Bellman - - - - -	ibid.
		THE SPHINX.	
		34. Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	477
		35. Rebuses - - - - -	478
		36. Paradoxes - - - - -	ibid.
		37. Solutions to Enigmas of last Month - - -	479
		38. Ditto to Rebuses - - - - -	ibid.
		39. Select Answers to the Prize Enigma - - -	ibid.
		40. Miscellaneous Answers from Corre- spondents to the several Enigmas and Rebuses - - - - -	480

LONDON:

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster Row; by whom Letters to
the EDITOR are received.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AS the Editor is determined that the Wit's Magazine shall in future be published as early on the First Day of every Month as any other Monthly Publication whatever, he entreats his Correspondents to transmit their Communications as expeditiously as possible.

The Editor thanks a Witling for the pains evidently taken in transcribing so many articles, and is sorry that they are not all adapted to the nature of his Miscellany.

On a farther examination of the Moral Lessons sent last Month, they appear less calculated for a Miscellany of Wit, than was at first apprehended.

The Signature of *Oxonienfis*, to the Receipt to make a Modern Eclogue, was accidentally omitted.

The Mistaken Parties is received.

B—k—g Ball has Merit, but the subject is not sufficiently general.

The Enigmatical Favours of X. Y. Z. should have been accompanied by their respective Solutions.

The Editor is obliged to Amor Varietatis for his ingenious Contributions; and will not fail to insert them.

The Essay on Envy will probably appear in our next.

The Editor holds himself in a particular manner obliged to Mr. Crawter, Mr. Hutton, Mr. J. N. Fish Street Hill, and Albert, of Norwich, for informing him that "Great Cry and Little Wool, or the History of the Four Potatoes," was not quite original, being taken from Poor Robin's Almanack for the Year 1783. It is, however, but justice to observe, that RIGDUM FUNNIDOS himself had previously, the very day after publication, acknowledged from whence it was extracted, and declared that he meant not to be a candidate for the MEDAL on the present occasion. That PRIZE, therefore, is now adjudged to the Author of "the Receipt to make a Modern Fine Lady," signed EUGENIO, who is requested to transmit his real name and place of abode to the Publishers.

PRIZE MEDALS.

The *first* SILVER MEDAL, for the best *original* Prose Essay by a Correspondent, is adjudged to Mr. ROBERTS, of Horkefley Park, for his REFLECTIONS on the CHARACTERS of WOMEN—the *second*, for the best Poetical Production, is adjudged to the very ingenious Mr. WILLIAM WEST, Author of that beautiful Pastoral, entitled DAMON; the Editor being persuaded, that his valuable and liberal Correspondent, Mr. ALLEN, whose Production is certainly most congenial with the Plan of the Wit's Magazine, will not be displeased at a decision which gives a small token of approbation to kindred Genius—and the *third* and *fourth*, given by lot to two out of the six best Answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA, fall to Mr. G. M. WOODWARD, and J. C. Bath—who are requested to transmit their orders for delivery to the Publishers by the 20th of January at farthest, in the same hand-writing as their respective Productions, signed with their real names and places of abode, that they may be printed in the next Number, for the satisfaction of Subscribers in general.

☞ The FOUR MEDALS adjudged last Month have been forwarded to—

1. The PUBLISHERS—for EUGENIO, whose true Name and Place of Abode will be mentioned next month.

Mr. R. TATTAM, at his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's Military Academy, Norland House, near Kensington Gravel Pits.

2. Mr. THOMAS BARRETT, Assistant at the Rev. Mr. Mavor's Academy, Woodstock.

4. Mr. W. HOLLAND, Jun. No. 25, St. John's Street, West Smithfield.

THE
WIT's MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1784.

THE NIGHT-WALKER.

NUMBER VI.

IT has been said, and probably with strict truth, that every animal, however noxious and detestable, has its undoubted use in the grand scale of existence, though the particular services of many creatures under this description are often inscrutable by human sagacity. This assertion has excited the emulation of philosophical enquirers, who have of late years made many valuable discoveries on so important a subject. The learned Blanketarius, A.B.C. D.E.F. and Member of all the Academies of Science in Europe, has published, in two quarto volumes, a Dissertation on those invaluable domesticated insects, the Chamber Flea and Bug; and a very distinguished member of most of those enlightened bodies has been engaged upwards of twenty years in collecting materials for a compleat History of the several species of Pediculi, or Human Lice, falsely called vermin; in which he will demonstrate the unrivalled attachment, fidelity, and utility to mankind, of those Capital Insects: an appellation, as he asserts in his Preliminary Letter to the President of the A. B. C. Society, very properly their due; not only from the usual station of one of the principal species, on the Caput, or Head; but from their pre-eminent services to the human structure in general.

Reader, it is well for thee that I have not the honour to be an associate in any of those scientific institutions; so that I am obliged to give thee a discovery which I have lately made respecting the utility of two hitherto-deemed noxious animals, in

two small sentences, instead of two large volumes.

My discovery, then—for I will no longer keep thee in suspense—is briefly this: that those poor, despised creatures, modern Patriots, and modern Critics, have each their respective uses in society; and, what is well worthy of remark, their services are precisely the same. The Patriot, by constantly keeping a watchful eye on the Minister—who knows that no fault, real or accidental, can escape the very worst construction—obliges him to be always awake on his post, where he might, perhaps, were it not for this useful reptile, now and then be caught napping: and the Critic, or Book-Grub—by perpetually searching the labours of a writer, for actual or fancied resemblances to his predecessors, as well as for such mistakes as result from ignorance or inattention, which he never fails to publish in the least advantageous light—as effectually prevents errors and imitations in those Authors who might otherwise be disposed to forget, too often, that the best they could do is not too much for the rewards they generally expect—present pay, and future fame.

And, it must be owned, if an Author, and a Prime-Minister—with adequate abilities—honestly do their duty, both the Public, and Posterity, will in general do theirs.

‘ But, Mr. Night-Walker, what has all this to do with the adventures in which you are engaged?’

Answer me fairly, my very good friend—

friend—Hast thou not—in thy own mind at least—accused me of stretching probability to the utmost verge of possibility, in my relation of the thief-takers visit so soon after the robbery?—‘As it was evidently not committed—if it ever was committed’—sayest thou—‘till you had quitted her Ladyship’s house, how could they possibly get the necessary intelligence as to you in so short a time?’

If thou wilt, in future, give me leave to tell a story in my own way, I will endeavour to satisfy thy inquisitive disposition.

But, when we have once satisfactorily experienced the integrity of a friend, let us not hastily suspect his veracity.

This is the fact—

Her Ladyship was actually robbed; by whom, it is easy to guess. Information was immediately sent to Bow-

Street, with a particular description of myself and Harry, as well as of the young creature who accompanied us. The myrmidons in waiting suspected we must have carried her off in a coach: they enquired at the turnpike; and not only found that we had passed there, but that the gate-keeper remembered the number of the coach. They, accordingly, soon discovered the driver, and he very readily told them where he put us down.

And now, Reader, having heartily forgiven thee this rude intrusion on my narrative, I would gladly have proceeded to relate what farther resulted from my first evening’s adventure. It is, however, too late, to begin such an interesting subject; but, when next we meet, let me go on smoothly, and I will endeavour to deserve your patient attention.

H—.

CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

BEING invited this Christmas to spend an evening at the house of a wealthy citizen, who has happily not attained to so much modern refinement as to despise those innocent gambols which amused his forefathers, I send you the particulars of our night’s diversion; which, I own, gave me considerable pleasure.

My friend is one of those who esteem it the greatest honour in life to be thought men of business. His corporation displays his partiality for good living, and his nose is finely tinted with vermilion. He was seated in a great chair, next to his wife; who, not being one of the most slender women in the world, occupied a great portion of the room. The citizen’s favourite dog Jowler sat by his master, with all the composure and gravity of a conscientious magistrate! The old gentleman’s wig appeared rather discomposed by his afternoon nap; which circumstance, added to the broad grin of his help-mate, gave

considerable drollery to the scene which I have endeavoured to sketch. A hackney-writer sat on his left, with a long-nosed clergyman, who paid his devoirs, at intervals, to a snub-nosed old maid.

This reverend gentleman, like many of his modern brethren, had a custom of paying greater attention to the bottle than to the pulpit; and was possessed of the ecclesiastical failing of preferring women to the liturgy.

Among the rest, was a country kinsman, of the name of Ralph Jones; whose straight hair, blue coat, red waistcoat, and buckskin breeches, shone conspicuous. Poor Ralph was the butt of the whole room! He was fresh from Cumberland, and consequently unacquainted with the ways of London. These, with Mr. Tiffany, a silk-mercer, three young ladies, myself, and a little boy, filled up the motley group.

The parson, in the course of the evening, proposed a game at Forfeits, which was universally agreed to; but the

the clergyman, being an adept at the game, most of the kisses fell to his share. My part in this performance was to command the penalties. I was accordingly extended on the carpet, with my head in the lap of the treasurer, who held the forfeits in her apron. Among many others, I commanded the most beautiful young lady present to take the candle in her hand, stand in a corner of the room, and call Ralph to kiss the candlestick. All was mute!—and the parson, having taken advantage of the company's watching Ralph, began to kiss the old maid, who seemed as quiet in her situation as if she had been in her Sunday's pew. In the mean time, the young lady having obeyed, poor Ralph—Oh, dreadful blunder!—instead of saluting the amiable Louisa, applied his lips to the candlestick. Every muscle was instantly in motion; and the sudden burst of laughter roused the parson and his inamorato, who joined in the general merriment. Ralph, however, being roused to the highest pitch of resentment against the parson for proposing the game, addressed him in the following blunt manner. 'What the devil do'st thee grin 'at, do'st thee know? The fault was 'all along of thee, for setting us at such

'an out-of-the-way game. Wast thee 'made a parson to play at forfeits? 'Answer me that! Or does the church 'authorize thee to make fools o' your 'Christian companions? Answer me 'that!'

The countryman's face now resembled the colour of his waistcoat; and, as he concluded with supposing his reverence had a licence from the bishop to kiss his neighbours wives and daughters, the laugh in some degree turned against the parson; and Ralph retired, with an air of consequence, to his chair.

After this, we proceeded to blacking of faces—a very interesting part of the game, which, by degrees, became general.

Forfeits being ended, other primitive amusements took place; such as Hunt the Slipper, Blind Man's Buff, and a variety of those Gambols which constitute a merry Christmas. In short, we spent the remainder of the evening with the utmost conviviality, (for my friend never suffers a pack of cards to enter his house) and I returned home about five in the morning.

G. M. WOODWARD.

CHARITABLE REFLECTIONS

ON THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

BY MR. ROBERTS.

THERE are two kinds of Charity: the first consisting in what we do for our fellow-creatures; and the second, in what we think of them. Of the former, as there are so many advocates to enjoin it's observance, I shall say nothing; but confine myself entirely to the latter.

It certainly must be a subject of serious concern to every thinking member of society, to observe with how much severity mankind judge of the conduct of each other; every action, however meritorious, is examined into

with malignant curiosity and desire to depreciate it's intrinsic value by misrepresenting it's beauty, or by ascribing it to some latent turpitude of heart; as pride, selfishness, or other motives equally contemptible. Now, as we are all taught to believe that Charity covers a multitude of sins, in which general proposition a charitable construction on the actions of others is included, as well as the assistance we may extend to them when they stand in need of it, he surely will be looked upon as a public benefactor,

factor, who the most persuasively recommends the practice of it. After this declaration, my voluntary assumption of so important an undertaking will be thought by some to border very much on presumption: but, whatever they may imagine, I shall no farther apologize for myself, than to express my hopes that the perusal of what I am writing will soften the asperity of such a charge, by teaching them to judge more favourably.

It must be acknowledged, that there is little prospect of profit in the exercise of this mode of Charity: there being no promise of a return of seventy-fold to him who speaketh well of his neighbour, as there is to him who giveth unto the poor; which, perhaps, is the reason that the one is so scarce in comparison to the other.

The pleasing consciousness of innate benevolence and rectitude of heart is an old-fashioned reward, which moralists have expatiated upon till it has become thread-bare; for were we to judge from what we are every day witnesses of, we must necessarily conclude that, to men in general, it appears too chimerical and unsubstantial to excite them even to humanity, much less to virtue: however, notwithstanding this very great discouragement, I shall proceed to lay down a system of thinking, in which a method of exercising an abundance of philanthropy will be pointed out, even in those very instances where the world has been most lavish of their censures. A few practical examples will, I am persuaded, illustrate this much better than the most laboured theory.

Harriet is young and beautiful; her eyes are sparkling, her complexion is blooming as the new-blown bud, and her countenance is adorned with perpetual smiles: she is frequently seen riding through the streets, on the coldest winter mornings, with both windows of her carriage open—'With both windows of her carriage open!' cries an old cynic, lifting his hands and eyes up to heaven; 'O tempora, O mores! Here's pride and vanity

' for you! This delicate form, nursed in the indulgent lap of Luxury and Ease, which has often shrunk from the injuries of the mildest autumnal breeze, is yet capable of sustaining the severest winter's blast, only to enjoy the gratification of exhibiting herself in public!' Now, how much ill-nature is there in this reflection; and how contrary to that scheme of tenderness which I am so anxious to promote! The sentiments of a charitable man would be very different: such a one would say, that Harriet's riding in her carriage with both windows open was a proof that she was employed in sensible reflections on the natural injustice of the great inequality among mankind; and that she was endeavouring to induce the poor people, who were trudging through the mud on foot, to believe that, though Fortune had placed her in affluence, she was yet willing to share the inclemencies of the weather with them. Doubtless, these must be the considerations of every lady in such a situation; and, to testify the truth of what I say, I must refer them to their own bosoms.

Eliza is not inferior in personal beauty to Harriet; she wears her stays very low, and her petticoats very short: now such another crabbed old fellow as the above, would attribute this to vanity or want of modesty; instead of which, we ought charitably to suppose, that she does so through an excess of humility, to convince the men that she really possesses less beauty than they might imagine, if her neck and ankles were concealed. It discovers also her abhorrence of deceit, in despising the old observation—'That what is most seen is least desired;' and her artlessness and liberality are evinced by her not taking advantage of it, farther than the restraints of custom oblige her to do! These, undoubtedly, are very laudable motives for her shewing as much as she can; but if she is actuated by none of these, we cannot help believing that she generously applies the same noble and exalted sentiment to female charms, which

which the noble-minded Osman applies to royalty—

‘ Monarchs, like the sun,
Shine but in vain, unwarming if unseen.’

HILL'S ZARA.

The fair Lucinda, while she is busied in her daily employment of impaling earth-worms on the barbed hook, and casting the writhing victims to the scaly inhabitants of the stream, would be branded by uncharitable men with cruelty and inhumanity: but surely it would be much more commendable, charitably to suppose, and particularly every feeling and contemplative philosopher must imagine, that she is attached to this calm and gentle diversion because it is so congenial to rational reflections; she certainly will derive infinite pleasure from the remembrance which this employment must naturally suggest, that Death will, at some future day, in like manner seize upon her helpless form, and consign it to the dust, to be food for the brethren of those very worms, which she is now so laudably sacrificing for the promotion of serious and Christian-like meditations.

It is impossible but we must assent to this supposition, because nothing but a great and powerful motive, like this, could excuse the absence of that sensibility without which the female breast would be destitute of it's most valuable and beautiful ornament. Lucinda is also celebrated for crucifying butterflies and insects of all denominations, that are any way remarkable for beauty. She has a room furnished with a set of elegant picture-frames, filled with these creatures, arranged in the most beautiful order, and with the greatest perfection of taste. How praise-worthy is this! How delightful is it to behold one of the tender, delicate part of the creation, which has so frequently been condemned as thoughtless and giddy, thus indulging her pensive moments in the contemplation of spectacles so emblematic of mortality, and of short-lived Beauty!

Clarinda is loquacious; her tongue,

like the pendulum of a clock, is continually saluting the ears of all within her reach, with it's eternal click-clack. But why should she be censured for it? Does not this discover the openness of an expanded heart, that is anxious to distribute a share of all it contains to every one around her? Besides, Shakespeare, that favourite child of Nature, says—

‘ Silence is only commendable,
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.’

When ladies wore large hoops, and cork-rumps, I always believed them to be evident symptoms of their modesty and virtue; in endeavouring to conceal and guard, as much as possible, that which, in the days of primitive innocence, would have been sufficiently protected by a fig-leaf. But, alas! notwithstanding these formidable fortresses, who can help lamenting, in the words of Pope—

‘ Oft have we seen this seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of
‘ whale.’

But now that these prodigious female appendages are gradually yielding to the influence of Fashion, it is the duty of every good Christian most faithfully to believe that the ladies are throwing them aside through the humble opinion they have of their beauty, by introducing a rivalry, in point of drapery, between their faces and their bums.

Melissa is happy in being the wife of the tenderest and most indulgent of husbands; she is persuaded of her felicity; she loves him sincerely; and nothing can entice her from the continual enjoyment of connubial endearments, but an unconquerable fondness for cards. How often do we hear Melissa condemned for her attachment to this diversion? ‘ Is it possible,’ says a rigid moralist, ‘ that a woman of sense and understanding, that a woman otherwise susceptible of the most generous and exalted sentiments, can devote those hours to dissipation and thoughtless extravagance, which ought to be dedicated to Love, in the arms of a
‘ fond

• fond husband; and to domestic rap-
 • tures, in the cultivation of her ris-
 • ing offspring?' How apposite these
 severe reflections are to my tender
 system will appear at first sight; I
 must therefore prepare myself with
 all my force to defend it from so vio-
 lent an attack as this seems to be.
 I will begin, then, by observing, that
 it would be much more becoming in
 us, and far more charitable and
 good-natured, to say—that the good
 sense of Melissa convinced her that
 an unvaried repetition of the most
 ravishing delights soon rendered them
 cloying and insipid; and that, to avoid
 this dreadful rock, on which the hap-
 piness of so many loving couples has
 been wrecked, she was induced to
 participate the less of her husband's
 company. As to the diversion of
 card-playing, it is impossible she can
 be fascinated, as she is, with it, for
 any other reason, than because the
 alternation of good and ill fortune
 there met with, exhibits a beautiful
 resemblance of the variegated scenes
 of human life, from whence she may
 learn to bear the vexations of the
 world with patience and resignation,
 and to enjoy it's felicities without
 giddy and excessive exultation. The
 charge against her of extravagance
 must be totally groundless; and we
 cannot help believing so, when we re-
 collect that she plays with none but
 men of honour and gallantry, in whose
 company she may win, but never can

lose; for should it, as it sometimes
 doubtless is, her fate to be unsuccess-
 ful, her conjugal tenderness and af-
 fection will not permit her for a mo-
 ment to entertain the idea that her
 beloved husband should suffer for her
 losses? she therefore most wisely and
 affectionately pays her debts of ho-
 nour, and preserves his peace of mind,
 by proving the truth of that celebrat-
 ed couplet of Othello—

‘ He that is robb'd, not wanting what is sto-
 ‘ len,
 Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at
 ‘ all.’

SHAKESPEARE.

This unpolished specimen of a cha-
 ritable mode of thinking is, I hope,
 sufficiently obvious to the observa-
 tion of the least attentive readers.
 Various have been the ways made use of
 to excite the female world to an emu-
 lation of that excellence of character
 which they seem better adapted by
 nature to reach, than we are; and
 perhaps it may appear strange, that
 I should hit upon so singular a one
 for this purpose as that of making
 their frailties and follies the subjects
 of unusual adulation. Feeble, how-
 ever, and ineffectual, as this attempt
 may be, it is a source of pleasure to
 me to reflect, that I have contributed
 my mite towards the improvement of
 that sex which, were it far less perfect
 than it is, I should never cease to
 love, to respect, and to esteem.

HORKESLEY PARK.

THE PATRON;

OR, DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR.

BY MR. ALLEN.

FANCY, thou most agreeable ar-
 chitect! It is thou that plannest
 our ideal prospects; it is thou that dost
 erect our visionary castles: thou formest
 a Juno, and we embrace a cloud!

A man of great erudition, virtue,
 and innocency of manners, had so little
 of the wealth of this world—indeed,
 was so sunk in poverty—that he tried
 every laudable means to emerge, and
 move in a more unconfined circle: but,
 not being bred up to business, had

only his wits to depend on. He there-
 fore sat down; and, by dint of great
 labour and industry, composed a sys-
 tem of morality, which he conveyed
 in so pleasing a manner, that it could
 not fail both to delight and instruct.
 From this work he derived the greatest
 hopes of a comfortable subsistence;
 nor was he, indeed, without secret ex-
 pectations of obtaining vast riches.
 He reviewed, with all the pleasures of
 imagination, the various editions it
 would

would pass through; into what several languages it would be translated; read over and over the more shining passages till his wife and children were wearied with the repetition; and, at length, having revised and corrected it to his mind, he offered the precious manuscript to the publishers, not doubting their avidity in ushering to the world his learned lucubrations. But, here, he found matters did not keep exact pace with the celerity of his imagination: it availed but little that his book was wrote with perspicuity, conveying the finest sentiments in the purest language; it would not do. He had no Patron to countenance his labours, the authority of whose name might shelter him from the shafts of criticism. This, indeed, was a difficulty he had not foreseen: however, that was at last removed. An encourager of merit, a Patron of the arts, deigned to receive him. He presented his book: he was even permitted to sit down.—O happy prospect of future ease and affluence! A second visit was allowed, to present the dedication.—O golden hopes! delusive dream! Will no kind Genius whisper in thine ear—that this Patron is a mass of arrogance, pride, and vanity: a dupe to the designing; a slave to flatterers; ardent to pass for an artist, and a wit; impatient of controul, and anxious for applause!

Perceiving our author attentively viewing his pictures, the noble Patron asked his opinion of them. The poor man displayed his judgment by apportioning due praise to the merits of the several masters: but, being directed to a particular portrait, he, with

honest truth, reprobated it as unworthy a place among its fellows. Fatal mischance! O ill-timed truth! It was the Patron's own performance. He had, however, the prudence to stifle his rage; inwardly despising the author, as wholly ignorant of the art of painting.

Willing still to extort some praise, he now produced various pieces of poetry, the essays of ingenious men: these our author highly extolled. The Patron, then, with a tremulous hand, presented an epigram, telling him to decide freely on its merit. The undesigning man, after a careful perusal, declared it to be totally void of thought, sense, or grammar; adding, that it had no sting in its tail. Hapless man! thy fate is decided.

The haughty Patron reddened with fury, to find his favourite morceau, the very quintessence of his brain, thus undervalued by a starling author; and, rising to conduct him to the door—'Pray,' says he, 'cannot you add one sheet more to your work?'—'I will obey you,' replies our submissive author. 'Because,' returned the Patron, 'I have been measuring them, and find that another sheet would just do.' The astonished man of letters begged to know what he meant by measuring them. To which the chagrined Patron sarcastically replied—'There will then be just sufficient to line my great trunk!' and immediately shut the door upon him.

Amazement seized our crest-fallen author; and he found, but much too late, that the epigram had, indeed, a sting in its tail.

LEWES.

ABOW CASSEM'S PANTOUFFLES;

OR, THE EFFECTS OF AVARICE.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

THERE dwelt at Bagdad an old merchant, named Abow Cassem, noted for his avarice: although he was very rich, his cloaths

VOL. I.

were nothing but patches and rags; his turban was of the coarsest cloth, and so dirty, that it was difficult to distinguish the colour; but of all his

3 L whole

whole dress, his pantouffles (or slippers) were what merited most the attention of the curious: the soles were armed with large nails, and the upper-leathers were an assemblage of botches; the famous ship of Argos had not so many pieces in it; and since they had been pantouffles, which was about ten years, the most skilful cobblers in all Bagdad had exhausted their skill to keep them together. They were even become so heavy, that they passed into a proverb; and when any one wanted to express a thing that was remarkably clumsy, Abow Cassem's pantouffles were always the object of comparison.

One day, as this merchant was walking in the bazar, (the public market of the city) an offer was made him of a large quantity of crystals, of which he became an advantageous purchaser. Hearing, some days after, that a perfumer, whose affairs were in a ruinous state, had some excellent rose-water to sell, which was his last resource, he instantly took advantage of the poor man's misfortunes, and bought his rose-water for half the value. This new bargain put him into good humour; however, instead of giving an entertainment to his neighbours, according to the custom of the merchants of the East, when they made a fortunate purchase, he found it more convenient to go to the public baths, where he had not been for a long time. As he was undressing, a person whom he took to be his friend, (for the covetous rarely have any real ones) told him that his pantouffles were the ridicule of the whole city, and that he ought to buy a new pair. 'I have thought of it a long time,' replied Cassem: 'but they are not yet so bad, but they may serve a little longer.' During this conversation, he was quite undressed, and retired to the bath.

While he was bathing, the Cadi of Bagdad came likewise to bathe. Cassem, coming out before the judge, came first into the dressing-room; and, having put on his cloaths, he sought in vain for his pantouffles, in the

room of which he discovered a new pair. Our avaricious merchant, persuaded (because he wished it so) that the person who had just rebuked him about his old slippers, had made him a present of the new pair, put them on his feet without hesitation; and quitted the place, overjoyed at the thought of being saved the expence of buying.

When the Cadi had done bathing, his slaves looked about for their master's pantouffles, instead of which they could only find a vile old pair, which they readily knew to be Cassem's: the Cadi's officers went directly in quest of the suspected thief; and, finding him with the stolen effects upon him, after exchanging the pantouffles, the Cadi sent him to prison; and as he was reputed to be as rich as he was covetous, he was obliged to compromise the matter with the Cadi, by the payment of a considerable sum of money.

On his return home, the afflicted Cassem, for very spite, threw his slippers into the Tigris, which ran under his windows. Some days after, a fisherman, pulling up his net, found it heavier than usual, which was owing to the weight of the pantouffles; the nails of which had caught hold of his net, and broke several of the meshes. The poor fisherman, enraged at Cassem and his slippers, took it into his head to fling them in at the windows; and he threw them with such force, that he overset the crystal vases that decorated the cornices and mantle-piece of the room; and one of them likewise struck the bottle containing the rose-water, and dashed it to pieces.

Figure to yourself, if you can, the agonies of Cassem, on beholding this scene of devastation. 'Curfed pantouffles!' exclaimed the covetous wretch, tearing his beard, 'you shall not do me any future mischief.' So saying, he took up a spade, repaired to his garden, and dug a hole to bury them. One of his neighbours, who for a considerable time had owed him an ill office, ran to the governor, and acquainted

acquainted him that Cassem had just dug up a hidden treasure in his garden. This was sufficient to rouse the cupidity of the commandant; and our miser in vain remonstrated, that he had not discovered any gold, but was only burying his cursed slippers. The governor had made sure of money; and the unfortunate Cassem could not obtain his liberty without a handsome present.

The distracted old man now gave his pantouffles most heartily to the devil, and went and threw them into an aqueduct at a great distance from the city, imagining that he should hear no more of them; but the devil, who had not done playing tricks with him, directed them to the conduit of the aqueduct, by which means they intercepted the current of the waters, and caused an inundation in the adjoining gardens: the owners, on discovering the cause, took the slippers to the Cadi, and demanded satisfaction for the damages they had occasioned. The unhappy master of them was once more committed to prison, and condemned to pay a fine which amounted to a much larger sum than the two former: after which, the Cadi, who would by no means detain his property, restored him his choice pantouffles. Cassem, that he might be finally delivered from farther harm, now determined to burn them; but, as they had imbibed a great deal of water, he set them on the terrace at the top of his house, to

dry by the sun. But Fortune (or rather Misfortune) had not yet exhausted her quiver against the unlucky man, and she now dealt him a more cruel stroke than all the rest: a young dog in the next house, perceiving the slippers, leapt from his master's terrace over to Cassem's; and, seizing one of them in his mouth, played his gambols with it till he at last let it fall over the parapet, and unhappily it alighted on the head of a woman with child, who was passing along in the street before Cassem's door. Fear, added to the violence of the blow, made the poor woman miscarry: her husband carried his complaints to the Cadi; and Cassem was condemned to make him a recompence proportioned to the injury he had done his wife.

Upon this fresh misfortune, he ran home; and, taking his pantouffles in his hands, he once more repaired to the Cadi. 'Behold,' said he, 'my lord,' (with an impetuosity which diverted the judge) 'the fatal instruments of all my sufferings! These cursed pantouffles have reduced me to poverty: deign, therefore, to publish a decree, that I may not be made responsible for the ills they will doubtless yet occasion.' The Cadi could not refuse this reasonable petition: and Cassem, at length, by dear-bought experience, learned the fatal effects of vile avarice.

A CHARACTER.

SKETCHED BY INDIANA.

BUSINESS, not pleasure—my pleasurable pursuits are at the west-end of the town—led me a few mornings since into the city. It was one of those cool mornings when nature braces up the weak nerves, and gives health and rosy cheeks to our damsels, with vigour and spirit to our youths.

Meeting with a trifling delay, I

stepped into H——'s; and, having squeezed myself into a corner, called for a plate of soup—not so much with a view of gratifying my appetite, as my curiosity. My old friend and fellow-collegian Jack Smith came in; and, having discerned me, saluted me with a warmth of friendship, to which cold, phlegmatic mortals, are utterly strangers. Having cooled our

soup, by talking over the news of the day, we enquired each other's business.

'Mine,' said he, 'is to wait on a young man lately arrived from the West Indies, who now resides in smoke and dullness, till he enters on his studies at Oxford. He is an original of the first water: but I will introduce you, when you may form your own judgment of him. My business is to procure him a respectable acquaintance at Oxford; which, I believe, I have accomplished.'

We were now on our way to the house; and, having entered it, were quickly joined by Alonso—for so I shall at present call him.

My friend having announced my name, the youth stiffly bowed; and said he should be happy to be known to me.

While Smith and he were engaged in conversation, I found full employment in contemplating his figure: but it may not be amiss to sketch it here, as it nearly provoked the risibility of my muscles beyond the rules of good-breeding.

He appeared to be about nineteen; of a sickly habit of body, and of a very unfavourable person. His dress was a faded suit of cloaths, of the cut of the last century, lined with a heavy silk; and his thin, scanty hair, knew no other ornament than a black ribband: I could easily have reconciled his dress to my ideas, had not the singularity of his conversation convinced me it was his choice. His

ideas were equally Gothic and bizarre: he displayed a vast deal of such reading as shewed he had bestowed much time on what neither credited his heart nor understanding. In lieu of that generous warmth which characterizes his country, he had brought over a dissimulation of manners, with a heart—guarded, as he stiled it—I say, steeled—against every feeling which honours humanity. A firm opinion that every man wished to deceive him, discovered a narrowness of soul little consistent with that elevation of sentiment he pretended to.

He informed me that he expected to see, at Oxford, Plato's, Seneca's, and even the Academic Grove itself. I did not undeceive him; but left him to discover his error, when he should be laughed out of his singularities.

I returned home, reasoning on the consequent effects resulting from misguided education. The young man's reception among the collegians has been such as I expected: having selected a tutor of manners congenial with his own, he will profit little by his instructions; and, being from necessity excluded his companions, by his peculiarities, he will find himself, like the owl in the fable, reduced to sit poring over his learned lumber, and live unnoticed and unknown; except that knowledge which the world will gather of him from oppression and insulting pedantry. If this should meet his eyes, may the portrait have the wished effect!

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY,

RESPECTING THE OECONOMY OF HER HOUSE.

AS you are now tenant at will, in a very handsome HOUSE, and are capable of furnishing it in the politest manner, and of ruling it by the strictest maxims of œconomy and decorum, permit a friend to give a few cursory hints, in an affair of so much importance.

The Building, as you must be

convinced, is composed of some of the finest materials that were ever beheld; and is of course extremely liable to discover every flaw and spot that may affect it. It is erected of a proper height, of a just size, and on a regular plan, and finished with the most accurate proportions.

On the top stands an eminent Turret,

ret, furnished with a Room of a globular form; which, I observe, has two Crystal Windows in the front. These are so constructed as to be exceedingly useful: they command an extensive prospect; and, if always kept clean and bright, will prove a very great ornament to your House. I advise you not to look through them at every object that passes by; to shut them soon at night, and to open them as early as possible in the morning. On each side of the Turret, I observe that there is a small Portal to admit company; but take particular care that these avenues are guarded by a proper centinel, and by no means suffered to stand open; as you will otherwise be perpetually crouded with Visitors, and perhaps with many disagreeable ones. However, let these useful Portals never be shut against the advising Friend, the instructive Parent, or the supplicating Orphan. There is a single Gate in the front, by which all your company is dismissed, and this should in general be barred close: it is, indeed, so very public, that you can hardly let out any Visitor privately; and you must be very careful that no suspicious character be seen to quit it, lest you draw a scandal on your House. Whatever Company, therefore, may have forced their way into the two Side-Portals, it will be necessary to lay the strictest injunctions of vigilance on the Two able Porters, who stand constantly before the Ivory Pallisades, in a livery of the deepest scarlet. I have seen some Ladies paint the Two Pannels, just below the Windows of their Houses; but I advise you to avoid that custom, as the natural colours far exceed every decoration of art.

This part of the Edifice is supported by a Pillar of Corinthian Marble, the base of which is ornamented with a pair of Alabaster Semi-Globes; and over these it will be very proper to draw a fine lawn curtain.

Beneath these is the Great Hall, in which you have a small Closet of exquisite workmanship: this, I suppose, is the place of your secret retire-

ment, open to none but yourself, and some approved friends: I advise you to keep this always clean; to furnish it well; to make it a little library of the best practical authors; and to visit it frequently, especially when you return from church, or leave a circle of acquaintance, whom you have met at the tea-table.

Let the outside of your Hall not appear like a horse hung round with ecutcheons, nor be like a coach of state, daubed over with tinsel and colourings; but let it be plain and neat, to convince the world that it is kept more for use than ornament.

You are sensible, Miss, that Time effaces the beauty, and demolishes the strength of the noblest structures: and, therefore, do not be alarmed on finding yours subject to the like change. Doubtless, it has often wanted repairs, though you have lived in it no longer; which is a plain intimation that the House must in a few years fall. You may, indeed, soon be turned out; the Landlord may give you warning, or he may not; and, as all this is quite uncertain, be perpetually prepared, and then you need never be afraid of quitting it.

One thing I must not forget to observe: when you have once left your House, no other human being will ever inhabit it, but it will lie waste and in ruins; yet the Proprietor has promised some time or other to rebuild it, for your reception, in a more durable manner: but though it will then be constructed with the same materials, they are to be so refined and modified by the Great Architect, that the edifice will not be in future liable to any accident or decay; and, as it is absolutely necessary that your Habitation be reared in some other place, I heartily wish it may be situated in a finer country, under a milder climate, and on a spot not exposed to those pitiless storms, which injure, and too often destroy, the best contrived Buildings in this sublunary abode—since you must then take it for a term which will never expire.

SINGULAR GENEROSITY OF AN ARABIAN PRINCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

HATEM-TAI was esteemed so liberal, that the most powerful monarchs were jealous of his great reputation. The Sultan of Damascus, being very desirous to have some positive information if what Fame had published of that Arab was true, dispatched one of his principal officers with presents for Hatem, and with orders to ask of him twenty camels with red hair and black eyes. This species of camel was very rare, and consequently of great value.

To answer this demand, Hatem forthwith had a general search made in the desert for all camels with black eyes and red hair, promising to each proprietor the double of their value. The Arabs, who placed in Hatem the greatest confidence, soon mustered together a hundred camels such as he required. Hatem sent them to the king, and heaped presents on the officer.

The sovereign of Damascus, quite astonished at this magnificence, endeavoured to surpass it. The same camels he procured to be loaded with the most precious stuffs, and sent them back to Hatem: when all those who had brought these rare animals were by him immediately complimented with them and the burdens they carried. At this news the king of Damascus acknowledged himself conquered.

Hatem's reputation soon extended beyond the bounds of Asia, and reached Europe. The Emperor of Constantinople, vexed in some degree that a chief of the Arabs should stand in competition, in point of liberality, with the greatest monarchs, wanted also, like the sultan of Damascus, to put his generosity to the test.

Among the great number of horses Hatem kept, there was one so extraordinary, that he prized it more than all his wealth. Nature had never formed so perfect an animal; fire seemed to gush out of his nostrils; and he surpassed, in running, the fleetest stags. This horse, in fine,

was not less celebrated in the east for his beauty, than his master was renowned for his liberality.

The emperor, who knew how much Hatem loved his horse, resolved to ask it of him; believing, by so doing, he should put his generosity to the severest trial. He sent to him a lord of his court. The monarch's officer arrived at Hatem's habitation in a dark stormy night, and at a time when all the Arabian horses were out at grass. He was received by the most magnificent of men, as the emperor's envoy ought to be. After supper, Hatem conducted his guest into a very rich tent.

The next day, the envoy delivered to Hatem his master's presents, with a letter from that prince. Hatem, reading it, seemed to be under some affliction. 'If you had informed me yesterday,' said he to the officer, 'of the object of your mission, I should not now be under so vexatious an embarrassment; and would have given the emperor that feeble testimony of my obedience: but the horse he desires is no more. All our animals at this season feed in the meadows, and it is customary with us to keep but one horse at home; that was the horse I kept. Surprized by your coming, and having nothing to treat you withal, I had him slain; and he was served up for your supper. The darkness and bad weather hindered my sending for some of my sheep, which are now in far-distant pastures.' Hatem then gave orders for bringing to him his finest horses; and begged the ambassador to present them to his master. That prince could not help admiring Hatem's extraordinary generosity; and owned that he truly deserved the title of the most liberal of all men.

It was Hatem's ill fate to give umbrage to all monarchs. Numan, king of the Happy Arabia, conceived a violent jealousy against him. That prince prided himself for generosity; but, in the main, it was nothing but ostentation.

ostentation. He proclaimed with pomp throughout the east, that all desirous of any favour might repair to the foot of his throne. His design was to surpass Hatem in generosity. He would have obliterated from the memory of men the name of an odious rival; but, in spite of his efforts, innumerable multitudes repeated the name of that benefactor to mankind, and published his praises. Numan felt the most indignant emotions: 'Is it possible,' cried he, 'that an Arab should be compared with me, who has neither sceptre nor crown, and who wanders about in the deserts?' His jealousy continually increasing, he believed it easier to destroy than to surpass him.

There was, at Numan's court, one of those courtiers who sell themselves to the caprices of princes, and who are ever ready to undertake all, to obtain all. The king made choice of him for the instrument of his diabolical design. 'Go,' said he, 'deliver me of a man whom I abhor; and depend on a reward equal to the service you are expected to perform.'

The venal courtier wings his flight, and arrives in the desert where the Arabs were encamped. Espying at a distance their tents, he recollects that he had never seen Hatem; and then meditates how he shall know him, without hazarding, in any respect, the discovery of his design. Full of these vile thoughts, he was accosted by a man of amiable figure, who invited him into his tent. He accepted the invitation, and was charmed with his polite reception. After a splendid supper, he rose to take leave of his host; but the Arab prayed him to tarry with him for some days. 'Thou generous man,' said the king's officer to him, 'I cannot sufficiently thank you for the good treatment I have met with from you; but an affair of the last importance obliges me to leave you.'—'Can you possibly,' replied the Arab, 'communicate to me this affair? You are a stranger in these parts; and I may perhaps be of service to you.' The courtier, reflecting with himself, that he should

not be able alone to accomplish his enterprize, resolved to profit of the good offers of service made him by his host.

'You shall judge,' said he, 'of the confidence I place in you, from the importance of the secret I am going to reveal to you. Know, that Hatem has been devoted to death by Numan, King of Arabia. That prince, whose favourite I am, made choice of me to be the minister of his vengeance: but how shall his orders be executed by one who has never seen Hatem? Shew me the man, and add that benefit to those you have already heaped on me.'—'I promised to serve you,' answered the Arab; 'you shall see if I am punctual to my word: I am Hatem! and strike,' added he, laying naked his bosom: 'shed my blood; and may my death keep in peace your prince who desires it; and may it procure for you your hoped-for reward! It is, however, necessary to acquaint you, that time is precious, and therefore you must not delay putting your master's orders in execution, and departing directly. The darkness of the night will screen you from the vengeance of my friends and relations. If tomorrow day-light surprizes you in these quarters, destruction will pour down on your head.'

These words were as a thunderbolt to the courtier. Astonished at the blackness of his crime, and the magnanimity of him who spoke to him, he fell at his feet: 'God forbid,' cried he, 'that I should lay on you a sacrilegious hand! Though I were to incur the disgrace of my prince; though he should even put me to death; nothing shall be capable to make me incur the guilt of so much baseness.' At these words, he resumed the route of the Happy Arabia.

The cruel monarch asking his favourite for Hatem's head, he related all that had happened. Numan, astonished, cried out—'It is with justice, O Hatem! that thou art revered as a kind of divinity. Men, excited by a mere sentiment of generosity,

‘nerosity, may give away all their substance; but to sacrifice life is an action far surpassing humanity.’

Generosity and greatness of soul were almost hereditary in Hatem-Tai's family. After his death, the Arabs, whose chief he was, refused to embrace Islamism. The Legislator Mohammed condemned them all to death; but, in memory of her father, chose to spare Hatem's daughter. That generous woman, seeing the executioners ready to strike, threw herself at Mohammed's knees, conjuring him to take away her life. ‘Take back your fatal benefit,’ said she to him: ‘to me it would be a punishment ten thousand times more grievous than that which you design for my fellow-citizens. Either pardon them all, or let me die with them.’ Mohammed, touched by so generous a sentiment, revoked the pronounced sentence, and pardoned the whole tribe, in favour of Hatem's daughter.

Hatem-Tai being dead, his brother pretended to replace him. Cherbeka, his mother, constantly told him, that he would never equal him whose reputation was so justly merited. As, after the example of Hatem, he thought of entertaining all those who were accustomed to resort to his brother, he left standing his vast tent without any alteration. This tent had seventy doors to it. Cherbeka, having disguised herself in the garb of a poor woman, entered the tent, her face covered with a thick veil. Her son, who did not know her, gave her an alms. The same woman veiled, came in by another door; and the new benefactor, observing her to be the same, reproached her with her importunity. Then Cherbeka, taking off her veil—‘I was not mistaken, son,’ said she, ‘in assuring you that you would never equal Hatem. Once, to try your brother, I so disguised myself, and successively came in at the seventy doors of the same tent; and seventy times I received benefactions from him. I guessed, from your most tender infancy, that your characters would be different. Your

brother Hatem would not suck, unless another child shared my breast with him: you, on the contrary, while you sucked at one breast, would lay hold of the other, to keep it from any other child that might use it.’

Hatem-Tai being asked if he had ever in his life met with a man more magnificent than himself—‘Yes,’ answered he: ‘being out once on a journey, I passed near the tent of a poor Arab, who offered me hospitality without knowing me. It was late, and I was still at a distance from home. I willingly accepted the offers of that Bedouin. I saw some pigeons flying about his tent; but expected to eat rice and some eggs, the common food of the lower sort of people: I was surprized to find a plate served with one of these pigeons, which I knew to be the poor man's whole wealth: he even would not let me testify my gratitude to him; and I could no otherwise thank him, than by commending whatever he had dressed for me.

‘I was getting ready to set out the next morning, and was meditating with myself how I should best reward the generosity of my host, when I saw him come to me with ten other pigeons in his hands, whose heads he had wrung off; and he begged me to accept them as the only things he had in his power. They were, in fact, all he possessed in the world. How afflicted soever I was, that he had so deprived himself of his whole wealth for my better reception, I took with me the present, which was also become very dear to me. As soon as I reached home, I sent that poor man three hundred camels and five hundred sheep.’—‘What say you of generosity?’ said his friends to him: ‘you was more generous than that Arab.’—‘No, indeed,’ replied Hatem-Tai; ‘for the Bedouin, who did not know who I was, had given me all his substance without any hopes of a return; and I gave him but a very small part of what I possessed, in gratitude for what I had received.’

ACCOUNT OF THE TRADE AND MYSTERY
OF KINGLY GOVERNMENT IN ENGLAND.

SCOTCH Jemmy, the presumptive ballad of an Italian fiddler, was born in Scotland. Turning out a bonny lad, and of quick parts, he was put out apprentice, in that kingdom, to the business of King-craft, (on which he afterwards wrote a treatise, and called it by that name;) to this he served part of his time there, and the remainder in England as a turn-over: he dying—

Charles his son succeeded him; but, ambitiously grasping at too much business, proved unfortunate, and left the shop to his son: he made large additions to his father's work, by interweaving it with Priest-craft.

Charles the Second was for some time kept out of possession by one Oliver Cromwell, who took the shop over his father's head; and who, although not regularly bred, proved a most subtle, industrious, and able workman. Cromwell dying, this Charles came and opened shop; but carried on business very indifferently, owing, as it is said, to bad company, being much addicted to lewd women, revelling with buffoons, jesters, and stage-players: he dying—

Jemmy the Second, his brother, an apprentice, came on trial; but breaking his oath with his masters, he forfeited his indenture, ran away, and was transported for life; and though his son and his grandson have endeavoured to follow the business abroad,

they have turned out but mere Pretenders. He was succeeded by one—

William, a Dutchman, who married before he embarked from Holland; and though some authors say he did not wait for an invitation, yet, as he had given some good-will, he took the stock at a fair appraisement, and set up on the old premises, where he and his wife got a comfortable livelihood: they dying—

Anne, his wife's sister, came in, by her own right, and carried on business with great reputation, while she employed honest and experienced journeymen; but, turning these away, her credit sunk extremely towards the latter end of her time, through the blunders and mismanagement of one Harley, her foreman, and some others. She dying without issue, in that case the business, which was much extended by William the Dutchman, was left to the present family, the first of whom was—

George, and whom we shall call the First; who was succeeded by his son—

George the Second; who, with his father, were very good sort of men, though both were much blamed for neglecting their business, by gadding to a dirty farm, called Hanover: his namesake and grandson—

The present Possessor, began with a fair prospect; but, being over-ruled and misguided by a favourite servant, has lost great part of the business.

CHARACTERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. SAMUEL BUTLER,

AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

XXXIV.

A VIRTUOSO

IS a well-willer to the mathematics; he pursues knowledge rather out of humour than ingenuity, and

VOL. I.

endeavours rather to seem, than to be. He has nothing of nature but an inclination, which he strives to improve with industry; but as no art can make a fountain run higher than its own head, so nothing can raise

3 M

him

him above the elevation of his own pole. He seldom converses but with men of his own tendency; and, where-soever he comes, treats with all men as such: for as country-gentlemen use to talk of their dogs to those that hate hunting, because they love it themselves, so will he of his arts and sciences to those that neither know, nor care to know, any thing of them. His industry were admirable, if it did not attempt the greatest difficulties with the feeblest means: for he commonly flights any thing that is plain and easy, how useful and ingenious soever, and bends all his forces against the hardest and most improbable, though to no purpose if attained to; for neither knowing how to measure his own abilities, nor the weight of what he attempts, he spends his little strength in vain, and grows only weaker by it: and as men use to blind horses that draw in a mill, his ignorance of himself and his undertakings makes him believe he has advanced, when he is no nearer to his end than when he set out first. The bravery of difficulties does so dazzle his eyes, that he prosecutes them with as little success as the taylor did his amours to Queen Elizabeth. He differs from a pedant, as things do from words; for he uses the same affectation in his operations and experiments, as the other does in language. He is a haberdasher of small arts and sciences; and deals in as many several operations as a baby-artificer does in engines. He will serve well enough for an index, to tell what is handled in the world, but no farther. He is wonderfully delighted with rarities; and they continue still so to him, though he has shewn them a thousand times; for every new admirer that gazes upon them, sets him a gaping too. Next to these, he loves strange natural histories; and as those that read romances, though they know them to be fictions, are as much affected as if they were true, so is he, and will make hard shift to tempt himself to believe them first to

be possible, and then he is sure to believe them to be true, forgetting that belief upon belief is false heraldry. He keeps a catalogue of the names of all famous men in any profession, whom he often takes occasion to mention as his very good friends, and old acquaintances. Nothing is more pedantic than to seem too much concerned about wit or knowledge, to talk much of it, and appear too critical in it. All he can possibly arrive to, is but like the monkeys dancing on the rope, to make men wonder how it is possible for Art to put Nature so much out of her play.

His learning is like those letters on a coach, where many being writ together, no one appears plain. When the king happens to be at the university, and degrees run like wine in conduits at public triumphs, he is sure to have his share; and though he be as free to chuse his learning as his faculty yet, like St. Austin's soul, *creando infunditur, infundendo creatur*. Nero was the first emperor of his calling, though it be not much for his credit. He is like an elephant that, though he cannot swim, yet of all creatures most delights to walk along a river's side; and as in law, things that appear not, and things that are not, are all one, so he had rather not be than not appear. The top of his ambition is to have his picture graved in brass, and published upon walls, if he has no work of his own to face with it. His want of judgment inclines him naturally to the most extravagant undertakings; like that of making old dogs young, telling how many persons there are in a room by knocking at a door, stopping up of words in bottles, &c. He is like his books, that contain much knowledge, but know nothing themselves. He is but an index of things and words, that can direct where they are to be spoken with, but no farther. He appears a great man among the ignorant; and, like a figure in arithmetic, is so much the more, as it stands before cyphers that are nothing of themselves. He calls him-
self

self an antifocordist, a name unknown to former ages, but spawned by the pedantry of the present. He delights most in attempting things beyond his reach; and the greater distance he shoots at, the farther he is sure to be off his mark. He shews his parts, as drawers do a room at a tavern, to entertain them at the expence of their time and patience. He inverts the moral of that fable of him that caressed his dog for fawning and leaping up upon him, and beat his ass for doing the same thing; for it is all one to him, whether he be applauded by an ass, or a wiser creature, so he be but applauded.

xxxv.

AN ANTIQUARY

IS one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation are in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and flights the future; but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra. He is an old frippery-philosopher, that has so strange a natural affection to worm-eaten speculation, that it is apparent he has a worm in his skull. He honours his fore-fathers and fore-mothers, but condemns his parents as too modern, and no better than upstarts. He neglects himself, because he was born in his own time, and so far off antiquity, which he so much admires; and repines, like a younger brother, because he came so late into the world. He spends the one half of his time in collecting old insignificant trifles, and the other in shewing them, which he takes singular delight in; because the oftener he does it, the farther they are from being new to him. All his curiosities take place of one another, according to their seniority; and he values them not by their abilities, but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged, that they have outlived their employments: these

he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity, and the good services they have done. He throws away his time in enquiring after that which is past and gone so many ages since, like one that shoots away an arrow, to find out another that was lost before. He fetches things out of dust and ruins, like the fable of the chymical plant raised out of its own ashes. He values one old invention, that is lost and never to be recovered, before all the new ones in the world, though never so useful. The whole business of his life is the same with his that shews the tombs at Westminster, only the one does it for his pleasure, and the other for money. As every man has but one father, but two grand fathers, and a world of ancestors; so he has a proportional value for things that are ancient, and the farther off the greater.

He is a great time-server, but it is of time out of mind, to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world, and since his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has so strong a natural affection to any thing that is old, that he may truly say to dust and worms 'You are my father;' and to rottenness, 'Thou art my mother.' He has no providence nor foresight; for all his contemplations look backward upon the days of old, and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He had rather interpret one obscure word in any old senseless discourse, than be author of the most ingenious new one; and, with Scaliger, would sell the empire of Germany (if it were in his power) for an old song. He devours an old manuscript with greater relish than worms and moths do; and, though there be nothing in it, values it above any thing printed, which he accounts but a novelty. When he happens to cure a small botch in an old author, he is as proud of it as if he had got the philosopher's stone, and could cure all the diseases of mankind. He values

things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of use; as the Catholics allow of no saints but such as are dead; and the fanatics, in opposition, of none but the living.

XXXVI.

AN HERALD

CALLS himself a king, because he has power and authority to hang, draw, and quarter arms; for assuming a jurisdiction over the distributive justice of titles of honour, as far as words extend, he gives himself as great a latitude that way, as other magistrates used to do, where they have authority, and would enlarge it as far as they can. It is true, he can make no lords nor knights of himself, but as many squires and gentlemen as he pleases, and adopt them into what family they have a mind. His dominions abound with all sorts of cattle, fish, and fowl, and all manner of manufactures, besides whole fields of gold and silver, which he magnificently bestows upon his followers, or sells as cheap as lands in Jamaica. The language they use is barbarous, as being but a dialect of pedlar's French, or the Egyptian, though of a loftier sound, and in the propriety affecting brevity, as the other does verbosity. His business is like that of all the schools, to make plain things hard with perplexed methods and insignificant terms, and then appear learned in making them plain again. He professes arms, not for use, but ornament only, and yet makes the basest things in the world, as dogs turds and women's spindles, weapons of good and worshipful bearings. He is wiser than the fellow that sold his ass, but kept the shadow for his own use; for he sells only the shadow, (that is the picture) and keeps the ass himself. He makes

pedigrees as apothecaries do medicines, when they put in one ingredient for another that they have not by them: by this means he often makes incestuous matches, and causes the son to marry the mother. His chief province is at funerals, where he commands in chief, marshals the tristitia irritamenta; and, like a gentleman-sewer to the worms, serves up the feast with all punctual formality. He will join as many shields together as would make a Roman testudo, or Macedonian phalanx, to fortify the nobility of a new-made lord, that will pay for the impressing of them, and allow him coat and conduct money. He is a kind of a necromancer; and can raise the dead out of their graves, to make them marry and beget those they never heard of in their life-time. His coat is like the king of Spain's dominions, all skirts, and hangs as loose about him; and his neck is the waste, like the picture of Nobody with his breeches fastened to his collar. He will sell the head or a single joint of a beast or fowl as dear as the whole body, like a pig's head in Bartholomew-Fair, and after put off the rest to his customers at the same rate. His arms being utterly out of use in war, since guns came up, have been translated to dishes and cups, as the ancients used their precious stones according to the poet—*Gemmas ad pocula transferat a gladiis*, &c.—and hence are like to decay every day more and more; for since he gave citizens coats of arms, gentlemen have made bold to take their letters of mark by way of reprisal. The hangman has a receipt to mar all his work in a moment; for by nailing the wrong end of a scutcheon upwards upon a gibbet, all the honour and gentility extinguishes of itself, like a candle that is held with the flame downwards. Other arms are made for the spilling of blood; but his only purify and cleanse it, like scurvy-grass; for a small dose taken by his prescription will refine that which is as base and gross as bull's blood, (which the Athenians used to poison withal) to any degree of purity.

CURIOUS

CURIOUS IMPROVEMENTS ON THE CAT-ORGAN.

ADDRESSED TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

I Need not inform persons of your infinite experience and erudition, that the Cat-Organ, as it has hitherto been made use of, was no more than what followeth, viz. A plain harpsichord; which, instead of having strings and jacks, consists of Cats of different sizes, included in boxes, whose voices express every note in the gamut, which is extorted from the imprisoned animals by placing their tails in grooves which are properly squeezed by the impression of the organist's fingers on the keys. This instrument, unimproved as it was, I have often heard with incredible delight, but especially in the grand and the plaintive. This delight grew upon me every time I was present at its performance. At length I shut myself up for seven years, to study some additions and improvements, which I have at length accomplished, agreeable to my warmest wishes; and which I with all due submission now lay before you.

In the first place, then, it is universally known and acknowledged, that these animals, at the time of their amours, are the most musical creatures in nature; I would therefore recommend it to all and singular Cat-organists, to have a most especial regard to the time of caterwauling, particularly if they have any thing very august or affecting to exhibit.

Secondly, it is also very well known that the best voices are improved by castration; I therefore never have less than eight geldings in my treble clef. And here I cannot help informing you of an experiment I lately made on an Italian boar-cat, and an English one of the same gender; and I solemnly protest, that, after the operation, my country animal had every whit as delicate, piercing, and comprehensive a tone as the foreigner; and I make no sort of doubt but some of our harmonious Englishmen would shine with an equal lustre, if they had the same advantages as the Italians.

This may be worth the consideration of the people in power: for if this experiment had been tried with success, how many thousand pounds would it have saved this nation?

Thirdly, Of the Forte and Piano. I must not omit to tell you, gentlemen, that my Cat-Organ resembles a double harpsichord; for as that has two rows of keys, so mine has two layers of Cats. The upper row on which I play piano, or softly, consists of Cats, both of a lesser size, and whose tails are squeezed by a much less degree of pressure; that is, by nothing but the bare extremity of the key. But, the lower row, on which I play forte, or loudly, contains an harmonious society of banging grimalkins; and whose tails are severely pricked by brass-pins, inserted at the end of the key for that purpose.

Fourthly, Of the Shake. There was one enormous defect in this instrument, before I took it in hand, and that was in the shake; the imperfectness of which gave me great offence. But, as it is now managed, it has the most ravishing effect in the world. There are between all the keys little wires fixed almost imperceptibly; these go underneath till they reach each puss's throat: at the extremity of these wires are placed horizontally wrens quills, about the length of a quarter of an inch. When the artist, therefore, has a mind to form his shake, he touches the wires, which soon send the quills in a tickle, tickle, tickle, up to the Cat's throat, and causes the most gurgling, warbling, shaking, quaking, trembling, murmuring sound, in the world.

Fifthly, Of the Staccato, and an infallible method of keeping the four-footed performers under proper regulations.

The most intolerable deficiency of the old Cat-Organ was as follows: some of the Cats were apt to continue their mew after the proper note was expressed, to the great confusion

of the tune, and vexation of the organist. This I have entirely cured; and, I think, I can play the most perfect staccato in the world. I have underneath my instrument a treddle, like that of a spinning-wheel, which I work with my foot: this treddle actuates a certain number of forceps or pincers, which open and shut, at my pleasure, upon the noses and chins of all the Cats; and if any of them over-act their part, I tip St. Dunstan upon Mrs. Puffs, and she is obliged of necessity to be silent.

Sixthly, Of the education of Cats for the Organ. My predecessors were egregiously out in this article, as well as many others; which, whatever it may appear to the incredulous or incurious, is a matter of the last importance. With regard to their diet, milk and flummery, fried mice and fish, have the best effect; I mean for the trebles and tenors: as for the baxes, I have fed them with good success on bullock's liver, hog's harlet, and sometimes with viands

of a much less delicate nature. As for exercise, moderate mousing, and being well tugged and hauled about by the children, will very well suffice.

Mr. Collier, in his Essay on Music, says—that he makes no doubt but that there might be a warlike instrument contrived, of such an hideous sound, that instead of inspiring men with courage, it would strike the most undaunted with dismay. This may be effected by the above-mentioned instrument: for though the Cat-Organ, when accurately in tune, is incomparably melodious, yet it may be so managed, as to utter shrieks very little inferior to the cries of the infernals themselves. Happy that instrument, where terror and transport, ornament and utility, are so exquisitely blended! which, by it's persuasive harmony, can at one time draw St. Cecilia from the spheres; and, at another, with proper alteration, would frighten away the devil himself in propria persona!

THE ART OF KICKING.

WHEN I took upon me the province of a public writer, I was resolved, to the best of my poor capacity, to make my works entertaining as well as instructive to my readers; in order to which, I judged it would be absolutely necessary not to dwell too long upon the same subject. Man, as well as woman, delights in variety; and the mind, as well as the palate, must have change of diet. The *quicquid agunt homines* is, indeed, a large field for wit and satire to exercise themselves upon; but often, of late, when I had chosen my subject, and sat down with a design of communicating my thoughts upon it, I found, upon recollection, that I had been anticipated by some other authors who had lived before me.

The Spectator, of moral and facetious memory, reformed the periwigs, the canes, and the sword-knots, of the fops; nay, he tripped up their

red heels, if I may be allowed that expression. As to the fair-sex, he handled them from head to foot; not a part about a fine lady was left untouched. In a word, whenever I take up the Spectator, I am ready every minute to break out into the same exclamation that a poet of Gascoigny uttered upon reading over a beautiful ode of Horace. 'D—n these ancients!' says he, 'they have stolen all my fine thoughts.'

Writers of such universal talents may draw something that is useful and entertaining from the most barren subject in nature. The Spectator, before-mentioned, has been very learned upon dancing. We have had writers, of but a second or third class in fame, who have had their excellences: a baronet of North Britain has published a large quarto upon the Art of Fencing; and a baronet of Worcestershire has obliged the world

world with a treatise of immense erudition upon the Gymnastic Science, or the Art of Wrestling.

But no people come up to the Germans in their indefatigable industry for searching antiquity. What immense volumes of ancient learning have they rescued from cobwebs and oblivion! How have they worked through the rust of time, to make discoveries for the improvement of mankind! And with what infinite labour have they collected the valuable fragments scattered in different authors, upon subjects of high importance to the learned world!

I have myself seen a history written by one of the German literati, entitled, 'De Veterum Lucernis et Candelabris—Of the Lamps and Candlesticks of the Ancients.' It is certain we should be groping in the dark in search of many things belonging to antiquity, had they not held lights to us. Another, who was as bright a genius as the former, was twenty years in compiling a treatise, 'De Chirothecis et Ocreis—Upon Gloves and Boots.'

I have been credibly informed by travellers, that there is a large folio manuscript in the Elector Palatine's library, 'De Miseriis Ambulationis—On the Misery of Walking on Foot;' in which there is a physical dissertation upon Corns. There are several volumes, 'De Veterum Cultellis et Furcis—Of the Knives and Forks of the Ancients,' written by one Vanderhackle, enriched with cuts; an art that has contributed very much to illustrate German wit. What need I mention the great Bamboozlebergius, who has made a collection, 'De Mendaciis Antiquorum—Of the Lies of the Ancients?' which work, we hear, is shortly to be printed in English, for the improvement and edification of the youth of this kingdom, a certain great man having taken upon him to patronize it: so that I hope every person in employment will be obliged to subscribe, under pain of being cashiered,

I have likewise been informed, that there has been for several years, in the public library at Ratisbon, a most curious manuscript, 'De Colophis et Calcationibus Veterum—Of the Kicks and Cuffs of the Ancients,' written by the learned Vanhoofius; and that a copy of this work was some years ago transmitted into England, to be laid up in the royal library of St. James's; that it was carefully revised and collated by the late learned Doctor Bentley, who has amended an error in the title; for he has proved, that the substantive Colophis must have been an interpolation of the transcriber; and, of consequence, the true reading is, 'De Calcationibus Veterum;' which he translates thus, 'Of the Kicks on the Arse of the Ancients.' This shews how learning must have suffered through the ignorance of transcribers, were it not for the accuracy of such judicious critics.

To confess the plain truth, I had a design of writing something upon this subject myself; and have already been at no small pains in looking over the Cotton and Bodleian libraries. I do not know but it will be very well worth while to take a journey to Rome, on purpose to consult that of the Vatican: but I am a little too much confined at present: I therefore beg the assistance of the learned of both our universities, and hope they will be so good as to communicate whatever discoveries they may have made upon this subject in the course of their reading; and as I should be glad to enrich this work with the choicest flowers of antiquity, I intend to publish them here. It is a subject, if well handled, that must give great satisfaction to the curious; nay, I could wish the world was but well informed of some late truths concerning Kicking; I fancy it would contribute towards curing the spleen of the whole nation.

The stage is the representation of the world; and certainly a man may know the humours and inclinations of the people by what is liked or disliked

liked upon the stage; and I have often observed a Kicking to be the most diverting scene in a modern comedy. We have had several poets of our own nation who have succeeded very well this way. There is a Kicking betwixt Sir Harry Wildair and Alderman Smuggler, in the comedy called the 'Trip to the Jubilee;' which is allowed by the ablest critics to be a master-piece of good writing: there is also a Kicking in the Old Bachelor, and another in the Squire of Alfatia, which are excellently well penned.

Hitherto, indeed, these Kickings have been only the support and ornament of the comic scene: I wish with all my heart some poet of a sublime genius would venture to write a Kicking in a tragedy. I am well persuaded, if an author was to introduce a king Kicking a first-minister, it would have a very good effect; such an incident must certainly give great pleasure to the audience, and contribute very much to the success of the play.

But, to come nearer to my present purpose: I have taken no small pains in examining authors to find out when this custom of Kicking first began in the world. I am sorry that the writers of history have not been a little more particular in a matter of so great importance to mankind.

Some of the Roman emperors, such as Nero, Domitian, and Caligula, were given to Kicking: so, indeed, was our Harry the Eighth; he made nothing of Kicking the House of Commons. There is a box on the ear recorded of Queen Elizabeth: it was a sudden fall of jealous love; it was but a kind of *aigre douceur*; and it does not appear that it was the fashion of her court. The action of Kicking might be thought a little too robust for the delicacy of her sex; it might have exposed the royal legs, *et cætera*, to the sneers of the young fellows of the court; therefore she modestly turned it into a box on the ear.

As no man can account how fashions rise and fall, who knows but the practice of Kicking upon every trifling

occasion may become a fashion in this kingdom? One of the greatest wits of our nation has placed the seat of honour in a certain part of the body that I do not well know how to describe. It is the part which we must not name in well-bred company; yet happy is the fair maid who shall rise with that part uppermost in a morning; good luck shall attend her; her lover shall be kind, and all the wishes of that day shall be crowned with success: but, if I must describe it still plainer, it is the part where school-boys are punished for false concords, and for playing truant. If it should, I say, become a fashion, you would see a fellow at court, who had just received a most gracious Kick on that part, return as proud as a citizen from being knighted: and why may not the honour of knighthood be conferred this way, as well as by the sword? And, indeed, why might not all titles be conferred this way?

And again, if you should happen to see a crowd of slaves running to the levee of some court favourite in a morning, and any body should ask how comes this man to be so courted, or so followed; the natural answer in this case would be, He has been lately Kicked into preferment.

It might be turned to excellent use towards carrying on the designs of ministers of state, in case they should happen to be pursuing measures apparently destructive to the liberties of their country; for in this case they must, for their own safety, be obliged to bribe the representatives of the people; and as they would certainly bribe with the people's money, not with their own, and as I should think it a very right thing to save the public money, I should for that reason humbly propose, that Kicking might be introduced into public business, instead of bribing: I do not doubt but it might answer the same purposes; for I am firmly of opinion, that whoever will take a bribe, will take a Kicking.

I believe some examples may be brought where it has been made use of

of with success; men, I say, have been Kicked as well as bribed into measures against their country; and therefore it is not at all improbable but it may, some time or other, become a method of carrying on state-affairs. If we should live to see that day, young princes, instead of riding, fencing, and dancing, would have proper masters provided to instruct them in Kicking; and as he that undertook to eat a sword began by eating a dagger, so a young adept should begin by Kicking his hat, before he was put to Kick a man.

As to the young nobility and gentry, instead of wasting their youth in studying to understand Horace and Virgil, they might be instructed to take a Kicking with a good grace; by which means you would see a polite nobility, a valiant gentry, a most pious dignified clergy, and a court that would be a constellation of the most illustrious personages of the kingdom.

There is a court of honour in all the countries of Europe. In France the marshals or generals preside in it. In England the judge of the court of honour is hereditary in the family of the first duke of the kingdom. I should think that the ceremonial of Kicking a man into a title, or a great employment, might be settled by the judges of these courts of honour, if I might be worthy of advising in matters of so high a nature; I should think it would be too great a fatigue for the prince himself to Kick the whole court, especially in countries where the court is numerous: I should therefore be of opinion, that nobody should have the honour of being Kicked by the sovereign, except the first minister, the principal secretaries of state, the president of his councils, and some few others the great officers of the crown; but these might Kick those next in employment under them, who might Kick the next; and so it might gradually descend, that there should not be a man in any employment in the kingdom but what might be Kicked.

It is not yet, indeed, become a custom

in any court of Europe; the more is the pity! for I think it would be a truly royal exercise for a prince to divert himself with Kicking two or three of his ministers every morning; it would contribute to the preservation of his own health, as well as to mending the manners of his court; and I believe it would have become a fashion some where or other, were it not that the young nobility of all nations travel to France, and are apt to retain impressions of what they see there. The barbarity of a French education will not suffer a gentleman to take a Kick from any person, be he ever so great, without some terrible consequences: but I hope we in this nation may live to get the better of such prejudices; which may have this good consequence, it may introduce an elegance and politeness of manners not known in the world, except amongst the ancient Goths and modern Hottentots.

I may say, without vanity, that we are not such barbarians, but there may be found amongst us some great men who can pocket up a Kick or a cuff with as good an air as they could a bribe; and as to those splendid exagitations of choler, which are apt to break out into Rogue and Rascal, I am credibly informed some very stately persons are so used to them, that they receive them with the same countenance as—'Sir, I kiss your hands!' This shews we are well disposed for a reformation of manners; yet I fear it will not grow into general imitation, unless the court should set the example, which I am afraid will not happen: but if we should live to see that day, the placemen must of course all fall into it; and I think it would be pleasant enough, when a great employment became vacant, to see a parcel of impudent fellows, in lace and embroidery, pressing and elbowing to be Kicked.

If the common people, who are not fond of new fashions at their first rise, should discover any dislike of coming into it, why might not the Standing Army be employed to Kick the whole nation?

QUALIFICATIONS OF A MODERN MAID-SERVANT.

SETTING aside all household work, which I do very well, if I please, I can tell lyes of my master and mistrus; and, when I am sent of an arrand, let it be for what it will in the grocery way, allways go to the chandler's-shop; where the good old woman that keeps it, commonly keeps a dram of that that's good, and is as eager to know the secrets of the family as I am to tell them.

Secondly. I can take a lump of fresh-butter, (if it is not quite so good for a sarvant's stomach as it should be) and flounce it into the grease-tubb, (or the inside fat of a surloin of beef) with as much dexterity as any girl in the kingdom, those an I say it; where many other sarvants, to their shame be it spoken, would give it away to a dog, or a poor parson; which, I think, is no sign of their savingness; because, if they rightly consider, the revenues of the grease-tubb, when properly managed, would bring them three or four good gownds to their backs in a year.

Thirdly. I am very quick of hearing when nobody calls; and if any body does, especially my master or mistrus, I am so deaf I cannot hear them, till they have almost tore their winpipes with calling. This is a so-verign vartue in a sarvant; for, when a master or mistrus thinks a sarvant's deaf, they are apt to talk about their secrets with less suspicion; and sometimes they may call one another Dog and Bitch upon the bare presumption that the sarvant cannot hear them.

Fourthly. When there is any reason to imagine my mistrus is going to have a new gownd, I can tell her such a story, that I an't in the least a feard of getting the old one for myself.

Fifthly. If my master should come home late, and in liquor, I can help him up to bed; and in case my mistrus is out of town, supposing he should be incapable of undressing him-

self, I can pull off his cloaths; and, if required, can go to bed to him as well as my mistrus.

Sixthly. If my mistrus should be a breeding woman, and apt to lye-inn during the time, I can fide with the nurse, and make as much waste as herself; play up old gooseberry with the pots and saucepans; and nock the pewter and brasses about with as much consideration as if they cost nothing at all.

Seventhly. During her lying-inn, I can trump up a story about my master's going to lewd women. This, you know, may have it's effect; for, if a mistrus takes on in such a situation, and frets much about it, who knows but she may die, and then I stand a chance to marry my master.

Eighthly. If there is a crust of bread harder than ordinary, I always carry it to my master's table; for masters and mistrusses may eat it, because they now their sarvants won't.

Ninthly. If there is any kind of greens for dinner, (as there commonly is) I always take care to send the outside leaves to master's table, and detach the best part in a cullender, over some hot water, till they have done: for why should not sarvants know what's good as well as their masters and mistrusses?

P. S. These and many other excellent vartues, too tedious to mention, I posses; and should take it very kind of you, Mr. Editor, if you should hear of any body that wants such a sarvant. Indeed, it is not any place I would go to, for good places are very scarce; and where there is one master or mistrus that knows the vartues of a true servant, there are twenty that don't; therefore I should be obliged to you, if you publish the above cat-a-log in your Maghazeen.

Yours,

DOROTHY REDFIST.

INCONVE-

INCONVENIENCE OF AN OVER-CLEANLY WIFE.

IT is my misfortune to be married to a lady who is an extraordinary good housewife, and is cried up by all the good women of her acquaintance, for being the neatest body in her house they ever knew: this, Sir, is my grievance; this super-abundant neatness is so very troublesome and disgusting to me, that I protest I had rather lodge in a carrier's inn, or take up my abode with the horses in the stable.

It must be confessed, that a due regard to neatness and Cleanliness is as necessary to be observed in our habitations, as in our persons; but though I should not chuse to have my hands begrimed like a chimney-sweeper's, I would not, as among the superstitious Mahometans, wash them six times a day; and though I should be loth to roll in a pig-stye, yet I do not like to have my house rendered useless to me under the pretence of keeping it Clean.

For my own part, I cannot see the difference between having an house that is always dirty, and an house that is always to be Cleaned. I could very willingly compound to be washed out of my house, with other masters of families, every Saturday night; but my wife is so very notable, that the same Cleaning work must be repeated every day in the week. All the morning long I am sure to be entertained with the domestic concert of scrubbing the floors, scouring the irons, and beating the carpets; and I am constantly hunted from room to room, while one is to be dusted, another dry-rubbed, another washed, and another run over with a dry mop: thus, indeed, I may be said to live in continual dirtiness, that my house may be Clean; for, during these nice operations, every apartment is stowed with soap, brick-dust, sand, scrubbing-brushes, hair-brooms, rag-mops, and dish-clouts.

You may suppose, that the greatest care is taken to prevent the least speck of dirt from soiling the floors; for this

reason, all that come to our house, besides the ceremony of scraping at the door, are obliged to rub their shoes for half an hour on a large ragged mat at the entrance, and then they must straddle their way along several lesser mats, ranged at due distance from each other in the passage, and, like boys at play, come into the room with a hop, step, and jump. The like caution is used by all the family; I myself am scarce allowed to stir a step without slippers; my wife creeps, on tip-toe, up and down stairs; the maid-servants are continually stumping below in clogs and pattens; and the footman is obliged to sneak about the house bare-footed, as if he came with a sly design to steal something.

After what has been said, you will naturally conclude that my wife must be no less nice in other particulars. Indeed, she cannot conceive that any thing which is done by so neat a woman can possibly give offence; I have therefore been in pain for her several times, when I have seen her before company dust the tea-cups with a foul apron or a washing-gown; and I have more than once blushed for her, when, through her extreme Cleanliness, she has not been contented without breathing into our drinking-glasses, and afterwards wiping them with her pocket-handkerchief.

People, indeed, who are very intimate with families, seldom see them, especially the female part, but in disguise; and it will be readily allowed, that a lady wears a very different aspect when she comes before company, than when she first sits down to her toilet. My wife appears decent enough in her apparel to those who visit us in the afternoon; but, in the morning, she is quite another figure. Her usual dishabille then is, an ordinary stuff-jacket and petticoat; a double clout thrown over her head, and pinned under her chin; a black greasy bonnet; and a coarse dowlas apron; so that you would take her for a chair-

woman: nor, indeed, does she scruple to stoop to the meanest drudgery of one; for such is her love of Cleanliness, that I have often seen her on her knees whitening the hearth, or spreading dabs of vinegar and fullers-earth over the boards.

It is observed by Swift, that 'a nice man is a man of nasty ideas.' In like manner we may affirm, that your very neat people are the most slovenly on many occasions. I have told you my wife's morning trim; but, besides this, she has another custom, which creates the greatest disgust in me. You must know, Sir, that, among other charms, she prides herself vastly on a fine set of teeth; and somebody has told her, that nothing is so good for them as to rub them every morning with Scotch snuff and fasting-spittle. As an husband is no stranger, this recipe is constantly administered in my presence before breakfast; and after this delicate application, her pretty mouth, (which is afterwards wiped for me to kisses) in order to preserve her gums from the scurvy, must be rinsed—would you believe it!—with her own water.

I shall dwell no longer on this subject, as I fear it may prove surfeiting both to you and your readers; I shall therefore conclude with telling you, that this scrupulous delicacy of my wife, in the neatness of her house, was the means of our losing a very good fortune.

A rich old uncle, on whom we had great dependence, came up to town last summer, on purpose to pay us a visit; but though he had rode above sixty miles that day, he was obliged to stand in the passage till his boots

were pulled off, for fear of soiling the Turkey carpet. After supper, the old gentleman, as was his constant practice, desired to have his pipe; but this, you may be sure, could by no means be allowed, as the filthy stench of the tobacco would never be got out of the furniture again; and it was with much ado that my wife would even suffer him to go down and smoke in the kitchen. We had no room to lodge him, except a garret with nothing but bare walls, because the chintz bed-chamber was, indeed, too nice for a country squire. These slights very much chagrined my good uncle; but he had not been with us above a day or two, before my wife and he came to an open quarrel; and the occasion of it was this: it happened that he had brought a favourite pointer with him, who at his first coming in was immediately locked up in the coal-hole; but the dog having found means to escape, had crept slyly up stairs; and, besides other marks of want of delicacy, had very calmly stretched himself out upon a crimson-damask settee. My wife not only sentenced him to the discipline of the whip, but insisted upon having the criminal hanged up afterwards; when the master interposing in his behalf, it produced such high words between them, that my uncle ordered his horse, and swore he would never darken our doors again as long as he breathed. He went home, and about two months after died; but as he could not forget the ill-treatment which both he and his dog had met with at our house, he had altered his will, which before he had made entirely in our favour.

MODERN METHOD OF SECURING LITERARY FAME.

THE world has at all times been liberally furnished with rules for good writing, or receipts for making books. Mr. Addison, or one of his coadjutors, gives the plan of a mill for making poems; and Dr. Beveridge has drawn the out-lines of a

machine for making sermons: but both these great men have failed in their project, and gone but half way in the work, as neither of them have recommended a method of getting the first read, or the second heard, with pleasure; which is the reason, I suppose,

pose, that there are so many half-poets and half-preachers among the candidates for fame.

To remedy the like evil, and obviate the ingratitude of the world, which is too apt to flout ingenious authors, the Romans, in the decline of their empire, found out a method which succeeded to admiration, and produced the happiest effects; till such time as taste and complaisance decayed together, and till a Gothic sourness of humour, and rudeness of manners, threw a damp on the Muses, and scared away the Graces. Before the publication of any work, they sent cards to their friends, to invite them, at a certain hour, to hear it recited by the author; where, though the invitation was general, it was understood none but polite people were expected, who would shew their taste by their breeding. To intimate dislike was barbarian and ultramontane; and not to be delighted, made a man contemptible among people of urbanity. We see Pliny the Younger, in his accustomed humanity, quite out of countenance for some of his friends, whom he had observed to behave ill on these occasions, and to affect a certain indifference or listlessness of behaviour, when gentlemen were reciting. 'How clownish,' says he, 'is this? To be moved and collected all the while; no gesticulation of the hand, or gesture of the head; not once to lift up their eyes in admiration! As if they came designedly to leave an enemy, where they found a friend!' The truth is, there was at that time a set of young senators; who, having nothing else to do, formed themselves into a body of connoisseurs, and duly attended all ingenious persons at the rehearsal of their works. They were worse than cat-calls; they either slept, or looked stupid, on hearing any thing bright; and if ever they clapped, to be sure it was in the wrong place; to the utter confounding of the performer, and perplexing the countenances of all the judicious and civilized part of the audience.

This inurbanity of those young bloods proved, in the end, to be the ruin of letters, as it reversed the intended effect of a rehearsal; and the author whom they had handled was sufficiently happy if he could steal home by some short turn unobserved, instead of being attended, as he ought, by an enraptured audience, the longest way about, to his lodgings. Men of parts, who saw how things were going, would not expose themselves to this sort of treatment, or run so ridiculous a risque for precarious glory, which in better times they were sure of beforehand. So they dropped the stile; and every one knows what barbarism ensued.

On the revival of letters, academies and conversations took place, to whose arbitration works of genius were submitted, and the reputation of every genteel author guarded from the mob of critics by the approbation of persons of the most distinguished taste, who previously acquainted the world with the fine genius of the elegant composer, and the happiness they had to come if the author could be prevailed on to publish his works.

I have often wondered, on reading those precursory praises which the French and Italian academics (to say nothing of our own practice) have bestowed on their friends, that the authors were not ingenious enough to cut winners, as we say, and go off with what they had got, instead of losing all by publishing the work, spoiling the jest, and bringing their patrons to shame.

The method now in use to procure justice to the gentlemen who oblige the world with their learned labours, seems more compendious than any of the former, and better suited to the temper of the times. The others required address and courtship, and laid us under irksome obligations to our friends, to praise in return, and the like; but since the compilers of monthly reviews and literary journals have opened shops, we need not be beholden to our neighbours

bours, or hunt far for fame. We may have it cut and dry, and in what proportion we please, on the same allowance for good goods, as we ordinarily afford for the best pipes and tobacco. Vive Le Clerk! who was the first to set up the business, and brought Europe acquainted with more great men than ever were heard of before or since: but it must be owned his price was high; and it was necessary to be rich in order to be a good writer, when he had the sole patent for licensing.

On the death of Bishop Burnet, Lintot (though a little dishonourably) exposed to the view and mirth of the town, a letter written by that worthy author to Le Clerk, at Geneva, containing 50l. and a character of himself, to be inserted in his *Journal de Sçavants*; which letter and money the said Lintot was to forward. I saw a copy of it in these words: 'Burnettus Anglus, (though he was a Scot) *historiæ et antiquitatum instaurator felicissimus, ecclesiæ propugnator acerrimus,*' &c. It ran all in the superlative degree, as he might reasonably insist on for so genteel a present; and the postscript was—'Pray be careful of the paper and character.'

Our present arbiters of monthly taste are come down in their demands; and for half a guinea we may have shaped and inserted any good or bad character of a moderate length: and to authors who deal by the great, (like the candid disquisitors, and others) it will come still cheaper.

The only material difference to be observed between the fate of us modern writers and the ancients, is, that they enjoyed their reputation a month before, and we ours a month after publication! Theirs was a pre-existent, ours is a posthumous glory; they had

theirs ere their works were brought forth; we do not get ours till they are dead and damned, and, as it may properly be called, till the resurrection of letters.

I have reflected with pleasure, or rather anticipated, the great name we modern writers shall obtain, when the Monthly Magazines and Reviews shall hand down our fame to admiring posterity. We shall be regretted like Varro and Gallus, when our works, like theirs, not to be had above-ground, shall be the more desired the deeper they are buried. We shall survive with our historians, (for all history, whether good or bad, survives) and they will tell with what spirit we writ, what justness of thought, and purity of stile, how our adversaries exposed themselves to the contempt of mankind, laughed at living, and died unregarded, like the buzzing insects of a day.

The folly, then, of writers, is not to be excused, who are so furly and uncomplying as to withhold the ordinary fee from these guardians of the temple of Fame. I know a writer who has paid heartily for telling the author of the Monthly Review that he would no more buy a puff from him than he would a wind from a Lapland witch: his betters have done it; and, though they are close hauled at present on the wind, he has conjured up for them; yet an after-age will bring a fairer gale.—*Et conjurati venient ad classica venti.*—

I seriously recommend it to every writer to apply himself betimes to the Critical Reviewers, and also to muzzle his antagonists in the Magazines; for can any thing be more ridiculous or unhappy for an author, than having two characters on foot at the same time, or more puzzling to his friends, who will be apt mistake on the wrong side?

SELECT ANECDOTES, REPARTEES, AND BON-MOTS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER XII.

I.

FEW people were greater admirers of prudence and œconomy than Sir Richard Steele was in precept; yet nothing could be more disagreeable to his temper than the practice of either. A turn naturally gay and expensive frequently reduced him to difficulties, and exposed him to some circumstances rather painful to a disposition so delicate and refined. Among the number of people who were highly charmed with his conversation and writings, none professed a greater admiration of both than a Lincolnshire baronet, who usually sat at Button's. This gentleman possessed a very large fortune, had great interest, and more than once solicited Sir Richard Steele to command his utmost ability, and he should think himself under no little obligation. These offers, though made with the most seeming cordiality, Sir Richard, however, declined, with a grateful politeness peculiar to himself, as at that time he stood in no need of the gentleman's assistance. But some instance of extravagance having once reduced him to the necessity of borrowing a sum of money to satisfy an importunate creditor, he thought this a very proper opportunity of calling on his friend, and requesting the loan of a hundred pounds for a few days. The gentleman received him with much civility and respect, began to renew his offers of service, and begged Sir Richard would give him some occasion to shew his friendship and regard. 'Why, Sir,' says Sir Richard, 'I came for that very purpose; and if you can lend me a hundred pounds for a few days, I shall consider it as a singular favour.' Had Sir Richard clapped a pistol to his breast, and made a peremptory demand of his money, the gentleman could not have appeared in a greater surprize than at this unexpected request. His offers of friendship had been only made on a supposition of their never being accepted, and

intended only as so many baits for Sir Richard's intimacy and acquaintance; of which the gentleman, while it cost him nothing, was particularly proud. Recovering, however, from his surprize, he stammered out—'Why, really, Sir Richard, I would serve you to the utmost of my power; but at present I have not twenty guineas in the house.' Sir Richard, who saw through the pitiful evasion, was heartily vexed at the meanness and excuse. 'And so, Sir,' says he, 'you have drawn me in to expose the situation of my affairs with a promise of assistance, and now refuse me any mark of your friendship or esteem. A disappointment I can bear, but must by no means put up with an insult; therefore be so obliging as to consider whether it is more agreeable to comply with the terms of my request, or to submit to the consequence of my resentment.' Sir Richard spoke this in so determined a tone, that the baronet was startled; and said, seeming to recollect himself—'Lord, my dear Sir Richard! I beg ten thousand pardons; upon my honour, I did not remember—Bless me, I have a hundred pound note in my pocket, which is entirely at your service!' So saying, he produced the note, which Sir Richard immediately put up; and then addressed him in the following manner: 'Though I despise an obligation from a person of so mean a cast as I am satisfied you are; yet, rather than be made a fool, I chuse to accept of this hundred pound, which I shall return when it suits my convenience. But, that the next favour you confer may be done with a better grace, I must take the liberty of pulling you by the nose, as a proper expedient to preserve your recollection.' Which Sir Richard accordingly did, and then took his leave of the poor baronet, who was not a little surprized at the oddity of his behaviour.

II. THE

II.

THE late king of Prussia asked Sir Robert Sutton, at a review of his tall grenadiers, if he thought an equal number of Englishmen could beat them. 'I will not affirm,' said Sir Robert, 'that an equal number could beat them; but I believe, from my soul, half the number would be willing to try.'

III.

AN old Roman foldier being involved in a law-suit, implored the protection of Augustus; who referred him to one of his courtiers, for an introduction to the judges. On which the brave veteran, piqued at the Emperor's coolness, exclaimed—'I did not use your Highness thus, when you was in danger at the battle of Actium; but fought for you myself!' Disclosing, at the same time, the wounds he had received on that memorable occasion. This retort so affected Augustus, that he is said to have personally pleaded the foldier's cause.

IV.

A PERSON who had just two thousand a year, being unwilling to leave any thing to his heirs, resolved to spend not only the annual income, but also the principal. He accordingly made a calculation that he could not possibly live longer than fourscore years; but, happening to survive all, he found himself reduced to beggary during the last half dozen years of his life, and actually begged charity from door to door, whining out—'Pray, give something to a poor man, who has lived longer than he thought for.'

V.

A SPANISH general having taken a castle from the Moors, commanded the foldiers, who had made a brave defence, to leap from the battlements. Several complied with this dreadful injunction; but one, more fearful than the rest, advanced twice to the verge of the precipice, and as often retreated. The general then ordered him to jump directly, threatening, if

he retreated a third time, to inflict a more severe punishment. 'Sir,' replied the poor fellow, 'since you think this jump such an easy matter for a soldier, I'll give you, who are a general, four times to do it in.' This reply procured the soldier a free pardon.

VI.

ON a trial at the Admiralty Sessions, for shooting a seaman, the counsel for the crown asking one of the witnesses which he was for, plaintiff or defendant. 'Plaintiff or defendant!' says the sailor, scratching his head; 'why, I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant. I come to speak for that man, there!' pointing at the prisoner. 'You are a pretty fellow for a witness,' says the counsel, 'not to know what plaintiff or defendant means.' Some time after, being asked by the same counsel what part of the ship he was in at the time—'Abaft the binnacle, my lord,' says the sailor. 'Abaft the binnacle!' replied the barrister; 'what part of the ship is that?'—'Ha! ha! ha!' chuckled the sailor; 'a'nt you a pretty fellow for a counsellor,' pointing archly at him with his finger, 'not to know what abaft the binnacle is!'

VII.

MRS. Woffington, who often performed in men's cloaths, saying one day, in the Green Room, that she imagined half the town took her for a man—'No, no,' says Mrs. Clive; 'you must certainly be mistaken, for above half the town know you to be a woman.'

VIII.

A QUAKER enquiring after the health of a certain nobleman, was told that he was excessively afflicted with the gravel. 'I am glad of it,' says the Quaker. 'How!' cried the other, 'glad that his lordship is troubled with the gravel!'—'I tell you, friend, I am glad,' replied the Quaker, 'extremely glad; because I hope, since he is so much gravelled, that he will endeavour to mend his ways.'

conflict a
r,' re-
e you
matter
who are
it in.'
r a free

essions,
nsel for
itnelles
defen-
!' says
' why,
ean by
ome to
point-
a pretty
e coun-
intiff or
e after,
el what
e time
lord,'
innacle !'
part of
! ha !'
a pretty
ointing
r, ' not
innacle

en per-
ing one
hat she
er for a
Clive;
ken, for
you to

he health
old that
with the
says the
r, ' glad
ed with
friend,
er, ' ex-
oe, since
t he will
s.'

ETRY.



CHRISTMAS G

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison



GAMBOLS.

v Harrison & C^o Jan^r 1. 1785.

CHR
A FAMIL
TO HI
Dear

Accept m
For poets
May prom
And here
Since fict
Yet, deal
I mean, I mean, I mean,
An hono
From the
to

And fi
The well
And eage
They are

Then, cu
Lament t
Nor atten
But shut
At leng
With eat
cl

They aw
The feath
Now

' Be sure
' And sta
' At thre
' I hope it
' Not yet
' Here's

' What a

But fe
In return
He follow
(The floc
' Now th
h

Gives the
At chu
Suits the
And know
Feasts the
an

In return
He receiv
This n

Enables t
What wo
fi

The sub
VOL.

P O E T R Y.

CHRISTMAS IN LONDON.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE FROM A POOR POET
TO HIS MORE FORTUNATE KINSMAN.

Dear Coz—

IN return for the turkey and chine,
Accept my best thanks, in a scrap from the Nine;
For poets, whose verse is the whole of their store,
May promise, 'tis true, but can never give more:
And here, too, they differ from most other men,
Since fiction, with them, is confin'd to the pen.
Yet, dealing alone in plain truth with my friend,
I mean, if the Muses permit me, to send
An honest description of Christmas in Town,
From the East to the West, from the crutch to
to the crown.

And first, while the cits in idea perceive
The well-furnish'd tables discours'd of at eve,
And eagerly seize on the leg, breast, or wing,
They are wak'd from their bliss by—'Ding, ring
'a ding, ding.'

Then, cursing the noise as they open their eyes,
Lament the lost poultry, the pudding, and pies;
Nor attend to the ditties the bell-men repeat,
But shut them again, and again dream they eat.

At length, all the fancy-dress'd feast full enjoy'd,
With eating, with drinking, with smoaking quite
cloy'd;

They awake from the vision, delighted to find
The feast of substantial remains still behind.

Now Betty is call'd—'Pray take care, Mrs.
'Cook;

'Be sure you dress ev'ry dish by the book:
'And stay, let me have it all quite piping hot
'At three—Is the pudding put into the pot?
'I hope it's a large one!—Be ready by two.'——
'Not yet in the pot?—Get away, hussy, do!
'Here's a fine piece of work! all my dinner'll
'be spoil'd!

'What are custards, tarts, fowls, if the pudding's
'parboil'd?'

But fearing lest Betty, who muttering retires,
In return for the insult, should slacken her fires;
He follows her into the kitchen, and cries,
(The floods of delight standing full in his eyes)
'Now that's my good girl!—and, first chucking
her chin;

Gives the damsel a kiss, and retreats with a grin.

At church, the sly curate, his skill to display,
Suits the text to his hearers, as well as the day;
And knowing full well how much feasting prevails,
Feasts their ears with the flesh-pots, the manna,
and quails:

In return for his kindness, before he gets home,
He receives invitations a full month to come.

This maxim well known—That a mouthful
of air

Enables the stomach a pound more to bear;
What wonder the bridges, hills, squares, and each
field,

The suburbs from Southwark to Islington yield,

VOL. I.

Are crouded with cits, who of politics talk,
To aid respiration as slowly they stalk!
But wait till St. Paul strikes the fam'd number
two,

Not one in the whole vast extent will you view.

Now seated at table, before they begin,
A fine damask napkin's tuck'd under the chin;
As well to preserve what might else fall aside,
(Tho' true is each hand, and each mouth pretty
wide)

As to save the gilt vestment that covers the shrine
Where they piously offer the meat fruit, and wine:
Then stuffing till weary, or rather till fill'd,
Much provision devour'd, much malt-liquor
swill'd,

The cloth is remov'd, punch, wine, pipes, are
brought in,

And talking, and smoking, and sp—ing begin;
Till, with bellies quite empty, tho' full every head,
They fall from their chairs, and are carried drunk
to bed.

Thus far, thank the Muses, I've fairly express'd
The modes of the east, and must now haste to west.
Yet let me not fail to remember St. Giles,
Where wretchedness, poverty, villainy smiles;
Where beggars, whores, gamblers, pickpockets
meet,

And beadles, and watchmen, and constables greet:
Where lamplighters, dustmen, and sweeps croud
the way,

And talk of the boxes expected next day;
While bunters and barrow-girls spread all their
snares,

To entice the dear youths, and come in for their
shares.

Now, Muse, for the Great Ones—Alas! not
the Nine

Can describe how, for years since, our noblemen
dine.

Foul Faction, of Vice and of Luxury bred,
Her baneful contagion has ev'ry where spread:
She destroys ev'ry blossom of wisdom and worth,
'And stifles each generous thought in the birth;
While Genius and Virtue, neglected, retire,
And Commerce, and Arts, and e'en Freedom,
expire!

H——.

D A M O N.

A PASTORAL.

BY MR. WILLIAM WEST.

W H Y bid me to tune the light reed,
The pipe of the mirth-loving Muse;
Why bid me to quit the green mead,
And mansions less painful to chuse?
Ye know not the state of my breast!
Never swain was so wretched before:
I can never—no, never, find rest;
Pastorella, alas! is no more.

3 O

Pastorella

Pastorella was queen of the plains,
 Indeed was she modest and fair!
 Our music enchanted the swains,
 As I pip'd to her tuneful guitar;
 The shepherds came round in a row,
 And presented my fair-one with flowers:
 Their flocks were much whiter than snow,
 But they were not so happy as ours.

She was fair as the posy-wreath'd maid,
 On the plains of Arcadia who dwells;
 Her blushes more sweetness display'd,
 Than the sun when the dew-drop dispels:
 Near this fountain she wove me a wreath,
 And in ev'ry rose dwelt a dart;
 Young Cupid sat lurking beneath,
 And planted them all in my heart.

Her crook I with roses bedeck'd,
 A garland of marj'ram I wove:
 How little I then did expect,
 So soon to be robb'd of my love!
 I sung her a rustical glee,
 She seem'd to be pleas'd with the song;
 Ah, fool—I was not to foresee,
 Such happiness could not last long!

Young Felix retires from the train,
 And says that his Chloe's unkind;
 The youth is a true-hearted swain,
 But jealousy tortures his mind.
 I tell him my griefs! all the while,
 By fate how severely I'm cross'd!
 But he ne'er saw my shepherds smile,
 So he knows not how much I have lost.

'Beware!' said she, 'Damon, the youth
 'Who loves on thy worth to discourse;
 'Who sets forth thy honour and truth,
 'And praises thy skill in the course!
 'Tho' he praise Damon's well-brandish'd lance,
 'When Damon to woodlands depart;
 'Tho' he praise Damon's step in the dance,
 'Believe not it comes from his heart!

'Beware, too,' said she, 'the fond maid,
 'Who looks on my Damon, and sighs;
 'Whose cheeks are in blushes array'd;
 'While love bursts unbid from her eyes!
 'She envies my Damon and me:
 'She is fairer, I will not deny;
 'But it's Damon's alone best to see,
 'How much she is fairer than I.
 'She will twine thee a garland of flowers;
 'Her groves are by Nature more grac'd:
 'Her roses are brighter than ours,
 'Than ours which deck the wide waste.
 'Her melody, too, is divine;
 'In the dance she no doubt can excel;
 'Her powers are greater than mine,
 'But, Damon—she loves not so well!

This my shepherds said, with a smile;
 That smile which must charm me no more!
 I gaz'd on her beauties the while,
 Which, now, but in thought I adore:
 Reflection brings strongly to mind
 Every word that escap'd her dear tongue;
 A charm in each sonnet I find,
 Is that sonnet my charmer e'er sung.

She was tending her innocent sheep,
 By the current which runs thro' yon wood;
 The margin was grassy and steep,
 A lambkin roll'd into the flood.
 She stoop'd; but, alas! stoop'd too far;
 Ah, then, how ill-fated was I!
 She call'd on her Damon so dear;
 She call'd, but no Damon was nigh.

Ah, me! in that moment of pain,
 No friend to retrieve her lost step;
 No shepherds, kindly, or swain,
 To snatch the dear maid from the deep!
 I wander'd about all the night,
 No tidings of comfort I heard;
 Aurora diffus'd her blest light;
 The star of the morning appear'd.

O why, in that heart-thrilling hour,
 Was I doom'd such a sight to behold!
 Alone, and neglected, her bower,
 Her lambkins stray'd far from the fold:
 I cast my eyes over the plain,
 And saw her stretch'd out on a bier,
 Borne by shepherds; and every fond swain
 Besprinkled each step with a tear.

The myrtle's beginning to fade—
 'Tis time!—ne'er to blossom anew;
 Since Damon has lost the dear maid,
 That gave it its fragrance and hue:
 She will ne'er to his eye display charms,
 Ne'er flourish beneath the blest'd sun;
 Pastorella is torn from his arms,
 And Damon is lost and undone!

Ye swains, strew her grave with sweet thyme,
 Plant the lily and harebell around;
 She fell, in her beauty and prime,
 As a blossom that drops to the ground:
 Bring each herb that exhales a perfume,
 Each flower that in season appears;
 They will ever continue to bloom,
 While I water them thus with my tears.

THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY,

A TALE.

BY MR. ALLEN.

WHEN Ignorance pretends to Science,
 And bids to Common Sense defiance;
 Or, when the Arts receive abuse;
 Will any one deny their use?
 Is there no justice in the Laws,
 Tho' a vile Pleader has your cause?
 Is Virtue banish'd from the land,
 Tho' Vice should lurk beneath a Band?
 Is there in Medicine no skill,
 Tho' daring Quacks too often kill?
 But what from mere remark may fail,
 We will illustrate by a Tale.

In London, (but 'tis not discreet
 To name the very house or street;
 In that gay quarter, near the Court,
 Of Pride and Wealth the fam'd resort;
 There liv'd a fashionable pair,
 Happy—as modern couples are.
 Her virtue was of equal pitch,
 With the voluptuous and the rich:

His honour was alike sincere;
A placeman, and a pensioner.
Their time was pass'd in Pleasure's round,
Where health and peace are never found;
Till, from excess, the man fell ill:
His case requir'd the doctor's skill.

Suppose the husband laid in bed;
A bandage round his aching head.
The sick appendages you see;
The nurse, the gruel, and the tea.
The doctor comest: not one whose knowledge
Is gain'd by study at the college;
Nor one who mildly seeks the cause,
From Nature's prime, unerring laws:
He, without dread, makes surer work;
One dose—in short, 'tis Doctor Quirk.

'Good Sir, your hand!—His pulse is high—
'His forehead's hot—his tongue is dry!—
'No appetite, you say?—Again!—
'Here is a fever of the brain.
'Delirium would have come to-morrow;
'And you a widow, drown'd in sorrow:
'But mark th' effect of human skill;
'Dry up your tears: behold this Pill!
'The very quintessence of art!
'It flies directly to the part;
'Exceeding far what tongue can tell:
'You're sick—you swallow—and you're well.
'Let this be given to-night at ten:
'To-morrow I'll be here again.
'No more than this is now expedient.
'Madam, my fee!—Your most obedient.'

Here poets of renown would chuse
To pause, and then invoke the muse;
Instruct by precept and quotation,
By inference and observation:
But such remarks men seldom read;
And so, without them, we'll proceed.

The common things in order follow:
The sick man took, and seem'd to swallow;
But dropp'd the Pill within the bed,
And begg'd to rest his fever'd head;
Resolv'd to take more sage advices,
Or wait with patience for a crisis.
Dame Nature (pitying his condition)
For once attended as physician;
By copious sweat remov'd his ill,
Without the help of draught or Pill;
And, on the morrow, what surprize!
The good man's well, and fit to rise.

The lady quits her rueful face,
Nor fears for husband—nor his place.

'O, miracle! my wishes fervent
'Attend on Quirk!'—'Madam, your servant—
'By the gay races you put on,
'I see we've pass'd the Rubicon:
'My patient, then——' 'Is well to-day;
'Let this my gratitude repay!
'Madam, you well extol my knowledge;
'And I defy the learned College,
'With all their art, and boasted skill,
'To equal my immortal Pill:
'The grand Arcanum there you see;
'The Universal Remedy!
'Th' effects you know——' 'Hold, matchless sage!
'Thou Galen of the present age!
'I owe my health to Nature's skill;
'Approach, kind Sir—behold your Pill!'

The doctor would have blush'd; but shame
Was what he only knew—by name.

'Here is a wonder past belief!
'Here's virtue rare, and strange relief!
'My Pill has cur'd your fever'd head,
'By only holding it in bed:
'Redoubled health and strength must follow;
'If you this instant gape, and swallow.
'My Pill's the cause, whate'er you say for't;
'The honour's mine—and you must pay for't.'

LEWES.

THE BARBER.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN merit is great, to receive it's just
due,

In a print or a poem 'tis held up to view:
What subject more fit, since the world first began,
Than sing of the Barber?—A Barber's the man.
With a snap.

With statesmen, and lawyers, pray what do you
mean?

'Tis true they shave close, but yet not very clean;
Thieves, courtiers, empirics, cits, priests, and
fierce bloods;
Can they, more than I, leave their friends in the
fuds?

With a snap.

When conceit and importance would look very
big,

'Tis not in his worship—'tis all in the wig.
Let his lordship, in court, his great wig but dis-
place,
'Pray where's my lord-judge?' It quite alters the
case.

With a snap.

To me owe their conquests, the beau and the fair;
And my help alone gives the look militaire:
When you see a slight bob buckled all in one row,
You know 'tis the Squire—hark, he roars tally-o!

With a snap.

The cobbler may bring all our jars to an end:
The tinker to stop the state leaks may pretend;
My blocks are as good: let them do all they can,
Sharp's the word, what care I! still a Barber's
the man.

With a snap.

LEWES.

LAMENTATIONS OF AN OLD SHOE.

BY MR. E. T. PILGRIM.

THRO' all my days, I've sore been press'd,
And trampled under feet;
Stranger, alike to joy and rest,
Or liberty so sweet!

At length I'm gone, and quite decay'd,
And nought can me console;
For he, whose power and wisdom made
Me—cannot save my soul!

ANACREONTIC.

BY OXONIENSIS.

YE gods, I ask not stores of treasure;
 'Tis not gold can give me pleasure!
 'Tis not Honour's empty breath,
 Bubble often bought with death:
 Gentler joys than these be mine,
 Give me music, love, and wine.
 Strike, O strike, the sounding lyre,
 Hymn it, all ye tuneful choir;
 Strike your harps to notes divine,
 Sing, O sing, of love and wine!
 Bring, O bring, the gentle lass,
 Mild and sparkling as my glass;
 As the idle minutes roll,
 Love and wine shall cheer my soul!
 Let the bowl be fill'd with wine,
 Gentle, generous juice divine;
 And, with music, wine, and love,
 I'll excel the gods above.

A NEW COMMUTATION-TAX.

CHANGE the late duty on each Birth and
 Marriage,
 For a new tax on Whoring and Miscarriage:
 Then it must either be to vice destructive,
 Or—what a statesman values more—productive.
 H—.

EPIGRAM I.

BY OXONIENSIS.

ILov'd you once, 'cause you had charms;
 But, now those charms are fled,
 My bosom beats no more alarms!
 For why—the Drummer's dead.

EPIGRAM II.

'NAY, pr'ythee, dear Thomas, ne'er rave
 'thus, and curie;
 'Remember, you took me for better for worse'—
 'I know it,' quoth Thomas; 'but then, Madam,
 'look you,
 'You prove, on the trial, much worse than I
 'took you.'

EPIGRAM III.

BY MR. R. TATTAM.

SIR John is known, with good accord,
 To keep, at all times, peace abroad:
 Yet will the dove-eyed damsel roam;
 He never can keep peace at home.

STARCH GREEN.

EPITAPH I.

ON A SPENDTHRIFT.

BY MR. R. TATTAM.

STOP, passenger! for here is laid,
 One who the debt of nature paid.
 'This is not strange!' the reader cries:
 'We all know, here a dead man lies!'—
 You're right! But stop, I'll tell you more,
 He never paid a Debt before:
 And, now he's gone, I'll farther say,
 He never will another pay.

STARCH GREEN.

EPITAPH II.

ON THE LATE MR. SPRANGER BARRY.

BY MR. ALLEN.

POOR Barry!
 Aye, marry,
 Here lies Spranger:
 Now gone, a stranger,
 Over that dreaded, awful bourn,
 From whence no travellers return.

With nicest art,
 He play'd the part
 Of heroes long since dead;
 Which (living) got him bread:
 But now, without reward or pelf,
 He's gone to represent—himself.

LEWES.

EPITAPH III.

ON THE LATE MR. FOOTE.

BY THE SAME.

STOP, cruel Death! and tell to me,
 Fell slayer of mankind,
 Shall we ne'er hope to find,
 O'er the wide earth, a tomb for thee?
 Shall thy unerring, fatal bow,
 Aim mortal shafts at all?
 Shall just with unjust fall?
 Yet Time, at length, shall lay thee low.

On, on! for I no answer crave;
 Death, thou beginn'st to flee:
 Thou hast, I plainly see,
 One FOOTE already in the grave.

LEWES.

EPITAPH IV.

BY MR. W. STONE.

A Nimble Footman ran away from Death;
 And here he rested, being out of breath:
 Death soon came up; and, making him his slave,
 Straight sent him on an errand—to the grave.

EPITAPH V.

HERE lies my wife; and let her lie:
 She's now at rest, and so am I.

EPITAPH VI.

HERE lies puried under these stones,
 Shon ap William ap Shinkin ap Shones:
 Hur was born in Wales; hur was kilt in France;
 Hur went to Cot py a ferry creat mischance.

THE IRISH BELLMAN.

BY MR. ALLEN.

MASTERS, be merry! all your sorrows
 leave;
 This very morning it is Christmas Eve.
 While fast asleep, and dreaming of good cheer,
 Shivering with cold you see me standing here.
 Here do I watch in silence all the day;
 And, should thieves come, I'd—take myself away.

LEWES.

THE



NUMBER XII.
ENIGMAS.

ENIGMA I.

FOR THE PRIZE MEDALS.

BY JACK.

LADIES and gentlemen, our disguise pray
don't blame,
But with wit and good-humour tell our use and
name.
We are new, we are old, we are short, we are long;
We attend male and female, the old and the
young:
We are white, we are black, we are blue, we
are green!
We wait on the beggar, we wait on the queen.
Green was the first colour that we appear'd in,
And we first owed our station to Satan and sin.
Before man was born, we were made and assign'd,
By our Maker, a place next man and woman-
kind:
But, like them, we've lost Paradise; and it were
vain,
For us to attempt our first state to regain;
For vast numbers of men have deserted us quite;
And the fair, too, full often, keep us from our
right:
Yet our supplanters have little to boast,
For we are above them, and rais'd in our post:
'Fore a princess and dutchess at court we've a place;
Yet ne'er give offence to her highness or grace.
By some neat-looking maids, who know what
they're about,
We, for delicate reasons, are turn'd wrong-side
out:
By others we're us'd worse than slaves at the
galley;
O may such misfortunes as ours ne'er befall ye!
Sometimes cold and wet, sometimes scorch'd with
heat,
Disfigur'd, bound, scalded, and trod under feet!
Much more might be said; but so strong is the
clue,
You'll easily guess what we are—so, adieu!

ENIGMA II.

BY X. Y. Z.

A Serio-comical being am I;
I'm as warm as a toast, and as light as a
fly.
I am of no sex, neither female nor male;
But I'm oft between both: and, tho' strange is
the tale,
I am of no shape, of no colour, no size;
Yet I may be seen by the vulgarist eyes.
I may also be felt—nay, sometimes I've been
heard:
Sometimes I am sought, and sometimes I am
fear'd.
Who most earnestly beg me, most willingly give
me;
They'll give me the moment in which they re-
ceive me.
I'm a token of peace; and, when Joan and her
dear
Forget and forgive, I am sure to be there.
I was the first gift, as I think you'll believe,
That e'er Father Adam presented to Eve;
And the humour so took, as a body may say,
That his children observe it to this very day:
And in China, in Guinea, and eke in Peru,
In Ireland, in Greenland, and all the world thro';
Tho' in colour and custom they differ so wide,
I still am the gift of a lad to his bride:
And, with ev'ry good wish, at this season so fit,
Me my author presents to the hands of each wit.

ENIGMA III.

BY MR. L. ALEXANDER.

IN ancient times, ere Homer writ,
Or aught was known like epic wit;
Sent from the realms of light, I came
The savage race of man to tame.
The Grecian senates own'd my sway,
And Rome's imperial powers obey;

In

In British councils I preside,
 And am of Fox and Burke the pride;
 Where, law-arraign'd, the culprit stands,
 My voice attentive crowds commands;
 While oft he to my being owes
 The manumission from his woes.
 Churchmen my being comprehend:
 Hence know my use, intent, and end;
 For if my friendship they forsake,
 They scarcely keep a soul awake?
 Mellifluent tones bespeak my birth;
 Nor am I quite unknown to mirth:
 With grief as well as joy I dwell,
 And oft the tale of sorrow tell;
 For orphans and for widows sue,
 Yet ne'er am seen in public view;
 Tho' still I'm heard, where folks assemble,
 And have been known to make some tremble.
 Much more to say, I'd be about,
 But you, by this, may find me out.

ENIGMA IV.

BY MR. R. PHIPPS.

LAST Monday night, the moon shone bright,
 Just after ten o'clock;
 I heard a crowd, cry out aloud,
 And at my window knock.
 I straight arose, put on my cloaths,
 To see what guest was there;
 Left gentle Joan, in bed alone,
 Distracted with despair.
 My sword I tied, fast by my side,
 For fear what might ensue;
 But, ere the door I open tore,
 Straight in the villain flew.
 I shut the door, for fear that more
 Companions in should come;
 I ask'd his name, and whence he came,
 But found him deaf and dumb:
 I fought around, but nothing found,
 Yet heard a mournful noise;
 When Joan now said, be not afraid,
 'Tis, sure, a well-known voice.

REBUSES.

REBUS I.

BY MR. W. E. ISLINGTON.

FIVE triangles, when rightly connected,
 Exhibit a matter from insects collected.

REBUS II.

BY MR. PHILIP MOFFE.

JUST two-thirds of six,
 I'd have you prefix
 To exactly the centre of wit;
 When that you have done,
 Add two-thirds of one,
 And my meaning you'll certainly hit.

REBUS III.

BY J. H. RED-LION STREET, HOLBORN.

IF two things that you wear should but come
 to your mind,
 The very same letters in both you may find.

To bed I went, with full content;
 The cries remain'd the same:
 So, Ladies fair, I pray, declare
 My bold intruder's name.

ENIGMA V.

BY MR. E. NEWTON, LEICESTER.

KIND Gents, I'm a creature,
 Much like you in feature,
 Tho' not by th' Almighty decreed;
 But this may be said,
 I surely was made
 By some diabolical breed.

I'm like, in my station,
 The brutal creation,
 Since I claim the parts of a beast:
 Tho' strange is my tale,
 Should fiction prevail,
 You'd find me a monster at least.

I'll now bid adieu;
 With a caution to you—
 Of crafty deluders beware:
 By way of prevention,
 Pray give your attention,
 Lest you should my epithet bear.

ENIGMA VI.

BY OXONIENSIS.

THE time of my birth I need not unfold;
 Sufficeit to say there are few things more old
 Throughout ev'ry nation I hold my domain,
 Both Christian and Heathen submit to my reign.
 By some I'm applauded, by others am rated;
 By some I am lov'd, and by others am hated;
 By some am esteem'd as a joy and a blessing,
 By others am thought hardly worth their pos-
 sessing.
 To some I'm a joy and a comfort thro' life,
 To others the source of disturbance and strife.
 These marks are so plain, that I well may pro-
 claim,
 'Tis sure no Enigma to find out my name.

REBUS IV.

BY LINTONIENSIS.

A Word of consent, and three-sevenths to af-
 fright,
 Prefix'd to what ne'er yet was seen in the night,
 Will form—as you'll find on the first reading o'er,
 What once you have seen, but will never see more.

PARADOX I.

BY J. B. SYD. SUSS. COLL. CAMBRIDGE.

WHILST I'm whole I am nothing; yet,
 wipe away half,
 You'll see me a hundred, if you're not a calf.

PARADOX II.

BY MR. E. T. PILGRIM.

A Shining Wit declar'd, of late,
 That every acting magistrate
 Is water in a freezing state.

SOLUTIONS

SOLUTIONS.

ENIGMAS.

1. A Letter, sealed with a Lion Rampant.
2. A Shirt.
3. A Horse-Shoe.

4. A Saddle.
5. A Loaf.
6. A Ladder.

REBUSES.

1. Paper.
2. The Chin.

3. A Whale.
4. Tring.

SELECT ANSWERS TO THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

1. THE PICTURE OF A BARD.

(IN A GENERAL ANSWER TO ALL THE ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.)

BY MR. G. M. WOODWARD.

HARD the poet's hapless lot,
Who no *Loaf* or cheese has got!
In apartment next the sky,
Or (if you please) in garret high,
Up a *Ladder* you must crawl,
With careful step, or else you fall
From Parnassus to the ground,
Laugh'd at by the Muses round.
Reams of *Paper* mark his trade;
Here and there a *LETTER* laid;
On some his flaming *SEAL* is prest,
A *LION RAMPANT* for his crest!
With open jaws, enough to fright—
True emblem of his appetite.
A fable on a *Horse-Shoe* here,
A riddle on a *Saddle* there;
With essays in the praise of ale,
And grand descriptions of the *Whale*!
A poem on the town of *Tring*:
In short, the very walls all sing.
Lost in amaze, behold him sit,
The very quintessence of wit;
With nose and *Chin* begrim'd with snuff,
And fable coat with single cuff;
His fustian breeches daub'd with dirt,
And body destitute of *Shirt*.
His single eye with phrenzy rolls,
And brings ideas down by shoals.
Ye rhimers, then, your verse retard,
And view the Picture of a Bard.

2. BY J. C. BATH.

YOUNG Fanny long the absence mourn'd,
Of Edward, sailing on the main;
But when to port his ship return'd,
He flew to ease her anxious pain.
With eager haste he gains the land,
By every tender passion prest d,
A *LETTER*, from his well-known hand,
To his dear Fanny he address'd d.
A *LION-RAMPANT* guards the sheet,
(The emblem faithful Edward wore;)
She breaks the wax, contents how sweet!
Each line she kisses o'er and o'er.
'My dear, my long-lost Edward's come,
'With me his plighted vow to keep;
'From these fond arms no more to roam,
'Or trust the dangers of the deep!'

3. BY MR. JOHN MARTIN, MITCHAM.

WITH boding storm, in horrid form,
The wary Allen drew his prize;
That one would swear, to blind the fair,
He fairly meant to drain their eyes.
With raven's croaks, and three loud knocks,
(Enough to fright the stoutest heart)
A monster grim, with uprear'd limb,
He usher'd forth, to make 'em start.
For well he knew, unless he drew
A veil of horror round his prize;
No form or shape, whate'er, could 'scape
The piercing wit of female eyes.
But more to lead them on, in dread
And mazy dance, his craft design'd
A snow-white sheet; so, thus compleat,
He draws his vision o'er the mind.
But all was vain; the poison'd stain,
And fable spots could not be hid;
And Fanny's kifs, and fainting blifs,
All my friend Al en's plot undid:
For, while I read, a pretty maid
With eager ear sat listening by;
'I'm right!' she cried—'A happy bride
'Shall Fanny be—I'll tell you why.
'The snow-white sheet, when folded neat,
'From Ned to Fan a *LETTER* shews;
'A monster bold, the *SEAL* behold!
'Which, broke, discovers joyful news.'

4. BY X. Y. Z.

(IN A GENERAL ANSWER TO ALL THE ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.)

HAS Peg thus *Shoes* on—then bring me some
Paper:
So into the *Saddle* spring I, with a caper!
So alert, that St. George, were it not for his
dragon,
His sword, and his spear, would have little to
brag on.
Now I thought, without help of a *Ladder*, to
climb
The two-horned mountain, the region of rhyme:
But so heavy his trot is, the beast is so frail,
That I almost as well might have saddled a *Whale*.
Yet, now that I'm in for it up to the *Chin*,
'Tis not all the dirt betwixt London and *Tring*;
Nor that of a critic, who snarls for his *Bread*,
Or a *Shirt* for his back, or a hat for his head;
Shall keep me from sending your worship my
LETTER,
And seal'd with a *LION*, to make it still better.

5. BY MR. WILLIAM ELLEY.

YOUNG Strephon, blest with bright Aurelia's charms,

In tender accents breath'd his amorous strain;
Till, torn by fate reluctant from her arms,
To plough the bosom of the faithless main.

Twelve tedious months the fair was doom'd to mourn

Her absent love, on the rude ocean tost;
Each day, of Heaven she pray'd his safe return;
But still in vain—Alas! she fears him lost.

At length, to calm the anxious maiden's fears,
A LETTER came, with tender vows replete;
A RAMPANT LION on the seal appears,
To guard the entrance of the sacred sheet.

'Dear Youth!' she cried—while joy improv'd
each grace,
Glow'd on her cheek, and sparkled in her eye—

'This billet in my bosom will I place,
'Nearest my heart—where thou alone shalt
'lie!'

6. BY MR. R. TATTAM.

AH! lovely Fanny, contemplate
Thy Edward's LETTER o'er;
And view the mangled LION SEAL,
Which ne'er was broke before.

Such is thy Edward, such his heart,
Which you alone possess;
And what from others it conceals,
To you it will confess.

His LION soul, of British birth,
Pale Fear can never shake;
Yet this bold heart, that scorns all foes,
Ah! Fanny, you can break!

Very ingenious Answers to the PRIZE ENIGMA were also received from Mr. W. Stone, Beak Street; Mr. John Ridley; Mr. Philip Hoffe, Compton; Mr. Francis Browne; Miss Sally Brock, Honiton; Mr. J. Peck; Mr. Charles Metcalfe, Great Dalby, Leicestershire; L. Peasley; J. S. Greenwich; Mr. J. Beckett, Jun. A Young Correspondent, Jermyn Street; W. E. Illington; Master Edward Brayley, Layfall Street; Mr. T. Darwinson; Mr. Jonathan Ward, Hinckley, Leicestershire; H. Mr. J. G. Jun. Mr. J. M. Cranborn, Dorset; A Grey Christian; Mr. W. Hutton; Mr. E. Newton, Leicester; Mr. W. Cory, near Sarum; Mr. E. T. Pilgrim; Mr. J. Smith, Rosemary Lane; Sally Webb, Haverhill; Mr. John Harris, Canterbury; A Bachelor; Decrepit; Mr. Thomas Pugh, Oxford Street; Mr. R. Hazell, Stroudwater; M. Lara, Bury Street; Mr. T. Cawter; Mr. T. Waring, Leicester; Mr. J. Jones, North Row; Quilettus; Mr. L. Alexander, Whitechapel; E. G. Cardiff, Glamorganshire; E. K. Mr. J. Foster, Bloomsbury; C. Y. W. Grimbald; W. S. Mr. J. Cole, Newgate Street; Measurer, Hereford; and Young Buckish.

MISCELLANEOUS ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

TO THE SEVERAL ENIGMAS AND REBUSES.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS II. IV. V. VI.

BY A GREY CHRISTIAN.

THE lofty Ladder made by Waring;
The Quartern Loaf, too, made by Peck;
Orlando's Shirt just fit for wearing;
And easy Saddle made by Jack.

ANSWER TO ALL THE REBUSES.

BY THE SAME.

IN Hertfordshire's the town of Tring,
The seas produce the Whales;
Below my nose, I find my Chin:
This Paper tells the tale.

Other ingenious Answers have been received from Mr. W. Stone, to Enigmas 2, 4, 6, and Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. John Ridley, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. R. Tattam, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5; Mr. Philip Hoffe, to Enigmas 2, and Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. Francis Browne, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; Miss Sally Brock, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6, and Rebus 1, 2, 3; Mr. J. Peck, to Enigma 2, and Rebus 2; Mr. J. Beckett, Jun. to Enigmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; A Young Correspondent, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, and Rebus 1, 2, 3; W. E. to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; J. C. to Enigmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6; Master E. Brayley, to Enigmas 2, 4, and Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. Jonathan Ward, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, and Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. J. G. Jun. to Enigmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. J. M. to Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. E. T. Pilgrim, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, and Rebus 1; Mr. W. Hutton, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6; J. N. to Enigmas 2, 4; Mr. E. Newton, to Enigmas 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and Rebus 1, 2, 3; Mr. W. Cory, to Enigma 5, and Rebus 1, 2, 3; Oxoniensis, to Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. J. Smith, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6, and Rebus 2, 3, 4; Sally Webb, to Rebus 1, 2, 3; Mr. Thomas Pugh, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, and Rebus 1, 2, 4; M. Lara, to Enigma 2, and Rebus 1, 2; G. R. Christ's Hospital, to Enigma 2, and Rebus 1, 2; Mr. J. Jones, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, 5, and Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; Quilettus, to Enigmas 2, 3, 4, and Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. L. Alexander, to Enigma 2; E. G. to Enigmas 2, 4; G. N. to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, and Rebus 2, 3; Mr. John Foster, to Enigmas 2, 4, and Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; Young Buckish, to Enigmas 2, 4, and Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; Mr. John Draper, Enfield Highway, to Enigmas 2, 4, and Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; Lintoniensis, to Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; R. S. Theobald's Road, to Enigma 4; W. S. to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, 6, and Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; J. S. to Enigmas 2, 4, and Rebus 1, 2, 3, 4; Raggedhead, to Enigma 3, and Rebus 3, 2; Mr. J. Cole, to Enigmas 2, 4, 5, and Rebus 1, 2, 3; E. G. Cardiff, Glamorganshire, to Enigma 2; Jack, to Enigmas 2, 3; and L. Peasley, to Rebus 3.



Contents of the Wit's Magazine.

VOL. I. For the Year 1784.

PROSE.

	Page		Page
NUMBER I. JANUARY.		NUMBER IV. APRIL.	
P REFACE - - - - -	3	The Story Teller. Number IV. - - -	123
Apologue - - - - -	6	Character of the Honourable William Hastings, of the Woodlands, in the County of Southampton - - -	127
The Story Teller. Number I. - - -	9	Essay on the Word NOTHING - - -	129
Story of the Bleeding Finger - - -	11	Account of a remarkable Trial by Combat - - -	132
The Father Outwitted, a Dramatic Interlude; translated from the Spanish - -	17	Humorous Letter from a young Cantab in Town to his Chum at Cambridge - -	134
Humorous Essay on Parental Indulgence -	21	Essay on Sleep - - - - -	135
Characters, written by Butler, the celebrated Author of Hudibras. - - - - -		The Town-Talker. Number III. - - -	
The Play-Writer - - - - -	22	Art of Trifling - - - - -	137
The Newsmonger - - - - -	23	Story of a Swiss Captain - - - - -	139
The Taylor - - - - -	24	Maxims - - - - -	141
Story of a Disabled Veteran - - - - -	ibid.	A Satirical Letter - - - - -	142
Humorous Essay on Errors of the Press -	26	An Odd Adventure - - - - -	144
Corresponding Spaces for secretly communicating Sentiments - - - - -	30	Letter from Nonfense - - - - -	145
Select Anecdotes, Bon Mots, &c. No. I. -	31	Butler's Characters continued. - - -	
NUMBER II. FEBRUARY.		A Cheat - - - - -	147
The Story Teller. Number II. - - -	43	A Bankrupt - - - - -	148
Enquiry after Goodness - - - - -	46	A Knave - - - - -	ibid.
Character of the Present Age - - - - -	49	Letter from an Irish Gentlewoman to her Son in London - - - - -	149
Club of Odd Fellows - - - - -	50	Select Anecdotes, Bon Mots, &c. No. IV. -	ibid.
Essay on the Word MINE - - - - -	51	NUMBER V. MAY.	
Remarkable Letter from the Mate of an East India Ship to his Wife. - - -	52	Conclusion of the Story Teller - - -	163
Account of Colly Cibber's bidding the Audience kiss his Arse on the public Stage -	54	An affecting Story - - - - -	168
Strange Adventures of Monsieur De Jardin -	55	Essay on the Word SOMETHING - - -	170
Butler's Characters continued. - - -		Adventures of Tim Wildgoose - - -	174
The Seditious Man - - - - -	58	Curious Laconic Sermon - - - - -	175
A Leader of a Faction - - - - -	59	Search after True Taste - - - - -	176
A Rabble - - - - -	ibid.	Taste, a Ballad - - - - -	177
A Week's Journal of the Life of the Honourable J. W——, Esq. - - -	60	Farther Account of the Family of Nonfense - - - - -	ibid.
The Town-Talker. Number I. - - -	62	Butler's Characters continued. - - -	
Dialogue on Air Balloons - - - - -	65	A State Convert - - - - -	179
Character of a Choice Spirit - - - - -	ibid.	A Facetious Member - - - - -	180
Professional Speeches at a Bruising-Match -	67	A Rebel - - - - -	ibid.
Parson Hyberdine's Sermon, preached to Thieves who had robbed him - - -	68	Memoirs of the Life and wonderful Conversation, &c. - - - - -	181
Select Anecdotes, Bon Mots, &c. No. II. -	69	Maxims continued - - - - -	183
NUMBER III. MARCH.		Theatrical Anecdotes - - - - -	185
The Story Teller. Number III. - - -		Curious Specimen of Political Duplicity -	187
The Story of Phebe the Good; or, The Glorious Hand - - - - -	83	A Popish Miracle - - - - -	ibid.
Preservative against Duelling - - - - -	89	Curious Letter sent by a Quaker to his Watch-maker - - - - -	188
The Parricide Punish'd - - - - -	92	Receipt to make Sympathetic Ink - - -	ibid.
The Town-Talker. Number II. - - -		Select Anecdotes, Bon Mots, &c. No. V. -	ibid.
Epistle from a Fiddle-Stick - - - - -	95	NUMBER VI. JUNE.	
Whimsical Letter on the Seat of the Heart and Brains - - - - -	96	Humorous Description of a Citizen and his Family at Vauxhall - - - - -	202
Essay on Flattery - - - - -	97	Letter from the Dumb Philosopher - -	205
Butler's Characters continued. - - -		Humorous Letter from Mist to Fog - -	207
A Degenerate Noble - - - - -	101		
A Huffing Courtier - - - - -	102		
A Court Beggar - - - - -	103		
Distress of a Country Physician - - -	104		

	Page		Page
A Jack-Boot; being an Essay in the Manner of the Moderns, on Times, Persons, and Things - - - - -	208	Love-Letter from a Country School-master to the Lady of his Affections -	308
Extraordinary Instance of Heroism - -	209	Letter from the Princess Pismarilla to her Friend Granaria; describing the melancholy Consequences of a Tile's being kicked up in Ormesby Park, which had for some Time covered an Emmet's Nest - - - - -	309
The Adventures of a Flea - - - - -	210	Select Anecdotes, Bon Mots, &c. No. VIII.	310
Curious Piece of Criticism - - - - -	214		
Humorous Specimen of Alliteration - -	216	NUMBER IX. SEPTEMBER.	
A Happy Marriage negotiated by a Bill of Exchange - - - - -	217	The Night Walker. Number III. - -	323
Scheme for a Whistling Academy - -	219	Essay on Modern Wisdom, by Two of the most popular Personages in Great Britain - - - - -	325
Butler's Characters continued.		Character of A. Hare, Esq. a very extraordinary Country Gentleman - -	327
An Atheist - - - - -	220	Punning Epistle from Polly Honeycomb to Rosina, including the Titles of most Modern Dramatic Pieces - - - -	329
A Translator - - - - -	ibid.	Letter from Common Honesty to Common Sense - - - - -	330
A Drole - - - - -	221	Extraordinary Account of a Stranger, lately arrived at a Sea-port Town in Dorsetshire - - - - -	335
Letter from Ambition to Nonsense - -	222	A humorous Last Will - - - - -	337
Essay on the Word NECESSITY - - -	ibid.	Butler's Characters continued.	
Sermon on the Word MALT, preached in a Hollow Tree - - - - -	223	A Ranter - - - - -	338
Maxims continued - - - - -	224	An Anabaptist - - - - -	339
Hereditary Disease of a Mendicant - -	225	A Popish Priest - - - - -	340
Letter from an Attorney to his Mistress	226	A Recruiting Serjeant's Speech to the Mob	341
Advertisement Extraordinary, addressed to Men of Honour - - - - -	227	Thoughts on various Subjects, by Dean Swift - - - - -	342
Select Anecdotes, Bon Mots, &c. No. VI.	228	Letter from Power to Ambition - - -	347
		The humble Petition of the Worshipful Company of Poets and Newswriters, to the Right Honourable W. P. Esq. -	348
NUMBER VII. JULY.		Select Anecdotes, Bon Mots, &c. No. IX.	ibid.
The Night-Walker. Number I. - - -	243		
Character of a Modern Wife - - - -	247	NUMBER X. OCTOBER.	
Method of raising a Philosophical Tree	248	The Night-Walker. Number IV. - -	363
The Speaking Dog; a Persian Story -	249	Project for raising an Hospital for decayed Authors - - - - -	365
Gradation from a Greenhorn to a Blood	250	Sunday Ordinary at Highgate - - -	368
Dean Swift's Rules for Servants in general	253	Essay on Modesty - - - - -	369
Adventures of a Loufe - - - - -	258	Disagreeable Effects of a Wife's too great Attachment to good Bargains - - -	370
Origin of Cunning; an Allegory - - -	263	Tquassuow and Knonmquaiha; a Hottentot Story - - - - -	372
Butler's Characters continued.		A Modern Couple - - - - -	375
A Proud Man - - - - -	265	A Nurse's Speech to an Alderman's Child	376
An Obstinate Man - - - - -	266	The Art of Ear-Tickling - - - - -	377
A Sceptic - - - - -	ibid.	Butler's Characters continued.	
Maxims continued - - - - -	267	A City Wit - - - - -	380
Select Anecdotes, Bon Mots, &c. No. VII.	269	A Bumpkin, or Country Squire - -	381
		A Clown - - - - -	ibid.
NUMBER VIII. AUGUST.		The Story of Prometheus - - - - -	382
The Night-Walker. Number II. - - -	283	The Tale of a Turd - - - - -	384
The Battle of Umbrellas - - - - -	286	Laws of Laughing - - - - -	385
Characters, sketched by Indiana - - -	288	Stratagem of a Scotch Pedlar - - -	387
Happiness and Philosophy; an Allegorical Essay - - - - -	291	Curious Physical Consultation - - -	388
Character of a Modern Neighbour - - -	293	Justice Bundle's Charge to the Grand Jury	389
Expedition to the Moon - - - - -	294	Select Anecdotes, Bon Mots, &c. No. X.	ibid.
The Man of Honour - - - - -	295		
A Sermon, occasioned by the Death of Mr. Proctor - - - - -	298	NUMBER XI. NOVEMBER.	
A Letter to the Society of Antiquarians; giving an Account of a very curious Petrification found near Penzance, in Cornwall - - - - -	299	The Night-Walker. Number V. - -	403
Letter from Farmer Trueman's Dog Tower, to Squire Heavyside's Dog Ponto	300	Transmigrations of an Eastern Prince	406
Account of a Journey to Paris, in a Letter from a Country Squire to his Papa -	302	Essay	
Butler's Characters continued.			
A Catholic - - - - -	304		
A Quaker - - - - -	ibid.		
A Fanatic - - - - -	305		
Curious Essay on that celebrated Musical Instrument the Cat-call - - - - -	306		

	Page
Essay on Impudence - - - - -	409
Influence of the Eyes - - - - -	411
Letter from a successful Adventurer in the Lottery - - - - -	414
Blessed Effects of Matrimonial Spirit -	416
Account of a Modern Justice of Peace -	417
Address to the good People of Eng- land - - - - -	419
Butler's Characters continued.	
A Justice of Peace - - - - -	421
An Alderman - - - - -	422
A Churchwarden - - - - -	423
Essay on the Nine Lives of a Cat - -	424
Great Cry and Little Wool; or the History of the Four Potatoes - - - - -	427
Specimen of Beau Nash's Manner of telling a Story - - - - -	429
Select Anecdotes, Bon Mots, &c. No. XI.	ibid.
NUMBER XII. DECEMBER.	
The Night-Walker. Number VI. -	443
Christmas Gambols - - - - -	444

	Page
Charitable Reflections on the Characters of Women - - - - -	445
The Patron; or, Disappointed Author -	448
Abow Cassem's Pantouffles - - - - -	449
A Character, sketched by Indiana - -	451
Advice to a young Lady respecting the Oeconomy of her House - - - - -	452
Singular Generosity of an Arabian Prince	454
Account of the Trade and Mystery of Kingly Government in England - -	457
Butler's Characters continued.	
A Virtuoso - - - - -	ibid.
An Antiquary - - - - -	459
An Herald - - - - -	460
Curious Improvements on the Cat-Organ, addressed to the Royal Society - -	461
The Art of Kicking - - - - -	462
Qualifications of a Modern Maid Servant	466
Inconvenience of an over-cleanly Wife	467
Modern Method of securing Literary Fame	468
Select Anecdotes, Bon Mots, &c. No. XII.	471

POETRY.

NUMBER I. JANUARY.	
Mrs. Jones's Epistle to Lacy Bowyer, disclaiming Poetry - - - - -	33
The Sweepers; by W. Whitehead, Esq. -	34
The Abode of the Graces - - - - -	35
A Ballad, occasioned by Lord _____'s altering his Chapel to a Kitchen - -	ibid.
The Pig in a Poke; or, Double Metamor- phosis - - - - -	36
The Cit's Country-Box - - - - -	ibid.
Verbes to a young Lady, on her breaking an Appointment to visit the Author -	37
Verbes on Mr. Day, Who from his Landlord ran away - -	38
Epigrams, I. II. III. - - - - -	ibid.
Epitaphs, I. II. - - - - -	ibid.
NUMBER II. FEBRUARY.	
The Decline of Wit - - - - -	71
Tythe in Kind; or, the Sow's Revenge -	ibid.
Cohang and Hansi; a Chinese Tale - -	72
The Stammerers, a Tale - - - - -	74
Extempore, by Mrs. Lenox, on reading a Poem written by a Lady of Quality -	75
The Fate of Sopnia. By Master Lenox, Eleven Years of Age - - - - -	ibid.
The Jew and Christian; a Tale - - - -	76
The Hiss; a Tale - - - - -	ibid.
Extempore, on a lately proposed Union upon Principle - - - - -	ibid.
Epigrams, I. II. III. IV. - - - - -	ibid.
Epitaph - - - - -	ibid.
NUMBER III. MARCH.	
The Times - - - - -	111
Politeness; or, The Cat o' Nine Tails. A Tale - - - - -	ibid.
Carmina ex Poema Polypragmatica Ex- cerpta - - - - -	112
Bacchus; or, the Drunken Metamorphosis. By Parnell - - - - -	113

The Disappointed Visitors; or, the Three Professions in Tribulation - - - - -	114
Allan Ramsay's Definition of Wit - - -	115
Anacreontic - - - - -	ibid.
Verbes to Mr. Holcroft, on reading his Decline of Wit - - - - -	116
Anagram - - - - -	ibid.
Epigrams, I. II. III. IV. V. VI. - - -	ibid.
Epitaphs, I. II. III. IV. - - - - -	ibid.
NUMBER IV. APRIL.	
The Beggar's Hats; or, The Way to get Rich. A Tale - - - - -	151
Self-taught Philosophy; A Tale - - -	153
A Pastoral Ballad - - - - -	ibid.
The Clever Fellow - - - - -	155
Extempore - - - - -	156
Epigram I. Rochester's Grace at a Mis'r's Table - - - - -	ibid.
Epigrams, II. III. - - - - -	ibid.
Epigram IV. On Shakespeare and Voltaire	ibid.
Epigram V. By Dr. Donne - - - - -	ibid.
Epigram VI. - - - - -	ibid.
Epitaphs, I. II. III. IV. - - - - -	ibid.
Impromptu. Addressed to Electors - -	ibid.

NUMBER V. MAY.	
May-Day. An Epistle from Sammy Sar- casm in Town, to his Aunt in the Country - - - - -	191
Spring in London - - - - -	ibid.
The Nut-brown Maid; or, Gingerbread Wife - - - - -	192
Sincerity Triumphant; or, Flattery De- feated. A Tale - - - - -	ibid.
The Farmer's Blunder. A Tale - - -	194
A Georgico-Pastoral Dialogue, between Farmer Dobbins and Farmer Gub- bins - - - - -	195
Epistle to a Friend, on sending him Two Barrels of Oysters - - - - -	ibid.

	Page
Verſes by Mr. Lovibond, occaſioned by Fancing with Three young Ladies on the ſame Evening - - - - -	196
Modern Operas - - - - -	ibid.
Epigrams, I. II. III. - - - - -	ibid.
Epitaph on Lord and Lady ———, who both died on the ſame Day - - -	ibid.
Extempore - - - - -	ibid.

NUMBER VI. JUNE.

The Knights; or, Both Right, and Both Wrong. A Tale - - - - -	231
The Progreſs of Puppyiſm - - - - -	ibid.
The Air-Balloon; A Tale - - - - -	232
The Spirit of Contradiſtion; A Tale - - -	ibid.
The Power of Innocence; A Tale - - -	233
Anacreontic - - - - -	234
Billingsgate; or, The Modern School of Rhetoric - - - - -	ibid.
Elegiac Epitile to a Friend, on the Death of a Favourite Kitten - - - - -	ibid.
Madam, My Wife; A New Song - - -	235
Verſes accompanying a trifling Preſent to a young Lady - - - - -	ibid.
The Orators - - - - -	ibid.
Home News to a certain Politician - - -	ibid.
Impromptu. On hearing Mr. Mingay in the Court of King's Bench - - -	ibid.
Epigram I. Written in the Court of King's Bench - - - - -	ibid.
Epigram II. Addreſſed to a very rigid Critic - - - - -	ibid.
Epigrams, III. IV. V. - - - - -	ibid.
Epigram VI. By Lord Nugent - - -	236
Epigrams, VII. VIII. - - - - -	ibid.
Epigram IX. On a Beau's attempting to ſpeak at Coach-maker's Hall, diſguiſed in a Wig - - - - -	ibid.
Epitaph I. On a Parrot that was thrown down the Neceſſary by a Servant - - -	ibid.
Epitaph II. On a beautiful young Lady - - -	ibid.
Epitaph III. On an old Scold - - -	ibid.
Epitaph IV. On a Lock-Smith - - -	ibid.
Epitaph V. On a Miſer - - - - -	ibid.
Extempore - - - - -	ibid.

NUMBER VII. JULY.

Humorous Adventure of John Gilpin - - -	271
Ode to Miſth - - - - -	273
The Author's Recantation - - - - -	274
The Merry World - - - - -	ibid.
Verſes addreſſed to the Rev. Mr. Mayor - - -	275
The Peaſant's Simile for Cuckoldom - - -	ibid.
The Old Coquette - - - - -	276
Poem; imitated from the French - - -	ibid.
Verſes to a Lady who ſent a Card of Compliments written on the Ten of Hearts - - - - -	ibid.
The Holiday - - - - -	ibid.
Epigrams, I. II. III. IV. V. - - - - -	ibid.
Epitaph on a Sailor - - - - -	ibid.
A Fragment of Chaucer - - - - -	ibid.

NUMBER VIII. AUGUST.

A Modern Love-Letter - - - - -	313
Verſes, addreſſed to a Lady, on receiving a Preſent of a Cat - - - - -	ibid.
The Deſiſion; A Tale - - - - -	ibid.

	Page
Dialogue between a Beau's Head and his Heels - - - - -	314
Air; imitated from the French - - -	315
The Batchelor's Choice - - - - -	ibid.
The Looking-Glaſs and Orange-Tree - - -	ibid.
The Loyal Pair - - - - -	316
Butler's Deſcription of Holland - - -	ibid.
Epigram I. By the ſame - - - - -	ibid.
Epigrams, II. III. IV. V. VI. - - - - -	ibid.
Epitaphs, I. II. - - - - -	ibid.

NUMBER IX. SEPTEMBER.

The Patient's Paroxyſm; or, Doctor Out- witted - - - - -	351
The Lover's Recantation - - - - -	ibid.
Anacreontic - - - - -	352
The Ladie - - - - -	353
The Teſt of Patience; or, The Hogs in the Parſon's Cellar - - - - -	354
The Country Juſtice - - - - -	355
Female Loquacity - - - - -	ibid.
Verſes accompanying a young Lady's Profile cut in Paper - - - - -	ibid.
Verſes written in a Lady's Pocket Book - - -	ibid.
Epigram I. - - - - -	ibid.
Epigrams, II. III. IV. V. VI. VII. VIII. - - -	356
Epitaph I. On a Glutton - - - - -	ibid.
Epitaph II. On a Pin-maker - - - - -	ibid.
Epitaph III. - - - - -	ibid.
Epitaph IV. On Mr. Joſeph Crump - - -	ibid.
Epitaph V. - - - - -	ibid.

NUMBER X. OCTOBER.

The Metamorphoſis; a Tale - - - - -	391
The Cobler's Treafure; a Tale - - - - -	ibid.
The Earl's Deſeat; A Scotch Ballad - - -	392
The Merry Monarch; or, Knighthood a Jeſt. A Tale - - - - -	393
Ode to Horror, in the Allegoric, Deſcrip- tive, Alliterative, Epithetical, Fantaſti- cal, Hyperbolical, and Diabolical Style of our Modern Ode-Writers and Mo- nody-Mongers - - - - -	394
A Political Converſation; written in 1745 - - -	ibid.
Ode to Naſtineſs - - - - -	395
Receipt to make a Modern Eclogue or Paſtoral - - - - -	ibid.
Deſcription of London - - - - -	ibid.
Verſes written while confined by a ſmart Fit of the Gout in both Feet - - - - -	396
Epigrams, I. II. III. IV. - - - - -	ibid.
Epitaphs, I. II. - - - - -	ibid.
Epitaph III. By Ben Johnſon - - - - -	ibid.
Epitaph IV. By the ſame - - - - -	ibid.
Extempore. On a Quaker's ſtopping up his Windows to avoid the new Tax - - -	ibid.

NUMBER XI. NOVEMBER.

The Dog, a Tale. By W. Whitehead, Eſq. - - -	431
The Taxes; a Tale - - - - -	433
Receipt to form a Modern Fine Lady - - -	ibid.
Ode on Expectation - - - - -	434
Success and Diſappointment; A Tale - - -	ibid.
Ode to Antiquated Virginity - - - - -	435
Warning to Married Men; A Tale - - -	ibid.
Matrimony - - - - -	436
The Honelt Confeſſion - - - - -	ibid.
The Combat; or, Red, Black, and White Epigrams, - - - - -	ibid.

	Page		Page
Epigrams, I. II. III. - - - - -	436	The Universal Remedy; A Tale - - -	474
Epitaph I. On Mr. Peck - - - - -	ibid.	The Barber; A New Song - - - - -	475
Epitaph II. On a Dyer - - - - -	ibid.	Lamentations of an Old Shoe - - -	ibid.
Extempore. Addressed to a Gossiping		Anacreontic - - - - -	476
Apothecary - - - - -	ibid.	A New Commutation-Tax - - - - -	ibid.
Tit for Tat - - - - -	ibid.	Epigrams, I. II. III. - - - - -	ibid.
NUMBER XII. DECEMBER.		Epitaph I. On a Spendthrift - - -	ibid.
Christmas in London. A familiar Epistle		Epitaph II. On the late Mr. Barry -	ibid.
from a Poor Poet to his more fortunate		Epitaph III. On the late Mr. Foote -	ibid.
Kinman - - - - -	473	Epitaphs, IV. V. VI. - - - - -	ibid.
Damon. A Pastoral - - - - -	ibid.	The Irish Bellman - - - - -	ibid.

THE SPHINX.

NUMBER I. JANUARY.		Solutions to Enigmas, Rebuses, and Para-	
Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	39	doxes of June - - - - -	273
Rebuses - - - - -	40	Select Answers to the Prize Enigma -	ibid.
NUMBER II. FEBRUARY.		Miscellaneous Answers to Enigmas, Re-	
Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	77	buses, and Paradoxes - - - - -	279
Rebuses - - - - -	78	Mercutio's Answer to his own Rebus in	
Solutions to Enigmas and Rebuses of		Number V. - - - - -	280
January - - - - -	79	NUMBER VIII. AUGUST.	
Select Answers to the Prize Enigma -	ibid.	Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	317
Miscellaneous Answers from Correspond-		Rebuses - - - - -	318
ents to the several Enigmas and Rebuses	80	Solutions to Enigmas and Rebuses of July	319
NUMBER III. MARCH.		Select Answers to the Prize Enigma -	ibid.
Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	117	NUMBER IX. SEPTEMBER.	
Rebuses and Paradoxes - - - - -	118	Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	357
Solutions to Enigmas and Rebuses of		Rebuses, Paradoxes, &c. - - - - -	358
February - - - - -	ibid.	Solutions to Enigmas and Rebuses of	
Select Answers to the Prize Enigma -	ibid.	August - - - - -	359
Miscellaneous Answers to Enigmas and		Select Answers to the Prize Enigma -	ibid.
Rebuses - - - - -	120	Miscellaneous Answers to Enigmas and	
NUMBER IV. APRIL.		Rebuses - - - - -	360
Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	157	NUMBER X. OCTOBER.	
Rebuses - - - - -	158	Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	397
Solutions to the Enigmas, Rebuses, and		Rebuses - - - - -	398
Paradoxes of March - - - - -	ibid.	Solutions to Enigmas, Rebuses, Para-	
Select Answers to the Prize Enigma -	ibid.	doxes, &c. of September - - - - -	399
Miscellaneous Answers to Enigmas, Re-		Select Answers to the Prize Enigma -	ibid.
buses, and Paradoxes - - - - -	160	Miscellaneous Answers to Enigmas, Re-	
NUMBER V. MAY.		buses, and Paradoxes - - - - -	400
Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	197	NUMBER XI. NOVEMBER.	
Rebuses and Paradoxes - - - - -	198	Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	437
Solutions to Enigmas and Rebuses of		Rebuses - - - - -	438
April - - - - -	199	Solutions to Enigmas and Rebuses of	
Select Answers to the Prize Enigma -	ibid.	October - - - - -	439
Miscellaneous Answers to Enigmas and		Select Answers to the Prize Enigma -	ibid.
Rebuses - - - - -	200	Miscellaneous Answers to Enigmas and	
NUMBER VI. JUNE.		Rebuses - - - - -	440
Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	237	NUMBER XII. DECEMBER.	
Rebuses and Paradoxes - - - - -	238	Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	477
Solutions to Enigmas, Rebuses, and Para-		Rebuses and Paradoxes - - - - -	478
doxes of May - - - - -	239	Solutions to Enigmas and Rebuses of	
Select Answers to the Prize Enigma -	ibid.	November - - - - -	479
Miscellaneous Answers to Enigmas and		Select Answers to the Prize Enigma -	ibid.
Rebuses - - - - -	240	Miscellaneous Answers to Enigmas and	
NUMBER VII. JULY.		Rebuses - - - - -	480
Prize Enigma, &c. - - - - -	277		
Rebuses - - - - -	278		

LIST OF CORRESPONDENTS

WHO HAVE RECEIVED PRIZE-MEDALS FOR COMMUNICATIONS IN THE FIRST VOLUMES
WITH REFERENCES TO THE PAGES CONTAINING THEIR RESPECTIVE PRODUCTIONS.

FEBRUARY, NUMBER II.		Page
1. Mr. SMART, Reading	- - - - -	72
2. Mr. LONSDALE, Staples Inn Buildings, Holborn	- - - - -	74
3. The Rev. Mr. MAJOR, Woodstock	- - - - -	79
4. Mr. SMYTH, Warwick Court, Holborn	- - - - -	ibid.
MARCH, NUMBER III.		
1. Mrs. SPENCER, Boswell Court, Bloomsbury	- - - - -	111
2. Mr. MARTIN, Mitcham, Surrey	- - - - -	ibid.
3. Miss BARTLETT, Bell Lane, Paddington	- - - - -	118
4. Mr. CARR, Stourbridge, Worcestershire	- - - - -	ibid.
APRIL, NUMBER IV.		
1. Mr. D'ISRAELI, Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street	- - - - -	145
2. Mr. LUMLEY, Tallow Chandler's Arms, King Street, Golden Square	- - - - -	153
3. Mr. PERCY, China Walk, Lambeth	- - - - -	158
4. Mr. PILGRIM, Budge Row, Cannon Street	- - - - -	159
MAY, NUMBER V.		
1. Mr. CARR **	- - - - -	192
2. Miss CECIL, Southampton Row, Bloomsbury	- - - - -	ibid.
3. Mr. LYNCH, High Street, Southampton	- - - - -	199
4. Mr. BROWNE, Golden Lane, Barbican	- - - - -	ibid.
JUNE, NUMBER VI.		
1. Mr. BENNETT, Chesterfield	- - - - -	222
2. The Rev. Mr. MAJOR **	- - - - -	231
3. Mr. TATTAM, at the Prince of Wales's Military Academy, Norland House	- - - - -	239
4. Miss WELLS	- - - - -	ibid.
JULY, NUMBER VII.		
1. Mrs. THOMAS, Southampton Buildings, Holborn	- - - - -	288
2. Mr. CARR ***	- - - - -	273
3. Mr. FINCH, Banbury	- - - - -	279
4. Mr. BECKETT, Junior, Marybone	- - - - -	278
AUGUST, NUMBER VIII.		
1. Mr. ROBERTS, Horkefley Park, Essex	- - - - -	291
2. Mr. CARR ****	- - - - -	273
3. Mr. HARRIS, Eltham, Kent	- - - - -	319
4. Mr. ALLEN, Lewes, Sussex	- - - - -	ibid.
SEPTEMBER, NUMBER IX.		
1. Mr. COLLYER, Raynham, Essex	- - - - -	325
2. Mr. CARR *****	- - - - -	351
3. Mr. HAYWARD, Banbury	- - - - -	359
4. Mr. JONES, Jermyn Street	- - - - -	ibid.
OCTOBER, NUMBER X.		
1. Mr. ROBERTS **	- - - - -	369
2. Mr. ALLEN **	- - - - -	391
3. Mr. ELLEY, New Quebec Street, Portman Square	- - - - -	399
4. Mr. STONE, Royal Oak Court, Beak Street, Golden Square	- - - - -	ibid.
NOVEMBER, NUMBER XI.		
1. Mr. HAYWARD **	- - - - -	433
2. Mr. TATTAM **	- - - - -	ibid.
3. Mr. BARRETT, Woodstock	- - - - -	439
4. Mr. HOLLAND, Junior, St. John's Street, West Smithfield	- - - - -	ibid.
DECEMBER, NUMBER XII.		
1. Mr. ROBERTS ***	- - - - -	445
2. Mr. WEST, Charles Street, Long Acre	- - - - -	473
3. Mr. WOODWARD, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields	- - - - -	479
4. Mr. CHISEM, Avon Street, Bath	- - - - -	ibid.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME:

